

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF
CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS

APRIL, 1909

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application

The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The term* "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

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

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. } SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

VOL. XVII,

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1909.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION

The funds for the Jefferson Davis Home Association to purchase his birthplace in Fairview, Ky., are being given so cordially and by Southerners everywhere that the officials are sanguine of success. The close proximity of the expiration of options (April 27) is the only feature of special concern at present. The spirit of the people in behalf of securing all the lands desired is so strong that the management determines upon making every possible effort to achieve it.

All who favor this undertaking and contemplate aiding are urged to have their reports made before April 27.

A Hopkinsville special to the Nashville Tennessean of March 23 states: "The options which are now held on the property desired will expire on April 27, and the chief concern of the promoters is to secure the necessary funds, so that these options may be closed at that time. The only threatening feature of the case is that the people, not realizing the brevity of the option, will be slow in making contributions, and thus let the time expire. Should the land not be secured under these options, it is believed they could not again be renewed at anything like the low prices now agreed upon. To this end special efforts are being put forth to get the money by that time and secure the property. Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, and S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, were at Hopkinsville last week, and they stated that the sentiment was growing rapidly, and that it would only be a short while until Jefferson Davis's birthplace would be the scene of similar ceremonies as those which took place at Hodgenville on the one hundredth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth. Colonel Young addressed a meeting of citizens at Hotel Latham, and his speech aroused much enthusiasm in the project. The Jefferson Davis Home Association, the organization which has been formed and duly incorporated for the purpose of raising money, secured options on the desired land for carrying out the memorial park project."

Colonel Young and Mr. Cunningham visited Fairview, and the former was delighted with the property selected.

Chapters of the U. D. C. in many sections are raising dollar subscriptions, and to each subscriber a certificate is given, an engraving of which has been published in the VETERAN. If other Chapters who expect to cooperate will raise the funds, the certificate will be sent promptly. There was never a better occasion than this to show how the Southern people respond to an appeal, and suitable response to this would have a remarkable effect morally. Besides, it would relieve the necessity of some great hearted Southerners advancing funds to secure the property, as it must be done.

R. F. Vaughan writes from Fairview, Ky" in hearty endorsement of the Jefferson Davis Home Association. He says the citizens of Fairview are highly gratified with the work being done, and propose to aid it all they can by a barbecue to be held on the 3d of June. Mr. Vaughan gives all the committee a most hospitable invitation to visit his city, promising not only a warm welcome, but that vehicles will be sent to Hopkinsville to meet them at any time.

WATCHFULNESS OF SOLICITORS IMPORTANT

Mrs. Robert Houston writes from Meridian, Miss., as President of Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., to Col. Bennett H. Young and Capt. J. H. Leathers, Louisville: "Will you or either of you inform us whether there is such an enterprise in contemplation as a Lincoln and Davis memorial at Hodgenville, Ky.? A man named Shipman has been soliciting for the Lincoln memorial, but has changed to the Davis and Lincoln idea, and is soliciting from the Chapters U, D, C. in this State, and is likely to get money which would otherwise go to the Davis fund. Please answer immediately."

Captain Leathers writes the VETERAN in reply: "There certainly of course is no contemplated joint memorial to Lincoln and Davis in Kentucky. Nobody named Shipman has been authorized to solicit funds for the Jefferson Davis Home Association. No one is authorized to solicit funds for the Jefferson Davis Home Association without proper credentials from the Executive Committee to that effect."

Subsequent to the above correspondence Mrs. Houston writes the VETERAN of a man who lives at Meridian, but is not a native of that part of the country, who claims to be an ex Federal soldier and is a Republican. He has been appealing through the press for contributions to the Lincoln memorial at Hodgenville, Ky. "When my Chapter U. D. C.," writes Mrs. Houston, "met on the 2d, the President read a letter from Shipman asking for aid to build the Davis and Lincoln memorial at the same place, Hodgenville. My husband, Mr. R. M. Houston, has seen Shipman, and he denies that there is any Davis and Lincoln scheme."

CONFEDERATE WOMAN'S MONUMENT BY DR. H. M. HAMILL, NASHVILLE, TENN.

I was a boy under Lee in his hardest fighting division the last year of the war. I wear with pride my bronze veteran's cross, the gift of the U. D. C. My mother was a Confederate woman, and therefore of that worthy company whom the "Confederate woman's monument" is designed to honor. I can well remember her tireless service at sewing, nursing, cooking, and other loving ministry to sick and wounded Confederates, and how her brown hair grew gray and health failed under her self imposed burden during those dark days of war. I trust this will be my warrant for timely criticism of the proposed woman's monument as recently pictured in newspapers and exploited as the accepted symbol of the women of the Confederacy. I first saw the design a week ago as I sat with

some ladies in a Florida train, and I think I express the judgment of both women and men when I condemn it. It violates every canon of art or good taste or historic condition. In brief, it presents the typical woman of the Confederacy standing in defiant pose upon a pedestal something after the manner of that other "I Will" Chicago travesty in symbolism that confronted Exposition visitors except that this brawny Southern Amazon in her right hand is brandishing an antique sword which she grips by the blade and not by the hilt! Beneath her feet, as the text of a stump speech which she is artistically supposed to be making, is carved the sentence, "Uphold Our State Rights."

Not a line of womanly grace or modesty or tenderness, not a hint of the dear home keeper and home builder of the Southland, not a reminder of the sweet and gentle minister of mercy and comfort who bent over the hospital cot and soothed the pain of the wounded soldier and left in his heart of gratitude forever a true picture of that noblest of all memories of the Confederacy, the patient, self sacrificing, unwearied helper and comforter of the boys in gray. Nor is there a hint in the unsightly figure proposed of those thousands of heroic souls who in loneliness and dread of evil tidings from the front took care of the absent soldiers' home, kept in order the servants, taught the children, made lint of their cherished linens for the army surgeon, brewed home medicines for the sick, watched after the growing crops, wrote brave letters to the front when their own hearts were breaking, and thus won imperishable love and honor from every soldier in gray down to the latest of his descendants. Think of the sweet little home body of the Southland, brandishing a big sword by the blade and declaiming like a candidate for the Legislature an oration upon State rights

No, I am not an artist, but I think I know a work of art when I see it, and I am tolerably sure that the Confederate woman does not care to be reincarnated in bronze as a composite of the classic Amazon, the Wagnerian Brunehilda, and Carrie Nation! That old picture of the Carthaginian women weaving the strands of their hair into bowstrings for husbands and sons or of Cornelia pointing to her children as her jewels or even the little brown mothers of Japan twisting their braids into a mighty rope to sound the temple bell have more art and beauty and pathos and truth to me than this be sworded symbol of a kind of Southern woman that never existed and I pray never may exist save in this artist's fancy.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S ADMINISTRATION

In the February VETERAN there was expressed deep anxiety in regard to the methods of the incoming President, especially in their relation to the South. There seemed to be but one way of securing cooperation that promised good to this section and to the whole country, and that was for the President to select representative men, in so far as he favored the South, who were indeed faithful to the principles for which Southern people will ever contend.

President Taft seems to have imbibed correct views on the subject. He is duly considerate of negroes, and desires to encourage them in all laudable undertakings and to have them share emoluments in proper consistency. At the same time he demonstrates a right regard for his white fellow citizens and seeks the restoration of conditions whereby they will feel that justice is being done them. That and nothing else can restore a truly fraternal Union. Nothing can secure the true restoration of sentiment so effectively as to ignore renegades. The policy of the dominant party has for many decades been seriously injurious to thorough restitution in appointing men to office who became traitors to their innate principles if they had any for the spoils of office. If President Taft will stop this, inexpressible good will result.

The most significant thing in this direction that has ever been done is the appointment of Judge J. M. Dickinson to the responsible place of Secretary of War. President Taft could hardly have found a man equally as efficient and suitable in the South. May Judge Dickinson be as useful and creditable to the government as was Jefferson Davis in that same position

Judge Dickinson was born in Columbus, Miss., a few years too late to have been a Confederate soldier, but every instinct of his nature was with the Confederates. In this connection the belief is expressed that, busy as he has been in grave matters, he has taken occasion more frequently perhaps than any comrade has to suggest suitable articles for the VETERAN. While a native of Mississippi, Judge Dickinson has ever been deeply identified with Tennessee, his maternal grandfather, Jacob McGavock, having been a leading and forceful man of Nashville. His uncle, Col. Randall McGavock, commander of the 10th Tennessee Regiment, was killed in the battle of Raymond, where a small brigade of Confederates was overwhelmed by numbers.

Judge Dickinson is chosen as a Democrat without compromise of principle, who never voted against his party, a fact that will stand to the breadth of President Taft's patriotism. He accepts a position at perhaps less than half his salary as a leading railroad counsel and man of large business affairs. This sacrifice indicates the truest patriotism, and the VETERAN has no fear that good will come to the South and to the country through his appointment.

The foregoing expressions are recorded without a word of conference with Judge Dickinson or any of his friends who have authority to speak for him. The editor of the VETERAN cannot conceive of "Mack" Dickinson in a role other than that of absolute loyalty to the people of the South. In this connection he does not overlook the future of party conditions, but considers rather the principle which should prevail that when the President or the lowest magistrate assumes the responsibilities of office he should cease to be a partisan and serve all the people and all of their interests with equal concern for all.

THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT

A very unexpected suspense occurs in the speedy completion of the Sam Davis monument. The excavation and foundation work has been completed for several weeks, and the great bronze statue nine feet high is in Nashville. The marble company, having an elaborate order to fill, was making excellent progress when unhappily a dark seam appeared in the quarry, necessitating the removal of the machinery to another place and delaying the completion of the order,

In the VETERAN for May there will appear a most interesting story by one of the men who captured Sam Davis, and the finest history yet written of the young man and his deed, also a supplemental list of contributors. The names of all who have contributed are to be placed in the base of the monument. Since the above was written news is received that the marble will be ready by the middle of April. So the dedication may be expected soon thereafter.

WARNED ABOUT MOVING PICTURE SHOWS BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, PRESIDENT

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy and All Southern Mothers
By Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., Houston, Tex., my attention is called to the representation of battle scenes of the War between the States by the now prevalent "moving picture shows," in which much that is misleading and contrary to history is represented, thus infecting the minds of Southern children with an incorrect idea of scenes transpiring in the days of the sixties.

There is nothing more impressive to the mind of a child than pictures, which are potent object lessons, and the mothers of the South should see to it that the minds of their children are not filled with these false impressions. These pictures if used to portray partisan prejudice and not to represent the truth of history should be avoided more strictly even than the misleading histories that have been imported into Southern schools. In both we ask only the truth, and we should tolerate nothing less.

Mothers, look to it that your children are not paying tribute to misrepresentation and keep them from such impressions.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor,
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

CO OPERATION APPRECIATED

Occasionally it becomes necessary to send statements of subscription dues. To the one sent out early in March general and prompt attention was given. This fact is gratifying, since it shows a heartiness of cooperation that should have existed all the time. That it costs hundreds of dollars to give these notices should induce immediate attention. Some suggest that they are not necessary, but a prominent business man wrote recently his thanks for the notice, and added: "I have no other way of knowing how my account stands." It is indeed strange that each one doesn't realize from the date by his address that he owes from that date. That's what the date is for. The expirations of subscriptions average not less than fifty every day, and friends of the VETERAN could render a helpful service in looking to the dates by their names.

Again, there should be charity exercised in regard to the issues. Sometimes a mistake occurs, an issue is not printed as well as it should be, some article may fail of the spirit that is entertained by the subscriber, and instead of becoming angered he should exercise patience, judging expressions as a whole. A good plan would be to complain directly to the editor if a serious error occurs. This spirit of cooperation is of great importance. Let us stand together in all things for which the VETERAN is an advocate.

Responses by the multitude to appeals for such objects as the Jefferson Davis Home Association and the Sam Davis monument are recently most gratifying. The appeal is to all alike, wherever situated, and the liberality shown creates both humility and courage. Of one thing every patron is assured: no appeal will ever be made through the VETERAN that has not for its purpose a motive as sacred as are the memories of the Confederate cause and of the dead who gave their all in its behalf.

That which is of greatest importance is to extend the circulation. Ah, the time we have to work for it! Please do two things: First, see by the date of your own subscription that it is paid in advance. Remember the new rate of three years for \$2.50 and five years for \$4. Then think of the people you know who ought to be subscribers and send such names. Sample copies will be sent unless they are already patrons. Attention ! This request is to you : The VETERAN will send some literature if you will write a postal card saying that you will cooperate. It would like in response to send you postals suitably printed to be addressed to such persons with your commendation, telling them a sample copy would be

sent to them. This would be an expense of only one cent to ___ and the little care to address the cards. The VETERAN would gladly spend \$1,000 on a trial of this method.

OF INTEREST TO KENTUCKY VETERANS

A letter from W. L. Jett, an attorney of Frankfort, Ky., asks this magazine to call the especial attention of all Confederate soldiers and their widows and children to his advertisement in these pages, for all such claims will be barred after May 30, 1909. Any claim filed before that time can be proven later, but the statute of limitation for filing is the time stated.

MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN

Widespread interest is being taken in the movement to erect uniform monuments to the women of the South who throughout the great war struggle and through the reconstruction period were invincible and who have been zealous through all these intervening years for all that patriotism and Christianity inspire.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of Charleston, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U., C. V., was chosen some years ago to cooperate with the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, who inaugurated the movement, and have been specially represented by Col. James Mann, of Norfolk, and recently by special invitation Mrs. Mollie R. M. Rosenberg, of Galveston.

These representatives in their zeal to accomplish the work have accepted a design, and are asking the active cooperation of all Confederates to secure funds whereby this monument may be erected in every Southern State. As the VETERAN understands it, the cost of the statue and the bronze tablets is to be \$5,000, and, the sums already contributed from each State being deducted, a statement of the sums still required is published. The press of the South has cooperated beautifully, and a vigorous campaign is on to secure the necessary amount. When the statue is secured, additional funds are to be raised for the pedestals. These would vary in proportion to size, quality, etc., say \$1,000 or more.

The VETERAN has favored some movement to honor our women from the first, and after a long and intimate friendship with General Walker would do much to aid him in the cause. However, the design submitted is so painful that the VETERAN must protest against its adoption.

The defiant expression on the woman's face and her stern hold on the flag are bad enough, but the sight of her clinched hand around the blade of the sword instantly pains, and altogether it is too grievous a representation of what is desired to permit the execution of the project to go on without emphatic protest.

Monuments of this design would certainly reflect so seriously upon the divine qualities of Southern womanhood that if they were furnished free there, would be serious objection to exposing them to public view.

The war is certainly over and our women are not in politics, so the demand, "Uphold Our State Rights," the conspicuous line at the feet of the figure, is another objectionable feature.

The editor of the VETERAN is deeply concerned for the success of the worthy object. Many, many thousands are deeply interested, and he may not comprehend altogether the situation. He may be mistaken in this, but he has not heard a single commendation in talks with a number of Confederates who are taking pride in the undertaking.

Please wait until the U. C. V. meeting in Memphis, June 8. Then let there be appointed a large committee to consider the subject. J. W. Apperson, the Commander in Chief of the Sons of Veterans, and General Evans, Commander in Chief of the Veterans, could request comrades who might suitably be appointed committeemen in advance to consider this subject, so that they might have the matter well in hand when the Convention meets. It is grievous to disapprove the action whereby the design has been selected, but justice to all who are interested impels the appeal to wait for conference with the Sons of Veterans and the Veterans, who are so anxiously and so cordially operating with them.

This is purely a question of taste and judgment as to propriety. Those who favor are as patriotic as those who oppose the design.

PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The comments of the VETERAN upon the centenary of President Lincoln's birthday are different from what was originally expected. In the outset brief report was intended of the various celebrations and the tributes to his kindness to individuals, but the office was soon so surfeited with eulogies that it was impracticable to print them. Then there were those who did not concur that felt they should have access to the VETERAN. In what follows there is no spirit of ill will, but a desire to express the truth concerning Mr. Lincoln.

COMMENT BY MRS. M. P. SHEPARD

The centenary of Abraham Lincoln! What a flood of eloquence, encomium, and praise it has brought forth from pen, pulpit, and after dinner speech! He has been set upon a pedestal and clothed with attributes that make him little less than divine. Washington has been made to step down from his long approved pinnacle of greatness, while one enthusiast in his blind fanaticism has compared him most favorably with Jesus Christ himself.

He has been placed so far above the ordinary mortal that we feel justified in our curiosity to know how big he really was and if all these attributes of greatness have been thrust upon him or do they accord with facts that history has made indisputable ?

His admirers and eulogists have claimed for him supreme qualities of integrity and honesty. How do these comport with his treatment of the peace commissioners sent to him in March, 1861 ? These commissioners were given the most positive assurance of good faith on the part of the government and the pledge that the evacuation of Fort Sumter (which the commissioners demanded) would most surely take place very shortly, and yet while these men were kept there day after day on the strength of these promises Lincoln was secretly making the most hostile preparations, and on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of April, 1861, transports and vessels of war, troops, ammunition, and military supplies sailed from Northern ports bound southward. "Where could be found in all the annals of crooked diplomacy a more fiendish act of duplicity and insincerity?"

He took the oath of office "to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution," and yet he did not hesitate to violate its principles whenever it suited his policy to do so. Though "devoted to the Union," yet he took the initiative (utterly disregarding the usages of war among civilized nations) and precipitated upon the unprepared South a war unequalled for cruelty and barbarism in all modern history.

He is called "The Great Emancipator." Yet in his inaugural address in 1861 he said: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." His subsequent actions showed how little regard he had for this pledge. Like Talleyrand, the most unscrupulous of men, he "used words to conceal his thoughts."

His admirers have laid special force upon his great heart, pulsating with throbs of justice, kindness, and humanity. Did his heart pulsate with these noble qualities when, disregarding all the rules of civilization and humanity, he declared martial law in the States of the South, flooded the country with violence and bloodshed, and legitimized the most atrocious form of irregular warfare?

He was commander in chief of the army. Yet was he ever known to set his seal of disapproval upon the actions of his generals in their conduct of the war? General Butler's treatment of the people of New Orleans was horrible almost beyond belief. "Peaceful and aged citizens, unresisting captives and noncombatants, were confined at hard labor with chains attached to their limbs, were held in dungeons and fortresses, and Union soldiers were encouraged to insult and outrage the wives, mothers, and sisters." But Lincoln allowed him to remain at that post until the "French emperor threatened to recognize the Confederate States unless Butler was removed."

Destruction and devastation became synonymous with Sherman's march through Georgia to the sea, then the Carolinas, while Sheridan over a hundred miles through the beautiful Valley of Virginia so obeyed the cruel and inhuman orders of his superior general that in truth "a crow flying through its desolated wastes would have to carry its provisions with it." This is but an incomplete picture of the cruelties inflicted upon helpless noncombatants. These atrocities were never checked by a word or command from the President of the United States. His emancipation of six millions of slaves, his exciting them to insurrection, his placing guns in the hands of negroes to murder their former masters exceeded in atrocity and cruelty the tyranny of any despot in any age. His giving the ballot to ignorant negroes who had no more knowledge of the rights of suffrage than so many mules is but in keeping with the policy pursued by him from the beginning.

Let us see if his conduct in respect to prisoners was in accord with his "great heart pulsating with kindness and humanity to all." The Confederate government on more than one occasion sent propositions to Washington for the exchange of prisoners. No answer was given. Mr. Ould, the Commissioner of Exchange, offered to make purchases of medicine from the United States authorities to be used exclusively for the relief of Union prisoners. He offered to pay for them in gold, cotton, or tobacco, and, moreover, agreed on behalf of the Confederate government that such medicines might be brought into the lines by United States surgeons and be distributed by them. Incredible as it may appear, no reply was ever received to this offer.

One final effort was now made for an exchange.

A delegation from the prisoners at Andersonville was finally sent to Washington to plead their cause before the authorities at Washington. It was of no avail. Mr. Lincoln refused to see them. They were made to understand that the interest of the government required that they should return to prison and remain there.

During all this time Northern prisons were full of Southern prisoners, where thousands of them were allowed to freeze to death, to die of slow starvation and disease caused by privation and want. The brutal atrocities practiced in these prisons almost exceeded the

fiendish cruelty shown to the helpless women and children in the South. And yet all this was in the midst of plenty. The official reports giving truth to the statements of the matchless Ben Hill in the Senate of the United States prove that a greater number of soldiers died in Northern prisons than in Southern, notwithstanding the fact that Northern armies had devastated the South, reduced soldiers and people alike to the most straitened conditions for food, and that medicines had been made contraband of war.

Was Mr. Lincoln a man of high ideals? Was he a lover of the sublime, the beautiful? Was he a Christian, a gentleman? Facts compel us to say: "He was a hypocrite in religion, a vulgar buffoon, indecent in his anecdotes, and cruel in his instincts." What, then, has been the basis of all this fictitious greatness? What has been the cause of thus raising him to the very pinnacle of fame accorded no other American, not excepting even the great Washington himself? We answer: "Assassination." Assassination placed the crown of the martyr upon his brow. Henceforth "all things unclean became divine."

BY ANOTHER SOUTHERNER

The question of honoring the birthday of Abraham Lincoln by the Southern people is a question indeed. At first blush it would seem meet and proper that the day should be honored inasmuch as it is generally agreed that "the war is over." That Lincoln was a fairly good man, certainly a rare genius in a way, is admitted by nearly every one in the South as well as in the North, this, too, despite the fact that he unquestionably violated the Constitution and willfully assumed powers not rightfully his as President and acting upon which he plunged this country in a bloody war the like of which was never before recorded in history. Half a million of the flower of the young manhood of this country were cut down, and their bones now lie bleaching upon every hill from Gettysburg to the Rio Grande. The beautiful Southland was ruthlessly overrun, plundered, and devastated, vividly recalling the atrocities of the barbarous Goths and Vandals in Italy a thousand years ago. Southern manhood was prostrated and crushed and Southern womanhood everywhere outraged and insulted, and for what? For a sentiment called Union.

Southern people, in my opinion, are ready for the olive branch at any time the people of the North may extend it in honesty and genuine sincerity, but not until then. Whenever the people of the North are ready to honor June 3, the birthday of Jefferson Davis as gallant a knight as ever drew a sword and as pure a statesman as ever championed the rights and liberties of a free people then, but not one hour sooner, should the people of the South honor February 12 as Lincoln's anniversary.

Magnanimity and charity are all right and proper within certain bounds, but I respectfully submit that it is ill becoming a high minded people to "bow low and kiss the great toe" of the idol of the white people of the North and the negroes of the South, while their own

matchless leader, champion, and hero continues to be denounced as a "Rebel and a bloody traitor." Let's maintain our self respect at all hazards.

DIFFERS WITH THE LINCOLN EULOGISTS

The Lincoln centenary has brought forward both eulogists and those who endeavor to show the clay feet of the idol. Among the latter is an article sent in by J. R. Gibbons, of Buxite, Ark., who tells why he thinks the War President has received too much praise. He says he lived near Rockingham County, Va., just eight miles from Limeville Creek, the home of the Lincoln family. Abe Lincoln's grandfather moved to Illinois, but the rest of the connection remained in Virginia, espoused the cause of the South, and made good records in the Southern army.

Mr Gibbons says: "I would not do anything to detract from the honor really and truly due Lincoln for his greatness: but I do say that Lincoln was the only man in America who could have prevented the Civil War. Yet he not only did not prevent it, but by his acts he precipitated it, Mr. Davis sent a commission to try to arrange any difference between the Federal government and the seceded States. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, promised Mr. Davis that Fort Sumter should be evacuated right away, and that he (Seward) would notify Mr. Davis when it was done by telegram even before he could receive Judge Campbell's letter. (Judge Campbell being then in Washington negotiating for the Confederate States.) At this very time an expedition to reenforce and provision Fort Sumter had already sailed, and no orders were ever given by Lincoln to evacuate the fort, as had been promised. Not only this, but he sent his fleet to reenforce the place. I believe this aggression, together with Lincoln's avowed intention 'to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duty and imposts,' was practically an avowal of an offensive war, and was the match that touched off the gunpowder. Lincoln could have put out the match.

SENTIMENT IN THE SOUTH AS TO LINCOLN.

Request coming from a Chicago paper for expression on the above, S. A. Cunningham, editor of the VETERAN, wrote:

As the authorized representative for many years of all Confederate organizations men and women I am requested to give briefly the opinion that has prevailed at the South in regard to President Abraham Lincoln.

Of course he was detested in the outset. Becoming President of the faction that was committed to robbing the South of its hundreds of millions in slave property, there was general prejudice against him. Soon, however, although the country was at war, when he declared that it was not his purpose to interfere with the institution of slavery, and he on many occasions showed personal kindness to Confederates and other Southerners when their lives were at stake, there grew a kinder sentiment toward him, and his assassination was regarded in the South as the most dreadful event that occurred in the awful days of the sixties. Renegade Stanton was blamed for much that is charged against Lincoln in the latter days of the war especially. It seemed that Stanton had such influence that he dictated much for which President Lincoln was censured. Stanton's record was made a theme in Congress by Gen. Joe Wheeler, and the record was so bad that strong effort was made to expunge it from the House Journal.

Southern people do not think Mr. Lincoln was a great man, but that he was indeed sincerely kind, and that if he could have lived and gotten rid of Stanton there would have been no reconstruction. They do not forgive Mr. Lincoln for his Emancipation Proclamation under his oath of office, ready as they were to surrender their tremendous interests in the negroes, whom they had on their hands and have supported so faithfully much of the intervening period.

In explanation that Mr. Lincoln was not a great man, it is believed that thousands of others might have done as well or better. We are too prone, North and South, to exalt a man who achieves much, possessing great power. There has not been a President in the history of this country when there were not thousands of his peers who would with the same opportunities have made equal, and many of them far more brilliant, executives.

Let us be just to Mr. Lincoln. He was an eminently kind man, but his mold was not great, and we believe he would have been too honest to admit that the mantle of greatness fitted him becomingly.

REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS

When being entertained in the home of Mr. George D. Langston, of Louisville, my host produced a leaf of paper containing perhaps the rarest autograph collection of very distinguished men ever written upon one sheet. The signatures were secured by John Fairfield, Senator from Maine during the period of 1825 to 1840, when these men were conspicuous in public life at Washington. John Fairfield was Mrs. Langston's great uncle, and was at one time Governor of Maine.

Richard M. Johnson was Vice President from 1837 to 1841 during the presidency of Martin Van Buren. All of the other characters are more familiar, especially to Southern readers.

After the signature of Ben Hardin appeared the name of his State, Kentucky, which was erased from the engraving owing to a misunderstanding of instructions by a workman.

CAMP BEAUREGARD, NO. 130, U. S. C. V.

In an address in February, 1909, Commander W. O. Hart, New Orleans, says:

My Dear Comrades: On assuming for the second time the position of Commandant of the Camp I do so realizing not only the great honor conferred upon me, but in a deep sense its responsibility. Our Camp is known throughout the South as the banner Camp of the U. S. C. V. Confederation, and it should be our aim, individually and collectively, to increase its efficiency and renown.

We should have five thousand members. The material for it exists in our city, and if we all properly work, we may add to our rolls many hundreds additional.

Unless we are true to the memories of the past, we cannot be true to ourselves, and we can in no wise show greater reverence to our ancestors and their brave deeds than by keeping up our organization, .increasing its power for good, and extending its influence. It shall be my endeavor to have at every meeting if possible something of special interest to our members. You will become interested in the work of the Camp if you attend its meetings, and in addition I suggest that you attend the exercises of the Daughters of the Confederacy four times a year, when crosses of honor are bestowed on worthy veterans and their descendants, and if you visit the Soldiers' Home occasionally, your visits there will bring comfort and cheer to the veterans. Attend entertainments at the Soldiers' Home, for the larger the attendance, the more encouragement there is to those who entertain. The Louisiana Confederate Choir will visit the Home during the year at least once a month, and I trust that often many of our comrades may be there also.

The General Reunion will be held at Memphis June 8, 9, and 10, and I hope that our Camp may send a large delegation and attend the meetings of the Sons' Convention regularly,

The State Convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy will be held in that city sometime in May, and we should assist that organization in entertaining visitors.

Visit the Memorial Hall at your earliest convenience, and try to get your friends who are eligible to membership in the Camp to go there also. There is no historical museum in the world the equal of it.

We should all observe Memorial Day, June 3, when the graves of our departed heroes are strewn with flowers, showing that, though dead, they are not forgotten.

I shall be glad to see any of you at any time, and any suggestions that you may have for the betterment of the Camp will be gladly received.

Mr. William Way Moore, of Mereta, Tex., champions Miss Boyson's statement of the illiteracy of the South in a humorous manner. He says: "She was partly right, as most of the Southern men who joined the Union army were ignorant and illiterate, and I suppose the North judged the entire South by the standards of these men."

VISIT TO HAVANA, CUBA

It was an unexpected event even to the day of starting that the editor of the VETERAN took a week's vacation to Havana, Cuba, when the March edition was fully in press. Leaving Nashville at noon of Saturday, he joined Maj. J. L. McCollum, his wife, their daughter, Miss Elsie, and little granddaughter, Elizabeth Mell, in Atlanta Major McCollum has been Superintendent of the Western and Atlantic Railroad since it was leased by the N., C. & St. L. system. He went into the war as a Raccoon Rough with Gen. John B. Gordon as captain of the company, and ever looked specially after the welfare and comfort of General Gordon at Reunions, and continues as a member of the staff to his successors.

The trip was by the "Dixie Flyer," a route inaugurated by the N., C. & St. L. management and which is very popular between Chicago, St. Louis, and Jacksonville. The party when all together comprised the above named, Mr. W. M. Camp, Manager of the Pullman Palace Car Company over the territory (having headquarters in Atlanta), Comrade Rev. J. W. Bachman and Mr. T. H. Payne and wife, of Chattanooga, also Dr. F. P. H. Akers, wife, their daughter, Mrs. William Percy, of Atlanta, Mrs. DeVoe, of Brunswick, and Mr. John R. M. Dillon, of Clarkston, Ga. A more agreeable party could hardly have been gathered.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. Wallace, of Chattanooga, had preceded the others on a visit to Havana, and Mrs. Wallace died there. This circumstance was the only thing that marred the pleasure of the trip. It changed the return plan, the Chattanooga members returning with the wretched, childless husband. An illustration of exacting rules by the Cuban authorities is given in the fact that they demanded fifty dollars to transport the casket of Mrs. Wallace from the dock to the steamer. The United States government boat took it free of charge. These arbitrary and grafting rules are making much against commingling relations with Cuba. The docks are suitable to receive seagoing vessels, but the authorities require everything transferred to other boats for the revenue secured thereby. It is said that Mr. Flagler has bought docks at Matanzas and will make that the landing place for his boats to connect with the Florida East Coast Railroad line, so there will be over fifty miles of railway travel in Cuba to reach Havana.

Cuba is a great island, and its annexation to the United States may be devoutly desired. It would add much to the South's interest, while a benefit to all the country. Annexation

cannot be brought about speedily, although the largest property holders, especially in Havana, favor it anxiously.

The most desirable thing that can be done looking to this important consummation is the dissemination throughout Cuba of the English language. An illustration of the sentiment prevailing among the better class of Spaniards is had in Mr. Nicolas Altuzarra, whose beautiful residence is on the Prado (66). This gentleman purchased a home in Atlanta when his large family of children were small and kept his family there for several years, so they would instinctively learn English. The youngest of seven children, a bright youth of sixteen, is to come to the States to complete his education in English. This would seem a wise course. Mr. Altuzarra owns the great house occupied by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in a suburb of Havana. It was the United States government headquarters through both occupations until withdrawal of its forces from Cuba this April 1. He and his family attended our party on a visit to this place and showed us through it. His great desire is to have an American college established on the property, and although its construction cost \$350,000 and it has been appraised in adjustment of values since its occupation by the United States at \$167,000, he volunteers to put it into a syndicate for American educational purposes at \$100,000. An idea of its magnitude may be had in the fact that Mr. Altuzarra has a contract for repainting it at a cost of \$5,000. More of this later.

The time is opportune for the South to make favor with the people of Cuba. The M. E. Church, South, is doing much to its credit in this respect, but the interest should be general. It may seem a great undertaking, but take Cuba as a whole, and its population would certainly be superior to the class of emigrants landing in Castle Garden, numbering now close to a half million a year, and they might easily enough be made an adjunct to the South in mutual interests.

Ugly as are the reports of the people in morals, as a whole they are doing wonderful things in charity among the lowest of their population.

With the Florida East Coast Railway completed to Key West (and that is soon to be achieved), the sail would be but six to seven hours to Havana, and it would become easily accessible, while boats from Tampa would compete, so as to make passage economical, and the South's share in the benefits would well repay the care of annexation.

The editor will be pardoned for concluding this brief report with sentimental reference to the marvelous improvement in the beautiful city of Havana. That city will be recalled as the source of yellow fever that caused so much anxiety and death in many Southern States every few years. His first visits there were in the beginning of the great sanitary work by the United States when his son was personal assistant to Col. William M. Black, United States Engineer, and later when Colonel Black had charge of sanitary work in all of Cuba. His son, Paul Davis Cunningham, chief engineer for Havana, with from 3,000 to 4,000 laborers had the walls of ten thousand houses scoured and inaugurated plans for taking all filth far out to sea and also of building as fine streets as can be found anywhere. Not many people in Havana at present realize the prodigious achievements by our government, but the record is preserved.

Colonel Black (ever honored be his name) in his report to Washington of the work done in Havana stated: "My thanks are especially due to Mr. P. D. Cunningham, chief engineer of the city, who has assisted me in all of my duties, which embraced all possible classes of municipal work, even that of a quasi legal character."

The present disturbances in the government of Cuba threaten the necessity of the reoccupation of the island by the United States. If the strong powers of this government were exercised there permanently, the people would adjust themselves to the conditions doubtless and great results for their good would follow. The South should be alert for Cuba.

LAST WORDS ABOUT THE PRIZE ESSAY

A number of interesting articles have been received by the VETERAN about Miss Boyson and the judges of "that prize essay" such a number, in fact, that to give place to all a special edition would have to be issued. Many of these articles are forceful refutations of Miss Boyson's statements, and some have espoused the cause of the judges. As it is impossible to publish all the articles, which in fairness must be done if any is given, this magazine has decided to close the incident as far as its columns are concerned.

The entire South agrees in its condemnation not of Miss Boyson or the opinions she held, but of the acceptance of these opinions by Southern judges. Senator Ben Hill said: "When the forthcoming historian shall come to estimate the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plains of ordinary humanity, and he must lift his eyes to heaven to see the summit."

Now Miss Boyson's schoolgirl eyes failed to gauge the sublime heights, yet she very earnestly denies any "intention" of offending the South by her "estimate." Dr. Alderman, using only the pocket foot rule of syntax and "structural ability," failed to consider the glaring historical errors that marred the euphemistic sentences past patient acceptance, yet he too protests against any "intent" to do less than fill his post of judge to the best of his ability! Dr. Smith, though making a less vigorous defense, uses the same self justification.

Mrs. Enders Robinson, Historian General U. D. C., issues a circular urging that the prize be discontinued. This possibly is the wisest solution of the matter, and will prove the most dignified protest against the position taken by the judges. Further attempts to defend General Lee against slurs, antagonistic attacks, and misstatements is about as useless as to call away a child whose baby hands are trying to overturn the Capitol at Washington or

to punish an iconoclastic small boy for his futile efforts to cover the pyramid of Cheops with sand poured on from a teaspoon.

NOTED EVENT IN TENNESSEE JOURNALISM MR. MILTON OCHS BUYS NASHVILLE AMERICAN

The removal from Chattanooga to Nashville of Mr. Milton B. Ochs and his family is an event of unusual social interest, as it commingles relationships among the best Southern families in the two sections. Mr. Ochs, having purchased the Nashville American, the oldest and most noted paper in the State, becomes prominent in every public interest. Mr. Ochs is one of the three brothers who have forged to the front in American journalism as have no other trio in the history of the country. The senior Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, who bought his first newspaper, the Chattanooga Times, from the editor of the VETERAN, has become conspicuous in journalism wherever English dailies are printed in giving "all the news that is fit to print" His New York Times is second to no daily paper.

Mr. George Ochs is in charge of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, while Milton has remained until now in charge of the eminently successful Chattanooga Times. Elsewhere Mr. Ochs sets forth his purposes in regard to the American.

These distinguished newspaper men are sons of the late Julius Ochs, noted for his intelligence and philanthropy.

Jeanette Sterling Greve, of the Chattanooga Times staff, writes of Mrs. Milton Ochs, who is to live in Nashville:

Among the many charming young matrons of whom Chattanooga boasts, none is deservedly more popular than Mrs. Ochs, and her removal to Nashville is a source of the deepest regret to her friends in Chattanooga. Of quick wit and engaging manners, she pleases on first acquaintance. As that acquaintance ripens and the rich qualities of her intellect and her heart are seen the felling deepens into admiration and love. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every person in Chattanooga is her friend. She was born in Chattanooga not so very many years ago. (Since she says she has ceased to have birthdays, it is not necessary to be more explicit.) There she grew up and married, and there her three children were born. When only a schoolgirl she had all the small boys for her devoted slaves, and later as Miss Fannie Van Dyke she was one of the acknowledged belles of the city.

Mrs. Ochs is of distinguished ancestry on both sides of her family. Her people were among the pioneers who in the early days of Tennessee helped to make of the State the grand old commonwealth it has become. Her father, Capt. W. D. Van Dyke, at the time of his death a member of the firm of Van Dyke, Cooke & Van Dyke, was an attorney at law, as were his father and his grandfather before him. He was a son of Judge T. Nixon Van Dyke, of Athens, for many years chancellor of that district. Captain Van Dyke served the cause of the Confederacy throughout the four years of the

great conflict between the States as an officer of the 59th Tennessee.

Captain Van Dyke's wife was Miss Anna Mary Deadrick, a daughter of the late Chief Justice Deadrick, also one of the oldest families in Tennessee. Among Mrs. Van Dyke's ancestors were two noted surgeons Dr. Ephraim McDowell, of Kentucky, who was the first in this country to perform the operation for ovarian tumor, and Dr. William Deadrick, of Athens, who made many important discoveries in medicine.

Captain Van Dyke brought his little family to Chattanooga in December, 1866, and here Mrs. Van Dyke still makes her home. There are four children one son, T. N. Van Dyke, and three daughters, of whom 'Miss Fan,' as she is still affectionately called, is the youngest.

On April 26, 1893, a romantic love affair culminated in the marriage of Miss Fannie Van Dyke and Mr. Milton B. Ochs, who has recently become the publisher and editor of the Nashville American. Mr. Ochs is a son of the late Julius Ochs, a man noted for his intellectual attainments and his broad spirit of philanthropy, and a brother of Adolph Ochs, the wonderworker of the New York Times.

It may be said of her now as when she was married Miss Fannie Van Dyke embodies in her personality every quality that distinguishes the brilliant belle of society. She is fair of face, brilliant, accomplished, sparkles with wit, is ever affable and cordial, and her warmth of manner and sunny disposition illumine every gathering she graces.'

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Ochs are two sturdy boys, Van Dyke and Adolph, and a daughter, Margaret, whose vivacity and charm are reminders of her mother's early years.

In giving Mrs. Ochs to Nashville, where Mr. Ochs has already entered upon his new sphere of activity, a distinct loss is felt in Chattanooga. In the Church, in charity, as well as in social life, she will be greatly missed, and many feel that her place here can never be quite filled by any one else."

WHAT VETERANS ARE MOST GRATEFUL FOR

Judge James S. Aden, of Paris, Tenn., responds to the request in the VETERAN as to "what it is for which comrades are most grateful:"

I was orderly sergeant of Company G, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, of which Gen. W. H. Jackson was first colonel. The last of September, 1862, our company was picketing and scouting between Holly Springs and Corinth. At Corinth General Rosecrans, with twenty thousand to thirty thousand troops, was intrenched. Generals Van Dorn and Price (

Old Pap") concentrated about twenty thousand Confederates at Holly Springs and marched against Corinth. On October 3 and 4, 1862, was fought the battle of Corinth. A Missouri brigade charged the last ditch of Rosecrans, 'stomping* the life out of many, when the retreat was ordered by General Van Dorn. Company G was rear guard on the retreat, and 'Old Pap' came out from behind us shedding tears. We had been scouting, picketing, and fighting for ten days or more. At Chewalla Creek our regiment was camped for the night.

For five days and nights I had been without rations of any kind when I was ordered into a small patch of corn to get feed for my horse. I secured ten ears of corn and a very small pumpkin. While one end of an ear of corn was heating in the fire I ate raw corn off the other end of the raw pumpkin. I am now very grateful that I can sit down to my own table, surrounded by my loving wife, eight sons, and one daughter, and eat to my heart's content.

BY J. W. COOK (43D MISS. INFANTRY), HELENA, ARK

Complying with your request in the February VETERAN, I make notes of Hood's expedition into Tennessee. The writer had some strenuous experience in that, and was devoutly thankful for escaping the awful slaughter at Franklin, and perhaps more so a little later in the battle at Nashville. Adams's Brigade of Loring's Division (commanded by Colonel Lowry in the battle of Nashville) occupied the line just to the left of the Franklin Pike and I believe the division covering that thoroughfare. The Federals attacked us about 10 A.M., but we held our own with their three lines of battle all day. Late in the afternoon the extreme left of our army gave way when the enemy began rapidly turning our left flank. To prevent that we were ordered to move by the right flank double quick. A soldier was shot and fell out of the column. Thinking it was a messmate, I ran back some one hundred and fifty yards and found it was Lieutenant Berryhill, of the next company, and that he was dead. Retracing my steps as fast as I could, I found the command rapidly falling back. Just then Lieut. Pat Henry, of General Adams's staff, came along and, taking in the situation, stopped about forty of us and commanded us to "deploy." In a moment the little skirmish line was formed. He then commanded "Forward," and in another minute the line was in the trenches hotly engaging the three long blue lines of the enemy, who were trying hard to pass our chevaux de frise. We held them long enough to re form our main line of battle, when we were run over and captured.

We were sent to Camp Douglas, which seemed the worst fate that could befall us. To tell the hardships there would take too much space. I may do so at another time. I saw the Federal soldier climb the flag mast and adjust the rope that had been misplaced while lowering to half mast in honor of Lincoln, and in coming down I saw him fall ninety feet. I heard a prisoner say: "There goes a messenger to Lincoln." I thought my hardships there were great, and so they were, but on returning home after the close I found that only a

few days after my capture my messmates and bedfellows, Colonel Sykes, Captain Perry, and Will Owen, had all been killed by a tree falling across them while asleep in camp, and had I not been captured, I would doubtless have shared their fate.

BY G. W. R. BELL (WHEELER'S CAVALRY), GAYLESVILLE, ALA.

Your suggestion in the current number of the VETERAN meets my hearty approval. There are so many things for which to be thankful that I find it hard to place any one thing in the superlative. I think the one great thing we ought to be grateful for is our preservation through and deliverance from the many perils, hardships, and privations we suffered and endured in defense of our homes and firesides. I think the most frequent reminders are comfortable quarters and a full commissary.

These cold, rainy, or sleety nights when after family devotions I can undress in front of a good wood fire and get onto a good, soft, warm bed with no fear of the sound of bugle or drum to wake me from my peaceful slumbers O, how it calls forth my sincere gratitude! Then how memory carries me back to the winter of 1863 64, that most severe winter of the war period, the time when Burnside was at Knoxville and Longstreet at Morristown, and the Federal and Confederate alternately occupied the territory between the two armies! We were fighting, picketing, freezing, etc., with not a cooking vessel of any kind for the whole company except one small tin bake pan and with only our summer clothes, or such as we had at Chickamauga. I do not know how I would have gotten along had it not been that in going up there we went by way of Philadelphia, and there General Woolford (thanks for his fright and hasty departure) supplied me with a lot of those button together dog flies, which my cousin and I carried under our saddles, and they beat no protection badly.

Several years since a man who wore the blue in that campaign wrote the VETERAN that he wanted an expression from our side as to the severity of that campaign.

Wheeler, you know, escorted Sherman to the sea, and I went along with him and blew the bugle for him instead of carrying an Enfield, as I did in East Tennessee. Well, as Bill Arp used to say, the big thing that I'm glad of about the war is that it is over, and my prayer is that the peace of our country may never again be so disturbed.

JOHN C. BAIRD IS GRATEFUL

In response to your request to write "For What Are Comrades Most Grateful?" I will write for the VETERAN a little of my experience. I was a private in Company E, 1st Alabama Cavalry, General Wheeler's command. Ask one of the boys who rode with Wheeler and fought the Yankees in seven different States what he appreciates most, and I believe he will say: "A good night's sleep." The suffering of the infantry was great at times, but they sometimes went into winter quarters, but the cavalryman had his winter

quarters on the picket line, and sometimes he sat his horse for hours with icicles hanging from his hat and his horse almost covered with a sheet of ice.

On the long raids we rode both day and night for two or three weeks with only a short stop occasionally to feed our faithful horses. Often on those rides I would sleep on my horse until he would break ranks, and I would be awakened by a limb of a tree striking me in the face. Now after forty three years I am very thankful that I can go to sleep when the sleet is falling with no fear of being ordered to "saddle and mount" for a long ride.

I will not say that Wheeler's men did any harder fighting than many other troops, but I do not believe there was another body of troops either in the Federal or Confederate army that did more of it or was more continually at it than the men who rode with Wheeler. Our regiment was in the advance at Shiloh, and had its first engagement Friday, April 4, 1862, and its last one mile out of Raleigh, N. C. When General Johnston surrendered in North Carolina, General Wheeler disbanded and asked all who would to join him in the Trans Mississippi Department. Some of us made the effort, but before we reached the Mississippi River we learned that the end of the war had come.

I am now sixty four years old and these are the first lines I have ever written about that war. Maj. V. M. Elmore, who died in Montgomery last year, I think, was the last surviving officer of our regiment. If there is one living, I do not know it, but if there is and he should see this, I would like to hear from him or any private either.

PARTED FOR FORTY YEARS

The VETERAN has received a strangely pathetic story illustrating again that truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

J. M. Cokely at the beginning of our great war lived in Montgomery County, Tenn some ten miles from Clarksville. He enlisted in the Confederate service, leaving his mother alone in the old farmhouse.

He served gallantly and well till the end of the great struggle, then, weary and worn, he made his way back to his old home, only to find it in ruins and his mother gone. Every effort made to trace her was in vain. Concluding she had sickened and died somewhere among strangers, he settled himself in White County to win sustenance and forgetfulness.

Forty years had passed when he heard that a woman bearing his name was living about a hundred miles away. Investigation revealed the long lost mother. She had thought her boy dead and maybe buried in the trenches on some battlefield, and had mourned him all these years, as he too had mourned.

The mother is now eighty years old and the son is crowned with the silver of age, but their joy is like the opened gates of that paradise where there will be no parting nor any shadow of sorrow, a paradise they have prepared themselves for by earnest Christian living.

GENERALS LEE AND GRACIE AT THE CRATER
BY COL. GEORGE N. SAUSSY, SYLVESTER, GA,

At the last Richmond Reunion it was the writer's good fortune to meet Comrade Smith Lipscomb, formerly of the 18th South Carolina Infantry and now a resident of Bonham, Tex. Comrade Lipscomb has the distinction of being one of the three survivors of his company at the Crater.

Elliott's Salient constituted the fort on the Confederate side, while the heavy works across the narrow valley on Hare's Hill were garrisoned by Burnside's 9th Corps. These works were in easy rifle range of each other. Skilled sharpshooters made targets of head or limb when exposed. In construction of the embankment there was left a terrace or ledge around the inner side of the works just high enough above the floor level of the fort to enable a soldier to expose head and shoulder above the parapet.

A few days before the Crater explosion General Lee, accompanied by Gen. Archibald Gracie, of Alabama, went to Elliott's Salient on an inspecting tour. General Gracie was conscious of the peril of any one exposing himself above the parapet of the fort, but General Lee seemed to have forgotten this, and mounted the ledge for an observation of the opposing works. Immediately General Gracie interposed his person between General Lee and the enemy's line, placing himself so as to receive any fire that might be directed at that point.

Standing near the two generals on the floor of the fort was Comrade Lipscomb, who, recognizing the imminent peril of both officers, without any formality or salute, seized the skirts of the coats of each general, and with a vigorous jerk brought both of them to the floor of the fort. Instantly the parapet was swept by a fusillade from the enemy's sharpshooters. A moment later it is more than possible that these two officers would have been killed. General Lee, realizing the situation, turned to Comrade Lipscomb, saluted, and said: "I thank you, sir, I thank you."

The quick consciousness of the danger to General Lee and the delicate heroism of General Gracie are beautiful examples of the self sacrifice that animated officers and men of the Confederate army.

General Gracie did not long survive this handsome but quiet act of heroism, as he soon after fell in action, giving up his glorious life for the cause he had espoused.

GEN. ALEX P. STEWART AS A CANNONEER

E. W. Tarrant, Superintendent of the Texas Orphan Home at Corsicana, writes: "Is it too late to publish another incident to illustrate the mettle of the man, Lieut. Gen. Alex P. Stewart? As was the case with most of the batteries attached to Stewart's Corps when we were starting into Tennessee in November, 1864, Tarrant's Battery was not well supplied with horses, even mules being used to draw our caissons, and many of the horses being not well trained for battery purposes. As we were crossing Shoal Creek, near Florence, Ala., the horses to one of our guns balked in the middle of the stream. Every member of the gun detachment was at the wheels, myself with them, and with our united efforts we were unable to push forward the gun upon the horses. General Stewart, riding up just at this time, saw our need of help, so without a word of command he handed his bridle reins to his orderly, dismounted, and waded into the stream, taking station at the right rear wheel just opposite me, and said: 'Altogether, men.' The infantrymen, passing and seeing the General acting as a common cannoneer, put their shoulders to the wheels, and in a brief interval we had the horses in a run to get out of the way of the gun carriage, nor did they check up until they reached the summit of the hill on the east. I related this incident in Jackson, Miss., in the presence of General Stewart. He disclaimed any recollection of the event, and was evidently disconcerted at the mention of it."

W. H. Johnson, of Hickory, Miss., makes a most excellent suggestion. He says that at every Reunion there are a number of old veterans too feeble or lame to walk, but who want very much to take part in the parade. His idea is to ask the electric traffic company to furnish sufficient cars to carry these men, have them gayly decorated with flags and bunting, and let them follow the main body. The idea is a good one, and such cars or suitable carriages should be provided,

CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS IN MINNESOTA ADDRESS BY MRS. JOSEPH JOHNSON

We have been brave enough to invade the "North Star State," the home of the Moccasin flower, and where, I am told, Minnesotans never sing "There is a better land." We come not to arouse antagonistic feelings, but to tell you of our grand and glorious work.

During my two years' residence in the "Twin Cities" I have often been asked: "What is the object and origin of your association, now known as the United Daughters of the Confederacy?" I was very much amused when on one occasion some one remarked to me: "Why, I never heard of the Daughters of the Confederacy. What are you a lot of organized anarchists?" I hope the good people of Minneapolis and St. Paul don't think we

look like a lot of anarchists, and with your kind indulgence I will give you a brief history of our work, which, I feel sure, will meet with the approbation of every intelligent man and woman, whether of the North or of the South.

This organization is composed of between 45,000 and 50,000 women, and we are a distinct class, inasmuch as we are working for and giving our time, money, and talents to a cause with no thought of future remuneration whatever. We have Chapters in all the Southern States, including Maryland, West Virginia, and Missouri. We have Chapters also in Washington, California, District of Columbia, Illinois, Indiana, Indian Territory, Montana, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Utah, New Mexico, Minnesota, and Mexico.

The first Southern body of women to call themselves "Daughters of the Confederacy" originated in my own grand old State, "Imperial Missouri," in the year 1890. "A meeting of St. Louis women was called for, and a society was organized with a membership of one hundred and sixteen." Their first work of importance was the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mo., built by the united efforts of the women of Missouri in 1893, and standing to day, supported by the State, as a beautiful monument to their untiring energy.

The Daughters of the Confederacy are banded together for mutually preserving to posterity facts, loyal deeds, and valorous acts, embodied in or intimately associated with their individual lives and daily experiences, as well as to perpetuate through all generations the names of those illustrious families participating in the great cause. Its membership includes not only those original daughters, but the daughters of their daughters unto our generation, thus perpetuating this glorious organization for all time. The motto of our national organization is the beautiful words: "Love makes memory eternal." The objects of our association are historical, educational, memorial, benevolent, and social, to collect and preserve the material for an impartial history of the War between the States, and to teach the coming generations that Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson were not traitors to their country, but high minded Christian gentlemen, statesmen, soldiers, and patriots. In our great loyalty to and appreciation of our organization we must not forget these eminent Southern generals and the brave soldiers who fought so valiantly in defending what they believed to be their perfectly justifiable rights. Their names, now revered by all, will be perpetuated through all coming generations for the hardships endured and sacrifices made. Their careers elicit the admiration of the world, coequal with that extended to the names of Napoleon, Wellington, and Cromwell. In 1889 at the Piedmont Exposition, held at Atlanta, Ga., attended by the masses, the enthusiasm which greeted our beloved and only President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, will long be remembered by those present.

The Southerner's valor and patriotism is known the world over, and who ever knew a Southern woman to falter where love and duty called her? Southern women are noted for their affability and refinement, and in no quarter of the United States is more hospitality shown than in the South.

We love, honor, and cherish the memories of those who wore the gray. Such a heritage I

am proud to own. We come not to fight the war over again, as a few of our Northern friends think, but to heal the wounds, for we are a united country, and the stars and stripes are dear to the heart of every true Daughter of the Confederacy. * * *

Situated as you are, many miles from Mason and Dixon's famous line, I realize that the work will be hard and sometimes may become irksome, yet greater will be your reward and you stand as a living monument to the heroic lives that were sacrificed in 1861 to 1865.

I must also impress upon the Executive Board the necessity of working together in harmony, remembering the beautiful motto of our country, "United we stand, divided we fall," and ever bearing in mind the object to which we are striving, and while this is also a social organization, my great desire is for this Chapter to be known as one of the most energetic Chapters in the U. D. C.

At your annual election of officers bury all personal animosity, if any should ever exist, and put into office those women whom you know to be thoroughly capable and who will perform accurately the duties of said office, for without such the Chapter is powerless.

I cannot refrain from saying that this Chapter will always occupy a sacred place in the memory of my home Chapter the St. Louis. She will watch with pride and interest your future progress, and through her worthy and charming President, Mrs. W. L. Kline, she desires me to extend to the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Minneapolis her cordial greetings.

INCIDENTAL TO EVACUATION OF RICHMOND BY J. R. WINDER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Four years of consummate skill and military genius spared Richmond from Federal occupation. Through the signal defeat of General Grant's army at Cold Harbor, June 2 and 3, 1864, the culmination of an extended engagement practically changed the base of Federal operations to the south side of James River. Petersburg, twenty two miles south of Richmond, was invested and subsequently became the key to the strategical point of operation, not, however, until General Lee had exhausted all resources for recruiting his worn out and depleted army. To maintain a line of defense from Richmond to the Weldon road, south of Petersburg, was an additional tax upon his resources. This line was necessarily a mere skeleton.

On the night of April 2, 1865, the men below Richmond were withdrawn from the trenches near Fort Harrison. Artillery and wagons were rumbling over Mayo's bridge throughout the night going west. On the morning of April 3 all had passed over except

the rear guard of General Ewell's command, The bridge was burning some one had fired it before the rear guard reached the bridge.

A small body of Federals entered the lower part of the city at an ordinary gait. They were well aware that it was an evacuation of the city, as smoke and flame were greatly in evidence, together with an occasional explosion that rent the air. Many buildings had been fired by the rabble, who were running to and fro bent on mischief. They engaged in breaking open stores, robbing, and plundering.

On April 5 our forces arrived at Amelia C. H., where it was expected that rations would be issued, but we were sadly disappointed. Numerous raids had been made on our wagon trains by Sheridan's cavalry, bent on destruction in every possible way. The army made slow progress while attempting to protect its supplies, as General Sheridan had more cavalry than General Lee had men of all arms. At Sailor's Creek a hard battle was precipitated, in which our loss was severe in killed and wounded and prisoners. Farmville was reached and considerable artillery was destroyed, as we had no horses to remove it. Many men who were out foraging were captured. We had nothing to eat but corn.

Our next move was toward Appomattox. We reached there about 5 P.M. Saturday, April 8. A report was current that two trains loaded with provisions had reached there from Lynchburg. Requisitions were made, and different commands were on the way to the depot for those supplies when the Federals opened their batteries suddenly and made the place untenable, so our men proceeded no farther in the direction of the depot, but deflected out of range of their guns. After that we lay down to rest at midnight. We were informed that night of General Lee's intention to surrender the next morning, and that any who wanted to get away and join Johnston's army might do so before the terms of surrender were made. We were not completely surrounded by the Federals, and the road was yet open to Lynchburg. Acting under these instructions, at 2 A.M. about twelve hundred men took the road to Lynchburg, reaching there about twelve that day.

As soon as we arrived we were told that General Lee had surrendered. Our next move was to Greensboro, N. C. Arriving there about April 17, we reported at headquarters, receiving information that General Johnston would also capitulate, that there were plenty of supplies on hand and to help ourselves. At Greensboro there were provisions enough to last the army for months, but they had to be destroyed.

WOUNDED TEXAN'S TRIP HOME ON CRUTCHES
BY JOSEPH M'CLURE, FORT WORTH, TEX.

I was a member of Company A, 18th Texas Cavalry, dismounted, at Little Rock, Ark. I was captured at Arkansas Post January 13, 1863, and imprisoned at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, and was exchanged at City Point, Va., in April, 1863. We were for some time recruiting and in service around Lynchburg, Petersburg, and Richmond. Remnants of the 15th, 17th, and 18th Arkansas, and 10th Texas were consolidated into one regiment. We were transferred to General Bragg at Tullahoma, Tenn. We were placed in General Granbery's Texas Brigade, under Pat Cleburne and Hardee. We were in nearly every fight from Tullahoma, Tenn., to Atlanta, Ga., where at daylight on July 21, 1864, the enemy had a cross fire on us, and I was wounded twice by balls from two directions. I was carried to the Griffin Hospital, where I lay for thirty two days. Then, using crutches, I was granted a sick furlough for sixty days, and a grand, good lady, Mrs. John M. Garrick, called at the hospital for a Texan that she could take out and care for. This noble woman cared for me and washed and bandaged my wounds and supplied me with good clothes from August 24, 1864, to July 14, 1865. Then she gave me money to use on my way home.

I started home on July 15, using crutches much of the way, The railroads were destroyed in so many places that I had to walk about half the way to Vicksburg. I arrived there on Sunday. Soon a nice gentleman, seeing my condition, asked me where I was from and where I was going. He kindly gave me a five dollar United States bill and said I would need it on my way. This cash came in good time, for that which Mrs. Garrick gave me was Georgia and Alabama State money, and was not good for my needs across the river. I walked on my crutches from Vicksburg, Miss., to Mount Prairie, Tex., where I rested three days with a friend who furnished me a young but wild mule to ride home, but to control the mule I had to leave one crutch. That ride almost wore me out, it was very hard on me. The mule trotted very hard, and I kept him in a gallop most all the way to Alvarado, where I landed at home on August 15, 1865, just one month on the trip. I found all good things waiting for me. I had a fine rest. After three weeks I returned to my friend, J. J. Davis, his mule in good condition. I stayed with him a week, and enjoyed with him fine deer hunting.

Well, I went into the war on January 15, 1862. I was born at Duquoin, Perry County, Ill., on March 10, 1844, and by God's will I wore the gray, of which I am proud to day. I read the VETERAN and learn of the old time places that we so vividly recall. Just think of Chickamauga, where we slashed and ran over each other for almost a day, and of New Hope Church, where they with nine solid lines went at us and so close that their dead and wounded would, in falling forward, hit us with their guns, and of that dark night charge Pat Cleburne made with us and almost caught Hooker and Thomas, but where their solid line of battle fired at us not over ten yards away! I thought all but myself were killed, but no one was hurt, as old Pat told us they would overshoot us. They wheeled to run, and

running over each other became demoralized. General Cleburne told us that they would and that they would call for their commands, and he ordered us to answer them like quails answer their lost, saying that they would come to us the same way, and so they did, as well as I recollect.

VALIANCE OF CAPT. CHARLES MORGAN
BY R. D. FIREBAUGH, ROCKBRIDGE BATHS, VA.

The recent death of my old friend, Capt. Charles F. Morgan, who was brigade inspector for General Imboden's command, reminds me of an incident to which I was an eyewitness and which I feel should be recorded.

Captain Morgan was the son of Colonel Morgan, Superintendent of the Virginia Penitentiary at Richmond before the war. Captain Morgan was a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, and was never happier than when in a charge. When the surrender at Appomattox took place, Imboden's Brigade, hearing the news, disbanded near Lynchburg. I was detailed in charge of broken down horses near Middlebrook, Va., with two comrades, who were absent from their horses the day of the occurrence to which I refer, April 17.

Gilmer's Battalion, an independent organization of Confederates, was retreating south through the Valley of Virginia, believing they might be handled roughly by the Federals, who regarded them as bushwhackers. These men, numbering some sixty five to eighty, were mounted, some without saddles, some even without bridles, and some on foot. They picked up every available horse with a C. S. or U. S. brand, and took horses belonging to private individuals. I decided to follow them in the hope that I might persuade them to relinquish the horses belonging to private soldiers. When I overtook them, I told the leader that I took him to be a gentleman and stated my business, explaining that they had the private property of my comrades. He replied that if I would follow them until they got better mounted I might have the horses. I agreed to this, and rode along with them until in sight of Brownsburg, when we met Capt. Charley Holt, of the 62d Virginia Regiment. I told him my trouble, and he instructed me to pass ahead of them into the village, where I would find Captain Morgan at a certain house, that he (Captain Holt) would stay with these men and see that they did not flank the village. I found Captain Morgan as instructed and stated the case to him. He inquired if I was armed, and to my reply that I thought it best to go unarmed he stepped back into the house and armed himself. By this time the men were coming up the street, and Captain Morgan, cocking both his pistols, halted them and demanded the horses, saddles, and bridles, telling them he would die right there if they did not give them up without any parleying, that these horses belonged to his men. They obeyed him at once, complaining as a pretext that the house at which they got the horses had a Union flag displayed,

I do not claim any credit for this piece of bravery, as I was unarmed. It was simply the determination of Captain Morgan that secured the result. They knew if they attempted to

pass him he would get two or three of them before they could fire on him. Gilmer's men were not cowards, they did very valuable service for the Confederacy. This shows what grit and determination sometimes accomplished. I was a member of Company I, 62d Virginia Mounted Infantry, Imboden's Brigade.

Almost under the brass guns captured by the 1st Tennessee Regiment in the battle of Perryville, Ky., a Confederate officer was lying desperately wounded. A Federal captain of infantry came up in search of a friend. He expressed his sorrow at the Confederate's condition, moved him into a comfortable position, and gave him water from a canteen. He said that nearly all his regiment, the 1st Wisconsin, were killed or wounded in defense of the battery the Confederates had captured. That Confederate, Capt. B. P. Steele, Tullahoma, Tenn., is anxious to learn of that Federal captain.

R. J. Hancock, of the 9th Louisiana Regiment, writes from Charlottesville, Va., an entertaining article containing an episode of the war when Cupid and not Mars was the god being worshiped. Soldiers' hearts are proverbially soft to a woman's charms, and Major Hancock gives a pleasant account of the blarneying Irishman winning over an aggressive though beautiful girl to the Southern cause by his gift of words. The Major says the episode was recalled to his mind by hearing "Coming through the Rye" beautifully sung.

FROM NASHVILLE TO TANNERY ON DUCK RIVER BY CAPT. A. C. DANNER, MOBILE, ALA.

When Hood's army arrived before Franklin in November, 1864, it was by reason of its long, hurried march from Atlanta poorly equipped, especially as to clothing and shoes. Those who went through and survived the terrific battle of Franklin were indeed ragged, worn out, and suffering in body and mind, but still had the spirit of fight in them.

When the army arrived before Nashville, General Hood learned that down near the mouth of Duck River on the opposite side from his army there was located a large tannery and shoe manufacturing establishment operated by the United States government. As his army was suffering terribly for the want of shoes, it was very desirable to get hold of this factory and any leather and shoes that might be there before the Union forces abandoned and destroyed it. At that time it was expected that the Confederate army would capture and occupy Nashville.

Immediately on learning of the existence of this big tannery a young staff officer was detailed to go down and try to secure the tannery and leather that might be there and, if possible, start to making shoes. A company of cavalry was selected to go on this

expedition, and splendid fellows they proved to be young, but veterans in service, well mounted, and used to hardships.

A guide was procured and the company started at once, no wagons, no artillery, simply what they could carry on their horses in the way of rations, arms, and ammunition. Arriving at Duck River somewhere near its mouth, the river was found to be greatly swollen by reason of heavy rains. No ferryboats or means of crossing could be found. The people living in the neighborhood welcomed the Confederates and did what they could for them. They told the young men that it was absolutely impossible to cross the stream in its present condition, it being so high and the current so strong and swift. Their advice was to go back, but the Confederates were not going to do that. They could give up their lives in doing their duty, and the young staff officer in charge of the expedition proposed that they swim the river on their horses. The natives said that it was impossible, that they would be swept out through the mouth of the river and drowned. Nevertheless, volunteers were called for to go into the river and every fellow went. It was a perilous undertaking, but the horses as well as the men were used to dangers and difficulties, Success crowned the efforts of the little company. They landed, but were scattered about along the bank of the river from a quarter to a half mile below where they went in, the swift current having swept every horse down the stream, but at last all landed safe, with guns and cartridges dry.

The tannery was soon located. Many rumors were heard about it, such as it being strongly guarded with a large force of Union troops, while other reports were to the effect that it had been abandoned. The little command of Confederates, however, rushed on, really hoping to find some troop's still there on guard. It was believed that if the tannery had been abandoned it would also be destroyed. They preferred to fight and capture it rather than get there too late. It was but a few miles to the tannery, and it was found to be all complete, having just been abandoned. No shoes were there, but there were many pieces of leather, and steps were being taken to begin the manufacture of some kind of foot covering to answer as shoes for the barefooted boys in front of Nashville. Before this was actually begun, however, orders were received to return immediately and join Hood's army as it fell back. The battle of Nashville had been fought and lost, and the army was in retreat. With grief and sorrow we prepared to go.

A roll of leather was tied to each saddle, knowing that even this would be of immense value to the men if time could be found to turn it into shoes of some kind.

The company went back and joined the army on its retreat, and as the men marched down the pike, many of them barefooted, with feet bleeding, a part of the way over snow, the regret as to not having had the time to use the splendid tannery grew more bitter. But those were days when Confederates had to meet with many disappointments.

This episode is given as I remember it after these many years. I have not met since then any one who was on that raid, and I have sometimes wondered as my mind has often dwelt upon it if I were not dreaming. I do not know what company of cavalry it was, but the officer in command of it told me that it was a Tennessee company, recruited from around Memphis, and I think he stated that it was Forrest's original company.

Now is there any one alive who was on that expedition? If so, will he (or they) write to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN giving his address? The writer of this would be glad to correspond with and meet some of those who made that raid and successfully swam that swollen river with him.

By the by, while writing about Hood's campaign I want to take issue with your correspondent (Mr. J. K. Merrifield, of St. Louis) who in his interesting article printed in the November VETERAN says: "General Hood allowed his army on the day after the battle of Franklin to go over the field, and what the troops saw there (1,640 dead comrades) took all the fight out of them."

I am sure Mr. Merrifield is mistaken about this. The battle of Franklin almost destroyed the Confederate army. It was badly disorganized for want of effective men and still more so for lack of officers, but not demoralized. For instance, my recollection is that Cockrell's Missouri Brigade came out of the battle of Franklin commanded by a lieutenant, all the officers of higher rank having been killed or wounded, but those left were ready to fight, as they did at Nashville and on the retreat from Nashville, few in number and poorly organized and equipped as they were. They were used to the sight of dead soldiers, and it did not demoralize or take the fight out of them to see their dead comrades on the field of battle. The retreat from Nashville was one of the most heroic and orderly of which history gives any account. The advance of the Union army frequently found when they came to our rear guard that there was plenty of fight left in us.

**THE OLD DOMINION RIFLES
RECORD OF COMPANY H, 17TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY
BY GEORGE WISE, ALEXANDRIA, VA.**

This company was organized in Alexandria, Va., on the 6th of December, 1860, under the following: "The undersigned citizens of Virginia, prompted by a desire to contribute in the most effectual manner to the vindication of the honor of our State, the preservation of the liberties and inalienable rights transmitted to us by our patriot fathers, and the protection of the lives, liberty, and property of our fellow citizens, for the safety of which we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, being also deeply impressed with the truth that a well organized and disciplined militia is the best defense against foreign invasion, civil commotion, and lawless violence, in order to further and cultivate a

martial spirit amongst our people, have formed ourselves into a military corps, and do hereby ordain and establish for our government constitution and by laws."

Early in February, 1861, the Alexandria Battalion was organized, and our captain, Montgomery D. Corse, was elected its major.

On the morning of the 24th of May, 1861, the enemy, having taken possession of Alexandria, surrendered to them by the civil authorities. The battalion went to Manassas on flat cars and were carried to where Southern troops were concentrating.

On the 10th of June the 17th Virginia Infantry was organized, with M. D. Corse as colonel, and the Old Dominion Rifles became Company H therein. It occupied this position until the day of surrender at Appomattox.

On the 1st of June the captain of the Warrenton Rifles (Company K, 17th Virginia), John Q. Marr, was killed in a skirmish at Fairfax C. H., being the first Southern soldier killed in the war.

Thirty three of the men having been on detached service were honorably discharged or transferred to other commands, thus reducing the effective strength of the company materially.

During the war one officer was killed and five wounded, seventeen privates killed, and the same number wounded, two privates died of disease making a total of twenty killed, twenty three wounded, and two who died.

Nine of the company were commended for gallantry on the field of battle. The company was at the surrender at Appomattox.

This band of patriots, ranging mainly from sixteen to twenty two years of age, were of the first order, and the regiment gained the honorable sobriquet of "The Bloody Seventeenth."

During the battle of Sharpsburg the regiment lost seventysix per cent of the number carried into the fight.

Number of transfers during the war, 8, honorably discharged, 10, on detached service, 15, number of known living, 24. [Comrade Wise sends list of the members of the company.]

THE TENNESSEE VALLEY FROM 1862 TO 1865
BY L. C. CHISHOLM, SCOTTSBORO, ALA.

The Tennessee Valley from Corinth to Decatur was frequently occupied alternately by both armies. The disturbance caused by this condition induced many of the citizens to go to Tuscaloosa, Fayette C. H., and to Rome, Ga., and to other points away from the Tennessee River and the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. Schools were, impossible and children greatly neglected in the general menace of conflicting armies. In September, 1862, we moved our family to Fayette C. H. We were fortunate in finding a nice little school conducted by an educated teacher, a Northern girl, who was seeking her fortune in the sunny South. We rented land on the river near by and put the negroes to raising provisions, such as corn, potatoes, and vegetables generally, but no cotton at all, although it was and is the chief product in that section.

The farmers usually grew enough feed for home use, but cotton formed their chief income. The refugees from the Tennessee Valley, with their negroes and stock, greatly reduced the supply of feed and provisions of every kind. This made it hard upon the families of soldiers, as all kinds of provisions went up to fabulous prices.

Fayette County had as many soldiers in the army as any county in the State of the same population, and their families soon began to feel the effects of the high price of provisions. Conscious of being a party to the cause, I determined to do all in my power to relieve the soldiers' families. Corn was abundant in the Tennessee Valley, but it was a hundred miles off. I went down and bought three thousand bushels of corn, and started three teams to hauling and delivering it at the courthouse in care of Bedford Williams, Probate Judge, and John Earp, Circuit Clerk, for free distribution to needy soldiers' wives. This relieved my conscience, but it did not relieve the people very long. The utter destitution brought on by the war was distressing in the extreme. Only one trip was made with the wagons before the Federal forces came through the valley and burned every crib of corn they could find.

About this time the Confederate authorities at Richmond began to send money to the soldiers' wives, which gave some relief. But other matters soon developed that were harrowing. My service in the army required me to move back near the headquarters of my command. I obtained a house at Allen's Factory, on Bear Creek. I found that the thieving bands often visited this section. Young men of honorable families became so demoralized that they acted as if "might gave right" to anything wanted.

Two of my friends, Charley Price and Wat Foster, started from Tuscaloosa for Florence, expecting to stop with me on their way home, but they were halted on the road by three men late in the evening and robbed of their horses, watches, and money, and left in the road. They were in the dark. When the moon rose, they congratulated themselves on being alive and able to walk home. Foster started a vigorous chase after a fat possum (?).

He received a "shower bath" from his supposed possum that so stifled him that he did not know what "struck" him. Price caught on to his mistake, and fell down on the leaves, laughing till Foster recovered from the shock. They waded the creek and reached my house a little after midnight.

I had been expecting robbers, as they had gone to several places not far off. It so happened that night that Dr. Cogburn, of Tuscaloosa, and R. L. Ross, of Tuscumbia, were spending the night with me. I had often said that I believed a little killing would put a stop to that work of robbery, and while I had no desire to kill any one, I believed I had men in my house that would kill rather than be robbed. So, being backed by two well armed men, I determined if robbers came to make a fight. I never felt so brave before. I really hoped that if they intended to rob me they would come that night. Everything was favorable, as their work was usually on moonlight nights.

But while all were asleep I heard some one yell out: "Hello!" I awakened my wife and said, "The robbers have come," and as quickly reached for my double barreled gun, cocked both barrels and called a servant to open the door. I believe Charley Price heard me, for he yelled out: "It is Charley Price and Wat Foster. We have been robbed and want to stay with you till morning." Ross and Cogburn were up with pistols drawn. But matters were soon explained. The boys were invited in, and robber talk was the order of the hour, Price and Foster each giving his version of their misfortune. We treated the boys the best we could in war times, but the windows had to be opened that night, though it was cool and airy.

Soon after this in a mile or two of me a fight did occur in which one robber was killed, and after this was settled I heard of no more robbing,

**ABOUT THE FIGHT AT HARRISBURG, MISS.
BY A. E. GARDNER, KOSSE, TEX.**

In "An Interrupted Scouting Expedition" in the January { 1909} VETERAN I think Comrade Kennedy is mistaken in saying that Jay Short was first lieutenant of Company D. I was a member of S. D. Ramsay's company, E, and Jay (or A. Q.) Short was our first lieutenant.

I became fully initiated at Harrisburg, Miss., Thursday, July 14, 1864. I was just eighteen years old. After the battle on Wednesday, the 13th, we found the Yanks at Pontotoc, about seven miles, I think, from Harrisburg. Gen. A. J. Smith was their commander. They retreated all day, and we followed them closely till night, when we slept on our arms and waited for daylight. On the road we passed several army wagons burning, with the mules killed.

At daylight on the morning of the 14th we were in line of battle waiting for some demonstration from the Federals, but none came, save now and then a stray shell from their batteries, a mile or more distant. By and by the report came along the line that Gen. Stephen D. Lee had taken General Forrest's place. We were told that he was a nephew of "Marse Robert," and a West Pointer, etc., but we had always "got thar first" even without "the most men."

About ten o'clock we were ordered to advance and at doublequick. At that time of day in the middle of July in Mississippi it was hot under any circumstances. We soon arrived in full view of them, about three hundred or four hundred yards in front of us, and men began to fall on both sides of me. I took an ardent notion to help some poor fellow off the field, but the loud voices of those in the rear saying, "Close up! Close up I" reminded me that I had no crape on my arm and that my principal business was to fight. I was in a pickle, for I wasn't mad a bit. I always was a poor fighter when in a good humor.

All at once I became very sick, sure enough sick. I reckon the heat and the sight and smell of blood caused it. The spell lasted about five minutes, and when I recovered, I was mad and cool as a cucumber. I started in with forty rounds of cartridges, but up to that time had shot only two or three times and somewhat at random, but my old Springfield had done some good work for about one hour or so when orders came for us to fall back. Mabry's Brigade was on the extreme left of our army and my company on the left of our brigade, so we did not suffer as most of the boys on the right.

After that fight I was detailed on a scout under Lieut. Dan Humphreys to watch the enemy out on the river about Friar Point, Miss. We had several more small engagements, the last of which occurred at Selma, Ala. I was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., on May 12, 1865. My parole was signed by E. R. S. Canby, Major General U.S.A. I should be glad to hear from any of my old company or any old friends.

CONFEDERATE FLAGS IN THE OHIO CAPITOL

In the Statehouse at Columbus, Ohio, are a number of Confederate flags which were captured by Federal troops during the war. The U. D. C. of Columbus are interested in learning something of these flags, and through Mrs. Alice Rogers Ulrey, President R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 49, Avondale Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, the request is made for any information of these commands and the incidents of their capture. The following is all that is known of them so far: "Rifle Scouts," captured at Selma, Ala., by 4th O. V. I. Chickamauga Valley, Ga., on September 2, 1863, 22d Alabama, captured by Solomon Fish.

Jackson County C. H., W. Va., July, 1863, by L. C. Latham and Dan Murphy, 11th West Virginia.

The 9th Texas, battle of Corinth, Miss., captured by O. B. Gould, of Ohio.

The 1st and 4th Florida Infantry, captured by 17th Ohio at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 7, 1864.

First Regular Rebel Regiment, captured by 81st Ohio at Atlanta, Ga.

The 51st Georgia, captured at Kingston, Tenn.

The 22d Georgia, H. A., captured by 47th Ohio at Fort McAllister.

The 3d Ohio Infantry captured Confederate flag at Fayetteville, Tenn.

HOW SAM DAVIS PROCURED CERTAIN PAPERS.

Mrs. E. S. Payne, of Castalian Springs, Tenn., has procured a statement from her father, Thomas T. Martin, of Fountain Creek, Tenn., which pertains to the deeply interesting theme of Sam Davis and how he procured certain papers found on his person when captured by the Kansas Jayhawkers. This theory has been advocated from time to time since the wonderful story has been in the public mind. Mr. Martin writes in regard to it as follows:

I enlisted in Company I, 11th Tennessee Cavalry, and was detached by General Wheeler as an independent scout. I worked with Sam Davis, Polk English, and others. I was with Davis and English a great deal. While one would go in to report, the others would remain and watch the movements of the Federals.

We made our headquarters for some time at the home of Robert English, a true Southerner, who lived on Big Creek, near Campbellsville, Giles County, Tenn. He was an uncle of Polk English. Just after Sam Davis was hanged Polk English and I went to the home of his uncle, Robert English, and he told us then, with the injunction never to reveal the facts while he lived, that one of his young negroes, a sprightly fellow, was in General Dodge's headquarters and heard the officers discussing Sam Davis's mission and the contents of some papers, after which they laid them on the table. The boy watched his

chance, and when he got the opportunity, he stole the papers and made tracks for home. He said: 'Marse Bob, here's some papers I got in General Dodge's tent and thought they might be of some use to Marse Sam.' Sam Davis spent the night before he was captured at Bob English's home, and he gave Sam the papers. If Polk English or I had been there, one of us would have been given the papers.

As soon as I heard the sad news I rode that night from Mr. English's home to Sam Davis's father's home, about forty miles, and told the family the sad fate of their son. At that time the Federals had out a reward of \$100 for my capture.

BIG MISERY

AND "LITTLE MISERY"

BY M. L. VESEY, MEMPHIS, TENN.

I suggest through the VETERAN that all Confederates who attend the Reunion in Memphis next June wear a printed badge showing their company and regiment. Most of us were young and many beardless in 1865, and as all of us are old and grizzly now, it is difficult to recognize many comrades even with whom we were intimate during the war. These badges would bring about pleasant meetings of comrades that would not otherwise occur. The following instance will illustrate conditions:

When the Reunion was held in Memphis in 1901, as a member of Company I, 14th Mississippi Infantry, I had met but few of my old comrades. I met a veteran with a band on his hat on which was printed! "Co. E, 14th Miss. Infnt." I told him that I belonged to that regiment and knew most of his company, as E and I were from the same county. He said his name was Paine. I still did not remember him until he explained that he belonged to the color guard and said: "You remember that Andy Paine, of Company K, from Columbua, Miss., a very large man, was color bearer. There being two Paines in the color guard, Andy Paine was 'Big Misery' and I am 'Little Misery.'" I remembered "Little Misery," and we had a pleasant chat about old times and comrades.

Companies E and I of the 14th Mississippi Regiment were commanded by distinguished men. The first captain of Company E was Judge Frank Rogers, a distinguished jurist and lawyer of Aberdeen. He was killed while leading his company in a charge at Fort Donelson. His no less distinguished brother, Judge William Rogers, of Texas, has a monument to his memory at Corinth, Miss., at the base of a fort against which he was leading a charge when he fell.

Company I was originally commanded by Samuel J. Gholson, who resigned a prominent judgeship when Mississippi seceded from the Union. Judge Gholson came into national prominence back in the forties as one of the principals in the celebrated election contest case between Gholson and Word on the one side and Prentiss and Claiborne on the other. S. S. Prentiss's speech before Congress in this case gave him a national reputation as an orator, but was of no avail, as Gholson and Word were seated.

[The editor of the VETERAN is pleased to commend the indication of company and regiment at Reunions. He proposed it in an early issue of the VETERAN, and it occurred to him when as a boy soldier he went on furlough through the Carolinas and Virginia with metal letters "Tenn." on the lapel of his coat.]

Miss Emma Gellenger, a bright U. D. C. of Frederick, Md., sends the VETERAN a vivid picture in words of the battle fought on South Mountain September 14, 1862. Mr. James Peteat, of Yanceyville, N. C., was in this battle. Recently he visited the scene of the struggle, and gives a graphic account of the occasion, Mr. Peteat pays warm tribute to Chalmers Glenn, captain of Company I, and Lieutenant Colonel Ruffin, commander of the 13th North Carolina Regiment in that fight.

EXPERIENCES AT GETTYSBURG AND IN PRISON. PAPER
BY E. J. LAKE TO THE TOM GREEN CAMP, LINDALE, TEX.

This Camp decided to have a historical paper at each meeting. The subject given me was to be "My Experiences as a Prisoner of War."

I was born in South Carolina, and joined the army at the Governor's second call for troops. I went to a camp of instruction near Columbia and joined the 3d South Carolina Volunteers. We went to Richmond and thence to Fairfax C. H. My first battle was that of Bull Run and my last at Gettysburg.

The Army of Northern Virginia in the battle of Gettysburg was divided into three corps under Generals Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and Ewell. On the first day of the battle Generals Ewell and Hill engaged the enemy. General Longstreet, with whom was our regiment, was at Chambersburg, eighteen miles away. That night we were double quicked to the battlefield. Longstreet on the right wing was to begin the attack, A. P. Hill in the center to follow, then Ewell, who commanded the left wing,

Our orders were: "Hold your fire till close to the battery." We were under the side of a hill, but charged on our unseen enemy to find not a battery, but a battalion of eighteen pieces, with infantry support. They were driven back, but we had to follow a movement of Hood's Division, who were being flanked, so we could not hold our captured artillery. I was shot in this charge and was carried to a field hospital. Too badly wounded to go with our army on the retreat, and with all the wounded, I was captured. A detail of surgeons and men was left to care for us. In this they were assisted by ladies from Baltimore. We were taken to David's Island, near New York City, stripped of all our clothing, and given hospital shirt and drawers. We were very kindly treated, the ladies of Baltimore establishing hospital kitchens and supplying all our wants.

Gangrene got into my wound, and I suffered severely. Later we were sent South on exchange, one hundred and ninety seven of us being placed in the hull of a freight boat,

with no sanitary attention even to our wounds. Many were seasick, and our condition was pathetic. At Richmond we were given thirty days' furloughs under Lee's orders. I had been able to write home only once during my time in prison, but I managed to notify my father of my coming. He met me halfway and carried me home, where my mother greeted me with open arms, though my clothes were very comical, the coat I had received when leaving prison being for a twelve year old boy, the trousers a good fit for a three hundred pound man.

**EXECUTION PREVENTED BY GENERAL FORREST
BY AN OLD VETERAN.**

Twenty prisoners belonging to Forrest's Cavalry incarcerated in Fort Delaware were ordered to be shot in retaliation for the shooting of some slaves and white men in 1864. Forrest sent in a flag of truce with a message that he would shoot twenty Federals for every one of his men who was executed. The execution was abandoned. O'Neal, one of the prison guards, was accustomed to curse and mistreat the men under his charge. One day he kicked one of our soldiers, John Haywood, who turned and gave him a left handed lick in the face. O'Neal was only prevented by the relief guard from killing Haywood. Claibe Freeman, of Brownsville, Tenn., another prisoner, was a particular friend of Haywood's. A mutual friend of theirs died in prison. His wife wrote for news of him, and Freeman and Haywood answered her letter, begging for money to keep them from starving. She sent them thirty dollars, which they divided. They afterwards saw her in Arkansas and paid back this sum.

**BURY ME ON THE FIELD, BOYS
BY GEN, A. W. HUTTON, LOS ANGELES, CAL.**

In Scribner's Magazine for January, 1907, Volume XLI., page 80, is a criticism by Gen. E. P. Alexander of the battle of Bull Run. In a note at the bottom of page 89 he mentions that Maj. Robert Wheat, of the Louisiana Battalion. (known as the "Louisiana. Tigers"), was seriously wounded, but recovered, and that Major Wheat in the battle of Gaines's Mill, June 27, 1862, just before starting on a charge upon the Federal lines said to a friend, "Something tells Bob that this is his last," and that he had advanced but a short distance when he fell, only living to exclaim: "Bury me on the field, boys." This article was read here in Los Angeles by Mr. dark Porter, of San Francisco, and his relatives residing here. This reference to the last words of Major Wheat brought to their minds a poem which was written in July, 1862, by their father, Rev. David H, Porter, D.D., who then resided in Savannah, Ga. On looking up the old poem pasted in a scrapbook, they found from a footnote made by their father that he had based the poem upon these words of Major Wheat.

I herewith inclose you a copy furnished me by Miss Burney Porter, of this city.

DR. PORTER'S POEM

Bury me on the field, boys,
Bury me on the field,
Where fearless hearts and stalwart arms
The weapons of freedom wield
Bury me on the field, boys,
Where the banners of liberty wave! '
Tis here I have met the foe in death,
And here would I have my grave.
Bury me on the field, boys,
Bury me on the field,
For though we die, our Southern soil
We must not, will not yield
Bury me on the field, boys,
For the warrior in death loves to lie
Where last upon earth his spirit caught
The shout of the battle cry
Bury him on the field, boys,
Bury him on the field,
Where patriot blood in crimson flood
His scorn of the despot sealed
Bury him on the field, boys,
Where he won the proud victor's crown,
Where, grand and sublime, rose the sons of the South,
And the hireling foe went down.
Bury him on the field, boys,
Bury him on the field,
Where, stunned as if by thunder shock,
The ranks of the tyrant reeled
Bury him on the field, boys,
Let him lie where he gallantly fell,
Where louder than all the battle's roar
Hosannas of victory swell

A WOUNDED FEDERAL COLOR BEARER
FROM REPORT OF HIS EXPERIENCE SAM BLOOMER.

The battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, "one of the deadliest of the Civil War," was fought September 17, 1862. Sharpsburg, a small town, is on the Antietam Creek, near which the Confederate army was posted before the battle. Gen. R. E. Lee commanded the Southern army, and the Union forces were under the command of Gen. George B. McClellan. General Lee's forces were "outnumbered at least two to one." The loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners aggregated not far from 25,000 men, about equally divided.

The 1st Minnesota Regiment was in the thick of the fight all day. It was located at the extreme right. Sam Bloomer was the color bearer of the regiment, and early in the forenoon while he was resting the flagstaff on a fence in front of him a Minie ball struck his right leg below the kneecap, passing straight through. At the place of egress the bullet left a ghastly wound. About that time our line was broken, leaving its faithful color bearer to his fate. Sam crawled to the foot of a big oak tree for protection against the Confederate fire, but as our men fell back and the Confederates occupied the place, he found a change of base desirable. He crawled painfully and slowly around the tree to avoid the fire from his friend's. Sam had ripped away his clothing, dressed his wound as best he could, and kept it bathed with water from his canteen, and then bound his leg above the knee with the strip from his blanket to prevent a fatal loss of blood. Several days thereafter when the injured leg was amputated that strip was out of sight, enveloped in the swollen flesh on either side.

Not far from noon, says Sam, "a Confederate soldier, whom long afterwards I learned was W. H. Andrews, first sergeant of Company M, 1st Regiment Georgia Regulars, came up, and learning my condition and the fact that I was between two fires, he and some of his comrades piled cord wood around me to protect me from the shots. I have no doubt that more than a hundred bullets struck that barricade during the day. Early in the evening Stonewall Jackson came riding by. He halted a moment, spoke kindly to me, asked to what regiment I belonged, and ordered the men who had charge of a lot of Union prisoners to supply my wants and make me as comfortable as possible. A captain of a North Carolina regiment a little later stopped and chatted with me, gave me a drink from his canteen, and spoke kindly and encouragingly. He rode away, but returned during the night and replenished my canteen with cool water. Previous to this a Confederate officer appeared whose conduct was unlike that of General Jackson and the North Carolina captain. He reviled me with bitter words, called me a nigger thief, etc. I had a revolver and a short sword under my rubber blanket on which I lay, and in my rage I attempted to get at the revolver, intending to shoot the fellow, but he had his eyes on me and shouted: 'Disarm that man!' The soldiers of course obeyed, although with a show of reluctance,

and all that I could do was to protest indignantly. I hated to part with the sword, as it was a present to me from Capt. Louis Muller. I asked the officer to let me retain the weapon, but he was inexorable, and I never saw the sword again. This was long ago, and time softens our animosities, and I don't know that I would harm that fellow if I should meet him. Sam lay there on the ground until the evening of Thursday, the 18th, when the Confederates carried him on a stretcher to a little barn surrounded by straw stacks, where he lay another night. He was not alone, for there were more than one hundred other prisoners in the hands of the Confederates, whom it was their intention to parole.

Sam sent word to the officers of his company by Minnesota troops telling of his sad condition. He and three others of the wounded men were conveyed in an ambulance to the Hoffman barn. Sam was obliged to sleep on the ground another night, as there were hundreds of others ahead of him awaiting treatment by the surgeons. The next day Dr. Pugsley amputated the injured leg.

THE "MOCKER" AND THE "JAY."
BY W. E. POULSON.

A boy in blue and one in gray Met in a Southern wood one day, With greeting free and very frank, 'Twas "Hello, Reb," and "Hello, Yank." Said Reb to Yank.
At what look you ? You gaze as if at something new. Are you entranced at our blue skies
Or at our lovely butterflies ?

Said Yank to Reb: "'Tis very true, I do see something to me new That lovely bird, a fine fellow, Song so sweet, so soft, so mellow, And his feathers so fine, so blue, So like my uniform in him, So that in truth I say to you I'm proud I am a boy in blue.

Our linnet is a singer, too, But does not touch that bird in blue, Nor does compare with his fine form On which fits well his uniform, Nor do I think that I have heard Or ever seen another bird That, taking all things together, Is so handsome with his feather.

In fact, his color and fine voice Have made me take him as my choice To represent our army true, The pride of every boy in blue. He takes me back to days gone by, When in the strife both you and I Were fighting for what each thought right, Struggling for glory day and night."

Said Reb to Yank: "That's our blue jay, He fills our hearts and souls each day. But had you for a minute heard The notes of our great mocking bird, That bird of gray, that all day long Fills the woods with wondrous song, Head erect, and a fighter, too, You'd soon forget your bird in blue."

Just then a sound that startled him Came from above, from an oak limb A song so loud, so long, so thrill That did the woods and welkin fill With melody so grand, so sweet That

seemed to reach the mercy seat. Then Yank knew his bird of blue nor linnet Beside the gray just wasn't in it.

JEFFERSON DAVIS CENTENNIAL
BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

How turns the cycle, Warder of the Years,
That standeth on the eternal's blinding height?
And so the watching Warder, listening, hears,
And flashes back his answer writ in light.
Yea, tell us, O thou Warder on the peaks
Say, shall the fame of him endure for aye?
And so the listening Warder, answering, speaks:
The soul of truth and honor cannot die
O, know ye not, proud Southrons, of the way
That men call new that life is always old,
And all the splendor of your golden day
Was builded on the principles he told?
Your eyes were blinded in the aftermath
That followed fast on war and blood and pain,
His silent finger pointed to the path
Where stern, unbroken spirits meet again.
Your hands were empty, but your days were free
To gird again the land your fathers gave,
His days ebbed sadly by a dreamless sea,
Reft of the liberty men gave the slave.
Your voices cried for bread and drove the plow
With unused hands and forced the earth to yield,
His voice was dumb and calm the eagle brow
His great heart broke upon your bloody field.
Men heaped upon him. calumny and spite
The hissing rage of erstwhile friend and foe,
He only kept his stern face to the light
Forgave the ruthless tongues that gave the blow.
And so he passed just on the warder stroke
That called the golden hour of the land
When all the pulses of the South awoke
To claim her lilies from an iron hand.
But once again, O Warder on the peaks:
Say, shall the fame of him endure for aye?
And once again the Warder, answering, speaks:
The soul of truth and honor cannot die

SECESSION IN PUTNAM COUNTY, TENN.
BY J. M. MORGAN, GAINESBORO.

At a public meeting of the citizens of Putnam County, Tenn., held in Cookeville April 22, 1861, Hon. E. L. Gardenhire was unanimously chosen chairman and William J. Reagan and B. B. Washburn secretaries of the meeting. Enthusiastic speeches were made by Hon. John H. Savage, Hon. S. S. Stanton, Hon. E. L. Gardenhire, Col. S. H. Combs, Col. T. B. Murray, Judge James T. Quarles, W. H. Botts, and others to a large and eagerly listening audience. The subject discussed was about the crisis in our government and the course to be assumed by the slave States.

The chairman appointed H. H. Dillard, Col. John P. Murray, Benton Marchbanks, W. Q. Hughes, Holland Denton, Tim H. Williams, and J. C. Apple a committee on resolutions. It was perhaps the largest meeting ever held in Putnam County, and there was great enthusiasm. Only three persons in the assembly voted against the resolutions. The preamble stated: "The antislavery party is the enemy of the Union and the Constitution, advocating the equality of the negro and the white races and the abolition of slavery. To accomplish this the antislavery party has been organized and now constitutes the dominant party in all the free States. And now, having possession of the Federal government in all its departments, it is attempting by conquest and coercion to carry out its damnable heresies entertained for many years toward the South and its institutions. The North has turned a listless ear to all supplication of the South in behalf of their cherished constitutional rights and treated with contempt every proposition for the honorable pacification of our difficulties. A civil war, with its untold horrors and consequences, is now commenced by the sending of an armed fleet by the Federal government to enforce its will upon the Southern Confederacy. Counsel and reason having been in vain exhausted in an honorable effort to secure our rights under the Constitution, we are now driven to the deplorable necessity of appealing for the defense of our homes and our institutions to the stern arbitrament of the sword and that God who rules the battles, therefore

Resolved: 1. That we indorse every effort that has been made by convention and otherwise to bring about a peaceable settlement of our existing difficulties, and thereby preserve the Union intact, but having failed and all reasonable hopes of pacification being extinct, we do now deem it the wisest policy in Tennessee to unite her future destiny with the Southern Confederacy.

2. That we regard the war now waged upon the Southern Confederacy by the administration as unnational, unwise, and unholy, without authority under the Constitution, that we look upon this act of the President of the United States in calling out troops and making war without the sanction of Congress as an unjustifiable assumption of power.

3. That the position assumed by our Representatives in the State Legislature to use all means to speedily get Tennessee from under the tyrannical rule of Abraham Lincoln meets our unqualified approbation, and they are hereby directed to use all means in their power to dissolve the connection of this State with the general government and unite her fortunes with the Confederate States, and that we will ratify their action when submitted to us for approval.

4. That the duplicity of Lincoln has our contempt, we detest his tyranny and defy his power.

5. That we will resist his usurpation unto death, that we have no compromise with tyranny or with the tyrant who has trampled our Constitution and now seeks to enslave us.

6. That we are opposed to Andrew Johnson for any place or position, and think him unworthy the position he now occupies, and we hereby request our Senators in Washington to no longer attempt to represent us in the Lincoln Congress."

The foregoing is a copy of the preamble and resolutions read at Cookeville April 22, 1861, copied then by me.

In a personal letter Mr. Morgan writes: "I was one of the three who voted 'no' on the passage of the resolutions. I was then a law student, and had an office in Gainesboro, Jackson County, Tenn. I had been contending earnestly for the Union for months, and was sorely mortified at the firing on Fort Sumter. I thought it premature, but when coercion came calling for Tennesseans to fight the Gulf States of the South, I gave down and volunteered for the South and went as a private soldier in the first company that left Jackson County, leaving home on the 14th of May, 1861, and returning at the end of the war, May 22, 1865.

THE RINGING ROLL OF "DIXIE"
(Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.)

The old brigades march slower now the boys who wore the gray
But there's life an' battle spirit in a host o' them to day
They hear their comrades callin' from the white tents far away,
And answer with the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"
They feel the old time thrill of it the battle plains they see
Again they charge with Jackson and face the fight with Lee,
And the shoutin' hills are answered by the thunders of the sea

When they rally to the ringing roll of "Dixie!"
The battlefield's are voiceless once wet with crimson rain,
O'er unknown graves of heroes wave golden fields of grain,
But phantom forms they leap to life and cheer the ranks again,
Far answering to the ringing call of "Dixie!"
Beat, drums, the old time chorus, and, bugles, blow your best,
And wave, O flags, they love so well above each war scarred breast
Till they vanish down the valley to their last eternal rest,
Still answering to the ringing roll of "Dixie!"

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY

Year by year the ranks of the Confederate veterans are thinning, rapidly, too, the mothers of the cause are falling into their last sleep, and the time will be, only too soon, when at no convention, no meeting will there be left any who witnessed the great and wonderful struggle for liberty.

Rich in traditions and in memories of mother and sire, the "Daughters" and "Sons" are prepared to take the vacant places, but they, too, must pass on with the great majority. Shall the "cause" die with them? Shall no living monuments record the gallant dead?

It was to meet this need that the brilliant brain of Mrs. E. P. McDowell Wolf, daughter of Virginia's Governor, James McDowell, conceived the idea of a new organization to be called the Children of the Confederacy. Mrs. Wolf is born of a long line of soldier ancestors, her people having won many laurels on battlefields of 1812 and 1862. With such blood in her veins it is small wonder that she should want to preserve her Southland's record, and that she saw in the youth of the South the best method of commemorating the stirring days of the sixties and of preserving the glorious deeds of Southern men and women deeds that should "go sounding down the ages," a crystal clear chronicle of valor and patriotism.

The first Children's Chapter was organized in Georgia by Mrs. Marmelstein, the wife of the brave captain of the battle ship Alabama. The idea once accepted was rapidly utilized. State after State indorsed it, and it met with the full approval of the President General of the Division. Children's Chapters are being organized everywhere, for the States, like wise gardeners, realize the importance of pruning and preparing plants to take the place of those nipped by death's unkindly frosts.

While all the States have accepted the Children's Chapters as auxiliaries, Florida alone has given them a charter, allowing through this charter self government in everything that does not come into opposition to the constitution of the U. D. C. Division of the State. They have a voice in State questions, and participate in all public commemorative days and exercises. Each Chapter has a directress from the parent Chapter. Under her care parliamentary laws and usages are studied and historical inaccuracies are prevented, but Chapter government is in their own hands, and they take an intense pride in its proper conduct and the work they do. Historical papers are prepared and read by members of the Chapter, and there is a close rivalry among the Chapters for the banner offered by Mrs. L. A. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., for the best work done during the year.

The Children's Chapter is a kindergarten or primary department of the general organization of the U. D. C., and a graduate from it is well equipped to enter the larger body.

Too much cannot be said for this work. If the traditions are to be preserved, if reverence for the cause is to be taught, it behooves every Chapter of the U. D. C. to begin now. Let auxiliaries be formed of the eager children. In their fertile minds now is the time of planting if a harvest is to be reaped. Assure a future to the U. D. C. by teaching the children the truths their grandsires died to preserve and a love of country which will only enable them as citizens.

CONFEDERATE HALF DOLLARS.

The Confederate money issue was in paper and bore the relative value of par, yet toward the last a bushel basket of it was given for a pair of boots. In 1879 B. F. Taylor, of the Louisiana Board of Health, wrote E. Mason, Jr., a celebrated Philadelphia numismatist, of four silver half dollars minted by the Confederate States, one of which was in his possession. When the Southern army captured the United States mint in New Orleans, it was intended to manufacture silver coins for the Confederacy. A design was submitted to the authorities and accepted. This bore on one side the imprint of the regular United States half dollar of that time a seated Goddess of Liberty surrounded by thirteen stars. The reverse side was entirely original. A shield in the center bore seven stars, one for each seceding State. Above the shield was a liberty cap. Around the central design was a wreath composed of sugar cane and cotton. Around the border at the top ran the inscription, "Confederate States of America," the lower part of the coin being marked "Half Dol."

This die was cut by an engraver named Patterson, and the coins were struck by the foreman of the coining room, Colonel Schmidt. Only four coins were struck, owing to the scarcity of silver. One of these was sent to the Confederate government at Richmond, one to Professor Biddle, of the University of Louisiana, one to Dr. E. Amas, of New Orleans,

and one kept by Mr. Taylor, who was at that time in charge of the mint. Numismatists have offered Mr. Taylor seven hundred dollars for this coin, but it was refused.

That the Confederate government also planned an issue of cent pieces was accidentally discovered by a coin dealer in Philadelphia who was given a small coin for examination. This was about the size of the United States cent, but bore on one side a head of Liberty wearing a cap. Around the border of the coin ran the "Confederate States of America" and the date 1861. The reverse had "One Cent" stamped in the center, with a border of Southern products, small ears of corn and wheat and tiny hogsheads, held together with a cotton bale. Investigation showed that this coin was engraved and struck by a man named Lovett, of Philadelphia, employed by the Confederacy for the work. Lovett hid his die, fearing the Federals, and years after it was discovered.

MEMORIES OF SURRENDER AND JOURNEY HOME B. GEORGE H. MITCHELL (JAILER), NEW CASTLE, KY.

I have seen several accounts about President Davis's escort in the VETERAN. I as one of them write you a few reminiscences of that time. I was in Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge's regiment, Company G, 9th Kentucky (Wheeler's) Cavalry, when Joseph E. Johnston engaged in an all day's battle with Sherman at Bentonville, N. C. At night after the battle we began a march, not knowing our destination. We learned afterwards that a detail of cavalry was ordered to report at Salisbury, N. C., by forced march.

The regiments of George G. Dibrell, of Tennessee, and W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, were selected, and General Dibrell was placed in command. We marched day and night. The second day citizens said they heard that Lee had surrendered. We did not believe it, but the third day we intercepted some of Lee's men on their way home. Then it was that gloom seized the boys. We marched as silently as a funeral procession. It was the first time I ever saw the 9th Kentucky march for one hour without some merriment breaking out in the columns.

We marched on to Salisbury, and there we met President Davis with some of his Cabinet officials. I remember the President. Gen. John C. Breckinridge and Judah P. Benjamin were at the head of the column as we rode into the town, We remained there until the next afternoon. We then marched southward to Washington, Ga. There we were issued twenty six dollars apiece in gold and silver on the 8th of May, 1865. On the morning of May 9 we were disbanded.

Generals Cerro Gordo, Williams, and Dibrell had us saddle and form, in line near the town, the officers in front, and the oath of parole or allegiance was administered. We then broke ranks, bidding each other good by.

Williams taking command of the Kentuckians and Dibrell the Tennesseans, we started for home a sad day to the boys.

President Davis, Benjamin, John C. Breckinridge, and W. C. P. Breckinridge with others started for parts unknown. Mr. Benjamin and John C. Breckinridge made their escape. The others were captured.

I enjoy the Confederate Reunions. I was at Richmond, Va., at the last Reunion held there, and had the pleasure of shaking hands with Mrs. Hayes, the center of much attraction. Although I had never met her before, it did my soul good to take her by the hand in loving remembrance of her father, Jefferson Davis.

ELASTICITY OF CONFEDERATE CURRENCY.

A neatly typewritten paper with the signature of a person who gives his position as fourth sergeant of Company A, 4th Mississippi Regiment, tells a ridiculous story in regard to the distribution of "elastic currency" at Vicksburg. He writes:

While the writer, in company with his colonel, was walking along Washington Street, Vicksburg, one day a ten inch bombshell from one of Grant's mortar guns fell with a crash through the roof of a drug store just on the opposite side of the street from us. It passed down to the second floor and then exploded, blowing out the whole front of the building and setting fire to the store. After a moment of excitement, we rushed into the house, and with the aid of a few citizens extinguished the flames.

While doing this I discovered under the counter a box containing about one bushel of Mustang Liniment advertisements printed so as to appear very much like five dollar bills.

They were printed in green, with a lame horse for the centerpiece and a man applying the liniment to the wound on the shoulder of the horse. Taking to regimental headquarters our box of 'new money just received from the Treasury Department at Richmond,' we opened up the box and counted far into the night, and found that according to the face value we had on hand six hundred and eighty nine thousand dollars.

On the next morning at ten o'clock the whole brigade was ordered on dress parade, and each man was paid according to his rank for six months' service. General Vaughn made a nice talk to the boys. We saluted him and gave three cheers for Jeff Davis, and were ready to die in the last ditch. The rest of the money, about two hundred and seventy thousand dollars, was sent under strong guard to General Pemberton's headquarters to be paid out to the other soldiers as he saw proper.

Once more business in Vicksburg, which had reached lowwater mark on account of a lack of currency to handle the trade, flew open like a nine bladed knife. Pie stands started up all aver the city, Pine Top whisky was thrown upon the market at the low price of thirty dollars per quart, XXX sugar cane whisky (exclusively for the use of commissioned officers) eighty five dollars per quart net, and other necessities, such as playing cards, poker checks, and tobacco, reached enormous prices. Everybody was happy, the banks were offering a premium for the new issue, the old Confederate issue of 1862 fell thirty nine points in seven days, but at last the boys had spent their last dollar and it was in the hands of the money devil.

Such is the power of an elastic currency when based upon the faith of a patriotic people,

The foregoing may be classed as a joke, but the comrade might have sent a private note admitting that it was a hoax. Surely he did not mean for anybody to listen to his account of the "dense ignorance" of the true South. The name is not given, because it seems so out of reason that such a thing should have been carried so far.

THE GARB OF GLORY

They wore the gray in the old, old day,
And blue was the garb of these,
They felt the press in the Wilderness
When thunders shook the trees.
They felt the press in the Wilderness
When the ramparts burst to flame,
They gave their years and their women's tears
With never a thought of fame.
Now gun is still and sword in sheath,
And we weave for both the laurel wreath.
They wore the gray in the ended fray,
And blue was the garb of these,
But the sons of gray wear the blue to day
And the wood sings harmonies.
The sons are they of the men in gray,
But blue are their mothers' eyes,
And the skies of gray are blue always
With the blue of Southern skies.
On the brows of the men in blue appears
The silver gray of the vanished years.

[Selected by Mrs. R. A. Halley, Chicago, from Douglass Malloch's "In Forest Land."]

PRESIDENT DAVIS AND HIS DOG, TRAVELER.

BY L. H. L.

By the natural hypnotic suggestion of custom one's first thought of Mr. Davis is of his courage and daring as a soldier or of his brilliant career upon the forum and before the people. Few even among his most ardent admirers knew of the infinite tenderness, the abiding gentleness and courtesy that formed so large a part of his complex character. Yet the home life of Mr. Davis would make as beautiful a book as did the account of his life written by his devoted wife.

He was very fond of animals and birds, and knew a great deal about their habits and peculiarities. Every wandering in the woods for him was made beautiful by his "feathered pensioners of the air," for he rarely ever went out without bread, crackers, or seed to meet the eager demands of his tiny friends. He always gathered the scraps from the breakfast table to feed his pea fowls, and his dressing gown pockets were heavy with grain for his beautiful pets "the bird for kings," as some one calls them. He had a large flock of these pea fowls, of which he was very proud and fond. Every morning Mr. Davis would take his exercise on a short pavement leading from the back steps at Beauvoir. "It is just the length of my exercise path in prison," he would tell his friends. Up and down, up and down this pavement he would walk, at his heels and all around him his flock of pea fowls. One old cock especially would spread his gorgeous tail, droop his wings, and strut after Mr. Davis in the most comical fashion. Evidently the bond of friendship between the two uncrowned kings was a close one.

Fond as Mr. Davis was of his peafowls, his especial pet was his dog, Traveler. This dog had a very wonderful history. Mr. Dorsey, husband of Mrs. Sara Dorsey, from whom Mr. Davis purchased Beauvoir, was a man in whom the wanderlust was predominant, and he had traveled all over the world. On the Bernese Alps Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey purchased a young puppy, whose father was a Russian bulldog. This puppy they named Traveler, and the story of his life reads like a romance. They carried the young dog everywhere with them, and he was trained for Mrs. Dorsey's special bodyguard. Once while camping on the Arabian Desert Mr. Dorsey had one of his Arabian servants punished severely for theft. The next day Mr. Dorsey and some of the Arabians went a two days' journey, leaving Mrs. Dorsey and the camp in charge of an old Arab sheik. That night while asleep under the tent Mrs. Dorsey was awakened by a spring and a growl from Traveler, then the shriek of a man. She sprang from her cot, got a light quickly, and found the Arab who had been beaten by Mr. Dorsey's orders pinned down to the ground by Traveler, a huge knife lying beside him, where it had fallen from his hand. He had cut his way into the tent and crept in, evidently determined to wreak his vengeance upon her for the stripes he had received.

Mrs. Dorsey had magnificent diamonds, which she wore one night to a reception at the Tuileries. On her return to the hotel she went at once to her room, while her husband and some friends walked out to smoke. She went quickly to sleep, but was aroused by the

sound of a desperate struggle on the floor, where Traveler had succeeded in throwing the thief who had followed her, attracted by the glitter of her diamonds. This man was one of the worst characters in Paris, and the gallows was cheated when he died of the wound in his throat torn by Traveler's teeth.

After Mr. Dorsey died, Traveler was given to Mr. Davis, and became his constant companion and guard. He allowed no one to come on the place whose good intent he had any reason to suspect. The entire place was under his care, not a window or door was locked or barred, for everything was safe while Traveler kept his sentry march on the wide porches that surrounded the house on every side.

If Mr. Davis wished to safeguard the coming and going of any one and give him the freedom of the place day or night, he would put one hand on the person's shoulder and the other on the dog's head and say: "Traveler, this is my friend." The dog would accept the introduction very gravely, would smell his clothes and hands, and "size him up" generally, but he never forgot, and henceforth Mr. Davis's "friend" was safe to come and go unmolested.

As fierce as the dog was (and he was feared from one end of the beech to the other), and as bloody as was his record, he was as gentle as a lamb with little children. Mrs. Davis's small niece, a child about two years old, made the dog her chosen playmate, and the baby and dog would roll together on the grass in highest glee. She would pull his hair, pound on his head, or ride around the place on his back, the dog trotting as sedately as a Shetland pony. This child lived some little distance down the beech, but it went home day after day in perfect safety, guarded and guided by Traveler.

Mr. Davis was very fond of young girls, and many enjoyed his hospitality, and these girls Traveler seemed to regard as his especial charge. If they went to walk on the beech, he always appointed himself for escort duty, he would rush around in hot pursuit of fiddler crabs, which was a pet diversion of his, and would bark and throw up the sand with his paws in wild glee when he had succeeded in driving a number of the ungainly objects into the sea. This was only when the beech was clear of intruders. Let a strange man or woman appear, and Traveler was instantly at the side of his charges, and it would have taken a brave man to molest them in any way in defiance of those bristling teeth.

But even fiddler crabs had no attraction for Traveler when he went to walk with Mr. Davis. He was then a bodyguard pure and simple, and had all the dignity and watchfulness of a squad of soldiers detailed as escorts. Mr. Davis would become buried in thought and almost oblivious to surroundings. Traveler had his own ideas of what was right and proper, so if in absorption Mr. Davis would walk very close to the water Traveler would gently take his trousers leg in his teeth, or by bounding between him and the sea he would manage to call attention to the big waves coming in.

One day Traveler seemed very droopy and in pain. As ordinary measures did not relieve him, Mr. Davis wrote a note to a friend who was the most celebrated physician in that part of the country. The doctor came, but nothing seemed to relieve the dog's suffering. All night he moaned and cried, looking up into Mr. Davis's face with big, pathetic eyes as if begging help from the hand that had never before failed him. All those long hours Mrs. Dorsey, Mr. Davis, and the doctor kept their hopeless watch, for the work of the vile poisoner had been too well done for any remedy. Just at daylight he died, his head on Mr. Davis's knee and his master's tears falling like rain upon the faithful beast. As Mr. Davis gently laid the dead dog upon the rug he said softly: "I have indeed lost a friend."

Traveler was put in a coffin like box, and all the family were present at his funeral. Mr. Davis softly patted the box with his hand, then turned away before it was lowered in the ground. The dog was buried in the front yard of Beauvoir, and a small stone beautifully engraved marks the place.

DEATH OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Just as of old, with fearless foot
And placid face and resolute,
He takes the faint, mysterious trail
That leads beyond our earthly hail.
We would cry as in last farewell
But that his hand waves and a spell
Is laid upon our tongues, and thus
He takes unworded leave of us.
And it is fitting. As he fared
Here with us, so is he prepared
For any fortuneing the night
May hold for him beyond our sight.
The moon and stars they still attend
His wandering footsteps to the end,
He did not question, nor will we,
Their guidance and security,
So, never parting word nor cry,
We feel with him that by and by
Our onward trails will meet, and then
Merge and be ever one again.

DR. JAMES H. REED

Dr. James H. Reed, one of our Confederate comrades, resided for a long while at Battle Creek, Mich., where he made lasting friendships. At a meeting in his honor the physicians of that city requested M. B. Duffie, a personal friend (not a physician), to speak of Dr. Reed. Mr. Duffie told the story of his acquaintance with the deceased. It was similar to the feeling that one true man entertains for another who has fought against him. Dr. Reed served in the 14th Mississippi Infantry, while Mr. Duffie was a member of the 19th Michigan Infantry. Both were prisoners part of the war. The latter was captured by the former's command in an engagement that occurred between Spring Hill and Thompson's Station, Tenn.

Dr. Reed as a resident of Michigan conformed carefully to the customs of the people. On the Fourth of July his home was conspicuous in decorations. When the Spanish War began, Dr. Reed "buckled a sword belt around his own blue coated son" to serve the country. He was popular with Union veterans generally, and by the service held in his honor he was evidently a worthy representative of his Dixie land. When the gray coated legions went down in defeat And their bugles resounded a hopeless retreat, When their battle torn banner, the stars and the bars, Paid obeisance at last to the stripes and the stars, When their muskets were stacked and sabers sheathed And peace to our country at last was bequeathed Then, then came the time when hatred should cease To welcome the dawn of an era of peace. No North and no South, no East and no West, We stand now to day a nation most blest.

For those who went down in the smoke of the strife And sacrificed all yea, even their life
A tear and a cheer are justly their due
A tear for the Gray, a cheer for the Blue.

DR. JAMES MADISON MCLAUGHLIN

Dr. J. M. McLaughlin, who died at Springville, Ala., on October 23, 1908, was born at Leeds, Jefferson County, Ala., in March, 1838. He was the son of John McLaughlin, one of the first settlers of Tennessee, who removed later to Alabama, and whose father, Alexander Andrew McLaughlin, emigrated from Scotland to Tennessee.

James McLaughlin read medicine with Drs. Robertson and Freeman at Springville, and then attended the Atlanta Medical College for two years. From that place he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company C, 18th Alabama Regiment, and was soon made captain of the company. In 1864 he was appointed lieutenant colonel, as which he continued to the close of the war. He had declined the appointment as assistant surgeon of his regiment.

Dr. McLaughlin was married in 1877 to Miss Isadora Forman, and their one child is Mrs. Katherine Burt Forney, widow of the late Prof. Jacob Forney, of the Alabama State University. Comrade McLaughlin was a loving husband and father, a good citizen, a brave soldier, and a Christian gentleman.

ROGERS

Capt. Charles Austin Rogers, for many years a resident of Mexico, Mo., died at the hospital in Fulton, Mo., on January 5, 1909, aged about eighty two years. He was captain of Company K, 1st Missouri Cavalry, and was a brave and gallant soldier. He was also a soldier of the war with Mexico.

W. C. WILKERSON

W. C. Wilkerson was born in Birr, King County, Ireland, in March, 1836. He came to America in 1856, and lived first in Mississippi City and later in New Orleans. He became very much interested in the burning questions of the times, and very earnestly espoused the cause of the South, making it his own. He joined the Louisiana Guards, Walton's Battalion, and with them took a gallant part in the capture of the arsenal at Baton Rouge. Later Mr. Wilkerson served with Hays's Brigade in the battles around Richmond, and was in Second Manassas, the Sharpsburg campaign, and at Fredericksburg. In 1863 he received from Mr. Davis personally a commission as lieutenant. He was captured on the Gulf Coast and was held a prisoner of war at Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor, and at Fort Delaware until June, 1865.

After the war he settled at Silver Springs and devoted his time to mercantile and banking pursuits. He was a devoted member of the Methodist Church and a loyal Pythian. He was kind, genial, and demonstrative, and his eyes were the windows of his soul and his tongue a silver bell that rang only to notes of truth and righteousness.

Mr. Wilkerson married Miss Gabrielle Berner, and one daughter came to bless this union. In 1897 he married Miss Sara Summers, who survives to mourn the loss of a true and devoted husband.

CAPT. G. W. JACKSON

Capt. George W. Jackson, late captain of Company B, 2d Kentucky Mounted Rifles, died at his residence, near Nepton, Fleming County, Ky., on the 9th of February, 1909, in the seventy fourth year of his age. He was a native of Fleming County, born May 20, 1835.

Captain Jackson enlisted in the cause of the Confederacy early in the year 1861, serving as a private in the State of Georgia. When General Bragg advanced his army into the State of Kentucky during the summer and autumn of 1862, he returned to Kentucky, and with a commission of captain recruited and organized a company for the Confederate service which was attached to the 2d Kentucky Mounted Rifles of Gen. Humphrey Marshall's brigade. It was then operating in Northeastern Kentucky and Southwestern Virginia, and continued to serve there until the summer and autumn of 1863, when the command was ordered to North Georgia. It there participated in the battle of Chickamauga and the operations immediately succeeding that engagement, including General Wheeler's famous raid in the rear of General Rosecrans's army.

During the month of December, 1863, Captain Jackson was ordered with his company and battalion to Jacksonville, Ala., with a view to going into winter quarters and recruiting their stock. Soon, however, orders were received (during the Christmas holidays) to move by way of Atlanta through Georgia, South and North Carolina to Southwestern Virginia.

Attached to the command of Gen. John H. Morgan during one of the raids of that gallant chieftain, he was captured in the engagement of Cynthiana, Ky., on June 12, 1864, and confined as prisoner at Johnson's Island until the surrender of the Confederate armies.

Captain Jackson was married on November 12, 1872, to Miss Luvenia C. Teagar, who, with an interesting family of five sons and two daughters, survives him. So has answered to the last call another of the Southland's brave and steadfast soldiers to Join the hosts that have gone before. "One by one the sands are falling."

SOLON KELLY

On the 17th of June, 1908, Solon Kelly answered to the last roll calling him from the battle of life to eternal rest. Early in 1861 he enlisted in Company A, 56th Alabama Regiment, In Huntsville, Ala., and participated in many battles, among: which were those of Shiloh and Corinth, He was captured and paroled at Vicksburg.

After the war he settled near Huntsville and successfully engaged in farming. In March, 1879, he was married to Miss Avie Hobbs, of Huntsville, who, with two children, Hubbard Kelly, of that place, and Mrs. Ambrose Grayson, of Shawnee, Okla., survives him.

He was a member of Egbert Jones Camp, and was buried by its few remaining members. He was a subscriber for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN since its birth, being ever zealous of the cause set forth in each issue, [By Mrs. A. L. O., a Confederate soldier's daughter.]

DR. S. W. ROBINSON

Dr. S. W. Robinson was born in Orangeburg, S. C., and died at his home, in Rankin County, Miss., in November, 1908, in his seventy third year. In his youth he removed to Mississippi and settled near Pisgah, which continued to be his home. He prepared himself for a physician, and had reached the front rank in the practice of his profession, but when the war came on he enlisted in Company G, 28th Mississippi Cavalry, as a private, and faithfully did his duty until captured and sent to Camp Douglas, where he remained till the end of the war. Through his knowledge of medicine Dr. Robinson was detailed as assistant to the prison surgeon, and became as a ministering angel to his suffering comrades, saving their lives and keeping them true to their principles, for he dared there to assert and maintain the principles upon which his people went to war. As a soldier he was ever true, as a citizen public spirited and charitable, as a friend ever ready to serve, and as a physician devoted and faithful.

WILLIAM MILLER.

The death of William Miller at Lebanon Church, Va., on the 7th of January, 1909, caused general sorrow in his community. He was born there, the son of Joseph and Nancy Claggett Miller, and ever lived there except during the war. He served in Company E, 11th Virginia Cavalry (the famous Laurel Brigade), and he faithfully performed the duties of a soldier. After the war he preserved the comradeships thus formed. He was Chaplain of his Camp, and always enjoyed attending Reunions, to which he was generally a delegate. He was a strong worker and officer in his Church as well. He was twice married, and is survived by his wife and children two sons and a daughter.

DEATHS IN CAMP LOMAX, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The following resolution was adopted at the last meeting of Camp Lomax, U. C. V.:

Be it resolved by Camp Lomax, No. 151, U. C. V., that in the loss of our seven comrades, M. B. Graham, W. M. Gilky, John G. Harris, E. G. Rike, C. A. Lanier, J. P. Bryan, and L. C. Strong, the United Confederate Veterans have lost loyal, brave, and devoted brothers, the State faithful and patriotic citizens, and mankind generous and unselfish examples of lofty patriotism and fearless devotion to duty.

THOMAS L. ROGERS

Thomas L. Rogers, of Pawhuska, Okla., who was a Confederate soldier under General Stanwatie, died on the 1st of January, 1909, aged seventy one years. He was the first lieutenant under Captain Butler, joining the Confederate army at Denmark, Ind. T., in 1861, and serving throughout the war with much credit. He was a mixed blood Cherokee Indian, and very prominent in Indian matters after the war, He was an active member of the Masonic Fraternity, being a thirty second degree Mason, and his funeral was conducted with Masonic ceremonies. The funeral procession was led by ex Confederate and ex Union soldiers. To his death he retained the love of the Confederacy, and it was his pride to don the suit of Confederate gray which he always kept on hand. His friends were loyal, and general sorrow has been felt over his death. His life after the war reflected honor and credit upon the cause for which he fought.

WILLIAM MITCHELL

It is with a sad heart that I have to record the death of my old comrade and lifelong friend, William Mitchell, who died January 4, 1909, in Quincy, Fla. He and a number of boys, including myself, under the age of sixteen enlisted in January, 1862, in Company C, 6th Florida Regiment. He was taken prisoner in one of the battles near Atlanta, Ga., and was confined for many months in that accursed Camp Chase (Ohio) Prison. Not long before the war closed he, with a number of others, was released, and on returning South he rejoined his regiment and served until the close of the war. I knew this man intimately for fifty years both in the army and as a citizen, and I don't believe that President Davis had a braver or more loyal soldier or the State of Florida a better citizen than Comrade Bill Mitchell. In his death he leaves behind him the thing most devoutly wished for a blessed memory. [Sketch by A. S. McBride, Quincy, Fla.]

JOHN G. WHEELER

Col. J. G. Wheeler died at his home, in Manor, Tex., late in February, 1909. In the VETERAN for September, 1903, page 393, appears an account of Comrade Wheeler in the battle of the Wilderness, taking General Lee's horse by the bridle and urging him to go to the rear with the plea: "Don't go, General. We will go without you." [It will be remembered that the time and place of this occurrence were much discussed in the VETERAN some years ago, and it is quite evident that at two places perhaps May 6 and 12 quite similar events occurred.]

Colonel Wheeler at the time of his death was a retired merchant and banker. He was a man of unusual originality, intellect, and culture, a strong man in the widest sense, a man of sterling integrity and the highest ideals.

J. G. Wheeler, born in Marshall County, Ala., March 13, 1834, came to Texas in 1854 with his mother and brother and settled in Hays County, Tex. At the beginning of the war he was editing a paper at La Grange, Tex., but closed the paper and went with the Terry Rangers to Kentucky. He was attacked with pneumonia and discharged from the army, so severe was his illness, and came home and remained till the following June, when he went to Virginia and joined Hood's Brigade. He participated in many battles there, including that of the Wilderness, in which he lost his left arm.

After the war he returned to Texas, and at the first election in Travis County after the war he was elected to the office of County Clerk, from which office he was removed under the reconstruction laws, shortly after which he built a storehouse where Manor is now located, and the post office was known as Wheeler's store. He lived at Manor from that time until his death.

In 1867 he was married to Miss Maggie Brown, of Bexar County, Tex. By this marriage they had ten children. All of his children except two live at Manor.

His brother, ex Lieut. Gov. T. B. Wheeler, of Arkansas Pass, and Governor Wheeler's son and all of Colonel Wheeler's children were at the funeral except Thomas Benton Wheeler, who was unavoidably absent. A large concourse of friends attended the funeral, and the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved children of our departed friend and neighbor.

JUDGE WILLIAM A. ROBY

On Friday, February 19, 1909, Judge William A. Roby, one of the best known and best loved citizens of Ashley County, died at his home, in Hamburg, Ark.

He joined the army when a mere boy, but he was so delicate that his officers insisted upon his applying for a discharge. The boy's spirit was stronger than his body, and he refused to leave. He served bravely till the end of the war, and was one of the best loved and esteemed members of his regiment.

He was an example of true Southern manhood, with patriotic fervor and a warm devotion to the best interests of his State. He was a true friend, a courteous, Christian gentleman, and a noble member of the Lodge of F. and A. M.

JUDGE WYNDHAM KEMP

Judge Wyndham Kemp, a Virginian and a hero of the battle of New Market, where the V. M. I. cadets distinguished themselves, a member of the squad that fired the salute over the grave of Stonewall Jackson when he was buried, and a member of one of the oldest law firms in Texas, died in El Paso recently.

Wyndham Kemp was of old colonial and English ancestry, the son of Anne Louise (Perin) Kemp and Judge Wyndham Kemp. He was born January 3, 1845, in Gloucester County, Va., where he was reared. In 1861 he was a student at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va. He went to the front with the corps of military cadets from that institution, which distinguished itself.

On account of their extreme youth, the cadets were mustered out following the battle of New Market, but Wyndham Kemp soon afterwards became a member of the Richmond Howitzers. He was one of the few soldiers to fire the salute over the grave of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, who was mortally wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville. In the battle of Sailor's Creek he was captured, and remained a prisoner until the close of the war.

After the close of the war, when admitted to the bar, he went to Texas and located at Calvert, where he became a member of the firm of Davis, Beall & Kemp, and this firm continued to exist until the death of the late Maj. B. H. Davis. There was an interim of a year in the partnership, when on account of poor health Judge Kemp resided in Palestine. He went to El Paso in 1884, renewing the partnership with Major Davis, brother of the late Capt. Charles Davis, former Mayor of El Paso, and later they were joined by Capt. T. J. Beall.

Wyndham Kemp was first married at Concord, N. C., to Mary Lewis Maury, February 7, 1876. Of this union two children, Maury Kemp and Anne Perin Kemp, survive. On February 14, 1888, at Snyder, Tex., he was united in marriage to Mary Samuel Herndon, the widow who survives him with their four children, John Page, Emily Wyndham, Herndon B., and Roland Kemp. Judge Kemp is also survived by two sisters, Mrs. Emily Page and Mrs. Joseph B. Washington, of Wessyngton, Tenn.

On December 31, while entering a carriage at Fort Bliss, Judge Kemp wrenched the muscles of his leg, and had been confined to his home since. His condition, however, was not considered serious until a few days before his death. Death was due to heart failure and a complication of the lungs.

Judge Kemp had for years been chairman of the El Paso bar committee. He was a member of the Society of Sons of the Revolution, also a member of John C. Brown Camp, Confederate Veterans, and an Odd Fellow, a member of local Lodge 284. The deceased was a vestryman of St. Clement's Episcopal Church. For a number of years he was City Attorney of El Paso and a member of the Public School Board. He was also chairman of the County Democratic Committee. Flags on the City Hall and courthouse were at half mast on the day of the funeral.

Upon receiving word of his death Mayor Sweeney sent a notice of his death to the Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va.

ATTENDANCE AT JUDGE KEMP'S FUNERAL

The El Paso papers show the high esteem in which Judge Kemp was held by his people, where he lived for many years. They report attendance, official organizations of Confederate Veterans and the Grand Army of the Republic, all anxious to show their regard for one who had nobly and honorably worn the gray, then the bar, to which he belonged, and the Church, of which he was a humble but devoted member. The regular army was represented by the officers from Fort Bliss, the cadets from the schools, and the fraternal societies old and young. Judge Kemp's active concern for the VETERAN was

coexistent with its history, while his personal interest and that of his family will remain a sacred comfort to the editor of the VETERAN.

GEN. FAYETTE HEWITT

Gen. Fayette Hewitt, one of Kentucky's most distinguished sons, died early this year in Frankfort, and was buried in Elizabethtown. In his youth he was a close student, and at an age when most boys are only entering college he had gone through the usual curriculum in languages, mathematics, and science. His close devotion to his library told upon his health, and he went to Louisiana as an invalid, remaining there several years and receiving appointments of high honor not only from the government, but from the vote of the people as well. Later he located in Washington, and was there when the war broke out. He at once resigned his position under the government and went to Virginia for the purpose of enlistment,

The newly formed Postal Department of the Confederacy wired to General Hewitt and requested his assistance in organization. He remained in this department till it was in perfect operation, then resigned from active service. His record as a soldier is very brilliant. He was appointed assistant adjutant general and sent for duty with Gen Albert Pike, commanding the Department of the Indian Territory. Later by transfers he served under Generals Hindman, Holmes, and Walker, and was appointed to the staff of General Breckinridge. General Helm being without an adjutant. General

Hewitt was transferred to his staff, and was with this command at the battle of Jackson. Later in the campaign in Tennessee he was in the battle of Chickamauga and all the subsequent engagements in which Helm's command took part.

His courage was of that superior kind which enables a man to be perfectly collected and cool and not to be thrown off his guard or unsteadied by the most imminent and trying danger. Going into the battle of Entrenchment Creek, he saw a soldier throw away his blanket because it was so in the way while fighting. General Hewitt remonstrated and told the man he would need it if wounded. Then he tied the blanket behind his own horse. This horse was shot under him, and General Hewitt unbuckled the blanket and carried it till another horse was procured. After the battle General Hewitt restored the blanket to its owner, who was in the field hospital badly wounded. The man said he had seen the horse shot, and if it had been him he would never have thought of that blanket, but only of getting away. Besides this horse, he had two others shot under him, but was never injured himself, though balls repeatedly passed through his clothing and hat and once through his hair.

At the close of the war he went to Elizabethtown, Ky., and for a time was principal of the Female Seminary. Then when the expatriation law was repealed he resumed his practice of law, combining with this many years of hard work for questions of State, keeping ever what was best for his people before his eyes, and never being wearied in his endeavors to carry out all laws. His private character was as noble as his public character was grand and worthy of all imitation. He was brave, courteous, unassuming, generous to an extreme, kind and obliging, a considerate friend, and a brave and knightly foe. In his death Kentucky lost a splendid citizen and many citizens lost a perfect friend.

MISS EMILY MASON

Death loves a shining mark, and yet at times he will leave the most brilliant untouched for years, that, like tall church spires, they may point a guiding finger heavenward.

Miss Emily Mason was born in Kentucky, but of Virginia ancestry, and lived in the latter State till her fifteenth year, when her family moved to Washington. She met and knew all the Presidents from Monroe to Roosevelt, and she spent a part of her girlhood as the guest of her brother, the Governor of Michigan.

During the Civil War she was much engaged in hospital work, being at the head of the Georgia division in Wynder Hospital with eight hundred men under her care. The orphans of some of these men she took under her own protection. After Lee's surrender she had thirty of these depending upon her, all of whom she placed so well that they became self supporting or, marrying well, became the heads of prosperous families.

In the death of Miss Mason, on February 16, 1909, one of the most notable figures of Washington society has passed away. Tall, erect, with her abundant white hair worn in the fashion of fifty years ago, she attracted all attention at once, and her sparkling black eyes and vivacious manner held entranced all who were so fortunate as to be thrown with her.

She was ninety three years old, yet "time could not wither nor custom state her infinite variety." By the right divine of intellect, courtesy, and the marvelous charm of her brilliant conversational gift she held a social sway that was never questioned. Her afternoon teas were veritable salons, and she their heart and the center of attraction. Like Madam DeStael, she was the empress of intellect, and like her too she wore her crown with modesty. She was the honored guest wherever she appeared, and to the end of her life men burned incense at her shrine.

Miss Mason wrote only one book, but was a constant contributor to the best magazines. She was a fine linguist, having crossed the ocean fifty times, and spent many years foreign courts. She was introduced at the court of Alfonso of Spain, was a close friend of

the Empress Eugenie, and was presented at the Austrian court and received on the most intimate terms by the Royal Duke and Duchess. Her court dress of scarlet velvet and gold embroidery was given by her to the Catholic Church and cut up into vestments.

Her funeral was conducted by the highest Church dignities, and was notable for the marvelous profusion of flowers, the gifts of statesmen, public organizations, and of the friends who were so tender and loving.

JOHN WALKER ROBINSON

One by one the gallant old Confederates are being gathered home. The one now to answer the last roll is John Walker Robinson, who died at his home, near Mansfield, Newton County, Ga., March 3, 1909, aged sixty three. He entered the service at the age of eighteen, and was rapidly promoted, serving at last on the staff of Gen. Sidney Morris. He was captured in January, 1864, and kept prisoner in Camp Douglas till May, 1865. He was a brave and noble gentleman and soldier, a typical knight of the Old South. He was universally beloved, and his funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends, including his Camp, the Jefferson Lamar of Covington, by whom he was highly esteemed.

STATISTICS OF SOLDIERS IN BOTH ARMIES BY GEN. GATES P. THRUSTON (U. S. A.), NASHVILLE, TENN.

I notice in the excellent March number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that you reprint from the Baltimore Sun Mr. Cassenove G. Lee's ancient Civil War statistics as to the number of soldiers in the armies of the North and South. There is no historical foundation whatever for the statement made by him that the "total enlistments in the Confederate army" consisted of "six hundred thousand men."

A much more distinguished and reliable Southern authority, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Virginia (now President of Princeton College), in his admirable "History of the American People" states the number of Federal and Confederate soldiers in the Civil War as follows: "In the North four men out of every nine of the military population had enlisted for a service of three years in the field in all, 1,700,000 out of a military population of 4,600,000." (Volume IV., page 267) And again (page 267) he gives the numbers in the Confederate armies as follows: "The total military population of the South (the seceding States) was but 1,065,000. Nine hundred thousand of these she drew into her armies for at least three years of service, and before the war ended mere half grown boys and men grown old were included in the muster." The Confederate soldiers in the border States were not included in Dr. Wilson's statement.

In the carefully prepared "History of the United States," by Mr. Waddy Thompson, of Atlanta, Ga., published in 1904, after its Civil War chapters had been received by that prince of gentlemen and soldier, Gen. John B. Gordon, he states that "it is probable that the total number of enlistments in the Confederate armies was nearly a million." (See preface and page 406.)

I am so fond of the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and read the magazine with so much pleasure that I am anxious that it shall be historically accurate in its statements.

General Thruston has been studying the statistics of the two armies for years, and there can be no question of his absolute sincerity in seeking to have the truth established, but he has been in the South so long that he must be pardoned for pride in reducing discrepancy of numbers. General Thruston is one of the best citizens in the South, and none the less good for having married twice into families of cultured, ardent Southern people. True, he simply quotes in the foregoing from cordially accepted Southern authors, yet the VETERAN, while having due esteem for him and them, does not agree to quite so great compromise of the statistics that have been so long accepted. The Union army reduced from 2,800,000 to 1,700,000 and the Confederate increased from 600,000 to 1,000,000 men is too great a difference. Southern authors should be very careful of their figures. A compromise from both sides as to actual three year soldiers might be nearer the truth.

ANOTHER ESTIMATE AS TO FIGURES

Rev. Dr. John R. Deering, of Lexington, Ky., refers to the article (March VETERAN) by Mr. C. G. Lee on the strength of the Northern and Southern armies in the great war, and expresses the opinion:

It is correct, I believe, save that it does not include as part of the Union strength the men serving on the Northern side in the navy of the United States. The author of 'Lee and His Cause' uses the same figures for the forces of the United States engaged on land, but increases them by the number of men in the naval service of the Union, so that the aggregated strength opposed to the South is more exactly represented by his figures namely, 2,987,776 men.

The Encyclopedia Britannica, an authority of high reputation for fairness and accuracy, gives somewhat smaller numbers viz., 2,759,049 men 'called out' by the Federal government, and as in actual service 2,656,053 men. The difference is not great, but it seems to me that fairness requires the historian to include in his figures the thousands of hardy and trained seamen who fought us on rivers, coasts, bays, gulfs, and high seas where our numbers scarce deserve mention.

If this be done and 600,000 men be accepted as the Confederate strength, it will be seen that we fought a good fight. 'O, the fearful odds of that unequal fray' almost five to one! It lacked but 12,224 men of that exactly. And, as Mr. Lee has shown, there were more negroes and foreigners against us by 80,917 than we had men in all our Southern armies! Leaving out all differences in supplies, equipment, transportation, manufactories, materials, skilled labor, foreign influence, national credit, and the like, we had in the mere mass of men against us too much weight to overcome. We might have done more, yet could not have been successful.

VICTOR SMITH "BILL ARP, JR."

News is received that Victor Smith, a son of Maj. Charles H. Smith ("Bill Arp"), died at his home, in Bayonne, N. J., on March 13. Notice is given herein not only because he was the son of a Confederate, but through personal interest and his extraordinary career as a Southerner.

Back in the early eighties the editor of the VETERAN made a most strenuous but unsuccessful effort to establish Our Day, "an exponent of Southern sentiment in New York," and while thus engaged he received a letter from Major Smith stating that his son Victor was in that city and he had written him to call. The bright young fellow did call, and an intimate association followed, continuing for several years.

His romantic experience up to that time from his leaving home excels fiction. He had been employed on construction of the railroad line connecting Rome and Atlanta, now a part of the Southern system, and was ambitious to become a civil engineer. He was so fine with a pen, however, in correspondence and drawing that he was kept at clerical work against a promise made by his chief, so he determined to quit, and knowing it was against his father's wish, he drifted North. In Cincinnati he secured employment in a church choir, having a fine voice, but he became impatient of that and moved on farther. He became associated with a young Canadian, and he gave his last forty cents to sleep in a farmer's barn. The farmer, becoming interested in him, carried the two in his market wagon to a slaughter house in Baltimore the next morning and made a plea that they be given work. The manager, seeing the boys were not large and strong enough for the work, handed them a couple of dollars and asked them to try elsewhere. Young Smith resented the offer, saying he was not a beggar but wanted work. He next got employment on a

farm near Baltimore, and made a good plow boy. He forged ahead later to New York, and secured a clerkship in a shoe store at three dollars per week, which sum he shared with the trifling Canadian. After paying room rent, his food was mainly bread and water. Weeks elapsed before his family knew anything of him, and they were in sore distress. The joyous news reached Georgia that Victor was in good health and with the writer.

Victor Smith was ambitious in journalism and full of nerve. He called upon Ballard Smith, Managing Editor of the New York Herald, who gave him space work. This was precarious, but he was getting a good start, when one day his chief spoke rudely to him and he instantly resigned. In the meantime he began to write stories for the New York Ledger. He would go to the Ledger office and see Mr. Bonner in person, who would take the story and in a week return it to him or give him ten dollars.

One day he called at the Tribune office and sought employment. The managing editor being absent, his assistant, Mr. Rhodes, became interested in the youth and gave him work, and he got on quite well in space work, but he resented "cut of copy" and resigned. He had become so useful to the Tribune that differences were reconciled by his copy going direct to the foreman with no censor upon it, yet he was the only Democrat who wrote for the paper and he was the only writer on the paper so trusted.

During his connection with the Tribune the owner of the paper, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, then Minister to England, cabled orders to have Victor Smith write its anniversary history. On the occasion of a death in Mrs. Reid's family at the home of Mr. Mills (owner of the great Mills Building) Victor Smith was assigned to the work of reporting the event, and he was often with the family through personal esteem.

The racing interests were of so great pecuniary concern that the Dwyers and other famous horsemen "the board of control" made Victor Smith one of the judges "on all race tracks within the metropolitan circuit" at a salary (the writer understands) of ten thousand dollars a year. Later the Jockey Club, which had superseded the board of control, reappointed him as judge.

In the fall of 1894 he gave up the race course, returning to journalism, and became a member of the editorial staff of the New York Press. He established its strongest feature, "The Tip of the Tongue." During its existence Victor wrote for Our Day some good articles, prose and poetry, as "Bill Arp, Jr."

With all of his varied experiences Victor Smith remembered the old folks at home. He married, and is survived by his wife and a son.

OFFICIAL COMMENT ON THE BOY SON PAPER
BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, FORMER PRESIDENT

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:

Since the judges for the U. D. C. prize paper in Columbia University were selected at the beginning of my first term as your President General, and moreover since I as a member of the committee to select those judges (appointed by my predecessor, Mrs. Smythe) am partly responsible for the selection of these judges, I deem it not out of place for me, after all that has been said and done concerning their recent awarding of the prize for 1907 to Miss Boyson, to write this communication to you with regard to the committee's action.

Referring to the minutes of the St. Louis Convention, you will see from the discussion of the resolution establishing that prize that the one thing which controlled us in that action was the fact that we could in this way stimulate those from all sections, and particularly from the North, who were preparing themselves to teach the youth of the country, to study authentic histories as to the causes leading to and shaping the South's course all through the War between the States. I remember that in the discussion some one said she thought it would be better to establish the prize in a university where the words "white pupils" would not be necessary.

Those of us who appreciate the importance of using every opportunity offered us of inducing the men and women in the North who were to teach the children of their section to really go into a thorough study of all connected with the South's part in the history of this country from the beginning till after the reconstruction period was passed urged that as our reason for putting it in the North. For well we knew that when the people of the North knew the truth of history with regard to our actions all through this country's history we must be looked upon by those of fair minds as patriots determined to transmit unshorn to our children the rights secured to us by our fathers in the Constitution of these United States framed by them, and by those who were our one time enemies as at least honestly mistaken in our construction of that Constitution. We knew also that when once the truth of history with regard to the terrible reconstruction period was known the bloody shirt might wear itself into tatters, waving right in the faces of the people once so ready to believe all accusations against us, and never gain for itself a hearing. We knew that the time had come when for these United States to reach the destiny mapped out for them by our fathers, North and South, we must be fair to each other.

We must remember that the same destiny awaits us all, that what affects one State affects all, that we are the same people with the same high purpose to see that our good ship of State is guided safely through those great rocks of race question, pauper, immigration,

socialism, anarchy, and other vexing questions. And we as daughters and granddaughters of as great patriots as the world ever saw wished to help with this "consummation so devoutly to be wished." We knew the country had been flooded with so called histories to teach the children that we were worse than barbarians, and we believed then, and I think most of us believe yet, that the prize in Columbia University is a fine thing with which to accomplish our purpose. And when we know what damage unfairness can do, shall we do an injustice to another by dividing her sentences and making it appear that she has said what it is evident she did not mean to say when the whole paper is read? Shall we invite study of our course and then become offended because a girl who has been taught all her life to look upon us as "traitors" and everything else unlovely does not change all her opinions after just a few months' study in the right direction? Surely when we think calmly and fairly after reading for ourselves all that she wrote we cannot be so unappreciative of the result of our prize.

As a member of the committee it will not be thought discourteous to that committee for me to admit that I think we, the committee, made a mistake when we departed from our original plan to begin at the beginning and come gradually up to and through the reconstruction period, thus bringing the whole history of the South before the eyes we wanted to see it. But we gave that subject on General Lee's centennial year, and we departed from our plan, thinking to honor him thus. And so Miss Boyson missed the opportunity which otherwise might have been hers of being encouraged to look deeply into history for the part taken by the South during all the time before the War between the States. She would have found, as Mr. Coleman (the gentleman who secured the prize the year before) did, that the South was not so ignorant as she thinks, and she would have found that General Lee's belief that he owed his first allegiance to his State was taught him not only by his Southern forefathers, but that he learned it also from "Rawle's View of the Constitution," which was taught him in West Point, the United States Military Academy. My friends, let us be fair, though others be unfair.

Referring again to the St. Louis Convention minutes, you will also see that the judges were to be selected to award the prize for the best essay on some subject connected with the history of the South. This is what they were asked to do, and this is what they did, and I must say that I cannot see where they are to be censured for their action. Do we appreciate the fact that these gentlemen, with hands full to overflowing with their university duties, gave us their time and the benefit of their knowledge because they were such loyal Southerners that they with us wanted to get the facts of the history of the South before the people of the whole country? Surely we have not thought of how they were trying to help us with our purpose. Conscious of the South's patriotism, they were not easily scared by the word "traitor" when used in connection with such names as Robert E. Lee, George Washington, John Hampden, and William of Orange. Shall we be less certain of the verdict of the world as to the character of "traitors" when such names are given to illustrate the writer's meaning? I am writing this to you to beg you to read for yourselves each of you just what she said and then see if you do not think that our prize

had been wisely spent when a girl reared and educated in the North can write the estimate of General Lee which she has given us.

WOMEN WANT BUILDING FOR MONUMENT

[Miss Sallie S. Hunt, of Stonewall Jackson Institute, Abingdon, Va., has pictured a "Dixie Home" in New York as a "monument to Southern women" of Confederate times where ill ambitious but poor Southern girls may live under the best protection and economically while having the advantages of that great city for students. The story goes on.]

As I waited the figure of a dear old Southern mammy in white cap and apron came toward me, and with a polite bow she said: "Miss says she will be down in a minute. Will you have a fan?" I couldn't resist the impulse. "Where do you come from, way up here?"

I followed my chile from Virginia. I never leave her. You will have to feel at home in this house if you're a Southerner, for everybody here is chums.

Right readily did I agree to this, for the atmosphere was pervading me and making me feel so comfortable. At this point my hostess appeared with a "Warm welcome to Dixie, Miss ! I'm so glad you are here at last. We've been looking for you a long while. Will you go upstairs and look around and choose your quarters?"

We found ourselves in a wide upper hall with doors on either side. Over the doorways were such familiar names as Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Texas, etc., designating the names of States which had furnished the rooms. On the topmost floor was one very long room with cots down each side and partitions separating these. On peeping in one sees in each of these compartments a press in the wall for wardrobe, a table, and chair, all spotlessly clean and nice. The front end of this room had a window almost across the whole width for ventilation, and at the rear end the door opened into a lavatory ever so many bath tubs, stationary washstands, etc, a regular dormitory system. "What is this?" I inquired.

This is my dream realized,

the house mother said. "Here our dear Southern girls who must work for their daily bread come to get their preparation. Some cannot afford to have separate rooms and a maid's attention, so they keep the dormitory themselves, and you see the perfect cleanliness and comfort here. We are such a happy family, going out to see the best that comes, and all inspired not only with a love of study and improvement, but with the intensest loyalty to our beloved Southland and its traditions and a burning zeal to

hold up the standard of pure and refined Southern womanhood."

Here I just could bear no more, hot tears came to my relief. This has been my soul's desire so long I You don't know how I have agonized over our poor Southern girl students in New York.

Friends, this is all a dream yet to be realized I mean the home is. Why can't we make it real? If our precious dead could speak the mothers, wives, and daughters of the South would they not say: "Give our children, who have to hew their way, sharpened instruments with which to work?"

Our girls have talent and ambition, their hearts grow sick with hope deferred. Build them a home where they can get these advantages. When the home is bought and paid for and the cost of boarding in New York thus brought within their reach, have a consecrated house mother there guarding and directing them, one who has power to interest others in the work and can interest Camps in endowing scholarships. I believe there are many of the conservatories, etc., which will give scholarships to the most talented students,

The girls could give entertainments and add to the beneficiary fund, and the Dixie Home would be the most attractive place in New York City. We must begin this work, if only in a small way, hoping it will grow into a thing of beauty.

How many of the Camps will respond to this cry? The New York Camp will, I am sure. All the States will do a noble part by their children, and the people will feel when they come on to New York that there's an old Southern welcome awaiting them at Dixie Home.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

REPORT OF TREASURER FOR MONTH ENDING FEBRUARY 28, 1909.

Receipts.

Balance on hand from last report, \$8,645.67. Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$25. Contributed by Blue Ridge Chapter, No. 917, U. D. C., Purcellville, Va. J. W. McCarrick, Norfolk, Va., \$25. Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$36.15. Contributed by Old Dominion Chapter, No. 67, Lynchburg, Va.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$22.11. Contributed by William Lester Chapter, No. 104, U. D. C., Prosperity, S. C., \$2, John Hames Chapter, No. 493, U. D. C., Jonesville, S. C." \$5, Graded Schools, Greenville, S. C., \$15.11. Lake County Camp, No, 279, U. C. V., Leesburg, Fla., \$10. Mrs. W. R. Clement. Director for Oklahoma, \$19.50. Contributed by Chickasaw Chapter, No 299, U. D. C., Ardmore, Okla., \$5, Choctaw Chapter, No. 614, U. D. C" South McAlester, Okla., \$5, Julia Jackson Chapter, No. 554, U. D. C" Durant, Okla., \$1, Marion W. Vail Chapter, No. 200, U. D. C., Oklahoma City, Okla., \$2.50, Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 40, U. D. C., McAlester, Okla., \$1, Mrs, Mary Hightower, Ardmore, Okla., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$12.50. Contributed by Black Horse Chapter, No. 9, U. D. C., Warrenton, Va" \$10, Julia Jackson Chapter, No. 982, U. D. C" Clifton Forge, Va" \$2.50,

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$26.25. Contributed by Charleston Chapter, No. 4, U. D. C" Charleston, S. C" \$15, Williamsburg Chapter, No. 1031, U. D. C" Kingstree, S. C" \$2, Gibbes School, Charleston, S. C" \$7, Public School, Stallville, \$1.25, School, Heriot, \$1. Mrs. Oliva M. Champion, Director for Mississippi, \$50. Balance on hand March 1, 1909, \$8,872.18. WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

ROBERT E. LEE, THE SOUTHERNER

In this book Thomas Nelson Page, the author, has given a masterly delineation of one whom he aptly terms in his title "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner." Mr. Page has not in this written a history of the war, he says, nor of the great campaigns Lee conducted, only of Lee, the man, nor does he mean his book to be a eulogy, lest his praise be like whitewashing a statue by Praxiteles.

The book can practically be considered under three heads Lee the youth, Lee the warrior, and Lee the defeated. In the first the author deals with the environments that entered into the character building of the immortal commander. He draws a vivid picture of Stratford, the ancestral home of the Lee sits wide verandas, stately colonnades and the magnificent forests. Here Lee grew up in close touch with his brave father, "Light Horse Harry," whose watchword was "honor," and his gentle, tender mother, to whom the boy was "both son and daughter." Descended from a long line of cavaliers and nurtured on precepts of charity and loyalty, the boy became a worthy scion of the home in which he was born a home which had the unique distinction of having also witnessed the birth of two signers of the Declaration of Independence.

During his life at West Point Lee never received a demerit, and graduated second in a class of forty six. Page makes special mention of a book studied by this class, "Rawle on the Constitution," and "which taught with great distinctness the absolute right of every State to secede and the primal duty of every man to his State." That this book had its

influence is shown by the fact that of the three hundred Southern graduates nine tenths followed their States into secession Mr. Page shows well the influences brought to bear on the character of Lee by circumstances. His first appointment to the engineer corps was by Andrew Jackson. His quiet determination to obey orders in spite of opposition is shown by his building of the breakwater at St. Louis. The dash and bravery and quickness to grasp opportunity brought him out of the Mexican War covered with glory and a marked man before the world. In sharp contrast the infinite tenderness of the man was shown by his writing home even in the midst of his triumphs for news of a horse that had grown old in his family service.

Lee was opposed to secession, and tried in every way to keep intact the bond of union, and he did not believe in slavery. Page quotes a well known authority to prove that Lee manumitted his slaves early during the war, while Grant held slaves until by actual emancipation they were set free. The author follows Lee in anxiety of his own heart and brain before he reached his decision to follow his State into secession. On the one hand was the country which had educated him and whose banner he had borne, on the other, his State, with whose fibers his heartstrings were twined, the State he had been taught to feel must come first. Lincoln offered him the supreme control of the United States army, but in his rejection Lee proved the man by saying "his sword should never again be drawn save in the defense of his State."

Mr. Page gives Lee as a leader in some brilliant descriptive stories of the great battles in Virginia. Tender, true, compassionate, suffering every ill his soldiers suffered and holding in his heart every man as his brother, shrinking from carnage, yet bravely leading where duty called, quick to grasp the inspiration of the moment and to retrieve disaster even in the happening a conqueror born, yet destined to defeat! All through the book there is no more perfect writing than in the description of Lee after the surrender riding among his men in farewell, for Mr. Page dips his pen in his own heart and every Southern heart as well. Lee in his defeat is the capital of the column of a perfect character. Page tells of the rich business offers made him both here and abroad, and of his reasons for rejection, then of his quiet life as the president of a boys' college, his love for the children and animals around him, and his death just as he offered the benediction.

Page's book, "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner," is well written, bright and attractive in print and style, one of the best of Scribner's editions. It should be read by every Southerner and Northerner as well, for he gives a true history and praise where it is deserved to North and South alike.

ECHOES FROM THE GLEN

The doubt as to the authorship of the poem on "Rodes' Brigade at Seven Pines," as expressed in late contributions to the VETERAN, can be put to rest by a recent letter from Capt. William Page Carter, of Virginia, who states that he wrote the poem after the

battle of Seven Pines while wounded and in Richmond. In those days his pen name was "Larry Lee." This noted poem will be found with other verses by this pleasant writer in an artistic little volume called "Echoes from the Glen," issued by the Grafton Press, of New York, and of which a leading newspaper of the North has this to say: "Echoes from the Glen,' by Capt William Page Carter, author of 'Pelham of Alabama,' etc., brings together in dainty form a strong array of poems by this popular Southern writer. The volume is divided into three main groups Poems of Sentiment, War Poems, and Dialect Verse. It is hardly necessary to say, so well are they known, that Captain Carter's love poems are imbued with tenderness expressed in most graceful form, and that his poems of war are full of fire and the ring of truth, because they are an expression of the author's own experience in the field. His verses in darky dialect are classics of their kind and full of the real old plantation melody. Some one should set them to music."

This is but a sample of the many complimentary notices of Captain Carter's poems. He is an excellent type of the old time Virginian and a cousin of Thomas Nelson Page. While his home is in Virginia, a considerable part of each year is spent in Washington City.
WATERLOO.

BY THOMAS E. WATSON

Those who have read anything from the pen of "Tom" Watson have enjoyed his vivid style, his clear cut expressions, and his thorough mastery of the subject. To read his description of the battle of Waterloo is to be a living witness of it in detail, to experience the thrill that animates in anticipation of victory (for of course we are with and for Napoleon), to have that awful fear and anxiety when reenforcements do not come, and to feel that numbness of despair which comes with the realization that all is lost. A more vivid picture could hardly be painted in words, and the impression does not soon pass away. "He analyzes the characters of the generals in command, he describes in detail the positions occupied by the various bodies of soldiery, and compares the relative strength and advantage of the several positions. He searches, so far as may be, into the motives and strategy of the two opposing generals and discusses the spirit and character of the two armies. Step by step, without haste and with unflagging interest, he resolves the confusion, 'the shouting and the tumult,' to an orderly sequence, a 'clear cut study of cause and effect.'" The creation is superb

There is much in the battle of Waterloo similar to our own battle of Gettysburg the fate of the Confederacy hanging in the balance, the delay in taking advantageous positions, the tardiness in moving troops, and the awful, awful slaughter in vain. The soul is sickened by the recital, yet we read and read again and say with Napoleon: "Ah, if it were to be done over again!"

The book is handsomely bound in cloth, with decorations. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington. Price, \$1.50, postage, 8 cents.

BULL RUN TO APPOMATTOX A BOY'S VIEW.

A book with chevaux de frise of statistics rarely appeals to the normal boy, but the great drama of the war, written for boys and containing a boy's view of the events themselves as well as circumstances relating to these events, will win and hold all readers.

L. W. Hopkins was a boy of seventeen when he entered the army, and his book, "From Bull Run to Appomattox," contains a clear and unprejudiced account of the great struggle. He had lived what he wrote about, and he makes us see things as he saw them a soldier's life in field and camp. The book is well written in a pleasant, readable style, it is not without its touch of humor, as is shown by its laughable episode of the runaway horse carrying him into the very midst of his enemies, and his fright when, unmounted against orders on picket, he heard approaching footsteps and, trembling, awaited the appearance of what proved a black cat out on forage duty for itself, and the amusing account of the efforts of "Company Q" to win laurels in a misdirected manner.

Hopkins shows the life the soldiers led in a series of pictures that are very vivid the camp fires burning bright with the soldiers lying around them, the bacon frying on a stick, the grease dripping on the crackers and serving for butter, the horses tethered to the wrists of their sleeping masters, and the sudden bugle call to "boot and saddle," the fierce rush to battle, with shot and shell whizzing all around, the pursuit, the retreat, and the dreary roll call that showed the absent.

It is in the loving delineation of the character of Lee that Hopkins is at his best, and the description of the death of Jackson and the dashing charge of Pickett at Gettysburg rises to a height that should give the book high rank with appreciative readers.

THE LONE STAR DEFENDERS

In this book S. B. Barron has given his personal recollections of the great struggle. He does not call it a history of the war. It is well written, and is filled with the "moving accidents by field and flood," natural to a chronicle of the stirring times of 1860.

Mr. Barron gives a soldier's experiences in the terse language of one who has lived what he writes about. He shows the sharp contrasts of the life the mingled laughter and pathos: the starvation, exhaustion, and patient endurance of the half clad army, and the enthusiasm and love with which they followed their leaders.

The organization of Company C, Texas Cavalry, just after the wild excitement of Lincoln's election, when the fire of secession burned bright, was very easy: but its equipment was difficult, almost impossible. They were well mounted, but were without uniforms, and were chiefly armed with huge knives with wooden handles. Barron tells how these tyros in the art of war were first disciplined and then became part of the command of General Ross. Under this gallant leader they were in the thickest of the fight, and won honors in many engagements, notably that of Franklin, Tenn., and of this fierce fought battle Barron gives a most thrilling account.

The company's march through the Indian Territory is well described, especially the incident of the Indian maiden. She was walking in the middle of the road when she met the company, and with the stoicism of her tribe walked straight on, the company having to pass on the right and left, leaving her to pursue her way through the center. In the Indian Territory the company was recruited by Choctaws, whose war cries became almost as distinctive of Company C as the far famed Rebel yell was of the Confederate army.

A magnificent bit of bravery is well told by Barron General Ross's gallant feat of carrying guns across the frozen Yazoo in the teeth of the enemy's gunboats. Barron has an appreciation of the comedy that underlies everything. His description of the old patriot who went on his long march holding an umbrella over his head, a negro beside him carrying his gun, is rich, and equally good is the account of the newly joined company of Mississippians. This company boasted a soldier seven feet high, a boy weighing three hundred pounds, and its captain carried his private baggage on a camel! The book will repay a close and careful reading.

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.

Its legal and historic status, by Elbert William R. Ewing, Attorney and Counselor United States Supreme Court. Cobden Publishing Company, Washington, D. C. By J. H. McNeilly, D.D., Nashville, Tenn.

Here is a book both needed and timely. It deserves the close study of every one who would know the real nature of that notable decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, which, according to Mr. Justice Miller, "overshadowed all others on the subject in the importance of the principles laid down and in the immense influence it had upon the history of the country."

It was this decision as contravening the teachings of the abolitionists that stirred them to fury and that hastened our terrible Civil War. No decision of any court has been more widely misunderstood or more malignantly misrepresented than this opinion of the court written by Chief Justice Taney, and this not only by the politicians, but by the writers of the history of those times. Such writers as Fiske, Epton, Schouler, and Hart, who claim impartiality, have denounced it not only as false in law, but as made for political effect.

This book, by a lawyer of ability who has given immense labor to its preparation, conclusively vindicates the judgment of the court and also vindicates the truth of history on every point in which the decision is called in question.

It is unfortunate, especially for the South, that the history of the United States has been written mainly by New Englanders, who have not only glorified their own section as the fountain of all good in our institutions, but have done it at the expense of other sections, especially of the South.

It was a doughty old Dutchman of New York, I have heard, who said that the Mayflower that brought over the Pilgrim Fathers brought also a cargo of trumpets, and that New England had been blowing those trumpets ever since. This witness is true. New England was the mother and most strenuous promoter of abolitionism, and not content with falsifying the facts of history, writers of that section have persistently sought to blacken the character and malign the motives of those who stood with the South in her contention for her constitutional rights,

The historians mentioned and others influenced by them have denounced the Dred Scott Decision as "infamous," "inhuman," "cruel," and "obiter dictum," and some have endeavored to "pillory in everlasting infamy" the name of Roger Brooke Taney, one of the purest, gentlest, kindest men who ever wore the judicial ermine. The Decision was concurred in by seven out of the nine judges, all of whom except one were theoretically opposed to slavery and were loyal to the Union during the war.

It would take too much space in this magazine to go into the details of the case as set forth clearly by Mr. Ewing. Suffice it to say that Dred Scott, a negro slave belonging to an army surgeon, sued in the Federal Court in Missouri for his and his family's freedom, alleging that, his master having taken him into the free territory of Illinois and also into territory north of the line of the Missouri Compromise, he became free by virtue both of Illinois law and of the Missouri Compromise forbidding slavery in the territory north of that line.

Dred Scott sued as a citizen of Missouri against a citizen of New York, his ostensible owner. The Federal Court decided against Scott, claiming jurisdiction in the case. On appeal the case went to the Supreme Court, with the record of all the pleadings, involving the merits of the case. The Supreme Court overruled the lower court and decided that it had not jurisdiction, but also on the pleadings before it gave decision as to the points involved, as all the judges, even the two dissenters, agreed was proper to do. It decided: First, that a negro was not a citizen of the United States, according to the Constitution as adopted, and so was not entitled to sue as a citizen, second, that the taking of a slave into a free State or into any territory of the United States did not make him a free man, third, that the Missouri Compromise, which excluded slavery from the territory north of a certain line, was contrary to the Constitution of the United States.

There was the bitterest denunciation of the Court with the announced purpose to disregard the Decision. This determination to rebel against it was put on various grounds:

1. That the decision against a negro's citizenship of the United States was wrong in morals and historically not justified.
2. That the Decision did not represent the opinion of the court, but only of the Chief Justice.
3. That on all questions except that of jurisdiction the opinion was merely obiter dictum that is, an opinion that had no bearing on the case, and so was of no binding force.
4. That the opinion on the Missouri Compromise was especially an obiter dictum, a needless expression of individual opinion and made simply for political effect.

On all these points Mr. Ewing answers the objections fully and conclusively, and he shows beyond doubt that the Court was bound to decide as it did according to the Constitution and that it was the opinion of seven of the nine judges, and that what are denounced as obiter dicta are necessary and essential parts of the Decision, and especially was it necessary as to the Missouri Compromise, because Scott's counsel urged that as the ground of the claim of citizenship.

This book and the author's other volume, "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession," should be read, studied, and digested by every man who would know the truth as to the history of that fearful conflict which destroyed slavery and also overthrew the Constitution of the United States adopted by the fathers.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH

The Spirit of the South

is a compilation of orations, essays, and lectures by Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, Va., a veteran of the Confederate service. The book is of rare merit, being written in choice, scholarly English and glowing imagery. Every word seems to fit into its surroundings with the perfection and beauty of a Florentine Mosaic.

Most of these essays have already attained wide celebrity, especially the brilliant tribute to Lee and the close and clear-cut delineation of the character of Thomas Jefferson, whom he terms "the largest and brightest fixed star in the political firmament of the United States." The Jeffersonian simplicity applied only to outward show, for his grasp of circumstances and mighty wielding of power were far from simple. His advocacy of the franchise was bestowed only when the voter could read and write, and his strenuous advocacy of the establishment of a law that "no person shall be capable of acting in any office, civil, military, or ecclesiastical," who had expended money to attain that office would appall the political boss of the present day, though it might serve as a drastic cure of the body politic.

This essay on Jefferson might be incorporated in the curriculum of every school with decided advantage to the scholars.. Stewart's fealty to his country is embodied in his poem.

BOTH STRONG AND WISE

In the future some historian shall come forth strong and wile, With a love of the republic and the truth before his eyes, He will show the subtle causes of the War between the States, He will go back in his studies far beyond our modern dates, He will trace our hostile ideas as a miner does his lodes, He will show the different habits of different social codes, He will show the Union riven, and the picture will deplore, He will show it reunited and stronger than before. Slow and patient, fair and truthful must the coming teacher be To show how the knife was sharpened that was ground to prune the tree. He will hold the scales of justice, he will measure praise and blame.

And the South will stand the verdict, and stand it without blame

Capt. M. S. Cockrill and Dr. W. J. McMurray, of the Executive Committee for the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home, worked together constantly and gratuitously for many years in behalf of the inmates of the Home. They traveled thousands of miles in their private conveyances. Besides these, several others served Maj. R. H. Dudley, ex Mayor of Nashville, Mr. J. B. O'Bryan, who so efficiently served as chairman at our first

great Confederate Reunion, and since his death the place has been filled by Mr. Ed R. Richardson, a leading merchant of Nashville, and Dr. McMurray's place has been ably filled by Mr. Tim Johnson, who resides at Antioch, a few miles out of Nashville. Capt. M. S. Cockrill said in a tree planting ceremony recently: "I plant this tree to the memory of Dr. W. J. McMurray. May it grow as straight as his character, and may its shade be as comforting as his friendship !"

**MORE HISTORY OF SAM DAVIS
BY HON. N. W. BAPTIST, COVINGTON, TENN.**

[A letter of inquiry was sent to Mr. Baptist, and the following facts are given in answer to that letter.]

Your favor of the 6th inst, was received this morning. Of course I would do anything to serve you or the cause you represent. As soon as your letter was received I phoned Randal and had him come to my office at once, where for one hour I listened to a story full of interest and pathos.

John S. Randal was born near the boundary line of Canada, and when he was six years old moved with his father to the State of Michigan, where he lived near Benton Harbor until about twenty one years ago, when he removed with his family to this town and county and engaged in the sawmill and lumber business. He has lived here ever since, and is sixty six years old. He served nearly four years in the 66th Illinois Regiment during the Civil War.

Some time after the fall of Vicksburg, while at Eastport, on the Tennessee River, he was sent in a detail of twenty five men from his regiment as an escort to General Dodge. He does not remember the name of the captain who commanded the escort. He knew Capt. W. S. Boyd very well, and states that he commanded a company in his regiment, but was not in command of the detail mentioned. However, he recollects the names of several who were in the detail of twenty five men, and will furnish them later should you desire.

While in Pulaski as an escort to General Dodge he was ordered, together with four or five other members of the escort, to accompany a half dozen scouts down the road from Pulaski toward Lawrenceburg for some special duty, the nature of which was not communicated to him or the other men by the officer in command until later on. After going down the Lawrenceburg road about eight or ten miles, they came to a crossroad, where the officer in command ordered a halt and had his men to dismount and secrete themselves in the bushes near by. Some time afterwards they discovered two men on horseback coming up the road toward them. Both were dressed in Confederate uniforms and one of them had on the uniform of a Confederate captain. As soon as these two men had approached within half pistol shot under command of their officer the detail arose from their concealment with their guns leveled upon the two parties and commanded them to halt and dismount, which they did.

The man who appeared in the Confederate captain's uniform was a Federal officer and Federal spy known as "Captain Chickasaw." The other man, apparently about seventeen or eighteen years old, was Sam Davis. He was searched, but no arms were found upon his person. He had over his shoulder what Randal calls a hank of cotton yarn, and in a cloth haversack he had a ball of cotton yarn about the size of a man's double fist. He was questioned closely, but refused to talk about anything connected with his presence there or his business. In searching his pockets they found a sheet of paper with the names of the command's and the officers attached to the same then in Pulaski under General Dodge. They immediately had the two men to remount and the detail took them back that evening to Pulaski. Randal says that on the way back he was impressed with the manly face and demeanor of Sam Davis, and before the direful tragedy was enacted was thoroughly convinced that he was no ordinary man.

Either that evening or the next morning, Randal does not now remember, he and one other comrade were ordered to accompany Captain Chickasaw back to the place of the capture of Davis and bring back the hank and ball of cotton yarn which they had thrown on the ground at the time of the capture. They found it and returned to Pulaski. On opening the ball of yarn the papers, showing disposition of troops, etc., were discovered.

On the day of the execution of Davis Randal was on his horse within six feet of the scaffold, and heard distinctly every word uttered by the officer, who promised him in the name of General Dodge release or to send him under flag of truce, mounted on a good horse, into the Confederate lines if he would disclose the name of the party who gave him the information. He heard distinctly Sam Davis's reply when he told the Federal officer that he was nothing more than a private in the Confederate army, that the man who gave him the information was worth ten thousand times more to the Confederate cause than he was, and that if he had a thousand lives he would give them all rather than betray the man who placed confidence in him. Randal says that when the officer rode up to the scaffold and spoke to Davis they both sat down on the steps of the scaffold, and that the conversation above mentioned occurred while they were both seated, but in distinct tones of voice. He states further that when Davis ended his speech he seemed impatient under the importunities of the Federal officer and at once rose and stepped back upon the scaffold, indicating a desire if they intended to hang him that they would proceed at once.

Randal says he never in all his life witnessed such a pathetic and heroic scene, that he sat on his horse with the tears streaming down his face, and he saw many other Federal soldiers in tears.

Randal is a good citizen and much esteemed by all good people here. He is a modest man, and I am certain that the first time his story was ever told was in my office this morning. When I approached him, he freely gave me the facts, and added that he had thought many times during the past twenty years that he would write out a full account of

the whole transaction, culminating in the death of Davis, and publish it, but had been restrained by the thought that perhaps as a Federal soldier he had better not mix up in the matter,

HOWCHICKASAW AND SAM DAVIS HAPPENED TO BE TOGETHER.

Subsequent inquiry of Colonel Baptist as to what Mr. Randal thought of the conditions that placed Chickasaw and Sam Davis together brought forth the following:

Mr. Randal does not recall any conversation he had with Captain Chickasaw with reference to how he met up with Sam Davis on the morning of his capture, but his recollection is that he heard at the time how the meeting took place between Chickasaw and Davis, and that he got the information from Davis himself. The facts as he recollects them were about as follows: Some Confederate had made his escape from prison in Pulaski, and Captain Chickasaw had been detailed to search for and recapture him. Sam Davis was within the Federal lines and wished to get back to his command or at least to the Confederate lines somewhere near Decatur, and had been told by some citizen or citizens in the neighborhood that there was a Confederate captain, possibly a conscripting officer, also within the Federal lines and somewhere near Pulaski who was going to Decatur, Ala., in a few days, and Davis while searching for that officer fell in with Captain Chickasaw, who evidently caught on to the situation and led Davis into the trap which resulted in his capture.

Mr. Randal, although not one of the guard detailed to guard Davis while in Pulaski, and several other young Federal soldiers about the age of Davis were permitted to go in and talk with Davis while being guarded, and they were directed to ascertain if possible from Davis in general conversation and in an unguarded moment while jollyng as boys who the person was that gave Davis the information as to the military situation within the Federal lines around Pulaski, Mr. Randal also thinks that there were some shrewd detectives detailed for the same purpose, and that these detectives were put in the prison with Davis apparently as captured Confederate soldiers.

Mr. Randal says the Federal officers at Pulaski showed the greatest anxiety to save the life of the boy and get the name of his informant, also that the opinion prevailed that his informant was wearing the uniform of the Federal army, and that his detection and capture were of the utmost importance to the Union.

SAM DAVIS A THEME BY JOSHUA BROWN

At a meeting of the Southern Society and "the Dixie dinner" on February 22 Joshua Brown, a member, talked of Sam Davis. He gave the scriptural quotation, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," as introductory, and added:

In the trying days of our Civil War it fell to my lot to witness one of the sublimest acts of heroism that have ever been recorded in the annals of the world. All ages and in great crises all races of men have produced their heroes and martyrs, but in the incident I propose to narrate there was something so unusual, so much more than ordinarily pathetic and sublime that I cannot but believe it will stand apart in our history.

In a company of scouts with which I served as a soldier in 1863 I had as one of my comrades a Tennessee lad, Samuel Davis. We had been sent within the Federal lines to obtain information deemed of great importance to General Bragg, then in command of the Confederate army near Chattanooga. Plans of the forts about Nashville and other important data had been obtained, and our chief of scouts, known as Captain Coleman, intrusted these papers to Sam Davis to convey to General Bragg. In the effort to cross the Tennessee River we were captured and the papers concealed beneath the seat of Davis's saddle and in his boots were discovered,

Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, commanding the United States forces in that department, was very anxious to discover the source from which Davis had obtained these important documents. This distinguished officer says: I took him into my private office at my headquarters and told him of the very serious charge against him, that he was a spy, having concealed upon his person accurate information in regard to my army, and I must know where he obtained it. I endeavored to impress upon him the danger of his situation, fearing that he did not realize it. Up to this time he said nothing, but when I made this remark, he said in the most respectful and dignified manner:

General Dodge, I know my danger, and I am willing to face it." I still insisted that he should tell me, and that there was no chance for his life unless he gave me the source of his information. He then replied: "I know that I will have to die, but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier and I am doing mine. If I have to die, I do so feeling I am doing my duty to God and my country." I pleaded with and urged him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life, for I saw he was a most admirable young lad of the highest character. I offered him his freedom, a pass through the lines with his horse, and told him no one would know of this but myself. His one reply was: "It is useless to talk to me, for I do not intend to do it. You can court martial me, but I will not betray the trust imposed upon me." He thanked me for the interest I had taken in him, and I sent him back to prison. I immediately called a court martial to try him.'

He was executed on November 27, 1863, On that Friday morning we heard the drums and saw a regiment of infantry march from the jail. Sam Davis was seated on his coffin in the wagon as they moved to the gallows. He looked around and saw us at the window of the prison with Captain Shaw, our commander, known as 'Captain Coleman,' the man who had given Davis the papers. Davis arose from the coffin and gave us a last farewell salute, which was the most dramatic act I have ever seen. Captain Shaw with great feeling and sorrow said: 'If Davis tells, we will all be hung, but he will not tell.' The officer who had been detailed to superintend the execution said to Davis: 'I regret having to do this. I feel that I would almost rather die myself than do what I have to do.' Davis replied: 'I do not think hard of you. You are doing your duty.'

At this critical moment, with the noose about his neck, a member of General Dodge's staff approached the boy and asked him if he would not give him the name of the one from whom he received the papers found upon him, adding: 'Davis, it is not too late yet.' Standing there with the rope about his neck, with perfect composure, this heroic lad said to the officer: 'Thank General Dodge for his efforts to save me, but say to him that if I had a thousand lives I would lose them all here before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer.' And turning to the provost marshal, he said: 'I am ready.' Thus passed away one of the sublimest and noblest characters in history, one who died for principle, his duty to his comrades, and a patriot to his country.

Proudly may we of the South hand down to the ages the name of Sam Davis, for 'none died with greater glory than he, though many died and there was much glory.'

FATHER BLEMILL AND CAPTAIN GRACIE

W. L. Jett, Frankfort, Ky., writes: "The 2d Kentucky Infantry may overlook your giving the 6th Kentucky credit for the fighting they did at Hartsville, but when you undertake to transfer the chaplain of the 4th Kentucky Infantry to the 'Bloody Tenth Tennessee,' the 4th will not stand for it. Father Blemill lost his life praying for a mortally wounded soldier. He was ours, no other shall claim him. There is only a handful of the 4th Kentucky left, but there will be trouble in Tennessee if you don't give up the gallant, glorious, martyred priest chaplain of the 4th Kentucky."

Ed Porter Thompson's "History of the Orphan Brigade," page 274, credits Thomas Owen through the Sunny South with the following in regard to Father Blemill: "He was of French extraction and a priest of the Catholic Church. He served as chaplain of the 4th Kentucky Infantry. His faithfulness to every duty endeared him to Protestants as well as Catholics. He knew no difference in his ministrations. In the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., he was killed by the explosion of a shell. General Lewis, as our forces fell back from an impossible undertaking, saw Father Blemill kneel by a wounded South Carolinian, Captain Gracie, and raise his hands in prayer, and at that instant a cannon ball from the

enemy's gun cut off his head. When the dead were gathered from that gory field, Captain Gracie and Father Blemill lay side by side."

END

Confederate Veteran April 1909

Compiled by Margie Daniels

