

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF
CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS

AUGUST, 1909

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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 terms "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 will 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.

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S. A. CUNNINGHAM. PROPERIETOR

MR. DAVIS, SOLDIER, STATESMAN, MARTYR
BY H. G. BARCLAY, MOBILE, ALA.

O hearts of men, how can I make you feel the thrill
Of energies that held the world aghast?
How can a poet's pen transfer from vale and hill
The magic scenes that framed our heroes' past?
A hero bred in peril, nurtured in distrust,
Whose every breath since manhood crowned his youth
Was one deep drawn inspiration of ancient dust,
Of sacred love of freedom, love of truth,
Whose every prayer at mother's knee or altar shrine
Was whispered with the reverent love of home,
Who read in sun, in moon, in stars a deathless sign
Of glory, bright and fadeless, sure to come
Of glory, bright and fadeless for his people's land,
Inherited and bought with patriot's blood.
O hearts of men, how can I make you understand
The deep heart dreams but few have understood?
Alas! 'twere hopeless now, but in the far off years,
When prejudice and hate have died, and Right,
Once more arisen from her bed of fruitless tears,
Shall stand uncovered in the clear, cold light
Of history, that ruthless foe of vain pretense,
Then shall our valiant Captain's stainless name
Receive, though late, that rich and gracious evidence
That brings at last the real hero fame.

CONCERNING SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MONUMENT

Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of Charleston, S. C., chairman of the committee on the Confederate woman's monument, sends the VETERAN responses of sculptors and others in reply to his request for suggestions on the subject. He makes personal comment on some of them. In regard to that submitted by Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, he says:

The ideas embodied in her sketch seem to be most appropriate, poetic, and artistic. Miss Kinney is a bright and talented daughter of Tennessee, whose intimate association with the Southern people eminently qualifies her to grasp their genius and to picture those attributes of the Confederate woman as we would like to perpetuate her glorious memories.

FLORAL TRIBUTES TO MARGARET DAVIS HAYES

Private letters from Colorado Springs state that floral tributes to the daughter of the South's great chieftain were sent from all over the United States, from the North as well as the sorrowing South. These were sent by express or ordered by telegraph from loving friends until all the house was a mass of bloom. The stocks of florists in Colorado Springs and Denver were exhausted. Four large automobile wagons were required to carry the designs to the cemetery, where deft and loving hands so arranged the fragile blossoms that the vault was entirely hidden and the mound around it as well, so that the casket seemed to rest in bowers of perfumed bloom. These offerings were sent from individuals, State officials, civic bodies, and the various organizations of U. D. C., U. C. V. and U. S. C. V. from every Southern State.

The group of bronzes for the State monuments to the women of the Confederacy designed by Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, Tenn., is particularly artistic and appropriate. She has embodied in this magnificent conception the idea of woman's loyalty to the Confederacy and how unconsciously she is being rewarded for what she did. Our good women have persistently claimed that they wanted no monuments, that they had only done their duty. The thought of the artist to make the crowning of the Confederate woman 'unconscious' to her most happily accords with the high position thus taken by our noble women.

The group depicts Fame, the impartial judge, seated, supporting with her left arm a dying Confederate soldier, claiming him as her own, while kneeling at her right side is the Confederate woman. The woman of the Confederacy, self forgetful and completely absorbed in her purposes, reaches out to rest the emblem of her loving appreciation on the dying soldier, who has given life and all that life holds dear for her and her beloved cause, she thus honors the brave and gives him the tribute of her devoted heart. Meanwhile she is unconsciously being crowned by Fame for this and all her devotion, suffering, sacrifice, and heroism.

It is a beautiful idea and most happily symbolized. The artist is most happy in her depiction of the Confederate woman. It is a figure of great beauty, while innocence, love, and beauty beam from her face, contrasting most vividly with the lofty impersonal countenance of the Goddess of Fame. The positions of all the figures are easy and graceful, and together combine to make a most harmonious group. The outlines and form of the group are most entirely artistic. The whole represents a most appropriate and poetic idea. most artistically and graciously modeled in truthfully perpetuating the glory of the women of the Confederacy.

The monument is ten feet wide, six feet deep at the base, and nine feet high to the top of the woman's head, making the figure measure eight feet.

The eminent sculptor, F. W. Ruckstuhl, author of "Gloria Victis" in Baltimore and other fine Southern monuments, describes his design briefly as follows:

It shows a Southern woman of about forty five with a face full of the beauty and aristocracy and the refinement and strength of the perfect type of the Southern woman, a synthesis of the woman of the South, seated in a splendid Greek chair in a simple dress of the period of 1860 65, with her hair worn in the beautiful style of those days. Her feet will rest on a low Greek footstool, her left arm will rest carelessly on the arm of the chair, her right hand will hold a Louis XIV. fan, symbolizing the elegance of the period to which she had belonged, and rest listlessly on a book lying on her lap and which she has been reading, around her shoulders will be a light fichu. She will be looking straight ahead of her in a mood at once listless and pensive with a tinge of sadness as she reflects over the events of the past and as if saying with the poet:

How fondly memory wanders
Where the feet no more may tread
Into vistas dim and haunted
By the past's unquiet dread,
With familiar phantoms trysting,
Sad to stay, yet loath to part
From spots o'errun by broken
Trailing tendrils of the heart!

Back of her will be a splendid winged figure of Fame holding in her left hand a palm branch and a trumpet, and with her right hand holding over the head of the seated woman a wreath of laurel. By her wings widespread and thrown forward and by her drapery full of motion it will be easily seen that she has just come down from the skies to honor the noble woman seated before her.

By the left side of this figure of Fame will be a boy Cupid eagerly striding forward with an armful of roses which he will offer to the seated woman, by the right side will be a girl Cupid, more timidly walking along and bearing in her left arm a lot of flowers and in her right hand an open scroll with the State seal upon it and showing the name of the Governor who signed the bill passed by the Legislature ordering the erection of this monument. Everything about the seated woman, oblivious of what is going on behind her, is calm and quiet, while behind her all is movement and commotion, the whole symbolizing the genius of the South, accompanied by her children, Love and Sympathy, come to honor the Southern woman. This group will be about ten feet high."

The suggestions by Comrade J. F. Dupree as published in the July VETERAN are given out for their special merit.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS. THE ORGANIZATION TO TAKE ON NEW LIFE.

The Memphis Reunion marks an epoch in the history of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. In the Convention were loyal Sons determined to put the Confederation on a higher plane of activity and power.

The constitution was revised and amended, and already there is evidence of the wisdom of the changes which are made. The Sons have awakened to a fuller realization of their duty as outlined in the commission from Gen. Stephen D. Lee to the Sons. He said: "To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will commit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles which he loved and which you love also, and those ideals which made him glorious and which you also cherish."

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL CREATED

Section 13, Article V., of the constitution provides for the election of an Executive Council to be composed of the Commander in Chief as ex officio chairman and four other members viz., one from each department and one at large and said Executive Council is charged with the performance of the duties prescribed in the constitution and shall have other necessary power in the administration and regulation of the affairs of the Confederation not specially delegated to or made a part of the duties of some other official or committee.

The Executive Council is composed of the following comrades viz. : Clarence J. Owens, Ex Officio Chairman, Abbeville, Ala., Fontaine W. Mahood, Secretary, Washington, D. C., W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va., E. N. Scudder, Vicksburg, Miss., Thomas E. Powe, St. Louis, Mo.

PERMANENT HEADQUARTERS.

Section 115, Article XIX., of the constitution as amended is as follows: "The general headquarters of the Confederation shall be located in some city in the South, to be selected by the Executive Council."

The Executive Council directed the Commander in Chief to give publicity to the fact that the Confederation desires permanent headquarters in some city of the South and to detail the character of the accommodations desired and ask for invitations.

The Council will be called to meet October 11 at some point to be designated by the Commander in Chief. Pending the selection of permanent headquarters and the election of a permanent Adjutant General, the Council selected Memphis, Tenn., as temporary general headquarters and Nathan Bedford Forrest as temporary Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff.

ARREARS CANCELED

The Convention canceled all arrears, and this gives the defunct Camps throughout the Confederation an opportunity to qualify again with the organization. A strenuous campaign has been inaugurated for the reorganization of dead Camps and the organization of new Camps. Under the direction of the Commander in Chief from his headquarters (the temporary general headquarters) a vigorous effort is being made to infuse new life into the Confederation. Members of the Executive Council, Department Commanders, Division Commanders, the Historian General, and prominent comrades are making active effort to have the organization reach the high ideals for which it was brought into existence.

DR. CLARENCE JULIAN OWENS.

Dr. Clarence Julian Owens, of Abbeville, Ala., was elected Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans at the Reunion held in Memphis June 8 10, 1909.

Dr. Owens has experienced rapid promotion through all the grades of rank in the Confederation. He has served in the following offices : Adjutant of Camp Olin M. Dantzler, Orangeburg, S. C., Adjutant of Camp John H. Caldwell, Anniston, Ala., Division Inspector, Alabama Division, Brigade Commander, Fifth Alabama Brigade, Division Commander, Alabama Division, Department Commander, Army of Tennessee Department.

Commander in Chief Owens has been active in the work of the Confederation. He has served on important committees, and has been a worker in the Conventions for nearly a decade. He secured the funds for the erection of a monument to the gallant Pelham at Anniston, Ala., and he has written the life of this brave officer. Dr. Owens has delivered scores of addresses on patriotic themes. He was chosen as orator of the day for the celebration in Montgomery, Ala., of the centenary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee. He has conducted an aggressive effort to remove the extract from Ingersoll's speech from the walls of Arlington, where it was placed by military order of Gen. M. C. Meigs in 1876.

The subject of this sketch was born in Augusta, Ga., July 4, 1877. He is a Master of Arts graduate of the George Washington University, Washington, D. C. He is President of the Southeast Alabama Agricultural College, located at Abbeville, Ala., and President of the Department of Industrial Arts of the Alabama Educational Association. He is a Past

Chancellor Commander Knights of Pythias, Past Noble Grand I. O. O. F., a member of Zamora Temple, A. A. O. N. M. Shrine, and President of the Henry County Interdenominational Sunday School Convention.

The temporary headquarters of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans have been established at Memphis, with Nathan Bedford Forrest as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff. The Executive Council of the Confederation will meet in October and establish permanent headquarters and elect a permanent Adjutant General, who will devote his entire time to the work of the organization.

DESIRES TO HEAR FROM SONS OF VETERANS.

The VETERAN is asked why it is that so little is ever heard from the Sons of Veterans. Its columns are filled with acts of the other organizations, the Daughters of the Confederacy are never weary with well doing, and even the little Children of the Confederacy report much progress, and only the Sons are silent. Are they idle?

The veterans are fast going away. Will Southern ranks be empty? Let the son fill the sire's place, and prove the merit of "the stone which the builders rejected." These Sons of Veterans must have a place. It will be to honor the fathers or reproach their memory.

In reply to the foregoing the VETERAN voices a hopeful outlook for the Sons in the near future despite the discouragements of so many years of disappointment. The Sons are devoted to the principles of their fathers. Those who are honored with positions of importance should realize their responsibility.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN GEORGIA

A movement is being agitated in the Georgia Legislature which provides compulsory education in the State. Every child of school age must attend for sixty days during the school year, which is to be about three months. Where children live in sparsely settled districts the omnibus system is to be adopted. A vehicle is to be provided which will gather up the children in the morning, returning them at night. The failure of any parent to send the child to school is finable five dollars for the first offense, ten for all subsequent ones. Realizing fully that child advancement in education is the fundamental resource for each one, this rigid school law may do much good.

FRANKLIN BATTLEFIELD AS NATIONAL PARK

The fitness of such action as making the battlefield of Franklin a national park has often been urged by the VETERAN. No place has more historic interest with more suitable conditions. It was as severely a contested battle as ever was fought, and greater carnage, time and area considered, is not known. This battlefield should be fittingly memorialized. Tennessee should determine to memorialize it. The general government should make it a national park. Letters on the subject are here given:

T. C. Harbaugh, of Casstown, Ohio, earnestly advocates the movement, and has written an appeal for the National Tribune. He states that the matter should be taken up with Senators and Congressmen, as unity of effort means success.

Capt. John M. Hickey, now of Washington, believes the government would be glad to take the matter in hand if the veterans of both sides would manifest the interest they really feel and earnestly push it to conclusion. He thinks a joint monument to the soldiers of both sides should be placed near the Carter house or the old cotton gin. Captain Hickey was in command of a company of the 2d and 6th Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., near the Carter house in the memorable charge, and was terribly wounded.

M. M. Heaver, of Sherwood, Ohio, who belonged to Company I, 100th Ohio Regiment, says that it was the hottest fight he was ever in, and that he hopes it will be erected.

H. B. Talbert, Postmaster of Hillister, Tex., states that he was in the Union army, and also was in the 100th Ohio Regiment, that they were on the left of the Columbia Pike, and when the Confederates filed in behind them, they had to strike a two forty gait to get away, as the place was hotter than that mentioned in the Revised Bible. He thinks two monuments should be erected, one to the blue and another to the gray, and that he would give his mite to both alike. He believes all his comrades will do likewise.

John E. Butler writes from Franklin, Pa., referring to the National Tribune article by T. C. Harbaugh: "As a humble participant I certainly think that all who took part in that battle, fought more than forty four years ago, should urge their Representatives in Congress to act on this commendable object. I see that your part of the Confederate line was immediately in front of the Carter house. Ours was on the extreme left of the Federal line. Some distance to our rear in a small brick dwelling lived Mrs. Nichols and her little daughters. Should either of these be still living, they will doubtless recall the efforts of the little Yankee drummer boy to lessen the danger to their household that day."

Mrs. A. J. Hamill, the venerable mother of distinguished men, who had six brothers and two sons in the Confederate army, manifests much anxiety for a joint monument to both armies. She wants to contribute ten dollars to it. She favors the memorial arch across the Columbia Pike near the Carter house equal in tribute to the valor of both sides. Mrs. Hamill is ninety years old. May she live to see such arch created

STORY OF MR. LINCOLN AT TARGET PRACTICE

Mr. Charles N. Race, formerly of Owasso, Mich., now of Atlanta, Ga., who was a private in the Berdan Sharpshooters, tells a story in the Georgian of Mr. Lincoln at a target practice, which is here given in substance:

While the Berdan Sharpshooters were encamped at Alexandria President Lincoln would go over with Secretary Stanton every few days to watch us at drill and target practice. It was in 1861, not long before we were ordered to the front. President Lincoln was very fond of watching the target practice, and rarely paid us a visit without firing a few rounds himself. He was an excellent shot, too.

Our favorite target at that time was the life size figure of a Zouave, his uniform painted in gaudy colors, the distance ranging from two hundred to six hundred yards. On one occasion our range instructor had prepared a target. It was painted to represent a man in civilian's attire and labeled in big, plain letters 'Jeff Davis.' This target was to be run up when the President's time came to fire.

Mr. Lincoln stepped up, selected his rifle, and indicated his readiness to fire. Then with the rifle half raised he looked full at the target for the first time.

We want to see you take a crack at that, Mr. President,' said the instructor.

Mr. Lincoln lowered his rifle and turned from the target to the instructor. He didn't say a word. He simply looked at him with an expression full of surprise, of disappointment, and of sorrow. Then he laid the rifle down gently and went a little way off from the group, walking up and down by himself with folded arms and bowed head for several minutes. After a time he came back and fired several shots at the regular target that unlucky new one had vanished but he was unusually silent and soon went away.

RESTORING "JEFFERSON DAVIS" TO CABIN JOHN BRIDGE.

J. B. Home writes from Washington, D. C.: "Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, of this city, gave me a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and I enjoyed reading it. Dr. Lewis prescribed for me and has given me strict orders to remain in the house. I have been sick since I finished the work of restoring the name of Jefferson Davis on Cabin John Bridge. It was the most trying work I ever did, and only my sentiment, love of justice, and high regard for Jefferson Davis kept me up till my task was finished. But it is done, and well done, even if I am suffering now. The Doctor thinks it is only temporary. I have the satisfaction of doing something that I have been wanting to do for years. I send you a souvenir a picture of the bridge inscription. It is not much, but it means a great deal to me. I wish you and your good periodical all the prosperity that this selfish world allows."

THE FOURTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY

Some one has sent pictures of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry made in the war period, and such pictures are so rare that they have been engraved. It is desired that some member of that regiment write a brief sketch. Together with those photos an individual picture was sent, and is printed herewith in the hope of procuring data about him. He may have been an officer in that regiment. The picture recalls that of Brig. Gen. J. L. Hogg. See page 379 of VETERAN for August. 1897.

A FEDERAL HEARD GLADLY OF SAM DAVIS. BY L. W. FORGRAVES, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

I was a musician at the headquarters of Gen. G. M. Dodge at Pulaski, Tenn., and helped to play the dead march at the murder of Sam Davis.

With four years of service in the Union army (I was in the 4th Division, 15th Army Corps) I never witnessed such bravery as was portrayed by him at the time of his killing. This boy Davis was offered a reprieve by a chief of scouts named Chickasaw at headquarters if he would tell where his captain was. As I could hear, he told them he would die a thousand deaths first. The judge advocate at this trial was a second lieutenant of Company K, 7th Iowa Infantry, who was never in a fight or battle during the war. He is dead now. Peace to his ashes

I can never obliterate the expression of Davis's face, as he was a boy about my own age. He wore at that time a roundabout or pea jacket and a black slouch hat. I have wondered who his folks were very often, and was glad to know that he was not forgotten. Davis is in heaven, I trust.

PATRIOTIC LETTER FROM THE "OTHER SIDE"

Charles J. Merrilt (First Connecticut Cavalry), of Medina, N. Y., writes to Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone:

Dear Madam: It is with hesitation that I write to you, because I do not wish to seem officious regarding the organization over which you preside. Since first reading your article in the March VETERAN on the 'Prize Essay' an impulse of my heart has led me to write a few word's.

Though a subscriber to the VETERAN, I am one of the 'other side.' You will be able to understand my feeling, as stated above, and I trust you will accept what I write in the spirit that prompts it. I have read your article three times, and have been much impressed with its conservatism, its kindly consideration, and the praiseworthy spirit in which you gave expression to your views. Different opinions must of necessity result from varying

environment and view point. The time for recrimination is past, the future of our people and nation calls for the best effort we can give to make its unification perfect.

We veterans on both sides are nearing rapidly the great white throne of God, and when we shall stand at last in its clear light, we shall know the right of all things. I have an earnest desire that every Daughter may find it possible in her heart to take unto herself the spirit which your words express so well, and especially the terse summary contained in the closing paragraph thereof, and be led thereby. Pardon me, please, if I remark that all of us may well do so 'with malice toward none, with charity for all.'

[Mr. Merritt's letter was sent to Houston instead of Galveston, Tex., and the foregoing is a copy sent recently. ED.]

FEDERAL SOLDIERS AT MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ATLANTA

The United States troops located at McPherson Barracks, Atlanta, participated in the memorial exercises to Confederate dead. The Atlanta Camp, No. 159, passed resolutions of gratitude in which it was stated: "We highly appreciate the courtesy paid to the Ladies' Memorial Association, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the United Confederate Veterans on our last Memorial Day, April 26, 1909, by Col. John T. Van Orsdale and his command from Fort McPherson. We were glad to see the uniforms of the United States army and the stars and stripes of our reunited country in the procession with us to do honor to our comrades who gave their lives for the cause of the South. We rejoice in every new evidence that days of fraternal strife are ended never to return, and we unite with all our brethren of every section of the Union in the prayer that henceforth peace and love may unite all our States as they move harmoniously in their orbits around the central sun of liberty." John W. Woodruff, of the Atlanta Camp, writes: "This is the first time in the history of the Confederate Veterans that we have been honored by an escort of a regiment of United States regulars at our Memorial Day exercises.

GEORGIA'S MONUMENT TO THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH

F. W. Ruckstuhl, who is a great favorite as a sculptor in the South, especially in South Carolina, is at work on a statue to the women of the Confederacy for Georgia. It is to embody ideal Southern womanhood. The figure represents a woman as seated, her work done, with her children beside her, and back of her is hovering the form of an angel who holds poised above her head the laurel wreath of fame.

It would be fortunate if all the Southern States could cooperate in regard to a woman's monument.

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.

NEED FOR PROMPT, UNITED ACTION

The most imperative and the most pressing demand upon Confederates at this time is the repayment of the amount advanced upon the birthplace of Jefferson Davis. A generous hearted comrade, realizing that owners of property very necessary to the area to be procured would not renew their options, advanced the money, and perfect titles are recorded to all the lands necessary. He furnished the money at five per cent interest. Now let us show our appreciation of that patriotic, generous deed by a generous response. The Daughters of the Confederacy have so far exceeded the veterans except in individual cases, and we can depend upon them as a body. Appeal is made to small Chapters wherever located, to Veteran Camps, to the United Sons of Confederate veterans, and to the Confederated Memorial Association.

By a prompt, united effort of all these organizations and the kind of response that patriotic men and women could easily make the result would be of high credit to the Southern people to all who revere the character and the noble life of Jefferson Davis a life that is creditable to mankind. In his boyhood, in the tragic trials of his manhood, and to a grand old age he was faithful in all things.

Report all subscriptions to the VETERAN, and remit either to the VETERAN or to Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, Louisville, Ky.

Contributions range from \$ 1.00 to \$100.00

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In the list of contributors to the Jefferson Davis Home Association as published in the VETERAN for July should have appeared the Egbert J. Jones Camp, U. C. V., of Huntsville, Ala., from which was received \$10. The name of George W. Howard, of College Park, Ga., should also have appeared in that list, as well as in the additional list of subscribers to the Sam Davis monument, he having given one dollar to each.

Attention is called to the many articles in this issue of the VETERAN. Some persons in speaking and writing of it say "paper." If they will read this one issue with care, they will find more interesting, concisely written articles than can be found in any other magazine published. This bold assertion is made without doubt as to its accuracy. There is more carefully prepared reading than can be found anywhere for the money. Indeed, while not so bulky as some of the high priced magazines, it deserves first place among them.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.
BY MRS. CORNELLA BRANCH STONE, BLUE RIDGE SPRINGS, VA.

To keep in touch with you and to remind you that the sixteenth year of our united effort is nearing its close and that the days between will rapidly pass and that there is still much to be done before our annual report must be made is reason for this appeal.

The General Convention U. D. C., as you know, will be held in Houston, Tex., October 19, 1909, and the local Chapters, Camps, and citizens are full of plans for your entertainment and pleasurable anticipation of your coming. The population of Texas is largely made up of immigration from each of the United States, but largely the Southern States, and all of the countries of Europe, and many of you will have this opportunity of meeting relatives and friends, thus renewing old ties while forming new friendships, all of which goes to make up the sum of human happiness.

Since attending the Conventions of three State Divisions your President met with our dear veterans at their annual Reunion in Memphis, Tenn., and enjoyed the blessedness of greeting the large number in attendance. In bearing your message to them of loving loyalty and service to the glorious cause which they represent and the principles and character for which they stand in our national history, and above all the assurance of your devotion to our dear old guard and watchfulness of their needs, hearty response was given, showing their trust and confidence in our pledges. This involves much of individual responsibility and continued effort, but my faith in your readiness to meet all requirements is so full that there is no room for fear.

Of Division Presidents I would ask zealous and close attention to the work of the General Association on the memorials at Arlington National Cemetery and on the battlefield of Shiloh, urge the Chapters of your respective Divisions to assist the State Directors of these Monument Associations in the collection of funds. A ready response is asked to the plans of the Committee on Education as outlined by the Chairman, Miss Poppenheim, and also an earnest cooperation with the Historian General, Mrs. Robinson, and the Committee on History in this important department of our labor with a faithful compliance to all requirements of dues to State, Chapter, and General Association U. D. C., without which a creditable and full representation cannot be had in our next General Convention.

It is expected that favorable railroad and hotel rates will be secured, of which as soon as possible information in detail will be sent to you by the Recording Secretary General, and it is earnestly hoped that the attendance will be large at this annual meeting, where new inspiration and enthusiasm may be found for future advancement and progress.

Divisions and Chapters are requested to take active measures to organize auxiliary Chapters of children during these vacation months, when the young people are free to give thought to such work, enlist the boys and girls in line, that the perpetuation of the Daughters of the Confederacy and Sons of Confederate Veterans may be assured and the

memorial, historical, and educational work, now so well in hand, be continued for all time. This is urged in no spirit of antagonism, but in the interest of a higher patriotism and nobler citizenship in which selfish ends and graft can find no place, for men and women cannot recall the heroic deeds of the past which involve so much of self sacrifice and adherence to the purest principles without an inspiration and stirring impulse to love of country and devotion to its service.

From day to day your President is with you hand in hand in this supreme effort for the uplifting of our citizenship and the preservation of our great treasury of precious memories in which we know no shame.

DEATH OF VICE CHANCELLOR B. L. WIGGINS

The death at Sewanee of Chancellor Wiggins gave universal sorrow throughout the South. The Sewanee school has drawn its clientele not alone from the South, but from many Northern States as well, and wherever these boys have gone, they have carried a loving homage of Chancellor Wiggins in their hearts, and the sad news of his death brought sorrow to many households widely divided by miles of space.

Chancellor Wiggins was intensely individual, his acts and thoughts being tinged by his personality. He was keen in his conceptions and quick yet accurate in his judgments not only of men but of events. Tenacious of purpose and opinions when his active brain was convinced that he was right, he was quick to acknowledge error when his heart showed the fault. He ever exhibited the highest ideals of noble living and thinking. He set his standards among the stars, and was never weary of helping his students climb up to them. He was patient with those who fell, yet in falling tried to rise, and was never chary of his praise of those climbers whose progress knew no fall. He was a character builder, teaching all his "architects of fate" to build for eternity, helping them always to choose carefully their building material so that God himself "could call the completed structure beautiful, entire, and clean." Though dead, Chancellor Wiggins lives in his students, and his influence in ever widening circles will go on and on till the vanishing ripples are lost in the vast and unknown future.

The funeral rites over the dead Chancellor were marked by the simplicity and beauty that characterized the man. There was nothing added nor nothing omitted that a full knowledge of the loved leader could have suggested. Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee, assisted by Bishop Weed, of Florida, and Bishop Wilson, of Georgia, read the grandly impressive ritual for the dead used by the Episcopal Church, and from the solemn "I am the resurrection and the life, whoso believeth in me, though he be dead, yet shall he live" to the end of the service was a hushed silence in the crowded audience.

The body lay in state for a day, with the cadets in full uniform serving as a bodyguard. Through the wish of the family there were neither Masonic nor military honors, but the cadets were allowed to attend in a body as a token of respect to their beloved Chancellor.

Deeply impressive was the long procession that wound through the sun and shadow flecked paths from the chapel to the cemetery. In the long line that followed the dead Chancellor to his last resting place were Church dignitaries, college professors with their insignia of rank, cadets in full uniform, and friends who had been such for years. Among the distinguished company were Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee Bishops Weed and Gray, of Florida, Bishop Wilson, of Georgia, Bishop Bratton, of Mississippi, Bishop Guerry, of South Carolina, Bishop Reese, of Georgia, and Bishop Beckwith, of Alabama, and many prominent clergy of different States.

The bier on which were laid the remains of Chancellor Wiggins was covered with masses of flowers, and later the grave was hidden in the quantities of blossoms which had come from Maine to Texas from Churches, societies, and individuals.

Dr. Wiggins was a son in law of Bishop Quintard, deceased, who was a beloved Confederate chaplain.

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS AT OWENSBORO, KY
BY DR. MONTGOMERY GANO BUCKNER,

PASTOR FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: This is an extraordinary occasion, one worthy of a far better service than I can hope to render. Memorial days are for the recall and proper perpetuation of such incidents as a noble mind would cherish. Charity weaves a web of forgetfulness over ignoble acts and lives of shame. We are here to day because we have a chapter in our history worthy to be commemorated a chapter replete with deeds of valor wrought in the supreme hour of strife for conscience' sake. Such events and lives have ever held securest place in human sentiment and have called most commandingly for memorial observances. To forget them exposes a shameless degeneracy in the passing generation and robs the unborn of his most priceless legacy. What but a nation's history can make a nation great? Naught can so inspire a youth as the life story of his country's heroic men. The ministry of a national song cannot be overestimated:

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side Let freedom ring

Pardon a grandson of Virginia for adding these lines:
Land where the cavalier,
Undaunted by a fear,
On every far frontier
His altar raised

Such songs are worthy to be crooned above every cradle, and so sung will bear their fruit in a generation of unconquerable patriots. The Fourths of July, with their old fashioned observance singing national airs, reading the Declaration of Independence, recounting the causes which led to the revolt of the colonies, and the stirring and graphic story of those heroic battles which made our country free have been the bulwark of American liberty. This policy of memorialization was outlined by the all knowing God when he ordained for Israel her great feast days and caused to be written an imperishable record of the most thrilling events and daring deeds of all her history. Take from the Israelitish people their Passovers and Pentecost's, silence their songs of Zion, burn their scroll of Holy Scriptures, and you rob the world of one of her most ancient and most useful peoples. Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and you who come to join in these acts of loving remembrance, I tell you that we do well to honor and unyieldingly memorialize those noble sires of ours who wore the gray and fought beneath the ensign which bore the stars and bars. As an American citizen I love this Union, my heart pulses and thrills at every added distinction which comes to that already glorious emblem of the stars and stripes. I love it more because it floats over an undivided and, I believe, indissoluble federation of States. I would not take one jot or tittle from the praise accorded to those strong, brave men who wore the blue. They have played a splendid part in the past of this the greatest republic of all history. They are worthy to be memorialized on special days, in granite shafts, and to have their figures carved in marble. They fought for a principle which time has perhaps proved to be wise and expedient. Give their leaders the honor, if you please, accorded to the far seeing statesman, but do not try to honor them by defaming fact, perverting history, and degrading our fathers and mothers by calling the cause of the Confederacy "a rebellion."

If secession was a stroke at the government, then the Constitution needs revision and colonial history is at variance with fact. If that revered and fundamental document were even subject to double construction, no one has a right to insult the memory of our noble fathers by calling them Rebels, nor should one question the real virtues of the Northern soldier by building his pedestal on the unstable and disastrous support of a gross injustice. No! No! These were not Rebels! If ever man fought for sacred vested right, if ever heart revolted against encroachment upon these guaranteed rights of the governed in short, if life was ever forfeited at the stern call of a liberty loving conscience then these so revolted, fought, and gloriously died.

Daughters of the Confederacy, it falls to you, a beautiful ministry and an unalterable duty, to breathe into the heart of your child a challenge to this dreadful wrong. It becomes your high privilege to take your boy in mind if not in factto Lexington, Va., and standing within that modest chapel, your eyes and his fixed upon the august recumbent marble figure of that unblemished gentleman, that spotless Christian man, that greatest military chieftain of his time, there and then tell your boy that Robert E. Lee was no Rebel and that he led no Rebel band when victory after victory marked his genius and rewarded their deeds of splendid valor. Tell him of that dark night when the honor of our country was at stake, when General Scott, far from his base of supplies, was struggling to gain

entrance to the City of Mexico. Tell him how a captain suggested the move which won the victory and threaded the darkness over a trackless mountain way through the enemies' lines that the order might be conveyed. Tell him that this intrepid patriot, this daring and gifted soldier was the Confederacy's stainless hero, Capt. Robert E. Lee.

Point then to the grim walls of old Virginia Military Institute. Tell your boy of the gaunt major who gave ten years of his life with such devotion to stern duty in teaching young men and such fidelity in following the highest ideals of life that his name became proverbial for honor and inflexible integrity. Tell your child that when that battle of the City of Mexico was at its crisis a lieutenant of artillery, deserted by all his men who were not slain, shells shrieking about him, was calmly loading and aiming and firing, and that he perhaps more than any one man in the fighting line contributed to the honor of our arms that day. Tell him that Lieut. T. J. Jackson, promoted to major for gallantry on the field, had not in him the material for a Rebel, and that stone walls of patriotism are built of such hearts as his.

Just here let me quote to you the words of an English army officer, certainly an impartial observer. He writes: "When in the process of time the history of secession comes to be viewed with the same freedom from prejudice as the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it will be clear that the fourth great revolution of the English speaking race differs in no essential characteristic from those which preceded it. It was not simply because five members were illegally impeached in 1642, the seven bishops illegally tried in 1688, men shot at Lexington in 1775, or slavery threatened in 1861 that the people rose. These were the occasions, not the causes, of revolt. In each case a great principle was at stake: in 1642 the liberty of the subject, in 1688 the integrity of the Protestant faith, in 1775 taxation only with the consent of the taxed, in 1861 the sovereignty of the individual States.

We may all deplore the hasty perhaps impetuous act of South Carolina in seceding, we should all deplore the unbridled utterances of a small party of the abolitionists of the North, because these two unhappy occurrences, coming as they did at the nation's crisis, made amicable adjustment impossible and enforced sober minded patriots both North and South to take their stand for or against secession. Many and grave were the differences existing between the agricultural section lying on the one side and the industrial section lying on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. Widely were their commercial interests divergent, and their social ideas were positively antagonistic, yet the careful and patriotic student of history is led to believe that, had there been no extravagant zeal on the one hand and no extreme sensitiveness and impetuous haste on the other, our unfortunate civil strife might have been averted and all the ends of justice and morality conserved by peaceable adjustment. After Fort Sumter had been fired upon and President Lincoln had called for 75,000 militia, the honor of the flag called true men to rally from the North, and the certain encroachment upon the sovereign rights of their several States stirred the genuine old liberty loving spirit of the Southerner, and the bloodiest conflict of all the ages was inevitable.

The great leaders of the Confederacy loved the Union, and it was with a desperate inward struggle that they yielded the gorgeous vision of their country's mighty future and determined to fight for a principle which they loved better than life a principle which was whispered through all the traditions of their English speaking ancestors and poured into their being from their nursing mother's breast. Well might these Southerners love the Union, for in her Hall of Fame most honored places were held by names of men whose blood was the Southland's offering to that Union's splendid place among the nations.

Here are some words to indicate the feeling of the Confederate as he saw the war cloud blackening above his head. They are the words of Stonewall Jackson, and worthy to be memorized by every child of a Southern soldier. Hear them: "If the general government should persist in the measures now threatened, there must be war. It is painful enough to discover with what unconcern they speak of war and threaten it. They do not know its horrors. I have seen enough of it to make me look upon it as the sum of all evils." This intrepid leader of men and stalwart patriot through education and training had been led to look upon Virginia as never having surrendered her right to the final word in any great question which confronted her. Coercion from without her borders he viewed as foreign invasion. Whether it came from North or South, or East or West, it mattered not, he was willing to give, and he did give, his life in an effort to maintain her independence. It is a notable fact that he ever spoke of the war of secession as the second war of independence. Closing his speech to the old 1st Brigade when he was about to be transferred to the command of the Shenandoah Valley District, he said: "You are the First Brigade in the affections of your general, and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the first brigade of this our second war of independence. Farewell!

They tell us that the pictures which adorn our walls and impress themselves upon the susceptible mind of a child are very important factors in molding character. A splendid painting of the sea is said to have sent seven sons of a mother out upon the highways of the deep. She wondered how her boys could have been so enamoured of the distant ocean. Then she contemplated the picture which had hung before their gaze through all those forming years and said in sadness: "I know now it is that picture which has robbed me of my boys."

There is a picture which I am glad hangs in clear light on the walls of my memory. As a little child I stand again with a group of children looking upon the quiet, strong face of a bearded man. In hushed whisper one of the older of the group is saying: "That is a picture of Gen. Stonewall Jackson. He was a brave man, and he was a good man, and he was killed in the war." We knew what war. Our uncle's crippled arm told the story of battle. I never went into what we called "the room over the parlor" that I did not look long at that picture and remember that "he was a brave man and a good man, and that he was killed in the war." I know more of his life now, and in the light of that added information I know that the words of my childish instructor were accurately and literally true. He was brave and he was good. Brave! As long as the record of the battle of Bull Run lives his bravery shall be known.

That was a dreadful moment when General Bee, dusty and worried, his horse covered with foam, came galloping up and said: "They are beating us back, General." "Then we will give them the bayonet," was the quiet reply. The firm thin lips set, the order was given, and the 1st Brigade slowly climbed to the eastern edge of Henry Hill and took position, there to remain under the devastating fire of the enemy, with their cool, imperturbable commander moving slowly back and forth before them, the most exposed to danger of them all. He was saying as he rode, "Steady, men! Steady, men!" until the very center of the onrushing army of the enemy was in full view, then the quiet voice was heard again: "Wait, boys, until they are within fifty yards of you, then fire and charge bayonets, yelling with all your might as you charge." No wonder General Bee pointed to him and said to his own confused men: "Fall in behind the Virginians and organize. Don't you see Jackson standing like a stone wall?" The pictures of these noble heroes and the story of their lives of faith and fortitude and valiant deeds will bless our children,

But our wreaths are not alone for the great leaders of the war of secession. All over this fair Southland and near us here to day are marble shafts and slabs and blocks of stone to mark the sleeping chambers of men who dared to die for what they held as right. Theirs was the spirit which has never cowered before a despot's frown or brooked a tyrant's rule. All that America holds dearest to day was purchased at the cost of just such lives as theirs, and our best security for the future is in the possibility that every citizen may guard with just such self forgetting zeal the inalienable right of local self government. If there be a rock looming in the path of our ship of State, that rock is imperialism. If there be a storm to drive us upon that rock, it is the storm of untempered passion raised by the unthinking agitator who strives to make the laboring man look upon the employer as his natural and necessary enemy. If these pestiferous fellows are as successful as that small party of rabid abolitionists in causing men of impetuous haste to attack the flag, we shall no doubt find another step toward imperialism inevitable. The principle of individual rights might once more become involved and made to play with telling effect against the so called honor of the flag. However it all may be, God grant that there may never come a time in this great American republic when an emperor may ascend the throne and a freeborn citizen give place to a servile subject without a stubborn, unyielding revolt on the part of some section or some party somewhere and somehow! The spirit of 1775 which revived in 1861 is worthy to live, it does live and must continue.

If these veterans were great in war, they are greater still in peace. No civil strife could come to our State while those grave old men who wore the blue and the gray have places in the councils of Cabinet and Congress. Their lesson was learned at vast expense, but it will save us so long as they shall live. Their bravery was amply attested in the recent sixties, but I believe an evidence more eloquent of genuine manhood is manifesting itself to day. About a year ago up in Northern Ohio I was asked to speak to a men's Church club one night. Somehow the subject and the occasion challenged my Southern blood. I took advantage of the opportunity to place my humble wreath upon the Confederate soldier's brow. And, however awkwardly it was done, I can assure you it was done with all the glad fervor of a sincere purpose. After the meeting was over, an old man clad in a faded blue coat addressed me. His face bore marks of life's stern struggle, but his steady,

honest eyes revealed the sterling manhood of his being. This is what he said: "Young man, you did right to night, and you will ever do well to honor the memory of those noble men who went before you in our Southland. I fought for the Union, and I rejoice that it remains as it does, but I tell you there never was a nobler, braver band of men nor truer, purer women than those we fought to overcome. They believed they fought for the right, and they would have belied their real character had they submitted without that dreadful struggle." As I looked into his calm face I knew that this veteran was never a coward in battle, but I tell you, whatever his honors then, he was never so honorable as in this attitude, maintained in the hour of peace, toward his erstwhile foe. * * * There is a great Commander there whose legions are formed of those who have loved the truth and hated a lie. He knows his own by name and they know his voice. God grant that the noble men of the gray and the noble men of the blue and all their sons and daughters may one day rally under his banner, for he was and is and ever shall be the mightiest of all the mighty captains over angels or over men.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S STATUE OF CALHOUN FOR WASHINGTON.

Mr. F. W. Ruckstuhl will shortly complete the statue of John C. Calhoun. It will be unveiled in the Hall of Fame early in December, as soon as Congress meets. It will be not only a work of art, but a good portrait of the distinguished statesman. John Ross Key, the Washington artist, who in his youth saw Mr. Calhoun and remembers him well, declared that the photographs had "the very look and expression of the man." Miss Eliza Calhoun, who lives in the Louise Home and is the niece of Calhoun, said: "It is the best likeness I have ever seen of Uncle John." A replica will be ordered by South Carolina for the Statehouse there. Mr. Ruckstuhl has become a citizen of South Carolina and has constituted himself a sculptor almost exclusively of the South. He has just received the order from South Carolina for the monument to the women of the Confederacy to be erected by the people of the State and will make it while in Europe. From the photographs of the model it will be beautiful, embodying, as it does, the idea of a Southern matron seated in repose her work accomplished. Beside her are her children, one on each side, and behind her is the winged figure of the genius of the South, who, all unconsciously to her, is about to place on her head the laurel wreath of fame.

THE EYES OF GENERAL BRECK INRIDGE BY H. G. DAMON, CORSICANA, TEX.

I never saw Gen. John C. Breckinridge but once, the occasion being his farewell speech to the remnant of Duke's Brigade near the village of Woodstock, Ga., where we disbanded about May 7, 1865. We, with Vaughn's and Dibrell's Brigades, had escorted President Davis and his Cabinet from Charlotte, N. C., to Washington, Ga. On the banks of the Savannah River we were halted. Each private was paid \$28 in silver and then we took up our march to Washington, from which place we proceeded to Woodstock. Up to that time we thought we were on our way to the Trans Mississippi Department, where we expected to continue the fight, but Breckinridge's speech dissipated that idea.

He told us the war was over, and there was nothing to do but go home and accept the situation. He was followed by General Duke. Both spoke with great emotion, and the eloquence and pathos of it brought tears to the eyes of nearly every man there. I believe General Breckinridge was the finest looking man I ever saw. What struck me most forcibly were his eyes, clear, penetrating, magnetic, and commanding, the sort that would search the recesses of your soul.

Within three hours we separated, the Kentucky boys taking the back track, and I, with Henry Worrell, another Florida boy, going South to my home, in Tallahassee. Sometime afterwards in conversation with Sampson Butler, who had seen service with the Florida troops, I spoke of these incidents, and in mentioning General Breckinridge told how the General's eyes had impressed me. Sampson said: "Soon after the surrender some other Confederates and I were stopping with old Captain Tucker, who lived in the country about four miles from Madisonville. The Captain was the soul of hospitality, and took care of every Confederate who came. General Breckinridge arrived about that time and stayed with us several days. All the boys knew who he was, and if any Yankees had tried to take him, there would have been some trouble. One day we went into town. A company of Federal troops was stationed there, and one of their number, a little lieutenant, no sooner saw Breckinridge than he recognized him as a man of distinction. This man followed us all over town. No matter where we went, that little Yankee was on our footsteps. Finally he confronted us, and then Breckinridge showed what stuff he was made of. He turned, drew himself up to his full height, and without saying a word gave him a look. The effect was magical. The man turned and went away, and we did not see him again."

RECARDING MEMORIAL TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN

Mrs. Harriet P. Lynch, of the Cheraw (S. C.) Chapter, U. D. C., sends the VETERAN a brilliant article on the subject of the form that the memorial to Southern women should take. She says that the women who bravely suffered in the sixties would never have selected a monument of stone or bronze to be raised in their honor, that they would have chosen instead a living monument. Mrs. Lynch eloquently advocates the building of a college or colleges for the education of Southern children.

ST. LOUIS WANTS THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT

St. Louis twenty two years ago held one of the largest G. A. R. Encampments ever held, and efforts are now being made to secure the 1910 meeting in that city. Governor Hadley and Mayor Kriesman join in their invitations, which are ably seconded by the Confederate Camps of Missouri.

FROM THE RAPIDAN TO PETERSBURG
WILCOX'S ALABAMA BRIGADE IN THAT MEMORABLE CAMPAIGN.
BY HON. GEORGE CLARK, WACO, TEX.

The last year of the Confederacy opened with an air of gloom which gave little prospect of ultimate success. The Mississippi River had been opened from its source to its mouth, thus cleaving the Confederacy in twain, the enemy was concentrating heavy masses at Chattanooga preparatory to an advance through Georgia, and Grant as commander in chief of all invading forces was concentrating heavy masses on the Rapidan to begin his movement of "on to Richmond." The Confederate States already gave indications of exhaustion both as to men and material, and every thinking soldier in Lee's army foresaw readily the serious work ahead of them and the desperate undertaking they were soon to enter upon. But there was no lack of enthusiasm on the part of the army, and every man acted as if the result rested upon him.

Early in May the active operations began, and the United States forces crossed the Rapidan and the Rappahannock. Promptly Ewell's Corps and Heth's and Wilcox's Divisions of Hill's Corps were hurried down the turnpike and the old plank road that led to Fredericksburg to attack them, while Longstreet's Corps was ordered from Gordonsville to the scene of action.

Anderson's Division was left behind at or near Orange C. H. The Alabama Brigade (now called Wilcox's Old Brigade) was a part of that division, and Brigadier General Perrin then commanded the brigade, composed of the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 14th Alabama Regiments. In the afternoon of May 5 the division took up its line of march down the old plank road toward the scene of action, and marched until late at night, when it was bivouacked in some timber on the side of the road. At daylight or just before the command was roused and formed and took up its line of march for the scene of action, but in a short while came up with Longstreet's Corps, which had come from Gordonsville and filed into the plank road in front of us. The firing in our immediate front indicated that active operations had already begun, and soon the roar of musketry told us that some of Longstreet's Corps were already heavily engaged. This proved to be that part of the action in which General Lee attempted to lead the Texas brigade.

Marching rapidly, the Alabama Brigade soon reached the immediate vicinity of the conflict, which was raging furiously, and filed off to the left and took position on the left of the Texas Brigade, but not actually joining that brigade. Here the line was formed and further orders awaited. The enemy had precipitated heavy masses upon Heth's and Wilcox's Divisions, both of which were practically exhausted by the battle of the afternoon previous, and was driving them rapidly back toward our line. The musketry was dense in our immediate front and hundreds of the wounded were passing back through our lines. Just at this juncture General Lee rode up on Traveler and halted only a few feet from my company, His face was flushed and he bore evident marks of strong

excitement, though he seemed to be perfectly self possessed. Longstreet soon rode up to him, and the General began to give directions as to movements on the right.

Just at this juncture two soldiers came from the front on their way to the rear, and one of them was evidently wounded. The General stopped in his conversation with Longstreet and said to the wounded soldier, "My friend, I hope you are not badly hurt," to which the soldier replied: "No, General, my arm is broken, but I hope to be ready for duty soon."

The General then replied: "Go back about a mile on the plank road and you will find two tents and an ambulance on the right hand side. That is the quarters of Dr. Guild, my medical director. Tell him I sent you to him for treatment." Then the General turned to the other soldier and said somewhat sternly, "Go back to the front," waving his hand in that direction. The soldier replied, "General, my cartridges have given out," to which the General replied: "Never mind that. A brave soldier never leaves the field as long as he has his bayonet, go back, go back." The soldier turned and the boys commenced on him at once with jeers and promiscuous profanity, yelling and hooting at him and saying among other things: "O, yes, d n you, old Bob caught you." The General, waving his hand, said: "Hush, boys, let him alone, maybe we will make a man of him yet."

Soon the order was given to advance our line, and after moving forward two or three hundred yards through the dense undergrowth, our line rested and awaited the attack. The enemy came upon us in heavy masses, and the firing was intense, but no cannon were used on either side. After continuous infantry fire for some time, a charge was ordered and the enemy broke, and our pursuit began through the bushes and timber. In this engagement Col. Hilary A. Herbert, who gallantly commanded the 8th Alabama, was severely wounded and incapacitated for further field service during the war.

All day long the battle went on without cessation, and our lines continued to advance through the brush. Frequently one could not see twenty yards ahead, and more than once our brigade was fired into from the rear and was forced to about face and meet the enemy. Late in the afternoon and after we had advanced perhaps a mile the lines were formed for an assault on the intrenchments of the enemy, and the brigade lay awaiting almost breathlessly the order to assault. Every moment the skirmish shots from the enemy's side indicated their close proximity, but the dense undergrowth prevented our seeing anything. Suddenly and quietly the order came to retire quietly, which was done, and it was understood afterwards that our retirement was caused by the wounding of General Longstreet and the necessity of reorganizing the movement. We retired to a point near our original position of the early morning, where we spent the night.

On the next morning about ten o'clock the enemy advanced upon us, but were easily and quickly repulsed, as the movement was evidently made to discover our position. Here we remained all the day of May 7, and after dark were moved about a mile to the right. On the next morning early (May 8) a detachment was sent forward to ascertain the

whereabouts of the enemy, and failing to discover their lines, the march was resumed toward Spottsylvania C. H., where we arrived on May 9, and at first took position on the right. Late in the afternoon the brigade was ordered to the extreme left, as the enemy's movements indicated an attack on our left flank, and the next day a portion of the army under Major General Early moved up the little river a prong of the Mattapeni, I believe crossed over, and attacked the force of the enemy in our immediate front, in which attack our brigade and others joined and swept the enemy's lines back to their original position. All day long on May 11 we occupied this line on the extreme left, skirmishing heavily, but making no active movement until the 12th, when occurred

THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA C. H.

This in some respects was one of the most desperate engagements of the war. At about the break of day the heavy firing across the river on our right indicated a determined attack of some sort, and in a few moments an order came directing us to move rapidly to the scene of action. With hurried march the little stream was forded, and the brigade soon reached the scene. The appearances were appalling. The field was covered with fugitives, some of the artillery was rushing headlong to the rear, and it looked as if some dreadful catastrophe had happened or was about to happen to the army. General Lee was riding around endeavoring to restore order, but was met everywhere with the cry, "Lee to the rear!" and it was soon ascertained that Gen. Edward Johnson's division line had been assaulted and broken and practically captured and destroyed. The brigade and others were formed into line promptly, and at once moved forward to the attack. Advancing with a rush, the enemy were soon encountered and the rattle of musketry began. The lines of the enemy were broken, and the chase continued to Johnson's works, but in the rush through the woods our line became so mixed that we entered the works without regard to organization, but every man for himself. To add to the confusion, the rain poured down in torrents, and continued its downpour without cessation during the entire day.

Upon reaching Johnson's works we found ourselves in a serious condition. Those works had been constructed without much regard to the essentials of military engineering or the proper protection of those standing behind them, and that portion occupied by us was subject to a direct cross fire from right and left. True, there were traverses and cross sections, but they afforded little or no protection, and we soon ascertained that we were in the middle of a bad fix. The fire of the enemy never ceased during the entire day, and I could not undertake to say how many assaults were made upon us by the enemy. The cannons' roar was continuous, and many of the brave boys with us were killed shot in the back of their heads. Our ammunition gave out several times, and some of our boys sent back for fresh supplies were killed in the attempt to reach us. No man faltered, but kept steadily at his post, with full determination to hold the line at all hazard.

Probably this was the most depressing day of the war to the small command thus huddled up in small pens, with the enemy furiously assaulting us at frequent intervals

during the entire day and with no hope of relief for us, but there was a fixed determination not to yield our position or surrender to the enemy, no matter what else might take place. So the contest went on until the darkness of night brought a cessation to a drenched and famished crowd, absolutely worn out with complete exhaustion. With the shades of night men dropped asleep in the water which filled the pits a foot deep, and with difficulty only a sufficient number could be kept awake for watch purposes. The night was extremely dark, and the watch was kept up from hour to hour, and no orders came until about one o'clock the next morning, when the men were directed to creep out quietly in small squads of two or three and take position beyond the new line, which had been prepared about a quarter of a mile in the rear, which consumed the most of the night, and on reaching the rear the poor fellows fell to the ground and forgot everything in blissful sleep.

The next morning the brigade was retired to a point a mile in the rear and were notified that a rest of three days was granted us unless some contingency occurred not then anticipated. Here we rested, as the name of the State implies. The brigadier general (Perrin) had been killed in the assault early in the morning, and we mourned many of our brave comrades who gave their lives to the cause on this bloody field. In the course of a week or so Grant slid by his left flank

down to Hanover Junction, and Lee did the same by his right flank, and here the forces came into collision again. And then the same movements occurred down at Totopotomoy Creek and Cold Harbor, and at the latter point bloody collisions occurred. Then Grant crossed the James, and the race began for Petersburg, where the forces again came into active collision, and the siege began which culminated nearly a year later in the downfall of the Confederacy.

The limited space afforded me does not admit of detail as to these movements, although much occurred of decided interest in each movement, but I cannot pass silently the sad loss of John C. C. Sanders, our young and gallant brigadier, who gave his life to the cause on August 21, 1864. Suffice it to say that the army entered the lines at Petersburg undismayed and ready for action, but no one who had given thoughtful attention to the situation felt any doubt that the end was approaching, but with cheerful hearts the ranks stood firmly for nearly a year amid want and starvation and went forward to numerous battles incident to the investment with defiant hearts and steady and unfaltering steps.

Starvation did the work during the winter following, leading to desertion, and the end came at Appomattox, when a mere handful laid down their arms. But the tears shed on that occasion gave evidence that the army of Lee was still unconquered in spirit, and yielded only in its fragments to the inevitable. That they have made good citizens ever since manifests their devotion to duty and to their conscience and merits the splendid eulogium pronounced upon them by Charles A. Dana, the Assistant Secretary of War under Mr. Lincoln, as "Lee's Magnificent Infantry." Most of them have already "crossed

over the river," but their deeds are still with us, and their comrades still left behind calmly await the sound of "taps" which will call them from labor to refreshment.

MILITARY VIEW OF BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY MAJ. IRVING A. BUCK, FRONT ROYAL, VA.

On my return from the Memphis Reunion I indulged the opportunity long cherished to visit the field of Franklin, Tenn., in which battle my old chief, Gen. Patrick Cleburne, was killed. This wish was all the greater from the fact that, in consequence of a wound, I was not with him, the only great battle from Murfreesboro to Franklin in which I was absent from his side. My visit was especially favored by meeting there Col. H. G. Evans, of the 48th Tennessee Regiment, and the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, who participated in the fight, and but for which I could have obtained but a slight idea of the line of defense, as, with the exception of marks of missiles still visible on the Carter mansion and outbuildings, all evidences of the fierce struggle have been obliterated. Where the ditch ran in front of the intrenchments is now the raised bed of a street, but by a pear tree still standing the exact spot is marked where Mr. Cunningham was posted in the trench near General Strahl firing guns as handed by the General, being loaded by the men who were fast being killed by an enfilade from across the pike in the celebrated ginhouse. From the point looking some fifty yards to a little east of south a pretty accurate idea could be formed as to where Generals Cleburne and Granbury fell and to the east where General John Adams and his horse were killed. The animal sprang upon and so near across the works that its rider fell mortally wounded over them.

It is singular that, while this was for the forces engaged one of the most desperate and sanguinary conflicts of the war, around which clusters such intense interest and historic value, there is not a stone or post to mark the spots where the five general officers gave up their lives, and it will soon be too late for authentic identification. The U. D. C. Chapter at Franklin is active in these matters, and yet it appears strange that such an important work in preserving records of Confederate valor and heroism should have been delayed so long.

I am puzzled to know why as skillful a general as Schofield should have elected to make a stand south of the town with a stream at his back, an element of danger in case of disaster, instead of retiring to the high ground north of the river, and thus converting the latter into a strong defense and an equally serious impediment to the assailants. Disaster to him nearly occurred, as his line was penetrated by the Confederates. Some of his troops were routed, and would have become demoralized fugitives, easily captured or destroyed when they reached the river in their rear with very inferior crossing facilities. The concealed force of Opdyke's brigade of brave and sturdy veterans, however, arose from the slight slope of land and seemingly appeared from out of the earth and poured a fire into the exultant Confederates, whose losses in carrying the works were

unprecedented. Much as may redound to Confederate valor at Franklin, those Union veterans were of the bravest in any battle of the war.

Except for the naked level plain in its' front, I could not see that the position possessed any natural advantages to the Federals comparable to those on the north side, and I believe Schofield's tactics were faulty. I can conceive of but two reasons why he made such a plan of defense: First, that had he made the battle north of the river the destruction of the town and great loss of life to the inhabitants would have been inevitable, but in such a crisis as he found himself such humanitarian considerations would have had little if any weight with Napoleon, Wellington, or other great commanders, so this theory is discarded. The next thought is that the Federal wagon train, fourteen miles long in single line or seven miles in double, actually moved too slowly to get across the river in time, as Hood's pursuit from Spring Hill was most vigorous. The Federal troops were so located as to simply delay the Confederates and gain time. It was a great risk, of course, but certain hazards are inseparable from all battles. Yet this theory was not entirely satisfactory.

While pondering over these matters after my visit it is a coincidence that the true solution was found in Rev. Dr. H. M. Field's admirable book, "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," which indicates clearly that General Schofield had not expected or planned for a battle at Franklin, as he was under orders from General Thomas to continue his march from Spring Hill to Nashville, which he would have done had he found sufficient crossing of the Harpeth River. Disappointed at not being able to do this with celerity, he was forced to meet the sudden rush of Confederates. His soldierly instinct taught him that a front attack upon his fortified position by advance over unobstructed and level ground for nearly two miles was not to be expected, and that a flank movement by crossing the river, which was fordable on the east, was the only proper course for Hood, so as by a wide circuit he might take the Federal army in the rear and cut off its retreat to Nashville, especially as he had successfully executed such a movement two days before at Columbia.

Accordingly Schofield in anticipation of this ordered one division of the 4th Corps, to be followed by others if necessary, to cross the river to the bluff on the north side. As a precautionary measure and for any emergency that might arise, he left General Cox with the 23d Corps to hold the strong line of fortifications which had been hastily constructed and to resist any attack which might be made upon them, or in case of the flank movement to retire and join the forces upon the north bank, this, however, without any idea that an assault would be made from the front upon the heavily intrenched line. The fact that General Schofield did not expect this is evidence that Hood should not have made it. In the game of war, as in whist, never do that which your adversary wishes. Hood's front movement was made against the advice and protest of at least two of his generals, Cheatham and Forrest, the latter offering to undertake the flanking and promising to drive the enemy from his works on the north bank, and to do this he only asked a reasonable infantry support to his cavalry. But stung into madness when he fully realized the golden opportunity he had lost the afternoon before at Spring Hill, Hood

determined, despite the wise counsel of his commanders, to make the desperate attempt to retrieve his error by hurling his troops against the formidable intrenchments plainly in view. Rarely in the annals of war can there be found a more forlorn attempt or a greater military blunder. It was Talleyrand who said of an error "that it was worse than a crime, for it was a blunder." Had General Schofield the power to have directed a movement to destroy his assailants, he could not have done so more effectively than did General Hood. What followed is history, and it is needless to dwell upon the horrible details of the shambles of Franklin.

In writing of it as regarding Cleburne's Division General Hardee's words might well apply to that army viz.: "It was there that Cleburne and his division found their graves."

REUNION OF 7TH GEORGIA AT STONE MOUNTAIN

The 7th Georgia Regiment of "Tige" Anderson's brigade will hold their annual Reunion at Stone Mountain. This regiment captured the first battery taken in the war, and still have it.

FORTRESS MONROE ITS REMARKABLE HISTORY

Many people think of Fortress Monroe only in connection with the imprisonment of Mr. Davis, but the place is intensely interesting not only from a military but a historical standpoint. It guards the western approaches of the Chesapeake and all the broad waters leading to the James River. It is the outside defense not only of the nation's capital, but also of Baltimore, Richmond, and Norfolk.

In Fortress Monroe or Fort Monroe, for the military authorities have lately decided upon the latter is gathered the latest improvements in gunnery, every scientific invention to make the art of war more sure and certain, but while curiously lingering around the big guns the interest centers in the trophies of the past, the priceless relics of the Revolution, the guns captured by Washington from the British General Cornwallis at Yorktown,

Fort Monroe was built more than a century ago, but time has sapped none of its strength, and it looks as if it had been lifted bodily from some mediaeval European principality. It is one mile around the ramparts, and the five hundred artillerymen have room for parade and drill in its court. Big trees of live oak grow in native luxuriance. In old times every porthole bristled with armanent, now they are used only to give light and air to the casemates, while the big guns are stationed up the beach behind high stone protections, over which they peep while being fired, being lowered at once after the missile has winged its way. The casemates are used as barracks for soldiers and petty officers. Those

on one side, which are connected by archways, form the officers' club. The walls of this are very interesting, for they are filled with pictures of historic value and with various trophies from many battlefields the bows, spears, and arrows of the Sioux, the Kiowas, and the Apaches, the Moro bolo, the ancient Chinese field pieces taken at Tien tsin, and the Spanish Mauser from Santiago.

There are about eighty officers at Fortress Monroe, only about a fifth of these appearing on the list, the rest being the postgraduate artillery class sent there by the United States for instruction.

The big guns are sighted by scientific calculations, very different from the old days, when a gun was loaded by a charge being rammed in by the gunner and shot by what was practically guesswork. The actual firing is not often done, for, aside from the cost of ammunition, the life of the gun is only about five score shots. The old guns are sold for scrap iron and for only about as much as it would cost to haul them away. They have many gun drills and other drills that are unique. In order to perfect the men in locating and disabling sunken mines in a harbor, sunken traps or mines are laid by the soldiers of the fort, and a party is then sent out to locate them and tear them up by the process of grappling with hooks. If the huge search light at the fort succeeds in "picking up" the mining party, the discovered men are declared losers, as a gun shot would naturally follow the discovery of the party if the drill was real war and not mimic. If they escape the search light and tear up the hidden mines, they are the victors. The drill has all the attraction of a game of skill and is very popular at the fort.

There is some talk of building another fort near Fortress Monroe, as it is thought that the water guard is inadequate for such important towns and waterways. It has lately been demonstrated that ships possibly may steal through the harbor on a dark night, as even the great search light does not cover the entire water.

RESULT OF A FALSE ALARM

A Virginia soldier told a funny story of the well known characters of "Uncle John" Penbaker and his wife, "Aunt Bettie." They owned an old darky who thought "Marse John and Miss Bettie" were always right. Both husband and wife were staunch Rebels and hated the Yankees intensely.

The Penbakers had done so much for the Confederacy and against the Federals that more than one direful threat reached them as emanating from the Yankee camp. Imprisonment was the mildest punishment promised them, and hanging by their thumbs was threatened.

The crossing of the Sperryville Pike over the Shenandoah River was watched by both Confederates and Federals, and frequent foraging parties were seen. Sometime in 1862 Captain Rose with a small posse while on scout duty near this place captured a Yankee whom he thought was a spy.

All the Confederates were dressed in blue (trophies of the raid of a few days before), and as they were riding down the pike "Aunt Bettie" caught sight of them. Only that morning she had heard of some awful things the "Yanks" had said they were going to do to her husband and her, so home she hurried at sight of the oncoming party, crying as she reached the house: "John, John, run quick, the Yankees are coming! Her husband was sitting cleaning his gun. Lock, stock, and barrel were separated and lying on the floor. Without his faithful rifle he was helpless. Certainly "discretion was the better part of valor." The rest of the story is in Aunt Bettie's own words: "Thar sot John a cleaning of his gun, and I knowed in reason them Yanks were bound to git him. So I just yelled to him, 'Run, John, run,' and he said: 'They'll git you too, Bet.' So he tuck me by the hand, and out of that back door we rushed as if the devil was after us. Through the cornfield we went scooting. Old Jim saw us, though we didn't see him. When he saw us running, he thought sure the Yanks were right thar, and he took after us. We heard him, of course, but we thought it was the Yanks after us, and we run the harder. Both John and I were getting old enough to be turned out to grass, and here we were running like twoyear old colts. The faster we got over the ground, it 'peared like to us, the faster the Yankees followed after us. After a while we came to a fork of the river. I always was part fish, so my old man and I struck out together. When we reached the bank, however, both of us were pretty exhausted, and we hid in the bushes to rest. Soon we heard the flop of somebody jumping in the river, but as there was but one pusson, I was not so scared, and I peeped round the bush, and thar was old Jim swimming toward us, hand over hand. Of course we were mad, but we had to laugh anyway, and we thought we had better stay where we were until the next morning, because Jim said all them Yankees was coming to the house when he left. Next day we went back, and there on the door was a paper from Captain Rose saying he had brought his prisoner to our house to get something to eat, and as we were not at home, they helped themselves to buttermilk from the spring house and to all the corn bread they could find. Of course all our soldier boys and our neighbors laughed at us, and we laughed too, for it was awfully funny at the time."

A HUNDRED DOLLAR GIFT

Mrs. Gilbert De Wolf has presented one hundred dollars to the U. D. C. Chapter in Ellaville, Ga., as the nucleus of a proposed Confederate monument. This Chapter has placed headstones at all graves of Confederate soldiers in that place.

ANNUAL TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT DAVIS
DELIVERED BY REV. JAMES R. WINCHESTER, D.D.,
AT THE MEMPHIS REUNION.

This gathering of Confederate veterans is the greatest event in the history of the Queen City of the Mississippi, because it is the high water mark in the reunions of our soldiers who wore the gray. The success of this occasion is largely due to the Ladies' Memorial Association and the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The one we may call Mary, the other Martha. These women have been instrumental in placing memorials here and there in our Southland, and we feel assured that their hands shall never lose their cunning until all the sacred sentiments pertaining to the Confederacy shall be enshrined in artistic stone, authentic literature, or philanthropic institutions, for these principles in the Southern heart must find material expression among the blooming flowers and singing birds.

This occasion suggests two mountain views with their symbolic lessons: first, the beautiful island of Madeira, secondly, the massive rock of Gibraltar. From a distance it is difficult to distinguish one rock from another on the tropical island of Madeira, so blended is the island mass. But having approached the shores, every object and every point stands out distinctly, the terraced mountain sides covered with vegetation, fruits, and flowers. The separate peaks and crags have their own individuality, all culminating in a central snowcap, the emblem of purity, refreshment, and beauty. Such is the Confederacy. To appreciate this grandeur, we must come into close contact with this Southern sentiment. Every soldier in the ranks constitutes a part of that wonderful picture, and every Southern woman gives some enchantment and fragrance to the view. But in this memorial service our attention is fixed upon the great mountain whose uplifted head is resplendent with chivalry, patriotism, and courage as exemplified in our cherished heroes. As the snowcap is composed of many flakes, so our Southern heroism is made up of many names. We shall not pause to mention them, knowing that in so doing we should omit some of the most illustrious, like Sam Davis and "Little Giffen," of Tennessee, whose characters are so lofty that they too rise and are blended in this snowcap with Davis and Lee and Jackson.

Our attention to day is fixed upon the President of the Southern Confederacy, the commander in chief of the Southern armies, the mountain peak of the transfigured splendor, standing as a sentinel keeping watch over the fragrant flowers of Southern womanhood and the beautiful fruits of Southern heroism not only resplendent as the snowy cap of Madeira, but massive like the mountain of Gibraltar. And as that rock like a crouching lion protects the entrance of the Mediterranean, so does our great chieftain's character as expressed in "The Memorial" volumes of his life by Mrs. Davis and in "The Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy," by his own pen, protect the entrance to the sacred pages of our Southern history.

I see in him first the representative Southern gentleman, next the high type of Christian manhood, and thirdly the greatest of American statesmen. Born in Kentucky, with Georgia heritage, Mr. Davis grew up full of sunshine. At sixteen years of age we look upon Mr. Davis as a graduate from his Kentucky college, at twenty the graduate from West Point, every inch a soldier and every thought a high ideal. His West Point associates were among those who were to become great in the history of our country, not only in the Mexican war, but also in that between the States. He became the hero of three wars the Indian, the Mexican, and the War between the States "and carried to his grave the scars of the Mexican campaign. We see him with his Mississippi regiment at Monterey. The Indiana soldiers have retreated. Colonel Davis in the front of his column says: "Mississippians, stand firm." And they did stand firm under his leadership at Monterey, as the whole South has stood since, with implicit confidence in his judgment. No one exhibited greater bravery in the great councils of our nation than the Congressman, Senator, and Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, the peer of any man in either House or in the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce. He labored perseveringly, patiently, and faithfully for the preservation of the Union as based upon the constitutional principles of State rights, and, like the great Robert E. Lee, felt constrained to cast in his lot with his State after Mississippi passed the ordinance of secession.

Called to be President, he unhesitatingly accepted the responsibility as a true patriot and remained unwavering throughout life to his trust. We find him in the city of Richmond the Christian worshiper regularly at his church, with his family and friends issuing his orders for days of prayer, and recognizing God's hand in all events. As a Christian man it was my privilege to see something of his faith. Shortly before his death I spent an evening in his company, and his implicit trust in the Bible as the inspired word of God has been a sheet anchor to my own faith. His character resembles that of William E. Gladstone, England's greatest statesman, who has been described as having the judgment of a Nestor, the genius of a Socrates, and the art of a Virgil. There was no detail when in highest office that escaped his attention. It was recorded that he went to the scene of battle at White Oak Marsh and there found Lee near the enemy's front studying the conditions. He asked: "General, what are you doing here? You are in too dangerous a position for the commander of the army." "I am trying," replied General Lee, "to find out something about the movements and plans of those people. But you must excuse me, Mr. President, for asking what you are doing here and for suggesting that this is no place for the commander in chief of all our armies." "O, I am on the same mission that you are," replied the President. The gallant A. B. Hill came forward and, overhearing their conversation, said: "This is no place for either of you, and as commander of this part of the field I order you both to the rear.

In this we get a picture of Southern heroism, willingness to jeopardize life in the high places of the field, and a readiness to obey the officer in command. Lee and Davis went through those dark days of war hand in hand and came out with heart beating to heart, the cross bearers of the Southland. To the day of his death Mr. Davis, deprived of his franchise as an American citizen, not granted the privilege accorded the Southern slaves, surrounded by his devoted family and loving friends, astonished all who came in contact

with him by the strength of his character, the versatility of his mind, and the loftiness of his soul, always calling the people of the South "my people."

His prison life at Fortress Monroe for nearly two years drew from his bitterest enemies highest commendation, as expressed in Dr. Craven's book. After all the discussions of the question, "Was Jefferson Davis a traitor?" the conclusion reached is that Lee was a traitor and George Washington was a traitor, and so was every patriot who has stood out in defense of his country and fireside. It is sufficient to give the answer of Mr. Charles Adams, of Massachusetts, in his eulogy of General Lee two years ago at Lexington, Va. that if he had been in General Lee's place he trusted he would have had the courage to act as General Lee acted. We can imagine no man acting more conscientiously and consistently than Jefferson Davis, the Christian patriot, whose statesmanship will live in his monumental book, "The Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy." There is a touch of divinity in his character. In that prison life, where he was dumb and opened not his mouth, false witnesses did rise up and testify against him. They laid to his charge things that he knew not. These charges were twofold: first, that he was implicated with Captain Wirz in the ill treatment of Federal prisoners at Andersonville. One of the foulest spots on Federal history was the execution of the gallant and noble Wirz, whose execution was nothing less than licensed assassination. He was offered his liberty upon condition that he would implicate Mr. Davis, and his reply, worthy to be inscribed on a plate of gold, was: "Mr. Davis had nothing to do with me and with what was done at Andersonville. I will not, even to save my life, give false testimony against an innocent man." Such a sentiment as herein expressed is sufficient evidence that this officer at Andersonville did for his prisoners all that was in his power. They shared the scanty rations of the Confederate soldier a treatment very different from that of the Immortal Six Hundred at Charleston, who were starved in the midst of plenty.

Mr. Davis's enemies tried hard to implicate him in the assassination of Lincoln and impeach him for treason. He demanded time and again a trial in order that he might lay before the high courts of the world a statement vindicating the South. It was never granted him, and we can attribute this to but one fact, and that was his accusers knew that his logical statesmanship, like the rock of Gibraltar, would be immovable. It was a great loss to the cause of the South that this trial was denied, for then multitudes would have read what comparatively few ever take the time to consider his logical reasonings as embodied in the book referred to above, "The Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy."

In his domestic life Mr. Davis stands as an example for all people. A gentleman from Massachusetts, a special friend of Mr. Lincoln, told me that he knew James Jones, the body servant of Mr. Davis, in Washington, and it was difficult for him to understand the devotion of that slave to his master long after the war was over an affection that impelled him if possible to attend the funeral service of Mr. Davis and to honor the memory of the old master whom he loved. This was also embodied in the resolutions of the servants of

the Davis family, and this relationship of faithful servant to kind master in the South suggests the appropriateness of a monument the opposite of that in Boston, where Mr. Lincoln is striking the shackles from the hands of a slave, on whose face is the expression of despair. We want in our Southland the figure of Mr. Davis sitting at his desk with pen in hand looking up kindly at his servant, whose face is wreathed in smiles, awaiting directions for the day this servant whose one thought while free from care is the protection of the widow and orphan of the Southern home, a slave whose emancipation would have taken place in the natural course of events in the South in accordance with the Judgment of Christian gentlemen, and we would have to day a class of servants unequaled in the world, knowing their position and respectful to their masters. The old slave monument as here indicated, which our Southern artist, Mr. Ezekiel, of Rome, can easily design and execute, may when erected send out a musical note when touched by the morning sun to cheer the laborer through his daily toil.

In conclusion, from whatever standpoint we view the life of Mr. Davis, there is a beautiful sentiment worthy of poetic expression that flashes out.

Like the snows on the mountain, all stainless and pure, His name and his fame shall ever endure, Like the rock of the ocean swept by the tide, His courage and faith shall ever abide.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DAVIS FAMILY.
BY MRS. E. G. BOYD, MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

The details of Jefferson Davis's life are given in Mrs. Davis's memoir and in other books, but there are some points of interest to me which may be of interest to the Morgantown Daughters. [This paper was read before that Chapter. ED.]

Jefferson Davis was the youngest of the ten children of Samuel and Jane Davis. Old fashioned names, which in our day are again becoming favorites, were selected for several at least of this family. The father's name was Samuel, of the sons there were Isaac, Joseph, and Benjamin, and there was Polly, whose name, I suppose, was Mary. Jefferson Davis was probably named for Thomas Jefferson, as Mr. Jefferson was President of the United States from 1801 to 1809. Mr. Davis was born in Kentucky, but during his infancy his father removed to Bayou Teche, in Louisiana, and finally to Woodville," Miss.

It is a matter of interest to me that some years after the Davis family left Bayou Teche my father, Jesse D. Wright, owned a sugar plantation there. But in spite of the fertile soil and beautiful orange groves, the malaria probably caused the removal of both families. Mr. Davis afterwards wrote of his home in Mississippi: "The population of the county, in the western portion of it, was generally composed of Kentuckians, Virginians, Tennesseans, and the like, while the eastern part of it was chiefly settled by South Carolinians and Georgians, who were generally said to be unable to live without lightwood,' which is fat pine. The schools were kept in "log cabins, and it was many years

before we had a 'county academy.' My first tuition was in the usual log cabin schoolhouse."

Among the South Carolina colonists at Woodville, Miss., was my grandfather, Paul Grimball, with his family and relatives and friends, who had made the hard overland journey from South Carolina to Mississippi about 1807. These South Carolina colonists were Baptists, and as Mr. Samuel Davis was a Baptist, the two families met each other at church.

It was probably in one of the log schoolhouses spoken of in the "Memoir" that Jefferson Davis had a schoolmate, a little blue eyed girl three years older than himself. This little girl, Sarah Robert Grimball, then about nine years old, became some thirty years later my own mother. During the Civil War she told us about the day school near Woodville that she and her brother and sisters attended and about the little Jeff Davis, who was now President of the Confederate States. I remember that she said he was a good boy. The teacher, she told us, was Benjamin Davis, Jeff's brother.

After spending a few years at Woodville, my Grandfather Grimball with a portion of the South Carolina colony passed over the Mississippi River and settled in Middle Louisiana. One of our neighbors there was Mrs. Helen Davis Keary, the niece of Jefferson Davis. Her husband went into the Civil War as captain of a company in the 9th Louisiana and was, sent to the Army of Northern Virginia. They had no children, and this beautiful and accomplished woman followed her husband wherever the fortunes of war sent him. Much of her stay in Virginia was spent at President Davis's home, and I have heard her speak of Mrs. Davis as "Varina," for I think they were near the same age. She is still living at her Louisiana home, a widow with one adopted daughter, who will find it hard to repay the love and tenderness lavished upon her childhood and youth. This girl is the orphan daughter of a gallant young Confederate officer, George Waters Stafford, who was my nephew.

At Baton Rouge, La., I have often walked through the grounds of the barracks where Gen. Zachary Taylor once lived. Over the same grounds Jefferson Davis and his lady love doubtless often walked together. She was Sarah Knox Taylor, who survived their marriage but a short time.

When the corner stone of the Confederate monument was laid at Montgomery, Ala., on April 29, 1886, Mr. Davis passed through Auburn, Ala., where I was then living. At the rail road station the train halted for a few minutes and Mr. Davis made a short address to the great crowd that surrounded the building. I was standing near the car and saw the noble figure and heard the impassioned address.

Mr. Davis died at New Orleans, La., at the home of Mr. J. U. Payne, Mr. Payne was a wealthy commission merchant who had transacted business for Mr. Davis, and who had also transacted my mother's cotton business for many years. Afterwards, when the body of Mr. Davis was removed from the vault at New Orleans to Richmond, Va., I was at the station at Auburn, Ala., once more, and I saw the glass funeral car, which permitted a last view of the remains of our honored and beloved friend.

Mr. Davis has been more misrepresented than any one I have ever known. He was pictured as a fiend who plotted and abetted the murder of the good and wise Abraham Lincoln. The world knows now that this is false, but it was believed in 1865, and he and his family suffered in body, mind, and soul on account of it. The pictures in the illustrated papers of that period showing the perfidy of the South and the blackness of "the arch Rebel Jeff Davis" were enough to arouse the horror of any good and God fearing people, and we cannot be surprised that dear Mr. Davis, dear Robert E. Lee, and all of us were cordially detested by many of the innocent readers of this sectional literature. I can remember when I myself looked at the cartoons in Harper's Weekly representing the Southerner as a plotting scoundrel, a dagger in his bosom, a pistol and a dark lantern in his hands, a soft wool hat pulled down over his murderous features, and I wondered if such a character could be a nation's conception of their own blood and kindred.

Mr. Davis was not only good and honorable, he was a devoted Christian. In 1862, in the midst of the stress of war which tried men's souls, he was baptized by Dr. Charles Minnegerode, rector of St. Paul's Church at Richmond. During the anxious years after the war he was often wounded by unjust criticisms at home and abroad, but unjust criticisms must be expected by all persons bearing heavy responsibilities. Even George Washington was abused by enemies both British and American.

We may be glad that the Lord gave Mr. Davis a long life, and that, instead of dying under the weight of his and our sorrows and griefs, he lived to the age of eighty, and that peace and love crowned his days. At "evening time it was light" for him.

YOUTHFUL ROMANCE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

BY, L. H. L.

The life of President Davis ran the gamut of all emotions, he was swept on by Fate till he mounted the highest pinnacle of fame and was tossed back till for years save among his own people there were few so poor as to do him reverence, and now in death once again he has taken his place among the great immortals. In his early youth the golden glow of romance lit his life into divine radiance. He was only twenty five when he fell in love with Susan Knox Taylor, the daughter of General Taylor, called by his many friends "old Zack" and "Rough and Ready." General Taylor was hot tempered, and bitterly resented his daughter's engagement to the young lieutenant, though he had no further reason for his opposition than his being a soldier, and he was opposed to a military life for his child.

For nearly two years the young people kept faithful to each other, though meeting but seldom. Then as the altar fires of love still burned as brightly as ever Miss Taylor went to her father and told him if he could advance no better reason for his opposition than the one he had already given she had decided to cast in her lot with young Davis, and they would be married at the ancestral home of the Taylors.

With the full knowledge that she was giving up home and father forever, Miss Taylor bade him good by, and on the steamer made her way to Louisville, where her young lover was to join her. Here she was met by her father's eldest sister, Mrs. Gibson Taylor, who took her to the beautiful old Taylor home on the Brownsboro road near Louisville, Ky.

Lieutenant Davis arrived in Louisville a few days before the wedding, and on June 17, 1835, visited the courthouse with Hancock Taylor, a brother of Zachary, and obtained a license to marry "Susan Knox Taylor, of lawful age, as testified to by Hancock Taylor. The wedding was set for the afternoon of the 18th, and as the happy bridegroom was riding in his buggy through the shady roads he was hailed by Patrick Pope, the County Court Clerk, who had issued the license, who said: "Lieutenant, will you let me see that license? I want to look at it again." When he took the license in his hands, he deliberately tore it into bits and threw them in the road. Dumfounded, the bridegroom, whose wedding was not three hours off, stared at the man and demanded an explanation of what seemed the act of a madman. The clerk said he had been informed that Miss Taylor was under age and that her father was intensely antagonistic to the marriage.

There was no time for arguments. So Lieutenant Davis drove quickly to the house of the bride's relatives and told his story. Hancock Taylor was very indignant, and called his sister, Mrs. Gibson Taylor, to the conference. She said she had lately received a letter from her brother Zachary, in which he stated that he still opposed the marriage for the old reasons, but that his daughter was of age, and if she persisted in her intention, the wedding had best take place in the family home. This was enough for Hancock Taylor, who with his nephew elect drove rapidly to the courthouse. Here he swore to the bride's age, twenty two, and demanded of Clerk Pope a reissuance of the license. With this they returned, the horse covered with foam from the swift drive, and within a few moments of their return the bride and groom stood side by side in a room made beautiful with the fullness of June blooms, listening to the grand words of the Episcopal marriage service given by Rev. Mr. Ashe, at that time the only Episcopal clergyman in Louisville. Mrs. Robinson, who was one of the Taylor children present at the wedding, says: "My Cousin Knox Taylor was very beautiful, slight, and not very tall, with brown wavy hair and clear gray eyes, very lovely and lovable and a young woman of decided spirit. She was dressed in a dark traveling dress with a small hat to match. Lieutenant Davis was dressed in the conventions of the time in a long tail cutaway coat, brocaded waistcoat, breeches tight fitting and held under the instep with a strap, and high stovepipe hat. He was of slender build, had polished manners, and was of a quiet, intellectual countenance."

Lewis Taylor and Sallie Taylor (afterwards Mrs. Jewett), first cousins of the bride, were groomsmen and maid of honor. None of Lieutenant Davis's people could be present, and the guests were entirely of the bride's relatives. Mrs. Robinson says she distinctly

remembers how she shared the other children's disgust because Mr. Davis was the only person present who did not cry.

The bride and groom left at once on the steamboat for Natchez, Miss. July and August were spent in honeymooning at the different plantations of his people in Mississippi and Louisiana. In September at Locust Grove, the plantation of his sister, Mrs. Luther Smith, near Bayou Sara, both were stricken with malarial fever. From the first her case was hopeless: and though desperately ill himself, Lieutenant Davis nursed her day and night. On September 5 as the afternoon shadows were gathering softly she began to sing in her beautiful voice "Fairy Bells," her favorite song. He soothed her to quiet with fond words and caresses, and nestling in the arms of her young lover like a tired child she fell asleep, a sleep that knew no waking.

(It is a singular coincidence that so many years after, years filled with triumphs and defeats, joys and sorrows, he should have contracted again this fever in this same place and be carried to New Orleans to fall asleep in turn. "Life's fitful fever over, he rests well.")

When Zachary Taylor heard of the death of his young daughter, like the prophet of old, he refused to be comforted, but he did not forgive the bridegroom who had taken her away from him. Fourteen years passed on, and in the war with Mexico the young lieutenant won many laurels, and his name became a synonym for valor and patriotism, but the grim general made no sign. It was only when in the battle of Buena Vista and Colonel Davis by his brilliant generalship practically saved the day to the Americans that he relented and sent for his son in law, and across the chasm of years peace was declared between them.

The old house, the scene of the golden romance of Jeff Davis's youth, has passed into other hands. The Taylor family has drifted away, and no one cared for the house with its poetic ghosts of memory. One story has been removed from the house, and the other part is rapidly falling to decay. The room in which that day in joyous June was held the fairylike marriage is now used for a bedroom by a farmer boy whose toil deepened slumbers are never disturbed by dreams of that long ago romance. The pigs and chickens feed at the doorstep once crossed by the fair bride, the daughter of one future President, the wife of another. Only the locust trees are faithful. Year by year they offer their burden of blossoms as snowy and sweet as when the wedding bells rang their joy peals. They alone whisper together of the marriage that they saw the joy crowned woman who so soon would fall asleep

FEDERAL SURGEON ESTEEMED PRESIDENT DAVIS

During the war Dr. W. M. Wright was surgeon of the 79th Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Col. M. Hambright. Later, while President Davis was confined at Fortress Monroe, Dr. Wright extracted a tooth for him, which Dr. Wright preserved, together with the gold dollar that Mr. Davis gave him. With the dollar was this note: "For Dr. Wright with Mr. Davis's compliments and thanks." The tooth and dollar are in the possession of Dr. Wright's daughter, Miss Gretta L. Wright, 1900 Bolton Street, Baltimore, Md.

PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT DAVIS

[The U. D. C. of Manassas, Va., have presented to the school board of that place a portrait of President Jefferson Davis, upon which occasion the following poem by Dr. H. M. Clarkson was read:]

Draw near, Confederate friends, come, contemplate
This valued gift, this wondrous work of art,
True type of one we hold both good and great.
Draw near, behold his perfect counterpart.
So looked he when with lofty brow he led
His forlorn hope up Buena Vista's height,
Charging o'er Santa Anna's mangled dead,
A very Mars incarnate in the fight.
Twas thus men saw him in the Senate stand,
With head high poised, when on that fateful day,
While clouds of war were lowering o'er the land
And North and South were waiting for the fray.
With every colleague's gaze upon him turned,
Unruffled as a statue, stood he there
Invoking friend and foe in words that burned
Till every eye was holding back a tear.
So seemed he when as Richmond's honored guest
In Spottswood's lighted halls we saw him pause,
While Southern men and matrons round him pressed
To greet the chosen chieftain of their cause.
Thus looked he, too, that day when Beauregard
Had piled Bull Run with rash McDowell's dead,
Then showed him Jackson's men still pressing hard
The boastful foe till every soul had fled.
As trusted pilot at the helm of State,
As tried commander on contested field,

No defter hand e'er steered 'gainst sterner fate,
No braver soul did fate e'er force to yield.
Too high a mark for envy's vulgar shaft,
Too lofty target for malignant spleen,
Let foul or favoring wind around him waft,
His face was Godward and his faith serene.
Methinks I see the Muse of history turn
Unwillingly to pen a shameful page
A page she would not that the world should learn
As faithful annals of a Christian age.
Me thinks I see a man whose honored name
In every home was once a household word,
The story of whose deeds, whose shining fame
The nations of the world with wonder heard.
I see this high souled man in silent mood
Pacing the limits of a felon's cell
Like one who, sorrowing in his solitude,
Has bid his hopes and all the world farewell.
And now I see his prison guards draw near,
With iron chains they bind his feeble frame,
While from his parted, pallid lips I hear
His murmur: "O, the shame, the shame, the shame!"
Comrades, can ye who fought so well, so long,
Who dared do all that men could do or dare,
Can ye recall that rude, dishonoring wrong,
And yet withhold the tribute of a tear?
Would that such memories might cease to live,
That time might blot them out forever
Yet, Thou God of nations, teach us to forgive,
Thou knowest. Lord, we never can forget.
O, precious gift from woman's helpful hand,
Thou priceless proof of woman's wealth of heart,
May'st thou forever through the cycles stand
A constant token of the wondrous part
By woman borne through all those tragic years,
Which watched a young and struggling nation rise
A people pouring out its blood and tears
And woman's heart a ceaseless sacrifice
Thou model of a statesman, world renowned,
As wise in war as in affairs of State,
Beloved by all, with every honor crowned,
Great in victory, in defeat as great.
Like thine own sentries on their silent posts,
Do thou, their chief, perpetual vigil keep,

Guard thou the land where thy Confederate hosts
All waiting for their resurrection sleep.

Dr. Clarkson, the author of the foregoing, was born in Charleston, S. C. He received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the South Carolina College, attended lectures in the Medical College of South Carolina, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania as M.D. in 1859. In a published sketch of Dr. Clarkson by Dr. Lyon C. Tyler, President of William and Mary College, he relates:

In 1859 Dr. Clarkson began the practice of medicine in Richland County, S. C., about a year before the State seceded from the Union. Dr. H. M. Clarkson joined the volunteer military forces of South Carolina on Christmas day of 1860. On March 24, 1862, he was made assistant surgeon and a year later full surgeon. Most of the time he was attached to the 13th Alabama Regiment.

Dr. Clarkson had the honor of firing one of the first three shots of the war. While serving as a corporal of heavy artillery in Fort Moultrie January 9, 1861, he, under orders, fired a ball in advance of the Star of the West as it was sailing to reenforce Fort Sumter. At Seven Pines Dr. Clarkson had a horse shot under him, though he was serving as a medical officer at the time. He had put some stragglers into line of battle. He then went with them and helped to take the enemy's works.

After the war Dr. Clarkson taught a private school. In 1870 he settled near Haymarket, Prince William County, Va., to practice medicine. However, a literary life was far more congenial to him, and he wrote much for the press, and in recent years he has devoted himself to the superintendency of schools for Prince William County, Va.

In 1871 Dr. Clarkson published 'Evelyn,' a romance of the war, in verse, in 1898 'Songs of Love and War,' and in 1902 'Katie and Carl.' Of his various volumes of poetry, the New Orleans Picayune said: 'They ring true and sweet, and are of simple things that go to the heart and stick in the memory like the melody of an old song and are of notable beauty.' The Raleigh News and Observer said: 'They are the production of a man of real poetic instinct, who went about his affairs and wrote when the Muse moved him to write. His poems combine a delicate fancy with a genuine human quality that should make them popular alike with the cultured and the less discriminative.' Dr. Clarkson's 'Evelyn' is replete with poetic beauties and patriotic fire, graphic in description, full of the glory of victory and of the pathos of defeat."

SUGGESTED MEMORIAL TO MR. DAVIS AT FAIRVIEW

Locate base of memorial monument on county line dividing Todd and Christian Counties, in the town of Fairview, near to the north boundary line of Memorial Park, to be surmounted by Mr. Davis's statue holding a scroll in his right hand in the act of presenting title to his birthplace to Bethel Baptist Church: "A thank offering to God.

SENTIMENT NORTH ABOUT THE MEMORIAL

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch, after explaining that the birthplace of Jefferson Davis had been purchased for memorial purposes, commended as follows : "It will not mean that the Southern people are any the less loyal or that there is a lingering thought of disunion. It will mean simply that in the Southern memory there is a spot of living green for those who risked their all to make those beliefs a reality. Such a sentiment, of personal gratitude is not at all inconsistent with loyalty to day. It is human nature, and we who practice it to day with regard to our dead ought to look without disapproval on the corresponding practice by survivors of the lost cause, now our fellow Americans, as truly as they ever were or ever could be."

[The quotation of the kind of cause the Southern people espoused is not meant offensively. Our own people are largely to blame. No Southerner should ever use the term, "lost cause." ED. VETERAN.]

CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, VA.

D. D. Brooks, of Thomasville, Ga., answers the query of Miss Isabella Caldwell Jones in the June VETERAN by saying that she can find a full description of this battle (Gen. J. C. Breckinridge, Confederate, General Crook, Federal) on page 527 of "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," by Jefferson Davis.

REUNION OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT AUSTIN, TEX.

The annual Reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade, A. N. V., was held at Jefferson, Tex., June 25 and 26. About seventy five of the old comrades were present, all of whom greatly enjoyed the meeting. For many years these Reunions have been held on the 27th of June each year in commemoration of the battle of Gaines Mill, June 27, 1862. The original organization of the brigade was composed of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas, 18th Georgia, and Hampton's South Carolina Legion, but after the battle of Sharpsburg, September, 1862, the 18th Georgia and Hampton's Legion were transferred to other brigades composed of troops from their own States, and in their stead the 3d Arkansas was transferred to the Texas Brigade. They were the only troops from Texas and Arkansas that were in the Virginia Army, and were always known as the Texas Brigade.

The Texas Brigade participated in every battle fought by the Army of Northern Virginia except Chancellorsville, and made up for that by the part it took in the battle of Chickamauga and in the siege of Knoxville.

The brigade during the war lost 598 killed and 3,734 wounded, amounting to more than eighty per cent of their total enrollment.

At the recent Reunion at Jefferson the contract was made for the erection of a handsome monument in the capitol grounds at Austin as a memorial to the dead of the Texas Brigade. It will be a \$25,000 monument, sixteen feet at the base with a marble shaft forty four feet high, which will be surmounted by a bronze private soldier of heroic size.

The next meeting of the Brigade Association will be held in Austin May 6, 1910, which will be the anniversary of the battle of the Wilderness, where General Lee wanted to lead the Texas Brigade in a charge, but they refused to move a step until he retired to the rear. Then they advanced, took, and held the position which had given General Lee so much concern at that time. The statue will be unveiled May 7, the anniversary of the battle of Elthams Landing, which was the first battle in which the brigade was engaged.

Interesting features of the Reunion were the election of Mrs. Cartwright, of Cass County, Tex., and Mrs. E. P. Smith, of Austin, Tex., honorary members of the Brigade. At the beginning of the war Mrs. Cartwright presented the flag to Company A of the 1st Texas Regiment, while Mrs. Smith performed a like service for Company H of the 1st Texas. Mrs. Cartwright and Mrs. Smith were both young ladies in those days. Miss Doris Young, daughter of Dr. S. O. Young, of Galveston, was elected baby of the Brigade.

Judge J. B. Polley, who lost a foot in front of Petersburg, October, 1864, and who is probably one of the oldest living native Texans, was presented with a handsome walking cane cut from the old family burying ground in Brazoria County and appropriately carved. The gift was from Mrs. Bryan, the daughter of Comrade F. B. Chilton, to whom is due much honor for the success of the monument committee, as he has been its chairman since the organization, two years ago, and he has labored unceasingly. But for his zealous work the monument would not likely be erected for several years yet.

The officers of the Brigade Association are: President, Capt. William R. Hamby, 4th Texas Regiment, Vice Presidents, Capt. W. T. Hill, 5th Texas Regiment, Col. R. J. Harding, 1st Texas Regiment, and Col. A. C. Jones, 3d Arkansas Regiment, Secretary and Treasurer, Capt. E. K. Goree, 5th Texas Regiment.

MONUMENT AT CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

As the great torch in the hand of the Goddess of Liberty illumines the waters of New York Harbor, so Confederate monuments, those lighthouses of patriotism, like huge torches, throw the light of history on all the events of the war, and, unlike Liberty's torch,

the light they give remains forever to guide the footsteps of the seeker after truth.

Another torch has been lighted with the handsome monument lately erected in Charlottesville, Va. Although the idea of this memorial was promulgated over ten years ago, the real work of raising the fund has taken less than two years, and is the result of the united efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Camps of the Veterans, and Sons of Veterans, with Captain Micajah Woods as chairman.

The Kyle Granite Company, of Washington, D. C., did most effective work upon the monument. The beautiful pedestal, with its graceful surmounting figure, is very artistic, and the dies and inscriptions attest alike the good taste and the patriotism of the committees in charge.

A parade of all the patriotic, civic, military, and secret orders of Charlottesville preceded the unveiling. At this several bands gave martial music, and over two thousand school children in white with scarlet sashes marched to the strains. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with people whose shouts showed that the fire of patriotism still glowed warmly in their hearts.

The charming daughter of Capt. Micajah Wood's, Miss Sallie Stewart, drew the cords attached to the shrouded figure, and as the beautiful statue stood revealed the Monticello Guards, drawn up in double file, fired a salute, and the two Napoleons answered with a salvo of thirteen rounds. This was followed by brilliantly patriotic speeches from Capt. Cariton McCarthy, Senator Daniels, and others. These addresses were replete with many soul stirring periods and were listened to with close attention that broke into frequent bursts of applause.

After the unveiling, the visiting U. D. C., Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and distinguished people were entertained at a delightful banquet, for which two thousand covers were laid.

FIGHTING CONFEDERATE PARSONS

Many ministers of the gospel attained high military honors in the Confederate army, Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, who was killed at Lost Mountain, near Marietta, Ga., was a bishop in the Episcopal Church. Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief U. C. V., is a Methodist minister, and Bishops Stevens and Capers, both of South Carolina, were prominent Confederate officers. Bishop Stevens is said to have had charge of the battery that fired the first gun of the war. While neither Robert E. Lee nor Stonewall Jackson was an ordained minister, both conducted services in their churches when necessary, and the religious influence they wielded in their armies was almost as great as their military prestige.

Scarcely a regiment was without its "fighting parson," who stood side by side with the men in battle and led them in religious services with equal ardor. On many priestly garbs now is found the tiny cross of bronze side by side with the cross that marks the soldier of the Church.

Rev. D. C. Kelley, who was an able Methodist minister, was conspicuous as the chaplain for Gen. Bedford Forrest and his cavalry corps, and was very conspicuous in many battles as commander of a cavalry regiment.

The foregoing facts are too well known for record except as pointing to what the VETERAN would like on this line viz., to have data in regard to gallant Confederates who were chaplains during the war or who were worthy soldiers in the war and have become eminent in the ministry since.

Will comrades give data on this line? Such a record would surprise many who have not considered this subject.

TENNESSEE GIVES TO WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

In advocacy of a bill to appropriate six thousand dollars toward a Southern woman's monument Senator John I. Cox in the Tennessee State Legislature said:

We are told that the Daughters of the Confederacy are not asking for this appropriation, but prefer that the money be applied to the payment of pensions to disabled, indigent, and deserving ex Confederate soldiers. This is but another manifestation of the unselfish, undying devotion of these noble women to the fortunes of the fairest land for which brave men ever fought. That is the strongest reason that could be offered why this appropriation should be made. The world can never know the sacrifices made and the privations endured by these devoted women.

I saw a father go to the conflict of the sixties and lay down his life for the cause of the South. While he was fighting for the land he loved I saw the little wife and mother at home go to the field and plow, sow, and reap to produce food for her children. I saw her cultivate the sorghum cane to produce her sugar. I saw her gather and dry the brier leaves to make coffee and tea. I saw her boil the ashes of the hickory log to make soda. I saw her sow the flax seed, I saw her pull the flax, break it, scutch it, spin it into thread and weave it into cloth. I saw her shear the sheep, saw her wash and pick the wool, card it into rolls, spin it into thread, and weave it into cloth. I saw her peel the bark from the forest trees with which to dye the fabrics manufactured of this raw material with her own hands. I

saw her take the tow linen, the flax linen, the linsey, and the jeans and sew them into garments to cover the forms of her helpless children left to her sole care and protection. I saw her take the wheat that she had induced the earth to yield, carry it to the mill, take the flour, make it into bread and pies, and carry them to the camp to help feed the half starved Confederate soldiers.

What this little woman did is a sample of what tens of thousands of the women of the South did, and of such are the Daughters of the Confederacy. When that cruel war had ended, these fair daughters joined the brave sons of the South in its rehabilitation. They helped to preserve the civilization of the South. They helped to produce its wealth. We have not shown our appreciation of the noble deeds of these devoted women by erecting a monument to their memory, and the time has come when we should do so.

A land without heroes, a land without monuments, without memories is a land without a hope and without a future.

We have erected monuments and markers on the battlefields of the South to commemorate the deeds of our brave sons. We have just erected on Capitol Hill a monument dedicated to the memory of Sam Davis, one of the grandest characters in the military annals of the world.

After all this, after forty four long years have transpired since the close of that bloody conflict, shall we be told by the representatives of the great State of Tennessee, with its hundreds of millions of taxable wealth, that we are not able to give the pittance of six thousand dollars to erect a monument to the memory of these noble women? Ah, sir, I would favor this appropriation if it were many times greater than it is. I would favor the appropriation of a sum sufficient to lay deep and broad a foundation upon which to erect a mighty shaft of purest, whitest marble, lifting its head toward Southern skies, forever commemorating the deeds of the grandest women this world has yet produced."

The "miscellaneous appropriation bill" in the Acts of 1909 reads as follows:

SECTION 9. Be it further enacted that whenever the United Confederate Veterans and the United Sons of Confederate soldiers shall provide a suitable bronze figure or figures to cost \$5,000 to commemorate the devotion of the women of the Confederate States \$6,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated to provide a suitable pedestal, foundation, etc., upon which to place said bronze figure or figures and for the erection of the same.

SECTION 10. Be it further enacted that the Governor, the Comptroller, the Secretary of State, and the Adjutant General of the Tennessee Division, United Confederate Veterans, be and they are hereby appointed a commission and shall have charge of all matters necessary to the location and erection of said pedestal and of placing memorial in position, the same to be placed on the Capitol Hill in the city of Nashville." The amount was appropriated on the conditions specified.

A very attractive musical program accompanied the presentation, and Judge Letcher made a very fine speech. His address abounded not only in choice gems of thought, but contained many things that were of the greatest interest to the veterans and all who were

so fortunate as to hear him. He vehemently repudiated the idea that the nonsuccess of the South in the great struggle had led to her ultimate advancement. He gave a fine outline history of the war and its causes, and his peroration was fine and was much applauded.

UNIVERSAL MEMORIAL DAY.

It seems strange that there has never been a universal Memorial Day in the South, each State observing the one that seems the best and most fitting. In a country where universal brotherhood is the tie that binds such divergence is singularly inappropriate. Throughout the entire United States the 30th of May is set apart by the Federals in which to honor their dead. The mother in Maine knows that the daughter in Florida on this day will unite with her to keep sacred the memories of her soldier dead, and that knowledge strengthens the tie between the mother and daughter.

Are the Southern people less close in sentiment? Would it not add to the solemn beauty of the service to know that from New York to Texas all Southern hearts were uniting in these observances? Could we not feel more pride in our own beautifully decorated cemeteries if we knew past all doubting that every Confederate grave in the length and breadth of the land also bore its honor chaplet of flowers? Would not our heart requiem mass sound the sweeter for its echo in every State? What is more appropriate than to select the birthday of our President, the 3d of June, as Memorial Day? These dead, in whose name the day is kept, died under his banner. They were the children of his love and care. It is eminently fitting that his natal day be chosen to make the graves of dead heroes blossom in crimson and white and be crowned with the laurel wreath of memory. Let the Daughters take up this idea in their next general assembly, for to the women of the South naturally falls the honor of decorating Southern heroes. Then let the Veterans in council discuss the matter, so that some wise agreement can be reached through which a universal Memorial Day may be appointed. We surely want the little children to grow up with the feeling that one certain day in the year will be set apart for the brotherhood of the Confederacy to renew their own fealty through the honoring of their dead heroes.

JOHN BROWN'S CAREER IN KANSAS.

Charles Finch in the Lawrence Gazette makes this comment on John Brown in the Philadelphia Star:

Some misguided people are trying to purchase the old John Brown battlefield at Ossawatimie as a memorial to Brown. Before becoming so patriotic these enthusiasts should inquire of the settlers who were in Kansas when John Brown was here what ice he cut and what kind it was. Brown would have been chased out of Kansas by the free soil people in order to rid themselves of the worst disturber and the most dangerous man in

the territory if they could have taken time from their troubles with the border ruffians to do it .

Brown was a coward, and seldom went where there was any danger until he became crazed with his fanaticism and undertook the insane act that led to his death. In Kansas he was a nuisance to the men who were fighting to make Kansas free. It is now admitted that he killed harmless and innocent men merely because they did not agree with him. This charge made by Governor Robinson with the proof behind it has never been, we believe, controverted. He was a bloodthirsty, insane old man, and the mantle of charity should be used instead of a monument for him. He never did anything to entitle him to a monument, and his presence in Kansas was the worst thing that could have happened. It caused directly and indirectly the deaths of many brave men and the loss of a great deal of property."

GEN. JOHN MORGAN BRIGHT

It is a rare occasion for any publication to have so venerable a contributor as the Hon. John M. Bright, now in his ninety third year. He writes vividly of the sixties and reconstruction.

John Morgan Bright was born January 20, 1817, in Fayetteville, Tenn., which town has ever been his home. His father went when a lad of ten from Virginia to Kentucky, and in a few years came to Tennessee. His mother was a daughter of Capt. John Morgan, of Revolutionary fame. This son was educated at the old Bingham School, Hillsboro, N. C., and at the Nashville University. He chose the law for his profession, and became eminent at the bar in early life.

In 1844 as a Democrat he made a canvass for James K. Polk in his race for the presidency. His first political speech was at Shelbyville, and he so charmed his friends that in that early day they urged that as soon as eligible he run for Congress, but he declined. He served in the Tennessee Legislature through the session of 1847-48. He was urged to make the race for Governor in 1849, 1851, and 1853, but he persistently declined. In his speeches for some time preceding the war he foretold the horrors that were later realized.

General Bright's career during the war and through reconstruction is ably told in his narrative on the following pages. In 1870 he was elected to Congress by ten thousand majority. His congressional career was brilliant. His first speech in Congress was on the terrific Ku klux bill, in which he "mellowed the bitterness" that many entertained for the South.

General Bright wrote in his ninety third year: "The VETERAN has been brought up to a high standard by indefatigable industry and marked ability. It is a most valuable repository of Confederate history. It is replete with interesting and instructive information, and it ought to be a welcome visitor in every Southern home."

THE STATES IN THE CONFEDERATE WAR.
INSIDE INFORMATION ABOUT THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.
BY HON. JOHN M. BRIGHT, FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

For the want of proper records, the general historian has overlooked many facts connected with the Confederate service, and these facts will soon be lost under the hardening crust of time unless brought to light by the historian.

The power of the Confederate government was drawn from the elements of strength of the States. As a general rule, when the State developed a distinct element of military strength, it was absorbed in the Confederate service, hence we find there were but few militia headed by State officers who gained renown on the field.

While this is so, some of the States by active agencies furnished valuable assistance to the Confederate cause. I filled the office of Inspector General of Tennessee on Governor Harris's staff for four years and two months of the Civil War, with the rank of brigadier general, from about March, 1861.

After the fall of Fort Donelson and the retreat of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, causing the evacuation of Nashville, it became evident that all the military strength of the State would be required to cooperate with the Confederate army to resist the invaders. Governor Harris, brave and patriotic, resolved to raise an army of Tennessee troops, head them, and take the field.

During the retreat of Albert Sidney Johnston I was ordered by the Governor to enroll the State troops of West Tennessee and collect them in camp near Grand Junction and have them organized and drilled and at the same time to co operate with the Confederate troops in defending large military stores that had been collected at that place. Before the battle of Shiloh the most of the Confederate troops at the Junction were withdrawn for service at the front. This order of the Governor was promptly executed, but as a matter of courtesy I called on General Beauregard at Jackson and informed him of my contemplated operations, in response to which he expressed his unqualified approbation.

After the battle of Shiloh I was directed by Governor Harris to permit Confederate recruiting officers to visit the State camp and enlist the State troops to supply the losses of Tennessee troops in that battle, and I was directed to turn over to the Confederate service any troops in our camp who did not volunteer. The cause of this order was that the Confederate army was about to evacuate Tennessee and the State troops could not be marched out of the State. These military services, though of a subordinate character, were valuable to the Confederate cause by taking the place of those on guard duty and sending them to the front and by throwing open the State camp to furnish recruits to fill the depleted ranks of Tennessee troops in the battle of Shiloh. The State worked up to its limited opportunity.

After the breaking up of the camp at Grand Junction, I proceeded to Chattanooga, established a camp, collected the State troops of East Tennessee, and cooperated with the Confederate troops in Chattanooga.

Before entering upon my work at Chattanooga I went to Knoxville and called on General Kirby Smith, informing him of my instructions, when he requested me to suspend my operations, as he was engaged in enlisting volunteers for the war, and he thought my enlistment for the State service would counteract his operations. I reported the interview to Governor Harris, and he readily consented to wait. The defense at Chattanooga being inadequate, the Governor resorted to the expedient of raising troops in Middle Tennessee. By arrangement with the Confederate authorities a sufficient force was to be employed in Middle Tennessee to keep back the Federal forces while I should enter and enlist the State troops. General Adams, who with his cavalry was then encamped in Sweden's Cove, in Marion County, was chosen for the duty.

I promptly started for the camp of General Adams. Several gentlemen (citizens) who wished to visit their homes accompanied me. Among them were Hon. Andrew Ewing, Rev. Dr. A. J. Baird, and Mr. Sharp, of Winchester. When within a mile or two of the camp, we met a number of Adams's troops fleeing in the wildest disorder and crying and motioning with their hands: "Go back, go back, they are coming." We could not halt them long enough to tell what was up. I galloped back a mile or two and waited until some retreating soldiers came up, and they informed me that General Adams's camp had been surprised by a large force which they estimated at seven thousand or eight thousand.

I believed the movement was against Chattanooga. It was then late, and I with a small squad rode nearly all night over the mountain, through drenching rain part of the time, to reach Chattanooga. We reached there before daybreak and halloped across the river to let our forces know of the approach of the enemy. After much delay we were set across the river. I went to General Ledbetter's headquarters, where I found Governor Harris, General Whitthorne, and Col. E. W. Cole (President of the N. & C. Railroad). I reported what I knew, and upon leaving I jocularly remarked that I had been made to "skedaddle" and I hoped we would give them a warm reception. Colonel Cole followed me out and asked me what I thought about surrendering Chattanooga. I expressed surprise and replied: "Never." He then said that all the military stores were on the train ready for movement. I asked what the Governor and Whitthorne thought of it. He said that they were opposed to it. The state of affairs was telegraphed to Gen. Kirby Smith at Knoxville and he replied: "Hold the place. I will be there to night with reinforcements.

About noon the Federal General Negley with an army of six thousand or seven thousand men appeared on the north bank of the Tennessee River opposite Chattanooga and soon commenced bombarding the city. A battle was waged across the river until night. Governor Harris and staff proposed to arm the citizens, who were willing to engage in

defense of the city, from an inferior State armory at that place, and many of the citizens joined in the battle.

Gen. Kirby Smith arrived about night with reenforcements. The Federals opened fire early next morning. Governor Harris, General Whitthorne, and I acted as aids to Gen. Kirby Smith. About noon the Federals ceased the fight and retreated to Shelbyville. Thus ended my first experiment to march into Middle Tennessee to enlist State troops. I verily believe that but for my night ride through the mountains and timely warning of the approach of the enemy and the protest of Governor Harris and his staff against the evacuation of Chattanooga the city would have been surrendered.

The weakness of the defense of Chattanooga made it necessary that the post should be strengthened. Governor Harris secured the services of General Forrest to lead an expedition, and a command was organized for the purpose. The design of this movement was for General Forrest to occupy and hold any available territory in Middle Tennessee, while I should enlist the needed troops and encamp near Chattanooga.

In obedience to Order Number 4 I organized all the facilities, transportation, commissary stores, arms, etc., for the campaign and moved across the mountain to meet General Forrest, who was to go in advance to Rock Martin, about six or eight miles from McMinnville. I had been delayed some hours by the breaking down of a wagon loaded with arms coming down the mountain. When I reached his camp, General Forrest was in his saddle ready to march on Murfreesboro. I expressed surprise about his contemplated movement, and stated that from the activity of the Federal forces I would be in a perilous condition, and I was fearful I would not be successful in enrolling volunteers. He thought there was no danger and said he wanted to leave with me for the time being his wagon trains and army stores, I told him that he would have to leave some force to protect them. He replied that he would leave a company.

Colonel Lawton with a Georgia regiment, under command of General Forrest at the time, was lacking in arms, and General Forrest ordered me to turn over to them about sixty muskets, which I did. When I took charge of the camp, consisting of seventy five or eighty Confederate wagons and about ten Tennessee wagons, I found only about fifteen men instead of a company, which he said he would leave. I detained all straggling troops that came up afterwards, armed them and the teamsters, and prepared to make the best defense possible in the event of an attack.

I had the country around well scouted and captured four Federal soldiers clothed in citizens' garb. I inquired why they had put on citizens' dress. They said they had heard of a contemplated move into Middle Tennessee by the Confederates and they had been sent out as scouts to ascertain the facts, and they had put on citizens' clothes to keep from being bushwacked. I turned them over to General Forrest.

I put out notice of my presence at Rock Martin Camp as secretly as I could and that my object was to enroll Tennessee troops for State service. Quite a number came to me, and I commissioned them to raise companies, furnishing them subsistence for troops in State service. I had heard of Forrest's great victory at Murfreesboro and his capture of about eleven hundred prisoners and that he expected to return to McMinnville. I had been informed that there was a considerable force of Federal infantry and cavalry at Tullahoma and the railroad in full operation between Tullahoma and McMinnville. I saw that they might strike General Forrest in the flank, and in the disordered condition of his troops might deprive him of the fruits of his victory. I therefore ordered Captain Brewster, of the Tennessee troops, to take a squad of men the following night and destroy the railroad bridge at Manchester, and he executed the order. I was ordered by General Forrest through Colonel Wharton, of Texas, to move the train up to McMinnville, which I did, and met General Forrest in the vicinity of McMinnville with his prisoners, and they were all impounded in Judge Marchbanks's yard.

I found great confusion in General Forrest's command. Troops were scattered, and I was informed that quite a number loaded with plunder were on their way to Chattanooga. I spent the night in the room with General Forrest in company with Hon. Andrew Ewing, of Nashville. I mentioned to Forrest the capture of four prisoners in citizens' dress. I asked what I should do with them, and he replied: "Try them as spies." I said I was not willing to do that, and remarked that Colonel Ewing and I were in citizens' dress and we were not spies, and our motive was to avoid recognition by bush whackers, and according to my theory it was the office that made the spy and not the dress. He just remarked that they were my prisoners and to do what I pleased with them. They were paroled next morning with other prisoners.

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I made two trips to Middle Tennessee in the recruiting service. The second trip was intended to mobilize the recruits and get them east of the Cumberland Mountain, that they might join General Bragg's army on its march into Kentucky.

I accompanied the army of General Bragg across the Cumberland Mountain and separated from it about Carthage, passing through Lebanon on my way to my home, not having seen my family at Fayetteville since the 1st of March, 1862. After the retreat of General Bragg from Kentucky upon Murfreesboro, I was ordered by Governor Harris about the 10th of October, 1863, to proceed to the following counties, Rutherford, Williamson, Maury, Marshall, Giles, Lincoln, Franklin, Coffee, and Bedford, and have the laws for Tennessee for the enrollment and mustering into service of conscripts enforced. The order was executed with all dispatch and the conscripts sent to the front. My visit to Williamson County was attended with much peril, as the Federal troops at this time had a picket station at the nearest depot on the railroad toward Nashville.

In the fall of 1863 there was an abundant crop of grain in Lincoln County, and it furnished ample subsistence to recruit the horses of several regiments of Confederate cavalry, and Fayetteville and vicinity were crowded with the sick and wounded soldiers after the battle of Murfreesboro.

After the retreat of General Bragg from Tennessee, I left the State and remained in Northern Alabama for some months, and then I took my young son John and Charley Fulton to the Bingham School, in North Carolina. When I returned from North Carolina, General Bragg was concentrating his troops for the battle of Chickamauga.

After the Confederate army fell back upon Dalton and General Joseph E. Johnston was placed in command, I accompanied his army during his masterly retreat upon Atlanta, and then I accompanied General Hood on his retreat in Georgia and on his advance into Tennessee and on his retreat from Tennessee in the cold winter of 1864 65.

On General Johnston's retreat from Dalton General Sherman pressed him with great vigor in the front and in the flank, and kept Johnston with his inferior command constantly on the move, and many of his soldiers suffered from the heat and dust and fatigue. To disencumber his army of prostrate soldiers, General Johnston sent them to distant

hospitals in his rear. As an emergency remedy a number of Tennesseans formed the Tennessee Relief Association, of which I was President, the object of which was to take care of the sick, wounded, and exhausted soldiers by placing them in hospitals in the vicinity of the army and providing for them suitable medicine and food and couches for needed rest. The committee sent out agents to solicit contributions of groceries and provisions. Dr. C. D. Elliott, of Nashville, was one of the agents. The recuperation of the prostrate soldier under this reinvigorating treatment was simply magical. In a few days many of them were ready to return to their commands. I heard that General Johnston said the Relief Association was worth much to his army.

While Johnston's army was encamped near Kennesaw Mountain, in the vicinity of Marietta, several events of historical interest occurred. There was constant skirmishing on the line and cannonade firing between the enemy's batteries and ours planted on old Kennesaw. The night scenes of flying and bursting shells were picturesque and sublime. What was known as the "Dead Angle," a breastwork constructed by the Confederates, was some five or six miles west of Marietta, and in the assaults of the Federals the thunder of artillery and roar of musketry, offensive and defensive, was indescribably terrific. The results of the assault were awaited with intense anxiety.

The Tennessee Relief Association was stationed at Marietta and had secured a large warehouse as a hospital for the wounded and sick soldiers. The wounded Federal prisoners who fell into our hands were placed on one side of the hospital and the Confederates on the other side, both receiving equal attention. The surgeons had an operating room separate from the room of the Relief Association. On one occasion I was at the surgeon's operating room and, looking out of the back door, saw at least a cart load of dismembered hands and feet and arms and legs. Such were the gruesome tributes to the cause of freedom.

The most lamentable fatality of this vicinity was the death of Gen. Leonidas Polk, the bishop general. He and his son in law, Maj. William D. Gale, were reconnoitering on Lost Mountain when he was pierced through the chest by a cannon ball. He was brought into Marietta, where I saw his noble form still in his military dress. I was profoundly moved at the sight. He and his father, Col. William Polk, of North Carolina, were my father's and my friends.

When a youth I had accompanied Col. William Polk by private conveyance from Tennessee to North Carolina to be placed at the Bingham School, in Hillsboro. I spent one season of Christmas holidays with Col. William Polk in Raleigh. It was the home of genuine hospitality, refinement, and elegance. He possessed a large landed estate in Middle Tennessee of baronial magnificence.

I had also enjoyed the hospitality of his son in Maury County. Though of great wealth and the highest social standing, there was nothing in the Polk family of arrogated superiority. They were all kind, generous, hospitable, brave, and patriotic. The bishop general shared the privations and hardships of his soldiers and gave his life to the cause of his beloved South. President Davis (Volume II., page 254, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States") bears this high testimony to his memory: "Our army, our country, and mankind at large sustained an irreparable loss on June 13, 1864, in the death of that noble Christian and soldier, Lieutenant General Polk. * * * Since the calamitous fall of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh and of Gen. T. J. Jackson at Chancellorsville the country sustained no heavier blow than in the death of General Polk."

After the battle of Peach Tree Creek and that of the 22(1 of July, the services of the Relief Association were inestimable. On the latter day I took my wounded son, W. C. Bright, and other wounded Tennessee soldiers to Griffin, Ga.

I will note here an important fact in the history of General Johnston's retreat. When his army was located between the Chattahoochee and Atlanta, General Johnston with three of his staff passed near my relief camp at full speed on horseback going up the river. Some two or three hours after he returned with only one staff officer. About sundown General Cheatham rode up to my tent and asked me if I could give him a cup of coffee and something to eat, and said that he expected to be up all night and would not have a chance to get anything to eat elsewhere.

While at lunch I told him of Johnston's flying trip and then asked him what was up. He replied: "Johnston keeps his own counsel, but I have heard that Sherman has divided his army and one part has crossed the Chattahoochee at Sandtown and the other part is crossing at Roswell's Factory, some thirty miles apart, and General Johnston is moving two corps. of his army to attack Sherman's force at Roswell at daylight while they are disorganized, and that General Stewart's Corps will resist the advance of Sherman's force at Sandtown." Soon after General Cheatham left Gen. George Maney rode up to my tent and confirmed the statement of General Cheatham.

I asked General Cheatham before he left if I could be of any service to him as an aid. He replied that I could and to report to him next morning on the right of the line.

That night General Johnston was removed and General Hood placed in command. Fatal blunder! Victory snatched from the grasp of the great commander, Joseph E. Johnston! I rode out to the Confederate army about noon and went to the division of Tennessee troops and found many of them sitting about on stumps and logs, dispirited and dejected. They said they had unbounded confidence in Johnston and that they distrusted the ability of Hood to take his place. The sequel verified their belief. Instead of fighting on Johnston's plan of battle the next day, he let slip the greatest opportunity of the war.

A distinguished individual suggested the epitaph of the Confederacy: "Died of Braxton Bragg." It is a significant fact that General Bragg visited the camp of General Johnston only a short time before his removal.

While at Griffin nursing my wounded son the battle of Jonesboro was fought and Gen. Patton Anderson was brought to Griffin badly wounded in the mouth. I called to see him, and amongst other things he wrote on a paper that the Confederate army had lost its "esprit."

In the same battle General Govan was captured and taken to General Sherman's headquarters. After Govan's exchange, General Cheatham told me that Govan informed him that Sherman conversed with him quite freely and told him that if General Johnston had attacked him the day after he crossed the Chattahoochee at Roswell Factory he might have ruined him, and if he had attacked him the second day after crossing his force would have been in peril, but he might have extricated himself.

General Sherman did not know that at the time the uplifted arm of Johnston was about to hurl the bolt it fell from his palsied arm by an order from Richmond. President Davis evidently did not know of the crossing of three corps of Sherman's army at Roswell's Factory and the impending blow of General Johnston, or he would not have issued the fatal order for the removal of Johnston, at that time, anyhow. President Davis knew the danger of changing commanders in the presence of the enemy, and he was the last member of his Cabinet to consent to the removal of General Johnston, and then he yielded only to the great pressure of delegations, letters, and petitions from Georgia. A fight for Atlanta, the "Gate City," was the imperious demand.

Prophetic of the speedy downfall of the Confederacy! On the night of the 17th of July, 1864, General Johnston was removed. I learned from an unofficial source that he informed General Hood of the projected battle. General Hood assumed command on the 18th of July, the very day that General Johnston was to have turned all his thunders loose upon Sherman's army, but he did not take advantage of the situation.

It is most remarkable that President Davis in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States" fails to mention the crossing of three corps of Sherman's army at Roswell's Factory and that General Johnston was ready to strike and ruin Sherman's army in its disorder.

General Hood assumed command of the Confederate army (48,750 strong) on July 18. He remained inactive until the 20th, when he attacked the advancing lines of Generals Thomas and Slocum at Peachtree Creek. I understand his attack was with one part of his army, perhaps a division.

With the Tennessee Relief Association I was at the field hospital caring for the Confederate wounded soldiers, who, with the dead, were unofficially estimated at about five hundred, General Hood by his attack had "developed" the Federal army, under the command of Generals Slocum, Thomas, and McPherson, encompassing the doomed city, McPherson's Corps passing on to Decatur, eight miles from Atlanta on the Augusta Railroad, to cut off supplies from the city. General Hood resisted the advance of the Federal lines by the desperate but unavailing battle of the 22d of July.

After Sherman had captured Atlanta he moved on Jonesboro, and there he was met by the Confederates under General Hardee, and another unsuccessful battle was fought with demoralized troops. Sherman had not only captured Atlanta, but he had well nigh inclosed our forces in his dragon coils.

These successive disasters produced consternation in the Confederacy. General Hood fell back to Lovejoy and Sherman fell back to Atlanta. Seeing the demoralization and disintegration of his army from various causes. General Hood made known the lamentable condition of his army to the President, which brought him to the scene.

General Hood had moved his army to Palmetto, some twenty five miles west of Atlanta, and about the same distance as is Lovejoy, where he was recruiting and resting his army. The President inspected the men. Many of them gathered around headquarters at night, where Howell Cobb, Governor Harris, and other distinguished speakers addressed them with words of encouragement. I was called for, but declined to speak. An amusing feature of applauding the speakers was the growl of a New Orleans company of "Tigers," who imitated to perfection the veritable animals.

The army here rested and was renovated. The soldiers indulged in the more hopeful policy of fighting Sherman in the rear than in the front to tear up the railroads, burn the railroad bridges, capture garrisons and supplies, and to force Sherman to fight under disadvantageous circumstances, and thus open a way through East Tennessee to Lee's army. These certainly were great if not unreasonable expectations.

But I cannot leave Atlanta without notice of the calamity of which it was the victim. On the 2d of September Mayor Calhoun surrendered the city to General Sherman on condition that "noncombatants and private property should be protected." On the 5th of September Sherman issued his order that within five days from that date all the citizens of Atlanta should be removed from the city. In burning words the Mayor protested against this order, stating that "the woe, the horror, and the suffering are not to be described by words." Sherman's reply was: "I give full credit to your sentiments of the evils which will be occasioned by it, and yet will not revoke my order because my orders are not made to meet the humanities of the case."

This infamous order ejected from the city the whole noncombatant population, and

whatever valuables they may have taken along were subject to the robbery of Sherman's rapacious soldiers. This perfidy of Sherman was on a line with that of the ancient general who secured the surrender of a garrison by promising that no blood should be shed, but he buried them alive. Sherman has been characterized and anathematized as a Duke of Alva for his atrocious cruelties in the lower countries. The corrosion of time can never remove the stain of dishonor from his memory,

But to return to Palmetto. President Davis and others high in command were opposed to the expedition against Nashville, and it seemed that General Hood was not satisfied to fight the tail end of Sherman's army by destroying his facilities for supplies. He wished to strike a great blow for victory and glory in the capture of Nashville. But time was too short and military equipment and transportation means were not adequate for a prompt and rapid movement.

The progress of Hood's army was greatly impeded by unavoidable delays. On the 31st of October he crossed the Tennessee River at Florence, and was there delayed perhaps two weeks before taking up the line of march. On the evening of the 27th of November our army held position in front of Columbia. The night following the enemy evacuated the city, crossing Duck River, and occupied a strong position a few miles north of the city.

Our army, as stated by President Davis, lost one of the golden opportunities of the war by failing to cut off the retreat of the enemy at Spring Hill. For this default of our army I forbear any criticism.

On November 30 our army attacked the enemy in his strong fortifications at Franklin, which resulted in one of the bloodiest battles of the war, our army sustaining a loss of about forty five hundred, including the gallant and efficient officers, Major General Cleburne and Brig. Gens. John Adams, O. F. Strahl, Gist, Carter, and Cranberry. At this battle there were deeds of courage displayed unsurpassed in any of the great battles of the war.

Our army took position before Nashville on the 2d of December. The enemy had anticipated the approach of our army with breastworks and formidable forts and the concentration of Thomas and Slocum's Corps and fifteen thousand men from Mississippi. It would have required prodigies of valor to have achieved success against the fearful odds, and the Confederates gave way before the impossible task. In the freezing blasts of winter our ill clad soldiers were marched, crossing the Tennessee River at Bainbridge from the 23d to the 26th of December to Tupelo, Miss., where General Hood, at his own request, was relieved of command. His army then consisted of 18,500 infantry and 2,306 cavalry, a loss of 10,000 men in his expedition against Nashville.

I have no censure for General Hood. He was a brave and gallant officer, and his failure was the fate of forbidding circumstances. Governor Harris accompanied General Hood in his expedition, and said: "I regret to say that if all had performed their parts as well as General Hood the results would have been different." President Davis added that his removal "was in no wise a want of confidence on my part."

General Forrest with his cavalry gallantly covered the retreat of our army from Nashville. After the pontoon bridge had been thrown across the Tennessee River and before the crossing of despairing veterans, a Federal steamboat came puffing up within three or four hundred yards of the bridge, when a cannon shot from the high bank made it wheel as on a pivot and fly like a frightened bird down the river.

After the battles around Atlanta and at Jonesboro, Sherman pursued his "march to the sea," while Hood marched upon Nashville. I accompanied Hood's army and resumed control of the Tennessee Relief Association on the march, giving all possible relief to the needy. Two weeks' delay at Tusculum and about two weeks at Florence were fraught with forebodings of disaster. The army took up the line of march from Florence about the 28th of November with the snow beating in the faces of the soldiers. On October 28, 1864, I was assigned to duty by Governor

Harris with the Tennessee troops of the Army of Tennessee to perfect the records of the Tennessee troops according to Act of Confederate Congress of February 10, 1863. I was with Hood's army at the date of this order as he was on his march upon Nashville. I had to seek a more favorable condition to enter upon the duties imposed by this order. On investigation I found that the Tennessee troops were not only on the line but were scattered by details in the mechanical, hospital, and general service, and that it would be as easy to write up the annals of the Army of the West as to perfect the muster rolls of the Tennessee troops. I suggested it to Governor Harris and he fully concurred in it, and I entered upon the duty accordingly. I laid my plans and designs before some of the commanding officers of our army in reach and the work was cordially indorsed, and they promised to furnish all proper facilities for the accomplishment of the proposed object. I entered at once upon the duty. I visited Selma, Montgomery, Tuskegee, Macon, Talladega, and other points. I collected a large quantity of valuable information and had it packed in a large pair of saddlebags, so as to make it portable on horseback. One subject to be in my annals was "God in the Army." I sought the aid of several able divines who accompanied the army as chaplains. Amongst them was Dr. John B. McFerrin, who was a great power in the Methodist Church. He gave me his enthusiastic cooperation and manifested the fervent zeal and energy of an apostle. His name will ever shine as a luminary in the annals of his Church. He collected much valuable information which would have greatly enriched the contemplated annals of the Army of Tennessee, the substance of which information was published in several numbers of the Christian Advocate after the war.

In the spring of 1865 I was in the vicinity of Talladega, Ala. Sherman had performed his march to the sea, leaving the track of his march as desolate as if swept by a forest fire. I stood as a man with falling walls all around him. I was stopping at the quiet, retired home of Enos Truss, on the Coosa, on an adjoining farm to Dr. William Bonner. The alarm was given that the Federal General Wilson was crossing the Coosa with a large force at Truss's Ferry, a few miles distant. I waited until they were nearly in sight, and then made a bonfire of my papers and documents that they might not fall into the hands of the enemy. Col. James B. Lamb and A. J. Carlos were present and we mounted horses and put off at a rapid gait up to Lonnegan's Bend, on the Coosa. They followed us, but the dense undergrowth baffled them.

We were now within the lines of the enemy, and events proclaimed the doom of the Confederacy. After a few days a company of us projected a homeward trip. Miss Clem and Miss Lou Marshall, refugee daughters of Rev. Dr. M. M. Marshall, went in the carriage of Dr. William Bonner, and J. B. Lamb, Dr. M. D. Hampton, John McKinney, James Stone, and I formed the rest of the company on horseback. As well as I remember, we reached the Tennessee River at Gunter's Landing, where I was paroled by a Federal officer. We reached Fayetteville after night. The tavern was garrisoned by Federal troops, Captain Cason in command. We were not interrupted the night of our arrival, but early next morning I was arrested and taken before Captain Cason. He treated me with great rudeness, and became personal in political abuse and denounced me as being a noted Rebel. I declined to discuss the issues of the war and claimed the protection of my parole, which he in honor was bound to respect.

He insisted that the parole was not in the way of punishment. Just here an officer who had been asleep in the room roused up and asked Cason if I was his prisoner. He replied that I was and that I was a noted Rebel. The other officer said: "You have no right to treat a prisoner of war as you are doing." Cason said: "Do you take it up?" "I do, so far as his right as a prisoner of war is concerned." Cason advanced toward him and I stepped between them and said that I hoped they would have no contention on my account. Cason then said: "I will send him to General Milroy at Tullahoma." The other officer then asked me who I was, and I briefly told him and showed him my parole. He replied that he was Captain Mohler, of the staff of General Milroy. In the meantime a number of persons had collected at the windows of the room, some of them Union men and my personal friends. Some of them privately conferred with Captain Mohler and indorsed me as a gentleman of honor. There was a suspicion of a conspiracy to start me to General Milroy and assassinate me on the way. Captain Mohler promptly sat down and wrote an order signed in the name of General Milroy, with his own name as adjutant, requiring me to report at the provost marshal's quarters in Fayetteville from day to day until further ordered, and handed it to Cason and asked him if he would obey it. "Yes, but I will prefer charges against you at headquarters." Mohler replied: "Yes, and I will prefer charges of conspiracy against you to assassinate a prisoner of war." They both sent messengers the next day with statements, and prosecutions were ignored on both sides.

I was feeling some sense of relief, when Mr. J. B. Lamb sent me word during service at the Presbyterian church that Major Billings, the savage and bloodthirsty provost marshal of Tullahoma, was in town and was threatening vengeance against me, and that I had better leave the church immediately and go to Nashville and make some accommodation for my peace and safety at home. He further said that Miss Ella Bonner was about to start in her private carriage for Shelbyville and that I could intercept the carriage and go with her. I did so. On reaching Shelbyville I was arrested by Colonel Stauber and taken before the provost marshal, but through the influence of friends I was released and permitted to proceed to Nashville.

On reaching Nashville I made my way to the provost marshal's office, and after much delay I got an audience with him, and with the assistance of Hon. Lewis Tillman I got the provost to lay a statement of my case before General Thomas as the commander of the military district. The result of my application was an order to "go home and stay there. On my return from Nashville I fell in with Dr. C. A. Crunk, now of Fayetteville, and on reaching Wartrace about dark found every place of accommodation filled to overflowing and no train to Shelbyville. We determined to walk the railroad track to Shelbyville, which place we reached about midnight. We went to Dr. Barksdale's residence, and were cordially received and hospitably entertained.

In the morning I went upon the public square of the town, and while negotiating with Wash Akin for passage on his truck wagon which he was running between Fayetteville and Shelbyville I saw three soldiers advancing toward me with guns half drawn. They took position, one in front and one on each side of me, Stauber standing some ten or fifteen steps off on the corner of the pavement. One of the three asked: "Is there a man here by the name of Bright?" "That is my name," I replied. "Where is Governor Harris?" "I do not know." "Did you not know that it had been said that Governor Harris nor any of his staff should live in Tennessee? And I have said so myself." I quietly replied: "I have a parole in my pocket and am ordered to Fayetteville. I can be found there." I then stepped into Mr. B. L. Russell's store, told him of the design to assassinate me, and asked him to tell Wash Akin that I had gone on and would fall in with him on the way, and stepped out of the back door and took the pike for Fayetteville. Evidently the soldiers were so disconcerted by my reply that they did not fire. Dr. Crunk and others were witnesses.

I was apprehensive that Stauber would send a detachment of troops after me. When about four miles from Shelbyville I looked back and saw a squad of Federal cavalry coming arid within a hundred yards of me, too near for me to attempt escape. I stepped to the edge of the pike, walking on, and they passed me, every one looking at me, but saying nothing.

I went on and stopped at W. W. Gill's, about seven miles from Shelbyville, where I met the venerable Gen. William Moore, to whom I related the menacing proceedings in Shelbyville and stated to him that I thought Stauber had sent the cavalry, which had just passed, to take my life on my way home, and I told him that if I was missing he might presume what my fate was.

At this point, however, Wash Akin came up with his wagon, and I accompanied him to Fayetteville without being molested.

The cavalry turned out to be Captain Galbreath and his company going to relieve the garrison at Fayetteville. It was a gratifying solution of apprehended danger. It was well known that before the outbreak of the war I had been very active in upholding the constitutional rights of the Southern States in the stand they had taken, and I had made several public speeches bitterly denouncing the designs of the North.

Governor Harris had been very aggressive in his resistance of Lincoln's call for troops, and his defiant stand had made him odious to certain Federal officers and Northern sympathizers in the State. My close association with him only added to the prejudice against me which my speeches and work had engendered, causing the determination to "dispose" of both the Governor and myself by assassination if necessary.

My home and farm presented a scene of desolation. Every horn and hoof was gone except an old blind horse which had been turned out on the common and which my wife had taken up. I had a large family of children to support and educate, and I had been disbarred from practicing law. I entered the circuit court room. Judge W. P. Hickerson was on the bench. Many of the court records had been destroyed by ruthless soldiers, but I had been on one side or the other and knew nearly every case. I was well acquainted with Judge Hickerson (who, I think, was an appointee of Governor Brownlow). To him the business was inextricable confusion, and I was legally dumb. After the adjournment of court Judge Hickerson told me that it was impracticable to run the court without my assistance and that if I would appear at the bar he would make no objection. Next morning I was in court without objection. I was soon prosperous.

If my recollection is not at fault, my friend when in need, Captain Mohler, was appointed Attorney General by Governor Brownlow. There was some criticism of his official conduct, but no criminal conduct was charged. He removed from the State, and I lost sight of him for several years. When I was a member of Congress, a gentleman entered the hall and took a vacant seat beside me. He said: "Probably you do not know me." I replied: "I will never forget the face of Captain Mohler." After a few personal remarks, he told me that he was practicing law in one of the Western Territories and that he was an applicant for appointment to a territorial judgeship, and if consistent with my sense of propriety he would like to have my recommendation to President Grant. I replied that I, being a Southern Democrat, would have no weight with the President. He said: "Yes, you

would. He knows of you, and will implicitly believe anything you say." I told him to call the next morning and I would see what I could do. After he left I stepped over to the other side of the hall and saw the delegate from his Territory, and he told me that he knew Captain Mohler and that he was an able lawyer of irreproachable moral character and would make as good and acceptable judge as any lawyer in the Territory. On the next morning I handed Captain Mohler an unsealed recommendation. He thanked me and left. Next day he called to see me and told me that he had his commission, and said: "It was through your recommendation that I got it." Judge Mohler afterwards sent me several printed opinions of his which evinced high judicial ability,

I recognized in Hon. Lewis Tillman "a friend in need" and a humane, generous, and magnanimous gentleman.

The Hon. Lewis Tillman while a member of Congress from Tennessee had my disabilities removed by act of Congress. I wish to record my grateful acknowledgments for his generosity and kindness to me and to bear testimony to his humane and magnanimous treatment of those who differed with him on the subject of the Civil War. He was the father of Hon. James D. Tillman, now a citizen of Lincoln County, who was one of the youngest and bravest colonels in the Confederate army, and who is highly esteemed and respected and has been distinguished with legislative and diplomatic honors. I was glad of expressing my gratitude for his unsolicited favors by appointing one of his sons (Edward, I believe) as a cadet to the Naval Academy at Annapolis while I was a member of Congress.

I met Captain Cason some years ago on a railroad train and he voluntarily addressed me: "General Bright, I once did you a wrong and I wish to ask your pardon." I replied: "As a Christian man I have forgiven you long ago."

Some few years after the Civil War I was walking on the Public Square in Nashville and saw that good and great old man, Dr. John B. McFerrin, rapidly approaching me. Greeting me, he said: "I want about fifteen minutes' conversation with you." I remarked that I was hurrying to catch a train, when he replied: "I have been up North and have been making conciliatory and friendly speeches to the people, and my brethren at home have been pinching me." Said I: "Take this little lesson: Two good Christian people, husband and wife, had a falling out and were in a pouting mood for several days, when the wife went to the husband and, taking him by the lapel of the coat, said: 'Husband, I have done wrong, so have you. I forgive you, and I want you to forgive me. You know you are going to forgive me, and I want you to do it right now.'"

I was four years and two months in service as inspector general in the State with the Confederate army. I generally shared with the soldiers the privations of the camp and the hardships and fatigues of the march.

The foregoing, of course, is only an outline of events connected with my office of inspector general, blended with reminiscences that I continue to cherish.

GALLANT COL. WILLIAM E. BURNETT
BY N. T. M'CONAUGHY, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Col. William Burnett, chief of artillery, Department of the Gulf, was inspecting the fortifications near Spanish Fort, La., and ordering such changes made as seemed wise in view of a Federal advance. Every few moments a Minie ball would whiz uncomfortably near our ears, but we could not see the marksman. At last some one spied the man sitting in a tree about forty feet up and some five hundred from us,

Colonel Burnett decided to give him a shot, so he borrowed some guns from a Texas regiment near. These he crossed, then, taking a third gun, he knelt down and took deliberate aim, but the shot deflected and went wide of the mark. The Yankee all the time kept up a constant fire, which it was hard to escape. Just as Colonel Burnett was about to touch off the trigger for another shot a Texas soldier farther down the line fired and knocked the Yankee out of the tree.

Two hours from this time a shot from near this tree struck Colonel Burnett near the left eye, and before we could get him to the transport, which was only a little distance off, he expired. At the time he was struck by the ball he was making a reconnoissance with Gen. Randall L. Gibson.

Colonel Burnett was from Texas, a graduate of West Point, and a most gallant officer. He was chief of artillery, Department of the Gulf, on the staff of Maj. Gen. Dabney H. Maury, commanding that department. He was a man of quiet, unobtrusive manners, and was endowed with courage and great military genius. He was very popular in the service both among officers and men, greatly honored and respected.

RECONCILIATION PROPHESED

In an address at a memorial meeting in Tuskegee, Ala., Gen. Fred S. Ferguson quoted from a speech he made in Montgomery thirty six years ago: "I trust you will not deem me vain or boastful when I furnish you with one instance of the abiding faith which was the solace and support of all in that darkest day of our history. On the 26th of April, 1873, at Montgomery, while the reconstruction laws were in full force and aliens and enemies held sway in the State, it was my privilege to address a great audience on that Memorial Day, when I attempted to picture the future and said: 'I may be wrong in judgment or too sanguine in hope, but I believe there are children here to day who will live to see a reconciliation between the lately warring sections so complete and generous that the descendants of Confederate soldiers will share the same governmental benefits that are

extended to those of the soldiers of the Union, that all unfriendly legislation will be blotted from the statute books, that the terms "Yankee," "Rebel," "Traitor" will be used in anger no more, that the swords of Southern officers now held as trophies in Washington will be returned to their owners to be used as heirlooms in their families, that the ensign of the Union somewhere upon its ample folds will proudly bear the starry cross of the South, and that the uniform of the army and navy of a reunited country will be a harmonious blending of the blue and gray. I know this is far in advance of the hope of the South or the present temper of the North.

In confirmation of that prophecy he referred to President Roosevelt's order that the name of Jefferson Davis be restored as Secretary of War on Cabin John Bridge, and then paid tribute to the late Secretary of War, Luke E. Wright. and Judge J. M. Dickinson, his successor.

[Reconciliation must be on lines equally honorable in every way. EDITOR VETERAN.]

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GRANT BY GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT

I first met General Grant soon after the battle of Belmont, November 7, 1861. General Grant's headquarters were at Cairo, and I was stationed with my regiment, the 154th Senior Tennessee, of which I was lieutenant colonel, at Columbus, Ky. I was also at that time military Governor of Columbus. Col. J. C. Tappan (afterwards brigadier general) commanded the 13th Arkansas Regiment, and was stationed at Belmont at the time of the battle. Colonel Tappan was sent by Maj. Gen. Leonidas Polk, commanding the Confederate forces in and near Columbus, under flag of truce to General Grant. I was also sent at the same time with some prisoners for exchange.

Colonel Tappan's cook, a negro man, had been captured by General Grant's forces in the battle. Among the prisoners captured was General Grant's hostler, a white man, whom General Polk directed Colonel Tappan to deliver to General Grant without exchange, but suggested to Colonel Tappan that General Grant might return his cook. General Grant said he was not authorized to exchange a negro for a white man, but if the cook desired to return to Colonel Tappan, he would have permission to do so. He did not return.

The business of the flag of truce having been finished, General Grant invited the officers who accompanied it into the cabin of his boat. I was introduced to him and the officers present, and then we were offered refreshments. After a few minutes spent in pleasant conversation, the Confederate truce boat returned to Columbus.

Subsequently I was sent by General Polk as bearer of a flag of truce to General Grant regarding some Federal prisoners and officers of an Iowa regiment who were severely wounded and whom the Confederate surgeons thought would be endangered by being moved. One of these officers had requested that his own surgeon be sent down to attend him, and General Polk gave his consent and so wrote General Grant, and the surgeon accompanied me back to Columbus. General Grant, after the business was dispatched, invited me into the cabin and made many inquiries about officers in our army whom he had known, and especially mentioning my division commander, Gen. B. F. Cheatham, with whom he had served in the Mexican War and for whom he expressed a high regard. General Cheatham had accompanied a flag of truce to General Grant a few days previous, and they talked over their recollections of service in Mexico. Altogether the meeting of these two men, fighting against each other, was more like the meeting of neighbors who had been long separated than that of foes. In the battle of Belmont I (as lieutenant colonel) commanded my regiment, and my colonel, afterwards Brig. Gen. Preston Smith, commanded the brigade.

My regiment reached Belmont after the main engagement had been fought, and we were ordered in pursuit of the Federals, who were moving toward their transports and gunboats a few miles above. As we approached a cornfield in front of which the boats had anchored I noticed two men, who were evidently Federal officers, making their way to the landing. The front file of my command drew their guns upon them, but General Cheatham, who was by my side, ordered the men not to fire lest it should draw the fire of the gunboats in our advancing column, and the Federals make their escape safely to the transports. In after years General Grant told me that the two men were himself and his quartermaster, Colonel Hatch and that the latter reached the boat before he did. He says he saw our column of troops and expected every moment to be fired on, and that when he reached the landing he found a plank run out from one of the boats and rode his horse on it from a high bank which was so precipitous that it seemed dangerous to descend. His horse, however, took in the situation and glided down the plank and walked safely over to the boat.

It may be well here for me to correct a popular error which obtained wide circulation and was repeated in Horace Greeley's history of the war and also in the book by Hon. S. S. Cox entitled "Three Decades." My brother, Col. John V. Wright, commanded the 13th Tennessee Regiment, and was engaged in the battle of Belmont during its fiercest moments. Col. Philip B. Fouke, who commanded an Illinois regiment in General Grant's forces, was also engaged in the battle. My brother had served with him in Congress, and they were both of the same political party (Democrats) and fast friends. As I led my regiment down the line between two cornfields fronting the landing place of General Grant's army, within about one hundred yards of the landing of the boats I saw an officer waving his sword and urging his men aboard. The front file of my command drew their guns to fire, but I at once ordered them to shoulder, as I knew their firing would draw a fire on my command. Colonel Fouke saw the movement and heard the command, and he inquired of the Confederate prisoners the name of the officer commanding that column. They told him Colonel Wright. He knew that his old familiar friend and associate in Congress was on the field, for he had confronted him that day, and supposed it to be Col.

John V. Wright, and that he had recognized him and spared his life. I dislike to spoil so pretty and credible a story as this, but am glad to know that Colonel Fouke lived on and died with this belief. However, it is my opinion that had Col. John V. Wright led that command and recognized his old friend, Colonel Fouke, he would have ordered his men not to fire, and on the grounds which Colonel Fouke placed it.

On General Grant's return from his famous trip around the world and just as he returned from Mexico I happened to be in Memphis, Tenn., the day he visited there. Memphis had been my home for many years, and I was glad to see preparations made to give General Grant a grand reception. I called upon him at the Peabody Hotel soon after his arrival. He met me very cordially and invited me to join him next morning in his car from Memphis to Little Rock.

I was en route on business for the War Department to the Indian Territory. His reception in Memphis was a fine ovation. I joined him in the Pullman car the next morning at nine o'clock, and found no other occupants than the General and Mrs. Grant and Mr. Byron, a newspaper correspondent of Chicago, and his wife, and General Grant's Japanese servant. At every station on the route to Little Rock there were crowds of people, and at the principal towns there were speeches of welcome. I introduced the General at these places, and he made brief and appreciative responses to the speeches. At many places ladies crowded around the car with flowers asking for Mrs. Grant. I also introduced her on such occasions. Her seat in the car was banked with beautiful flowers. Mrs. Grant met the ladies with great cordiality and expressed her thanks in the kindest words. On this trip I had much uninterrupted conversation with General Grant, and I made notes after leaving him of the many points of his conversation from which I give this brief statement. There is an impression that General Grant was a reticent and silent man. He was neither. He was a very patient and attentive listener, fond of hearing what others had to say, and took in thoroughly every idea advanced. He talked to his friends with great freedom, and was a fine conversationalist. He never seemed to endeavor to conceal anything regarding a subject on which he was conversing. He talked to me as if talking to a member of his own military family. We occupied the same seat in the car, he sitting next the window. The seat in front was turned down toward us, and on this he had several boxes of Mexican cigars representing different brands and qualities. Mrs. Grant sat immediately behind us engaged in some sort of needlework, and occasionally joined in the conversation.

General Grant expressed the deepest interest in the future of Mexico, and predicted that it would become a prosperous nation and be an excellent example to other Latin American countries. He thought the war waged by the United States against Mexico in 1846-47 unjust. I did not attempt to express my views on this subject, although I held exactly the opposite opinion that if there ever was a just cause for war between nations the United States had this cause in its war with Mexico. General Grant in his memoirs repeats this opinion. He predicted the building of railroads connecting the two countries and the development of the mineral and agricultural resources of Mexico and of cordial relations which would develop.

I questioned him about his travels in the East. He was impressed with the great resources and possibilities of the Chinese Empire, but feared their adhesion to old customs would impede their progress. As to Japan, he was very optimistic. He thought they were rapidly imbibing Western ideas and were greatly in advance of other Eastern or Mongolian nations. He stated that they were inquisitive and seemed to be on the lookout for new and advanced ideas. He particularly dwelt upon their politeness and attention to old people.

Here Mrs. Grant gave an incident of a Japanese prince whom she saw step out of his way to allow an aged beggar woman to pass over a muddy crossing. General Grant dwelt with much feeling on the devotion of the Japanese to their parents, to whom he said on almost all occasions they showed the greatest affection and respect. He predicted the change of government which afterwards occurred in Japan, but which he did not live to see.

He impressed me very much by his close observation of the country through which we were passing, and made many inquiries about the soil, climate, products, etc.

In Arkansas in speaking of the future status of the negro he said it was a very serious question and one which gave him much concern. He stated that his reason for urging the acquisition of San Domingo while he was President was that it would have afforded a proper place for such of the negroes as might wish to emigrate and enable them to show whether or not they had capacity for self government. He had doubted the policy of giving the lately emancipated negro the right to vote at once. He thought it was a problem, yet he said after the government had emancipated the negro and enfranchised him he thought it an act of bad faith not to give him proper support and defense. On this he somewhat criticised the action of some leading Republicans. Upon his mention of San Domingo I could not refrain from telling him that I heard that a friend of his had once gone to him to tell him that Charles Sumner denied the authenticity of the Bible and that he replied: "That is not surprising, Sumner did not write the Bible." He simply smiled and said: "Mr. Sumner was a man of great intellect and much culture, but he was oppressed with a great deal of vanity." He said that he hoped and believed that the good sense of the Southern people would lead them to do justice to the negro, whom he said must for many generations be dominated by the white race.

General Grant said, as he afterwards wrote in his memoirs, that there was no offer of General Lee at Appomattox to surrender his sword, nor had he any intention to demand it. I told him that the Southern people had always regarded him with the greatest admiration and gratitude for the terms which he gave General Lee, and especially in allowing the men to retain their horses. He replied that this appeared to him not only an act of kindness to the men, but one of solemn duty. I mentioned this conversation to Governor Fletcher, of Missouri, a lifelong friend of General Grant, and he told me that General Grant had once said to him that when he looked upon those men, tired, worn out,

hungry, and nearly devoid of clothing, and remembered as he did their courage and devotion to the cause for which they fought and thought of their return to their desolated homes, he felt that he would not only allow them to retain their horses in order to enable them to make the crops, but that if he had had the power he would have dismounted the cavalry of his own army and let them take the horses in order to aid them.

He expressed great interest in the work of the publication of the records of the war and asked a number of questions as to the manner of the work and the progress being made, and said that the publication on the plan proposed would correct many errors and enable the future historian to give a true account of the war.

While he was a ready conversationalist, he showed at first some hesitancy about conversing in regard to the war. However, he answered pleasantly my numerous inquiries with apparent frankness. He expressed very high admiration for Gen. N. B. Forrest, and spoke of him as a "natural born soldier." He dwelt upon Forrest as a commander of cavalry capturing gunboats on the Tennessee River as a joke.

I mentioned that it had been claimed that he, and not General Sherman, was the projector of "Sherman's March to the Sea" or march from Atlanta to Savannah. He very promptly replied that this was a mistake, that the whole credit of the origin and success of the movement was due solely to Sherman. He said the authorities at Washington were doubtful of its success, but that he was not, having full confidence in Sherman. He asked about his friend Josiah Deloach, of Memphis, and he repeated to me what he afterwards wrote in his memoirs that Deloach had saved him from capture by Brig. Gen. W. H. Jackson's cavalry. When President, he appointed Deloach Postmaster at Memphis, and retained him in office against the protests of many leading Republicans. Replying to a query in regard to General Belknap, he stated that he accepted General Belknap's resignation as Secretary of War when he knew that it would subject him to much criticism from the public generally and many of his best friends. He said that Belknap was a good man and a fine soldier, but fell under influences which he was not able to resist and was not blamable himself. Mrs. Grant, who had heard the conversation, assented.

I frequently met General Grant at the house of his friend, General Beall, on Lafayette Square, in Washington. He often sent me his card with a request to call, and I always responded, although generally he was surrounded by others.

In November, 1884, General Grant wrote me that he was engaged by the Century Magazine to write some articles. He referred to my connection with the War Records Office, and said I might aid him in furnishing data and information in general from Confederate sources. I offered my services, and from this resulted considerable correspondence between us. Afterwards I received a letter from him dated November,

1884 (Sixty Sixth Street, New York), in which he stated: "I wrote during the summer four articles for the Century Magazine on as many battles or campaigns of the war. This gave me the idea of writing up not only all the battles in which I took part, but also a brief biographical sketch of my life up to the Rebellion. It will be some weeks yet before I reach the beginning of the late war. When I do, and particularly after getting beyond what is published in the 'Rebellion Records,' I will no doubt have to call upon you in regard to the Vicksburg campaign, Chattanooga, and the Wilderness if it is not too late for me to use it. The publication of the Shiloh article is probably too near at hand to make any material changes in it. All that I have written for the magazine will no doubt be changed (for the better, I hope) when it goes into the book. The articles were taken up separately and treat of events occurring in the middle of a series, and naturally will be presented differently from what they would be if taken up at the beginning and presented in the order of their occurrence."

In reply I sent him a copy of a letter from Gen. John C. Pemberton to Col. John P. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, which General Pemberton authorized Colonel Nicholson to make public if he chose. Colonel Nicholson authorized me to send a copy to General Grant. The letter is as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, July 12, 1875.

Col. John P. Nicholson Dear Sir:

I give you with great pleasure my version of the interview between General Grant and myself on the afternoon of July 3, 1863, in front of the Confederate lines at Vicksburg. If you will refer to the first volume of Badeau's 'Life of Gen. U. S. Grant,' you will find a marked discrepancy between the author's account of it and mine. I do not fear, however, to trust to the honest memory of any officer there present to confirm the statement I shall make. Passing over the preceding events, I come at once to the circumstances that brought about the personal interview referred to, feeling assured that it was useless to hope longer for any assistance from General Johnston either to raise the siege of Vicksburg or to rescue the garrison. I summoned division and brigade commanders with one or two others to meet in my quarters on the night of the 2d of July. All the correspondence that had taken place during the siege between General Johnston and myself was laid before these officers. After much consideration, it was advised that I address a note to General Grant proposing the appointment of commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation. The following, having been read to the council and approved, was sent to General Grant under a flag of truce by Maj. Gen. John S. Bowen on the 3d:

'Major General Grant, Commanding United States Forces Near Vicksburg General: I have the honor to propose to you an armistice of hours with a view to arrange terms of capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three commissioners to meet a like number to be named by yourself to meet at such place and hour to day as you may find convenient. I make this proposition to save further effusion

of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period. This communication will be handed to you under a flag of truce by Maj. Gen. John S. Bowen.

I am, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,

JOHN C. PEMBERTON, Lieutenant General Commanding.

In due time the following reply was handed to me:

'HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF TENN.,
NEAR VICKSBURG, July 3, 1863.

Lieut. Gen. John C. Pemberton General:

Your note of this date is just received proposing an armistice for several hours for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation through commissioners to be appointed, etc. The useless effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you may choose by an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have so much endurance and courage as shown in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and, I can assure you, will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war. I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation because I have no other than indicated above.

'I am, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT, Major General.'

I at once expressed to General Bowen my determination not to surrender unconditionally. He then stated that General Grant would like to have an interview with me if I were so disposed and would meet me at a designated spot between the lines at 3 P.M. that day. I was not aware that the suggestion had originated with General Bowen, but acceded to the proposed meeting at the joint request of my four division commanders. On reaching the place appointed, accompanied by Major General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery, then temporarily serving on my staff, I found General Grant with a number of his generals and other officers already arrived and dismounted. To the General himself, with whom my acquaintance dated as far back as the Mexican War, as well as to several of the group who surrounded him, I was formally introduced by General Bowen. After a few remarks and inquiries on either side, a pause ensued which was prolonged on my part in expectation that General Grant would introduce the subject, the discussion of which I supposed to be the object of our meeting. Finding that he did not do so, I said to him: I understand you expressed a wish to have a personal interview with me.' He replied that he had not. I was surprised, and turning to General Bowen remarked: 'Then there is a misunderstanding. I certainly understood differently.' The matter was, however,

satisfactorily explained to me in a few words, the mistake no doubt having been entirely my own. Again addressing General Grant, I said: 'In your letter this morning you state that you have no other terms than an unconditional surrender.' He answered promptly: 'I have no other.' To this I said: 'Then, sir, it is unnecessary that you and I should hold any further conversation, we will go to fighting at once.' I added: 'I can assure you, sir, you will bury more of your men before you enter Vicksburg.

General Grant did not, as Badeau represents, reply, 'Very well,' nor did he turn off. He did not change his position, nor did he utter a word. The movement to withdraw the forces any moment was made on my part, and was accompanied by the remark that if he (General Grant) supposed I was suffering for provisions he was mistaken, that I had enough to last me an indefinite period, and that Port Hudson was better supplied than Vicksburg. General Bowen made no suggestion whatever in regard to a consultation between any parties during the interview, as he is represented to have done by Badeau, but the General did at this time propose that he and I should step aside, and on assenting he added that if I had no objections he would take with him Generals McPherson and A. J. Smith. I replied, 'Certainly,' and that General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery would accompany me. General Grant then suggested that these gentlemen withdraw and see whether on consultation they could arrive at some satisfactory arrangement. It will be readily understood that I offered no objection to this course, as it was, in fact, a withdrawal of General Grant from the position he had so substantially assumed to me in his unconditional surrender, and it really submitted, as I had desired it should, the discussion of the question of terms to a commission, although that commission was not necessarily an impromptu one.

Pending the interchange of views of the officers named, General Grant and I remained apart from them, conversing only upon topics that had no relation to the important subject which had brought us together. The terms which this commission agreed to propose were in the main those that were afterwards offered by General Grant and eventually accepted by me. During this discussion I stated to him that, as he declined to appoint commissioners when invited to do so by me, it was now his part to propose the terms. He agreed to this and said I should hear from him by 10 P.M. When about to depart, I notified General Grant that I held myself in no manner pledged to any agreement, but should consult my division and brigade commanders. He replied that I must understand him in like manner and that he too should consult his corps commanders. With this our interview ended.

Mr. Badeau's statement is a misrepresentation of the facts as they occurred, and, whether intentional or otherwise, conveys a false impression to his readers. If he was present at the interview, he knows, if he was absent, he could readily have ascertained that after General Grant's verbal declaration he had no terms to offer other than unconditional surrender. All suggestions and all overtures looking to terms arose directly from General Grant himself, and neither directly nor indirectly from me or my subordinates. There was no display of indifference as to the result of the interview by General Grant, nor did he feel indifferent on the night of the 3d of July when a dispatch was intercepted by my signal officer from Admiral Porter to General Grant. The former inquired as to the

chances of surrender on the 4th. General Grant replied through the same medium, mentioning in a general way the terms offered, stating that the arrangement was against his feelings, but that his officers advised it on the ground that it would free his river transportation for other important uses, etc. No doubt both of these gentlemen remember the circumstances.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully yours,

JOHN C. PEMBERTON.

General Grant on receiving a copy of the letter of General Pemberton wrote to me as follows:

3 EAST 66TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 30, 1864.

Gen. Marcus J. Wright Dear General: Herewith I send you General Pemberton's account of the surrender of Vicksburg. As the written matter is a copy and supposing you have what it has been copied from, I do not return it, though I will if you inform me that you want it also.

A gentleman from Philadelphia sent me the same matter, I return herewith, last summer. I probably left the paper at Long Branch, but do not know certainly.

All there is of importance in the matter of the surrender of Vicksburg is contained in the correspondence between General Pemberton and myself. The fact is, General Pemberton, being a Northern man commanding a Southern army, was not at the same liberty to surrender that army as a man of Southern birth would be. In adversity or defeat he became an object of suspicion and felt it. Bowen was a Southern man all over, and knew the garrison of Vicksburg had to surrender or be captured, and knew it was but to stop further effusion of blood to surrender. He did all he could to bring about that result. Pemberton is mistaken in several points. It was Bowen that proposed that he and A. J. Smith should talk over the matter of the surrender and submit their views. Neither Pemberton nor I objected, but were not willing to commit ourselves to accepting such terms as they might propose.

In a short time these officers returned. Bowen acted as spokesman, and what he said was substantially this: 'The Confederate army was to be permitted to march out with the honors of war, conveying with them their arms, colors, and field batteries. The national troops were then to march in and occupy the city and retain the siege guns and small arms not in the hands of the men, all public property remaining.'

Of course I rejected the terms at once. I did agree, however, before we separated to write Pemberton what terms I would give. The correspondence is public and speaks for itself. I held no council of war. Hostilities having ceased, officers and men soon became acquainted with the reason why. Curiosity led officers of rank, most all of the general officers, to visit my headquarters with the hope of getting some news. I talked with them

very freely about the meeting between General Pemberton and myself, our correspondence, etc., but in no sense was it a council of war.

I was glad to give the garrison of Vicksburg the terms I did. There was a cartel in existence at that time which required either party to exchange or parole all prisoners either at Vicksburg or at points on the James River within ten days after capture or as soon thereafter as practicable. This would have used all the transportation we had for a month.

The men had behaved so well that I did not care to humiliate them. I believed that consideration for their feelings would make them less dangerous foes during the continuance of hostilities and better citizens after the war was over. I am much obliged to you, General, for your courtesy in sending me these papers.

Very truly yours,
U. S. GRANT.

Correspondence between General Grant and myself was kept up at intervals until the serious turn in his health occurred. I could mention many courtesies and acts of kindness he did me voluntarily and without suggestion from any source, but I forbear. Mr. Jefferson Davis was asked when General Grant lay stricken with impending death at Mount McGregor to write a criticism on his military career. He replied as follows : "General Grant is dying. Though he invaded our country with a ruthless yet it was an open hand. He abetted neither arson nor pillage. He has shown no malignity to Confederates , therefore, instead of seeking to disturb his dying hours, I would contribute peace to his mind and comfort to his body."

The order issued by General Grant at the surrender at Appomattox was evidence of his kindness and humane feeling. It was a joint order by both commanders :

Special Order No. : All men and officers of the Confederate service paroled at Appomattox C. H. who to reach their homes are compelled to pass through the lines of the Union armies will be allowed to do so and to pass free on all government transports and military railroads.

It was signed by the adjutant general of each commander.

WHAT CAUSED THE WAR?

BY REV. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Historians have been busy assigning causes for the terrible war of 1861-65, which desolated the southern section of the United States and destroyed an institution which had become a part of its domestic life. The war is attributed to ignorance of each other in the two sections of the Union, to sectional prejudice, to conflict of economic interests, to different interpretations of the Constitution, to ambitious rivalries for supremacy in the government.

No doubt each of these factors contributed to bring about the final outbreak of hostilities and to the bitterness of the struggle. But in reality it was a war of conscience against conscience a conflict of moral ideals. Each side believed it was contending for righteousness against iniquity. The North thought it was fighting against an order of society unjust and oppressive, the South believed it was fighting for a social order in the main kindly and beneficent. The North fought for a theory of human rights, the South for a condition, the best conservator of actual rights of two races widely different yet forced to live together.

It is frequently said that if the Northern people had known the actual condition of the slaves in the South and the kind feeling which in general subsisted between master and slave, then all bitterness of feeling would have disappeared and the radical demands of the abolitionists would have been so modified that the questions could have been settled without war.

But the chief obstacle to settlement was that these abolitionists, with their active propaganda, would not accept any fact that would controvert their theory of human rights. Intensely prejudiced and partisan writers with very limited opportunities to know all the facts went through the South to observe conditions. They reported the exceptional cases of cruelty and oppression, and their statements were accepted as gospel, which no amount of evidence could invalidate as to the terrible condition of the slaves and the tyranny of the masters. Thus the conscience of the Northern people was aroused against a system for which they felt the nation was responsible. At the same time the conscience of the Southern people resented what they felt was an injustice to them and a false judgment of their institutions.

When conscience is involved in any great question, compromises are only temporary. At length it has to be settled by force, the appeal to arms, that *ultima ratio regum*. Although the result of the appeal is not necessarily just and righteous, war never settles the right or wrong of anything. It often only establishes some giant wrong. One of the mightiest agencies of oppression and injustice in this world has been a perverted conscience. Our Saviour warned his disciples that their persecutors would think they did God service. And the horrors of the Inquisition were inflicted by conscientious ecclesiastics. No doubt

many of those who accomplished the emancipation of the slaves in the South at such fearful cost of blood and treasure, of life and suffering have the approval of their own consciences, and congratulate themselves on their success as agents Of God's righteousness. Yet we of the South, who were the victims of that conscience, believe that it was blinded, perverted, and unjust. And our consciences do not reproach us for having resisted to the utmost of our power.

It was essentially the Puritan conscience which forced on the war. And inasmuch as the Southern conscience was as firm in its conviction as to the duty of resistance, the war was inevitable. My observation of the Puritan and my reading of his history leads me to think that when he has made up his mind as to what is right no amount of fact is allowed to interfere with his course. Every one must admire his stern devotion to principle as he sees it, his firmness of purpose, his self sacrificing zeal, his energy, his independence of thought, and his brave assertion of that independence at any cost.

But on the other hand I have noted an intolerance of opposition, an assumption of infallibility in judgment, a self confidence which would denounce the Almighty if he differed from the Puritan idea, a willingness to deny or to pervert and misrepresent facts, to sustain a theory which have led to persecution and oppression in order to establish a certain theory or course of conduct. So in the early days of New England Baptists and Quakers were banished because their consciences could not conform to those of the Puritan.

In the course of nearly half a century as a minister of the gospel I have had various illustrations of this peculiarity of the Puritan conscience which will not accept any fact that would contradict its moral ideals. And let it be said that the Puritan has been so masterful in the realm of higher thinking that he has molded and controlled the ideals of the whole northern section of our country. He has claimed liberty to his own opinions, also liberty to force them on others.

Starting my ministerial life with the highest admiration for the Puritan, I fear I shall close it with a feeling of utter revolt against his character as an enemy of true liberty of conscience. This feeling applies only to the English Puritan, from Cromwell down, until I sometimes wonder whether to class the great Lord Protector as hypocrite or saint.

But my purpose in this paper is to give some illustrations of that stubborn prejudice in the North which misrepresented and misjudged the South and which refused to listen to any facts that might correct or modify opinions that rested on theory and not fact.

The theory was that all slavery was wrong, a violation of inalienable rights, that it must necessarily oppress and maltreat the slave, and also it must brutalize the master and make

him cruel, therefore Southern slavery must be a system of cruel oppression, and that any facts to the contrary were only exceptional. So the system was denounced as "the sum of all villainies," and conscience was invoked and cultivated to destroy it. The abolitionist gloried in the war of emancipation as a righteous war. The true Southerners looked upon it as an unrighteous attack upon a social order which was forced on them largely by the Puritan and whose overthrow would bring dire consequences.

The first illustration I shall give was related to me by the late Col. John McGavock, of Franklin, Tenn. He was a typical gentleman of the old school, brave, gentle, upright, scorning a lie or any hypocrisy with utmost contempt. In his boyhood days he spent a good deal of his time in Washington with his relative, Hon. Felix Grundy, Senator from Tennessee. He heard frequently the discussions in the Senate between the great leaders, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Benton, and their peers. It was my privilege to enjoy the friendship of Colonel McGavock for a number of years before his death, and his reminiscences of those days were exceedingly interesting. As he sat in his great arm chair, which had belonged to General Jackson, and talked of those old days of strenuous debate, I felt that his memories ought to be recorded as a valuable contribution to the history of the time. Among other things, he told me that several years before the war a prominent United States Senator visited Tennessee and was the guest of Gen. W. H. Harding at Belle Meade, the celebrated stock farm near Nashville. He spent several days observing closely the life of the place, and all were pleased with his agreeable manners and his brilliant conversation, revealing the treasures of a wide culture. He asked General Harding if there would be objection to his talking with the negroes on the place, as he wished to know the facts of our Southern life. He was told to make himself perfectly at home and to speak to any of them freely on any subject he chose. Of course it was understood that he wished to hear the slave's version of his condition. The guest was a gentleman, and had no such thought as stirring disaffection among the slaves. He went into the quarters and saw them at their meals and on to the farm and saw them at work. He talked with men and women. He was impressed with the intelligence and answers of one especially, who became afterwards the noted "Uncle Bob." in charge of the thoroughbreds. He suspected that Bob knew who he was and that he had been posted as to his answers, so he said after a long talk: "Do you know who I am?" Bob answered promptly: "Yes, sir, you are Marse Pony Cheatham" a man whom Bob had seen at Belle Meade and who bore some resemblance to him.

When his visit ended, Mr. S. was very cordial in his thanks to General Harding for the opportunity of seeing for himself the life of a large Southern plantation. Colonel McGavock, who had it from General Harding, said that the guest remarked in substance: "Well, sir, the institution is entirely different from what I had supposed. Sir, this is really the old patriarchal system of the family, like that of Abraham. Yet this man went home and, disregarding his own observations, was induced to listen to the statements of partisans, and was driven by the exigencies of party to become the most bitter in his denunciations of the South and its institutions. His theory of the wrong of slavery must be maintained

Another illustration of this peculiarity of the New England mind was given to me by one of my teachers in college.

In the years 1854 to 1856 I was a student at Jackson College, in Columbia, Tenn., which was burned by the Federal forces in 1864. I was fifteen years old when I entered. The students were assigned rooms in the college building four to a room for study by day, and as the rooms were all occupied, the professor of Latin and Greek took me to room with him. He was an old bachelor, and treated me as a son. He was a native of Maine, a graduate of Bowdoin College, the Alma Mater of Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Franklin Pierce. He was a man of broad and liberal culture, who bought and read many books. One day in the late fall, when we had begun to have fire in our room, he came in with a new book and sat down to read. After a while he got up and thrust the book into the grate. Of course I was surprised, and asked why he did it. He said: "That book is Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's 'Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.' I thought I had a book of travels, which I know Mrs. Stowe could write well. Instead, it is only an abolition document." I afterwards learned his experience of abolitionism, which was in substance that after his graduation he determined to be a teacher. So he looked for a place which would yield him a living. There was a better prospect in the South than in his own home. Although he was against slavery and was prejudiced against the South, yet for the sake of the salary he swallowed his prejudices and came to Pulaski, in Giles County, Tenn., where he secured a select school of boys, twelve or fifteen sons of the neighboring planters. He thought he could stand it for a few years until he could make enough money to return to God's country, and there spend the rest of his life as a teacher amid congenial surroundings. After a little while, as he became acquainted, he was invited nearly every week to go home with one or other of the boys to stay from Friday evening until Sunday morning, when the family came to the town to church. At the end of six months he wrote home to his people in Maine, telling them that they were mistaken as to slavery, that it was not the cruel system they imagined it was. They answered that he had not had a chance to see the dark side. At the end of a year he wrote again, urging them to revise their judgment. They replied that the slave holders, knowing that he was from the North, had concealed the cruel features of their treatment of the slaves, and that he did not know the real conditions.

He then concluded to write no more on the subject, but to take utmost pains to inform himself on the general treatment of negroes by white masters. At the end of three years he expected to return to Maine, and then in personal talk with his family and friends he would convince them of their error. But he was sadly disappointed. He went back to spend three months before returning to Tennessee, where he had made up his mind to spend the rest of his life. He had been at home only a short time when the subject of slavery was brought up. He told them simply what he had seen, not concealing the occasional cruelties nor apologizing for the real evils of the system. He told of the contentment of the slaves, their freedom from care, the provision for food and clothing, the attention in sickness, the kind feelings of master and slave for each other. He only

asked that they recognize facts and the difficulties in the way of carrying out their theories.

His friends were impatient with his story, and finally intimated in plain terms that he was in the pay for the slaveholders, hired to make false statements, that they knew that conditions were different from his representations.

At the end of three weeks he had enough of Maine, and he packed his trunk and came back to Tennessee. I understood that he never went back to his old home until after the war, when he married and took his bride to see his people.

He did what he could for the Confederacy, serving in hospitals and in such positions as his strength would permit. His last years were spent in the ministry of the gospel. Another incident involving two ministers of the gospel will show how thoroughly this prejudice existed in the Churches of the North. It was related to me several years ago by the late Mrs. Mary Thompson, the mother of Hon. John Thompson, Commissioner of Agriculture of Tennessee, and of Mr. Joseph H. Thompson, a prominent banker of Nashville. She was one of the loveliest and saintliest characters I ever knew, and also most charitable in her judgment of everybody.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met in the First Presbyterian Church in Nashville, Tenn., in May, 1855. Dr. Edgar, the pastor, and his committee of entertainment received two letters, one from a minister in New England, the other from a minister in the West. These men were brothers, who had not met for twenty years, being in such widely separated fields. Each was appointed a commissioner to the Assembly. They asked that if possible they be assigned to the same home during the Assembly's meeting.

Mrs. Thompson's husband, Mr. John Thompson, was very much interested in these letters, and asked that the brothers be sent to his home. He lived on a large plantation a few miles from the city. He promised to put a comfortable buggy and a gentle horse at their disposal, so that they could go and come at their pleasure.

On the afternoon before the meeting of the Assembly Mrs. Thompson went to meet her guests and brought them to her home. It was a pleasant May day, and they were delighted with the freshness and beauty of the country. While they were sitting in the parlor for a few minutes before going to their room the house maid came in to make some inquiry or announcement, and she and her mistress had some little talk aside. As she left the room the ministers looked after her with evident surprise. At length one of them said to Mrs. Thompson: "She didn't seem to be afraid of you." Her reply was: "Afraid? Why should she be afraid of me?" He said: "Why, we had understood that the black people do not dare to speak to the whites without permission, and they usually get down on their knees." Of course Mrs. Thompson ridiculed his foolish and false ideas.

The work on the plantation interested them very much. It was the season of planting, and everybody was up early and everything was moving from morning until night. The ministers were busy too, seeing as much as they could in the intervals of the Assembly's sessions.

When the Assembly adjourned, Mr. Thompson invited them to remain with him as long as they could, that they might see more of Southern life and the condition of the slaves. They gladly accepted his invitation, and spent several days in going over his place and in visiting the neighboring plantations. They were shown the storerooms with bales and bolts of cloth to make up into clothing for the negroes, with boxes of boots and shoes and hats and caps, the work rooms, where Mrs. Thompson directed the sewing women, the smokehouses, with the great supply of cured meats, the mills for grinding the corn, the nursery for the babies while the mothers were at work, the cabins in which the negroes lived, each with its garden spot, the barns and stables and tool houses in a word, all the necessary equipment of a large plantation, with its many slaves forming a village in itself, clustered about the "big house" of the "white folks."

They visited Colonel Overton's and General Harding's plantations and several of the farms of the neighborhood. They seemed much surprised at the general air of content and happiness which prevailed among the negroes, to whom they spoke freely, asking many questions.

Mr. Thompson told them that several of these gentlemen owned plantations in Arkansas and Mississippi, where they raised cotton and where the life was much the same as here, under the direction of a trusted overseer and his family. He told them that what they had seen was a fair sample of the treatment of the slaves generally by their owners, that, while there were no doubt cruel masters, they were the exception, and public opinion as well as self interest restrained them from excess of harshness.

The brothers were very thankful for the attentions which they had received, and said to Mr. Thompson: "We have had our eyes opened. Now how can we repay your kindness and show our appreciation?" He replied in substance: "Gentlemen, I foresee great trouble for our country in the near future to come from the agitation of this question of slavery. Your people are denouncing us with great bitterness as the oppressors of a helpless race. They do not know the actual condition and treatment of the slaves nor the difficulties that beset their demands. This is with us not a question of a theory of human rights, but of actual facts with which we have to deal, and we are trying to give the negroes all the rights which they are fit to exercise. Surely if your people but knew the truth, they would cease their agitation of a question which they are incompetent to deal with. The Southern people cannot be expected to submit patiently to abuse which they feel to be unjust. Now I ask of you gentlemen that when you go home, one to the East, the other to the West, you tell your people just what you have seen of the treatment of the slaves. Use your position and influence to get facts before them. I do not wish you to apologize for us nor

to cover any unfavorable facts which you have noted. You have seen a fair example of the way the large proportion of the negroes are treated. You also can judge of the difficulty in the way of freeing such a mass of an utterly different and inferior race from the restraints of slavery and having them live among us. And you might at least help to stop this agitation."

Mrs. Thompson heard the whole conversation of which I have given the substance. She said that as her husband ceased speaking both ministers threw up their hands and said: "Mr. Thompson, if we were to tell our people exactly what we have seen just as we have seen it, we could not keep our pulpits a month. We would be set down by public opinion as liars, bribed by the slaveholders. Our people are so set in their views of slavery that they would not believe a word we spoke and would refuse to hear us preach. The brothers were very thankful for the attentions which they had received, and said to Mr. Thompson: "We have had our eyes opened. Now how can we repay your kindness and show our appreciation?" He replied in substance: "Gentlemen, I foresee great trouble for our country in the near future to come from the agitation of this question of slavery. Your people are denouncing us with great bitterness as the oppressors of a helpless race. They do not know the actual condition and treatment of the slaves nor the difficulties that beset their demands. This is with us not a question of a theory of human rights, but of actual facts with which we have to deal, and we are trying to give the negroes all the rights which they are fit to exercise. Surely if your people but knew the truth, they would cease their agitation of a question which they are incompetent to deal with. The Southern people cannot be expected to submit patiently to abuse which they feel to be unjust. Now I ask of you gentlemen that when you go home, one to the East, the other to the West, you tell your people just what you have seen of the treatment of the slaves. Use your position and influence to get facts before them. I do not wish you to apologize for us nor to cover any unfavorable facts which you have noted. You have seen a fair example of the way the large proportion of the negroes are treated. You also can judge of the difficulty in the way of freeing such a mass of an utterly different and inferior race from the restraints of slavery and having them live among us. And you might at least help to stop this agitation."

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As there was time to spare, they visited Richmond, as Dr. Fairbairn wished to visit his friend, Dr. Moore. They wished to see something of how the negroes lived in slavery. Drs. Moore, Moses Hoge, and Baird took pains to show them some of the old homes around Richmond and visited several of the old plantations down the James River. They pointed out the negro quarters, with their cabins and gardens, and also the various buildings in which provision was made for their comfort. They told of the life and work not only on the large plantations but on the smaller farms and in the villages and cities and in the homes of the masters. They told of the religious instruction of the slaves, of the buying and selling of them, and of their family life. The whole story was told honestly, not concealing the harsher features.

When the delegation was received by the General Assembly, the effort was made to have them repeat their speeches made on their arrival. But they evaded the subject of slavery and emancipation, and their references to the war were slight and guarded. Dr. Fairbairn intimated that he had found that they did not know enough to talk wisely on the subject.

After his return to Scotland, Dr. Fairbairn wrote several letters to Dr. Moore, expressing deep sympathy with the Southern people and Churches in the very difficult problems forced upon them by emancipation. Especially did he deplore the giving the ballot to the negro. Dr. Moore gave me two or three of these letters, but in moving my library about I have lost them.

Now for the other class of foreign critics. The next year another delegation came from Scotland on a similar mission. It consisted of Dr. James McCosh, afterwards the distinguished and able President of Princeton University, and Dr. William Arnot, a minister and author of great talent and learning. They also went to Richmond, anxious to see for themselves the conditions. They received the same courteous treatment from the same gentlemen, who took them on a steamer running to Norfolk, that they might see something of the old Virginia mansions. But Dr. Baird told me that the response to these courtesies, especially by Dr. Arnot, was so rude as to be positively insulting. Whenever any statement was made indicating that the negroes were well treated and happy, Dr. Arnot would dispute it in the most offensive manner: "No, sir! I know better than that, you can't deceive me. I have investigated this matter, and know that there was not a redeeming feature in the system." This in substance was his reply to anything that did not conform to his opinions, until at last Dr. Hoge, most courteous of men, lost his patience and said to them: "As you seem to have no confidence in us as Christian gentlemen, we shall leave you to yourselves." So the Richmond gentlemen withdrew into the boat and had no more to do with the visitors. Dr. Baird said that he could not explain such boorishness in men of such unquestioned ability and high position except on the ground of inveterate prejudice with boundless self conceit. I suppose all who know anything of Dr. McCosh know how profound was his confidence in his own opinions. I was told that when the visitors returned to Richmond they were entertained by a prominent negro

family. If it were so, I can't see how any Southern man could attend Princeton under his presidency.

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Now for the other class of foreign critics. The next year another delegation came from Scotland on a similar mission. It consisted of Dr. James McCosh, afterwards the distinguished and able President of Princeton University, and Dr. William Arnot, a minister and author of great talent and learning. They also went to Richmond, anxious to see for themselves the conditions. They received the same courteous treatment from the same gentlemen, who took them on a steamer running to Norfolk, that they might see something of the old Virginia mansions. But Dr. Baird told me that the response to these courtesies, especially by Dr. Arnot, was so rude as to be positively insulting. Whenever any statement was made indicating that the negroes were well treated and happy, Dr. Arnot would dispute it in the most offensive manner: "No, sir! I know better than that, you can't deceive me. I have investigated this matter, and know that there was not a redeeming feature in the system." This in substance was his reply to anything that did not conform to his opinions, until at last Dr. Hoge, most courteous of men, lost his patience and said to them: "As you seem to have no confidence in us as Christian gentlemen, we shall leave you to yourselves." So the Richmond gentlemen withdrew into the boat and had no more to do with the visitors. Dr. Baird said that he could not explain such boorishness in men of such unquestioned ability and high position except on the ground of inveterate prejudice with boundless self conceit. I suppose all who know anything of

Dr. McCosh know how profound was his confidence in his own opinions. I was told that when the visitors returned to Richmond they were entertained by a prominent negro family. If it were so, I can't see how any Southern man could attend Princeton under his presidency.

As there was time to spare, they visited Richmond, as Dr. Fairbairn wished to visit his friend, Dr. Moore. They wished to see something of how the negroes lived in slavery. Drs. Moore, Moses Hoge, and Baird took pains to show them some of the old homes around Richmond and visited several of the old plantations down the James River. They pointed out the negro quarters, with their cabins and gardens, and also the various buildings in which provision was made for their comfort. They told of the life and work not only on the large plantations but on the smaller farms and in the villages and cities and in the homes of the masters. They told of the religious instruction of the slaves, of the buying and selling of them, and of their family life. The whole story was told honestly, not concealing the harsher features.

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MEMORIAL SERVICE AT MT. HOPE CEMETERY

The annual memorial services of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York were held this year on Sunday, May 30, at its plot in Mount Hope Cemetery. About two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen attended. The Camp and its friends, the New York Chapter, U. D. C, Dixie Club, and comrades of the U. S. Grant Post, Alexander Hamilton Post, Lafayette Post, and Sumner Post, G. A. R., went to the cemetery in a special train in the afternoon. On arrival at the Mount Hope Station the Veterans and associate members of the Camp and the G. A. R. Veterans formed in column under command of Maj. Edward Owen, and with flags flying and with the music of a drum and bugle marched to the monument. It was an imposing sight to see those old veterans "brace up" at the sound of the bugle and drum and hear the word of command once more.

The exercises consisted of the hymn, "God Bless Our Native Land." Then a prayer was offered by our Chaplain, Rev. George S. Baker. Miss Margaret Dunlap sang a solo, "The Holy City." Rev. John Wesley Hill delivered the oration, followed by the benediction.

Graves were decorated with flowers by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and then the solemn but beautiful taps was sounded. Wreaths were presented and placed upon the graves by the G. A. R. Veterans. There are now some eighteen veterans buried in the Camp plot resting under the shadow of a grand monument sixty two feet high.

OUTING TO WEST POINT BY THE NEW YORK CAMP, U. C. V.

On Saturday, June 5 last, the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York had its annual outing to West Point, under the charge of Maj. Edward Owen, Commander of the Camp. Although the day was rainy, between four hundred and five hundred ladies and gentlemen were aboard the iron steamboat Sirius, chartered for the occasion, when it left Pier 1 N. R. at 12:30. Arriving at West Point about five o'clock, it met with a cordial welcome. At six o'clock a special dress parade was ordered by Col. Hugh L. Scott, Superintendent of West Point, for our benefit. It was a grand sight and most highly appreciated by all present.

Leaving West Point at seven o'clock, we reached the upper landing in the city at 10:30 P.M., all having enjoyed the occasion greatly. On the way up and the return those who desired enjoyed the dancing to splendid music furnished by the Twelfth Regiment Band. The younger element kept that part going all the time.

Some veterans of the U. S. Grant Post, Alexander Hamilton Post, Lafayette Post, and Sumner Post were our guests on this occasion, and they enjoyed every moment.

Among those present were: Mrs. James H. Parker (President New York Chapter, U. D. C.), Mrs. J. D. Beale (exVice President U. D. C.), Mrs. W. W. Dunklin (ex President Dixie Club), Col. and Mrs. C. C. Wilson and the Misses Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. John Temple Graves, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rivers, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Ellis, Percy Pickrell, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Graybill, R. W. Gwathmey, E. Selvage, Col. J. B. Wilkinson, Mrs. Florence A. Lopez.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT REPORT OF TREASURER FOR MONTH ENDING JUNE 30, 1909.

Receipts. Receipts reported, \$9,765.74.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bock, Director for Virginia, \$6. Contributed by Rawley Martin Chapter, No. 68, U. D. C., Chatham, Va., \$5, a friend, \$1.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$217. Contributed by Winnie Davis Chapter, No. 626, U. D. C., Jefferson City, Mo., \$110, Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 639, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo., \$25, Moberly Chapter, No. 1125, U. D. C., Moberly, Mo., \$5, M. L. Dalton Home Chapter, No. 1106, U. D. C., Wentzville, Mo., \$2.50, Confederate Home Chapter, No. 203, U. D. C., Higginsville, Mo., \$10, R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 525, U. D. C., Marshallville, Mo., \$25, Sterling Price Chapter, No. 213, U. D. C., Lexington, Mo., \$50. Beauregard Chapter, No. 1102, Washington, D. C., \$50. Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, \$206. Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$70.05. Contributed by Memorial Chapter, No. 48, U. D. C., Little Rock, Ark., \$69.05, Mrs. H. F. Sloan, Imboden, Ark., \$1.

Mrs. Marie Burrows Sayre, Director for Washington, \$23.50. Contributed by Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 967, U. D. C., Spokane, Wash., \$5, Dixie Chapter, No. 1103, U. D. C., Tacoma, Wash., \$1, R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 885, U. D. C., Seattle, Wash., \$10, miscellaneous contributions, \$7.50. Benavides Chapter, No. 452, U. D. C., Laredo, Tex., \$10. Charles J. Gawler, Washington, D. C., \$1. Mrs. Kate A. Murray, Alexandria, Va., \$1. Sidney I. Besselievre, Washington, D. C., \$1. Dr. L. W. Eugster, Washington, D. C., \$1. Mr. and Mrs. Keblinger and baby, Washington, D. C., \$1 50. Mr. S. and Mr. W., Washington, D. C. (each 50 cents), \$1. Unknown, Washington, D. C., \$1. John T. Morgan Chapter, No. 356, Talladega, Ala., \$10.70. Shenandoah Chapter, No. 32, U. D. C., Woodstock, Va., \$6. Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$200. Contributed by Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, U. D. C, Baltimore, Md., parent body, \$185, branch at Annapolis, Md., \$15.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bock, Director for Virginia, \$6. Contributed by Mrs. Joseph Bryan, Richmond, Va., \$5, Mr. Conrad, Winchester, Va., \$1.

Wythe Grays Chapter, No. 136, Wytheville, Va., \$57.57. Mrs. M. J. Wells, Washington, D. C., \$1. Mrs. R. S. J. Peebles, Richmond, Va., \$3. Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director

for Mississippi, \$25. Contributed by Private Taylor Rucker Chapter, No. 913, U. D. C., Greenville, Miss., \$20, personal contribution, \$5.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$5. Contributed by New Smyrna Chapter, No. 825, New Smyrna, Fla. Mrs. Martha Cabaniss, Evansville, Ind., \$21.25.

WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

[This worthy cause should not lag. ED. VETERAN.]

THE OLD SOLDIERS' STORY A MARCH SONG

This song of the South, written by Mrs. Carlos Dinkins, of Macon, Ga., herself the daughter of a veteran, is dedicated to the "Boys in Gray and their sons and daughters." It is published with the desire of giving aid to Southern needs.

The song will never become a classic, nor is it written in the rag time measure that will set every street gamin to whistling or singing it. It is a song of the heart, and appeals entirely to the tenderest emotions. The words are very pretty, and are wedded to an air in every way suitable to them. It has a haunting melody that lingers in the heart, and the short strain of "Dixie" in the chorus is attractive.

Mrs. Dinkins is anxious that the U. D. C. and Veterans everywhere should take up the sale of her song. The selling price, twenty five cents, will be equally divided, the sellers to use their portion for the Veterans' Home, monument building, or any similar cause.

LOLA SANCHEZ'S RIDE.

WHAT A CUBAN GIRL DID FOR CONFEDERATES.

BY L. H. L.

The daring ride of Paul Revere is told in song and story, but very few have known of a ride much more daring and equally as thrilling of which a beautiful young Cuban girl was the heroine.

Long before the War between the States Mauritia Sanchez left the West Indies and settled on the east bank of the stately St. John's River, opposite Palatka, Fla. His ill health, which had caused his removal from Cuba, continued to grow worse till when the war broke out he was a feeble man, worn and aged. His family consisted of an invalid wife, a son in the Confederate service, and three attractive daughters, who were only prevented by their womanhood from also joining the army. In lieu of this they gave every aid and assistance possible to the cause of the Confederacy.

Information concerning the Yankees percolated through the lines and reached the Confederates, and after watching closely the Yankees decided that Mauritia Sanchez was its source, and the feeble old man was arrested as a spy and dragged off to prison in what was then called San Marco, and is now Fort Marion, St. Augustine.

This left the three girls, Panchita, Lola, and Eugenia, unprotected, for their invalid mother was their care, not their guard. Often in the night their place was surrounded by Yankee troops, both whites and blacks, and the house searched for concealed spies, for the information still reached the Confederates, and the Yankees did not suspect the truth that the girls themselves were the informers.

The three Cuban girls were beautiful and had all the attraction and charm of tropic girlhood, so the Yankee officers were very fond of spending their evenings at the hacienda listening to their merry chatter and their liquid singing to the soft accompaniment of the guitar. The talk seemed light and airy enough, but from it the girls managed to glean the information that kept the Confederates posted.

One Saturday evening three Yankee officers came to the hacienda. The light, bantering conversation, the quips, and the laughter made the evening pass delightfully, and later the three girls withdrew to prepare the Cuban supper, to which they had bidden the officers remain as guests.

As Lola Sanchez flitted from pantry to dining room as softly as wind blown orange petals on the grass she found that the officers on the porch had fallen into earnest conversation, and one word that she heard convinced her that trouble for her beloved cause was brewing, so she silently crept beneath the window and listened. Two plans were spoken of as to be carried out on the morrow. One was a gunboat raid up the river in the early dawn when the Confederate camp was still sleeping, the other, a foraging party to go southward from St. Augustine, pillaging and capturing all they could find.

The trembling girl crept away from the window. Something must be done, and at once, for it was already late and the expedition against her friends would start at dawn. Camp Davis, under Captain Dickinson (afterwards General Dickinson), was only a mile and a half away, but between them and her lay the dense Florida forest and the wide, slow current of the St. John's.

Such women as Lola Sanchez think rapidly. She bade her sister Panchita return to their guests and with song and laughter to keep them entertained. Eugenia must prepare the supper, while she sped upon her mission of warning. Her pet horse was quickly saddled, and she plunged into the darkening forest. High overhead rode the moon, and where the

branches of the trees spread wide apart threw golden lances of light that made the shadows of leaf and swaying moss quiver and dance upon the sand, but the bay head was thick and water oak and pine grew close together, and here the darkness gathered black and shadowy. The scrub palmetto met in a tangle that held back her horse, and the yellow jasmine vines, with their incense bearing burden of bloom, were everywhere, and to penetrate them was to tear hands and clothes and to force her horse forward with her spurs. Now and then a long vine would clasp her around her neck with snaky folds that made her shudder and almost shriek aloud.

There was the real danger of wild beasts fresh from their lairs, and the wind in the pine trees made eerie cries, sobbing like the wail of a lost soul, and the girl, like most tropic nurtured women, was very superstitious. Blindly stumbling on and guided more by instinct than by sight, she reached the river and the ferry she was seeking. The ferryman was gone with his boat. His wife "could not row, but the lady could have the skiff if she could paddle herself over."

The girl was a practiced oarswoman and could paddle like an Indian maiden, so her swift strokes carried her fast upon the moonlit river. The St. John's was dimpling and sparkling as the wind stirred its waters, every wave, gold tipped, had its individuality, and where the moonlight lay upon the water was a golden ladder that seemed to reach from river to heaven. But the fairy scene was lost upon Lola Sanchez, beauty lover though she was, for her every effort was given to driving the light skiff over the water.

The Confederate picket was just across the river, and as soon as she stepped from the shadows a sharp "Halt! who goes there?" stopped her progress. Her answer, "A friend," brought the mounted picket, who proved to be an old friend and neighbor. The soldier could not leave his post even to carry such news as this, and the relief guard had just gone! But he could pass her into the lines even without the password, and she could have his horse, rules or no rules on the subject of dismounting .

Miss Sanchez found Camp Davis, and Captain Dickinson gave close attention to her breathless story. And now she must ride for her own liberty, for to be suspected and caught meant imprisonment, possibly death! A short, swift ride to the waiting picket, a rapid pull across the moon kissed waves of the St. John's, the welcoming whinny of her horse, then there were only the fear haunted shadows of the woods and bay head between her and safety

To Lola Sanchez the time of her absence seemed years, yet the old clock had registered only an hour and a half in actual minutes when she softly entered the kitchen. Panchita's audience had not yet tired of her sparkling roulades and her languishing love songs, and Eugenia's chicken olla catalina, olla podrida, and Cuban coffee were just filling the air with appetizing odors

The next morning in the gray mists of dawn the gunboat crept silently up the river, the transport full of soldiers following as silently, but where the river makes its bend the Confederate battery lay in wait! "Stormed at with shot and shell," taken by surprise, the transport was captured, the gunboat disabled, and the Yankees were all prisoners instead of taking the Confederates captive! South of St. Augustine the forage party too was prepared for. Here the ambushed Confederates awaited the enemy, and in the hot fight that followed many brave lives were lost on both sides. The Yankee General Chatfield was killed and Colonel Nobles was wounded and the larger part of his command made prisoners. They also lost their wagons and mules.

Panchita Sanchez determined to effect the release of her father from prison. She made her way to St. Augustine, and after untold labor and suffering, even an offer of herself as hostage, brought the old man home with her in triumph.

Lola Sanchez married a Confederate soldier of the St. Augustine Blues, Eugenia married Albert Rogers, of the same company, and Panchita wedded John R. Miot, of South Carolina.

Eugenia Sanchez still lives in St. Augustine, the same true, brave, patriotic woman as of old. She and her daughter are honored members of the Anna Dummet Chapter, U. D. C. The granddaughters of Lola Sanchez and Panchita Sanchez are members of the St. Augustine Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy, which is named in honor of Gen. W. W. Loring. At the State Convention of the U. D. C. lately held in that historic old city by the sea these two children of their noble ancestry were pages during the entire meeting.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE. BY L. H. L.

Memphis was well picketed, and it was hard to get in and ten times harder to get out again, and if you were trying to steal through the lines with contraband goods, the effort was well nigh impossible.

Two ladies living in Mississippi decided to try all these things at once, though Mississippi was under especial taboo, and the authorities had made their orders very strict against the whole State. Mrs. White and Mrs. Turner were young and giddy and ready for any escapade, and they had extra incentives to the trip in the hope of getting some "store clothes" and a new hat, things that their youth had made them specially desirous of obtaining.

They took old Uncle Lem to drive their carriage, with its span of fine black horses, and

made their way across the country, not going on the roads at all where it could be prevented, for there was always danger of meeting Confederate, Federal, or jayhawking soldiers, and these horses were prizes they wanted to retain.

About ten miles from Memphis a friend lived, and they made their way to her house on foot, the horses and carriage being concealed in the woods.

Next day they started into Memphis amid the shouts of laughter of the family, for the two pretty young women had turned into "country jakes" of the most pronounced variety. They wore faded, skimp calico skirts and "Garibaldi waists" and sunbonnets that flapped down over their faces, and each had a huge "dip stick" in her mouth

Their friend lent them an old wagon and horse. They plastered both well with mud, and the horse they further adorned with cackleburs, and the wagon itself they filled with turnip greens.

They came to the picket station just outside of Memphis, and the sergeant told them they could pass in and asked them to take their greens to his mess, giving exact directions how to get there.

They faithfully delivered their turnip greens, and Mrs. White, acting the simple country woman, begged the soldiers to tell her how to get home again the next day, as she "didn't want them picket gentlemen to say she shouldn't pass thar." The soldier called the captain, who told the two country women to come to the camp when they were ready to leave Memphis and he would pass them through the lines.

A cousin was much surprised to find the two forlorn countryites turn into their madcap relatives. She provided them with dresses, and all three had a carnival of shopping, for the gayly decked stores of Memphis were very beautiful to the Mississippi ladies.

When they surveyed their purchases that night, they were appalled, and the question of how to get them out of the lines grew big before them. Mrs. White said she was going to take the natty new suit to her husband if nothing else went. So she dressed herself in the full uniform of Confederate gray, and over it went the faded calico dress of the country women.

Bustles were worn those days, so theirs were soon filled with small articles, and the "rats" and "mice" in their hair gave place to bits of gold lace, and even some gold buttons found lodging in their soft tresses.

But the rose covered hats refused to be hidden, yet were entirely too pretty to leave. "I believe I'll just take mine and beg that captain to let me take it. I don't believe hats are contraband anyway," said Mrs. White, and her cousin agreed to make the same trial.

The captain laughed when the innocent looking country lassies petitioned to take their finery beyond the lines. He examined the airy structures of straw and flowers and contrasted them in his mind with the girls that wanted to wear them, but said he would

see what he could do. He was gone a long time, but came back with passes for them and their bonnets. He told them their turnip greens were very good and that they must bring some more. This they promised to do. They then returned to their cousin's house, where they took up the floor of the old wagon and hid bundles and packages between the planks.

Mrs. White driving, they made their way out of the city by all the byways and alleys, for they did not wish to come in contact with the pickets if they could help it, for these had a little way of searching for contraband goods even when a pass was carried. The only picket they could not dodge laughed at the country girls and their fine hats, and let them go on after reading their passes.

Next morning, with all their packages transferred to the carriage, they were just about to start off triumphantly home when a Yankee officer came from behind the bushes and without a word to them stepped into the carriage and gathered up the reins! The two ladies gasped, and the man turned and said: "Don't be alarmed, ladies, I am only going to take you for the finest ride you ever had in your life.

One glance at his face showed that he was drunk! Clinging to each other, the two ladies were carried on the wildest race across the country ever had since the days of John Gilpin or Tam O'Shanter. The carriage swayed and bumped over every root and hillock, and their many escapes from striking the trees were a marvel. The horses, maddened by the constant lashing of the whip, would have been past control of any one, but to the drink crazed officer they were as impossible to handle as a whirlwind.

They dashed from the woods into the road and met a posse of Yankees, who sprang to one side to let them pass. These Yankees happened to be part of the officer's command, and when they saw him on the front seat swaying and shouting as he beat the horses, they started in pursuit. The horses again rushed into the woods, and the carriage struck a tree with such force that the door, which had blown open, was torn from its hinges and the officer thrown violently from his seat. The ladies saw him fall all in a heap, then lie still, but they were helpless to go to his assistance, for the horses, still more frightened by the noise, plunged wildly along, dragging the carriage after them.

Mrs. White climbed over the front seat and picked up the lines, which had fortunately fallen in the carriage. She guided the horses as best she could, but it was impossible to stop them. For some distance farther they continued to run, though providentially they had entered a well defined road. Then, thoroughly exhausted, they stopped, panting and trembling, at the foot of a long hill.

The frightened women held a council of war. They were afraid to go back and did not know the way to go forward, though the latter course seemed less dangerous and wisest. When the horses were rested, they drove on, and finally came to a house. They told their tale to the lady, who took them in till she could get a message back to the friend at whose house old Uncle Lem had been so summarily left. They stayed with the lady three days, when Uncle Lem overtook them on foot, and their journey home was without further disaster.

They learned afterwards that the officer was badly hurt, that his men found him and carried him to the hospital, where he finally got well, but they never did find out how he came to be hiding behind that bush from which he sprang out and into their carriage. Mrs. White and Mrs. Turner, old ladies now, are very fond of telling how they ran the blockade with all their goods and of the terrible ride through the woods behind the drink crazed Yankee and the fright crazed horses.

HOW THE BISHOP LOST HIS TROUSERS.

People in Florida are laughing over a good joke on one of the best known and best loved men in that State. Bishop G. is big in body, brain, and heart, and his absent mindedness is only another lovable quality added to the many others he possesses. The Bishop is a devoted Confederate veteran, having served during the entire war, and no braver soldier ever faced the Yankees from the Southern lines. He was a prisoner for months, and his uncomplaining acceptance of privation and suffering helped his fellow prisoners almost as much as his noble words of Christian cheer and courage.

Bishop W., Bishop G.'s confrere in Florida, is comparatively small in body, while intellectually he is a Goliath, and holds enviable sway in his diocese through the force of his vivid personality.

Lately Bishop G., traveling on official business, passed through Jacksonville and stopped overnight with Bishop W. His suit case held only his vestments and necessary toilet articles.

In the early morning Bishop G. awakened and began to make hasty preparations to catch a train in order to fill his appointment. But an obstruction to quick dressing arose from the absence of the good Bishop's trousers, those very necessary articles being conspicuous by their absence! And to add to the trouble all his money was in the pockets of the missing habiliments, and his trusted watch was last seen ticking away on his fob, which was also in his trousers pocket. The bewildered Bishop hunted everywhere for the lost garment. In desperation he called the assistance of the maid servant, and together they gave the room a thorough search, but no trousers were discoverable

Evidently some rogue with a predilection for clerical garments had visited the room while the Bishop slumbered and slept and had escaped with his booty. Bishop W., being called to the conference, realized that his own trousers were useless, so phoned to a merchant tailor to come quickly and bring an assortment of garments near the Bishop's size. From these Bishop G. was enabled to get something usable. Bishop W. supplied the money needed, and the delayed start was made by the bewildered owner of the missing trousers.

Naturally what had become of the Bishop's garment was a question much discussed that day in the W. household, but their wonder changed to laughter when the next day's mail brought a letter from the absent minded Bishop G., for it said that in a conversation with a drummer a few days before the Bishop had been told that a most excellent way to keep the trousers looking well pressed and creased was to lay the garment under the mattress when the owner went to bed. This the Bishop had done and forgotten all about it

Those who laugh over this good story laugh with the Bishop, not at him, for he enjoys the joke on himself very much.

A YOUNG OFFICER'S MASQUERADE.
BY L. H. L.

Tom and Katie Post were twins, and so much alike that their nearest relatives could not tell them apart in their childhood. As they grew older Katie's long hair was a distinguishing mark, but a severe spell of fever reduced this to a curly crop like her brother's and accentuated the likeness.

Tom Post was one of the earliest volunteers in his town, going to the front with the 1st Georgia Regiment. He was a wild, daring boy, with the hot, quick emotions of the South. He was desperately in love with the daughter of a Union man, who would not even allow Tom to visit her. But love laughs at parents as well as at locksmiths, and the two saw each other often.

Later in the war, while his company was in camp, Tom heard that his sweetheart was visiting a Union family in the next county and was being much toasted by the Federal officers. He determined to see her, and his colonel granted him a furlough. Tom borrowed some togery from a girl cousin, and went to the little town as Miss Post. Kate's reputation as a beauty was State wide, and Tom received much courtesy. He was invited to a military ball, and here met his sweetheart, and the two girls (?) were constantly together. The Yankee officers were delighted with the beautiful young Rebel, who made herself so charming to them all. She danced and flirted with them, and the captivated colonel of the Federals invited her and her friend to a camp dinner. Afterwards the party visited the entire encampment, and Tom took many mental notes of the soldiers and their condition, much to the future advantage of his own army.

After the war the madcap young soldier married the girl, and their descendants now live in Florida. Tom's mother is very fond of telling the story of this masquerade.

HONOR ROLL OF FIRST GEORGIA REGULARS BY W. H. ANDREWS, EDGEWOOD, GA.

After Georgia seceded from the Union, in 1861, Gov. J. E. Brown decided to raise two regiments of regulars. He first appointed the officers who opened recruiting stations throughout the State, and as fast as the recruits were secured they were sent to Augusta and Savannah, Ga., where they were thoroughly drilled and formed into twelve companies. Maj. William J. Hardee was appointed colonel, but never took command. He rose to the rank of lieutenant general in the Western Army and surrendered his corps at Greensboro, N. C., on the 26th of April, 1865.

Capt. W. H. T. Walker was appointed lieutenant colonel, and served with the regulars a short time at Augusta, He rose to the rank of major general, and was killed in the battle of Atlanta on the 22d of July, 1864.

Capt. Lafayette McLaws was appointed major, but never reported for duty, being elected colonel of the 10th Georgia Regiment. He rose to the rank of major general, and surrendered with his division at Greensboro, N. C., on the 26th of April, 1865.

As volunteer military companies were forming in every county in the State, it gave recruiting a black eye, and the officers were called in. The recruits at Augusta were ordered to the Oglethorpe Barracks, in Savannah, where they were formed into one regiment, the 1st Georgia Regulars, about eight hundred strong, under the command of Col. Charles J. Williams, of Columbus, Ga. During the last days of March the regiment went to Fort Pulaski, Ga., then to Tybee Island on the 1st of June and to Manassas, Va., in July, 1861. Sometime in September Colonel Williams returned to his home on sick leave and died.

Capt. William D. Smith was the senior captain in the regiment, and deserved a great deal of credit for its thorough organization and splendid discipline. He was promoted to major in April and elected colonel of a North Carolina regiment in June, and later on appointed a brigadier general, dying in the service.

Capt. William J. Magill was promoted to lieutenant colonel in July, 1861, and to colonel in September, being in active command of the regulars until the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862, where he lost his left arm at the shoulder and was left in the hands of the enemy. In the fall of 1863 he resigned his commission in the regulars.

Capt. William Martin was promoted to lieutenant colonel in September, 1861, and left the service in January, 1863.

Capt. John D. Walker was promoted to major in July, 1861, and was killed at the second battle of Manassas on the 30th of August, 1862.

Capt. R. A. Wayne was promoted to major in the fall of 1863 and took command of the regiment. In 1864 he was promoted to colonel, and surrendered with his regiment at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865.

Capt. Miller Grieve served with the regulars during the war, and was promoted to lieutenant colonel in February, 1865.

Capt. John M. Patton was killed at the second battle of Manassas on the 3th of August, 1862.

Captain Cannon was killed while in command of the regulars in the battle of Olustee, Fla., on February 20, 1864.

Capt. Louis Kennan was desperately wounded in the battle of Waterloo, S. C., in July, 1864, and incapacitated for further service. Hamilton served with the regulars until July, 1861. He was then placed in command of Company D, which was changed from infantry to light artillery.

Captain Wallace served with the regulars until July, 1861, and then resigned.

Capt. Frank T. Cullins served with the regulars until December, 1861, and then resigned.

Capt. Jacob Reed, commanding Company A, was stationed at Fort Jackson, near Savannah, and remained there when the regiment went to Virginia. They were afterwards changed from infantry to light artillery.

Capt. W. G. Gill was appointed colonel and chief of ordnance on the staff of Gen. Braxton Bragg.

Captain McConnell served in 1861 as commissary of the regulars, but resigned early in 1862.

Capt. Louis De L'Aigle served as quartermaster of the regulars until November, 1861, he was then appointed major in the quartermaster's department.

Dr. Cherry, of Augusta, was surgeon of the regulars, and held that position during the war.

Lieut. Whit Anderson was promoted to captain in 1861, and resigned in 1862.

Lieut. James D. Anthony was appointed in August, 1861, and was shot through the body in the battle of the Peach Orchard during the siege of Richmond, in 1862. In 1864 he was promoted to captain.

Lieut. James S. Armstrong was promoted from the ranks in 1861, and was killed by a Federal sharpshooter near Dam No. I during the siege of Yorktown, in April, 1862. Lieut. Robert H. Atkinson was promoted to captain in 1864. Lieutenants Berrian, Barrow, Burdell, McIntosh, and Wade resigned before the regiment left Georgia, in July, 1861.

Lieut. Thomas C. Beall was promoted from the ranks in 1861. During the summer of 1862 he went home on furlough, and while returning to his command either jumped or fell from the train and was killed.

Lieut. John Bass served until November, 1861, and resigned. Lieut. Cecil Berrien served with the regulars in 1865. Lieut. Joe Blanche served with the regulars until the 30th of August, 1862. He lost an arm in the second battle of Manassas and resigned.

Lieut. John Branch served a short time with the regulars at Savannah, Ga., in 1861. He resigned and went to Virginia as the adjutant of the 8th Georgia Regiment, and was killed in the first battle of Manassas.

Lieut. Seaborn Benning served with the regulars until September, 1862, when he was appointed captain on the staff of his father, Gen. Henry L. Benning.

Lieut. James Blunt was promoted from the ranks in 1861 and resigned in 1862.

Lieut. Ed Bowdre was promoted to captain in 1861. Lieut. Horace P. Clark while adjutant of the regiment had his horse shot from under him in the battle of Waterloo, S. C., in July, 1864.

Lieutenant Dancy reported to the regulars for duty in the fall of 1863, and was killed in the battle of Olustee, Fla., on the 20th of February, 1864.

Lieut. Marshal De Graffenreid served with the regulars until September, 1862. He was then assigned to duty with the commissary department.

Lieut. Washington Desseau served for a time in 1864. Lieut. James R. DuBose was appointed in August, 1861, and was promoted to captain in 1864.

Lieutenant Griffin served for a short time with the regulars in Virginia and Maryland in 1862.

Lieut. Tomlinson Fort was promoted to captain in July, 1861, and was wounded at Malvern Hill on the 1st of July, 1862, and in the second battle of Manassas on August 30, 1862.

Lieut. John P. Fort reported to the regiment for duty in the fall of 1863, and served until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865.

Lieut. George P. Harrison served with the regulars until October, 1861. He was then elected colonel of the 32d Georgia Regiment, and was later appointed a brigadier general.

Lieut. A. A. Franklin Hill was promoted to captain in July, 1861, and was wounded in the battle of Waterloo, S. C., in July, 1864. He was promoted to major in 1865.

Lieutenants Hearn, Maddox, Dave Smith, and Jack Wells were promoted from the ranks in 1862, and resigned after receiving their commissions.

Lieut. John Howard served with the regulars until December, 1861, and resigned.

Lieut. Pearce Horn served with the regulars until the fall of 1862.

Lieut. Ben Hudson served with the regulars until September, 1862.

Lieut. I. Floyd King served with the regulars until December, 1861. He was then appointed major in the artillery service.

Lieutenant Kirklin served with the regulars a short time at Savannah in 1861. I saw him in Virginia in 1862 with an empty sleeve and the wreath of a brigadier general on his collar.

Lieut. Gasaway B. Lamar served with the regulars until after the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862. He was then appointed captain on the staff of General McLaws.

Lieutenant Lane served with the regulars until June, 1861. He was then appointed captain of a battery of artillery.

Lieut. Robert J. Magill served throughout the war with the regulars.

Lieut. John Milledge served with the regulars until the fall of 1861. He was then appointed captain of a battery of artillery.

Lieutenant Montgomery was promoted to captain in July, 1861, and was shot in the head in the battle of Sharpsburg, on the 17th of September, 1862, being rendered unfit for further service.

Lieutenant Morell served a short time with the regulars at Savannah in 1864.

Lieut. F. M. Myers served throughout the war with the regulars, and was promoted to captain in 1864.

Lieut. W. W. Payne was promoted to captain in the fall of 1861, and served throughout the war as quartermaster of the regiment.

Lieut. Fred B. Palmer was promoted from sergeant major in 1861, and was wounded at South Mountain, Md., on September 14, 1862. He was captured by Sherman's forces at Cheraw, S. C., on March 3, 1865, and carried North to prison.

Lieutenant Porter had been with the regiment only a few days when he was killed in the second battle of Manassas, on the 30th of August, 1862.

Lieut. Anderson W. Reese served throughout the war with the regulars.

Lieut. A. C. Sorrel reported to the regulars for duty during the siege of Richmond, in June, 1862. After the battle of Olustee, Fla., on the 20th of February, 1864, he was appointed captain on the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Lieut. Robert Rutherford was promoted to captain in July, 1861, and resigned in August, 1862.

Lieut. Gus Rutherford was wounded in the second battle of Manassas, on the 30th of August, 1862.

Lieut. H. D. D. Twiggs was promoted to captain in July, 1861, and in August, 1862, he accepted a position on the staff of General Hoke. In April, 1865, he returned to the regiment at Smithfield, N. C., and was promoted to lieutenant colonel.

Lieut. Peter Williams served with the regulars during the war.

Lieutenant Willis served with the regulars at Savannah, Ga., in 1861. He was elected colonel of the 12th Georgia Regiment and later on appointed a brigadier general.

Lieut. David G. Wyley was promoted from color bearer, and served with the regulars until December, 1861. He was then elected captain in the gallant 42d Georgia Regiment in the Western Army.

Lieut. Charles S. Wyley was promoted to captain in 1862, and was desperately wounded in the battle of Second Manassas, on the 30th of August, 1862.

I have only given a short sketch of the officers who held a commission in the 1st Regiment of Georgia Regulars. I should like to give a more extended sketch of a number of them, but can't for the want of space. It was my privilege to see a number of them under fire, and I can truthfully say that I never heard of or saw but one of them show the white feather. Forty four years have come and gone since they sheathed their bright swords for the last time, and old Father Time with his relentless scythe has been very busy garnering them in, as most of those gallant Georgians have passed over the river, while those who are left are awaiting the final summons to join those on the other shore. The once smooth cheek, bronzed by sun and weather, is furrowed with the wrinkles of time, the glossy locks are fast whitening with the snows of winter, the erect form is

bending with the weight of years, and the firm military step has changed to a tottering gait as the boys of '61 march past in search of that much needed rest to be found on fame's eternal camping ground, the bivouac of the dead. One by one they are going home, and soon the last one will have crossed over the river, and we may never see his like again, but his fame as a soldier will go ringing down the ages to generations yet unknown. Of the above list of officers there are but thirteen now living.

Comrade Andrews, the author of the foregoing, enlisted in Company M, 1st Georgia Regulars, at Fort Gaines, Ga., in February, 1861, and served in the same company and regiment until April 26, 1865. He was promoted to corporal in May, 1862, sergeant in June, 1862, and orderly sergeant in July, 1863, which latter position he held until the surrender. He kept a diary during the war and can tell where his command was every day during the war. He has kept in touch with a number of his old regiment since the war, so that he is exceedingly well posted. In a personal note Mr. Andrews states: "I love war, its pomp and glories, like a duck does water. Yes, I would be willing to risk my old gray scalp to be in one more desperate charge. But the war is over and I am one of Uncle Sam's most law abiding citizens."

An inquiry from Pea Ridge, Ark., asks for Zelph Gamblin, John Cabe, and William Ledford, who belonged to Company F, 15th Arkansas Infantry, and surrendered with that regiment at Vicksburg July 4, 1863. They enlisted from Benton County, Ark. (Neither the name nor the address is given.)

TWICE RECEIVED THE SAME FLAG.

Judge Letcher, of Staunton, Va., presented in the name of Mrs. C. T. Arnall the historic old flag of the 5th Virginia to Camp Stonewall Jackson, of Staunton. It was a singular coincidence that the Camp Adjutant, Capt. James Bumgardner, Jr., who received the flag, was receiving it for the second time. The flag was originally presented to the regiment by Judge Letcher's father, John Letcher, the war Governor of Virginia, and was received by James Bumgardner, who was adjutant of the regiment.

MICHIGAN G. A. R. REUNION AT KALAMAZOO.

The "Grand Army" at Kalamazoo in June was one of the best attended Reunions in the history of that organization. There were upward of three thousand five hundred veterans present, and the visitors ran this number up to five thousand.

The line of march was especially fine. It was headed by Gen. Fred Grant, who, in full uniform, was received with shouts of greeting. A notable feature of this parade was the living flag formed from five hundred school children, whose dresses of red, white, and

blue made the flag, which as they marched in perfect time seemed to be waving in the breeze. The flags the Michigan regiments carried during the war were again unfolded, and the old veterans marched proudly under their shadow.

A famous trio of musicians, W. H. Bullard, J. J. Bullard, and A. W. Cummings, were present and attracted much attention, for the three had played together during the entire war, and the fife, snare and bass drums were the same then used.

A waving flag of electric lights was much admired as it spanned the street and with quivering colors seemed to feel each passing touch of air. Every corner held a phonograph playing patriotic music, and at the park moving pictures of battles were the attraction. The art students were on the streets in numbers with block and pencil seeking studies. One feature of the Reunion especially enjoyed by the veterans was the automobile rides which encompassed the beautiful city.

GENERAL GRANT AS TO GENERAL LEE'S SWORD.

The erroneous opinion continues to prevail in regard to the surrender of the "sword of Lee." Careless writers, or those whose euphonistic instinct exceeds their historical knowledge, are fond of referring to Gen. Fred Grant as the son of the man to whom Lee's sword was surrendered. The truth is, Lee never surrendered his sword at all! The cartel of surrender signed by both Lee and Grant plainly states that all Southern officers were allowed to retain their side arms, which of course included their swords, but there is nothing to the silly story about Lee's sword being offered to Grant.

In ancient warfare conquest gave almost unlimited rights. History is filled with stories of Greek or Roman armies returning in triumph with the long line of the conquered following to slavery, and the great kings and generals were chained to chariot wheels of the victors, etc. The greater the humiliation of the defeated, the greater was the triumph of the conqueror and the more numerous the laurel crowns placed upon his brow.

In Lee's surrender there was no humiliation, no bowing of his proud head in submission to a dictatorial conqueror. Lee had about five thousand worn out soldiers on that fatal 9th of April, 1865, he was surrounded by Grant's army aggregating many times his number. There was no choice but surrender, but it was surrender with honor. Grant met Lee as an equal, not a defeated subject. He honored his generalship, his steadfastness to duty, his love for his men, and the radiant purity of his character. So the terms of the surrender demanded every consideration possible for the Confederate army.

This autograph note of General Grant ought to satisfy every sane person and stop the silly, sentimental discussion of the subject. General Lee made record that he told General Grant in regard to the horses in his army that they belonged to the soldiers, when the latter said: "The boys will need their horses to make crops."

RIBUTE TO MAJOR BREATHITT
BY COL. G. N. SAUSSY.

On page 267 of the June VETERAN Col. P. P. Johnson gives a heroic account of Major Breathitt's rescue of one of his guns at Spottsylvania. While Colonel Johnson does not mention the place definitely, that was the location.

Stuart and his cavalry had been swung by General Lee to his right in anticipation of Grant's night march to seize the key point at Spottsylvania, and with bulldog tenacity Stuart was holding this all important post. Warren's Corps was in the advance and was pressing the cavalry very hard. Stuart, while doing his best to hold the key and finding his forces overwhelmingly outmatched, had personally dashed up the road. Meeting Dick Anderson leading Longstreet's veterans, he urged them to hasten. Nor were they any too soon, for they just had time to form battle line when Breathitt was forced from his position.

The incident was related to me by a former Federal soldier, a member of a Massachusetts regiment. He told me the story in Jacksonville, Fla., in the early nineties. He had come South and was employed in the general freight office of a Florida railroad. He said it was the most heroic act he ever witnessed during the fierce War between the States. The gun had been bared by cannoneers when Major Breathitt dashed up and hitched the two horses to the prolonge and, throwing himself upon the near horse, gave him the go. This Federal soldier said they were almost near enough to put their hands upon the gun. They demanded his surrender, but Breathitt just put his thumb to his nose and wriggled his fingers in derision and dashed off with the gun. "It was the most surpassing act of cool nerve I ever witnessed," he repeated. His story so fully confirms the narrative related by Colonel Johnson that it should be in the VETERAN. We rarely find an incident of such heroism confirmed by both sides.

EFFORT TO BAR CIVIL WAR CLAIMS.

Senator Burnham, of New Hampshire, recently introduced a bill which if passed will nullify the Bowman and Tucker acts and prevent the payment after 1911 of any war claims for property used or destroyed during the sixties. Senator Burnham's bill proposes to amend Section 4 of the Bowman act, entitled "An act to afford assistance and relief to Congress and the executive departments in the investigation of claims and demands against the government," so as to read: "The jurisdiction of the court of claims shall not extend to or include any claims against the United States growing out of the destruction of or damage to property by the army or navy during the Civil War or for the use and occupation of real estate by or for stores, subsistence, or supplies taken by or furnished to any part of the military or naval forces of the United States in the operations of said forces during the said war at the seat of war, nor shall the said court have jurisdiction of

any claim against the United States which is now barred by virtue of the provisions of any law of the United States."

However, to this amendment there is a proviso that will permit the admission of claims under the present law up until the 15th of January, 1911. This proviso reads as follows: "That all claims for supplies or stores taken by or furnished to any part of the military or naval forces of the United States for their use during the Civil War heretofore referred or transmitted to the court of claims by virtue of and pursuant to the provisions of the Bowman act or which shall be so referred prior to the 15th day of January, 1911, may be prosecuted in and shall be heard, determined, and reported by the court of claims in all respects as fully and completely as if said Section 4 of the act had not been repealed or said section had not been amended by this act."

It may be well to fix a limit to this, so Southern Congressmen will get busy about great matters that have long needed persistent attention. But the time designated is entirely too short, and the money in the treasury that was exacted as a cotton tax and all other taxes levied on the South should be returned to the Southern States in equitable proration.

APPOINTED U. D. C. EDITOR OF CONSTITUTION

Mrs. George C. Ball, who recently succeeded Mrs. B. D. Gray as U. D. C. editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is well known in the ranks of Southern journalism. In making her bow in her new sphere Mrs. Ball begs the active cooperation of all the Georgia Division. Mrs. Gray's resignation was caused by pressing domestic duties.

RAPHAEL SEMMES CAMP, NO. 11, U. C. V.

Adjutant Robert E. Daly, Sr" of the Mobile Camp named as above, reports officers elected for the current year as follows: A. G. Levy, Commander, John R. Malone, Joseph Cady, Sr., and E. T. Toomer, Lieutenant Commanders, Robert E. Daly, Sr" Adjutant, John M. Niolon, Treasurer, M. T. Judge, Sergeant Major, L. D. Gibson, Color Sergeant, John I. dark and F. P. Andrew, Color Guards, W. H. Bancroft, Custodian, Dr. William T. Hamilton, Surgeon, H. A. Lockwood, Chaplain, Emile Erbecke, Drum Major, William H. Johnston, Officer of the Day.

This Camp will have much to do during the year a head in entertaining the U. C. V. Reunion, etc. The Adjutant writes: "The Camp meets regularly the third Thursday night of each month in the Armory of the Alabama National Guards, where we have a room nicely furnished and where our books, maps, papers, pictures, and relics are kept."

Col. W. B. Harper was living in New York City when the Civil War broke out. He came South and joined a company which was formed at Reelfoot Lake, Tenn. The name of the company is not known. He was under Jeff Thompson, General Buckner, and Forrest. In 1864 he resigned and ran a blockade on the steamer Blenheim from Wilmington to Nassau. At the close of the war he went to Alabama, where he remained until his death, in 1907. Address Grace Lyon Revil, Princeton, Ky., who seeks information of him.

To assist her in filling out a U. D. C. application Miss Elizabeth Loftin, of Nashville, Tenn., would like information of the military record of Jesse, Benjamin, and Peevy Stewart and Samuel Loftin, who enlisted either in Scott or Newton County, Miss. Samuel Loftin died in service.

A BRIGHT SOUTHERN CHILD. R. L. Thompson, of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Our small daughter Mary attended a kindergarten school in St. Louis, and one of the songs taught her class was:

'O see me shoot my big gun,
And don't you see the Rebels run?'

Mary changed the words to 'don't you see the Yankees run?' As she was singing in chorus, the change made discord, and her teacher asked why she did it. The little girl replied that her papa was a Confederate soldier and she was not going to sing about his running away. The matter was finally adjusted by the suppression of the kindergarten song."

GREATEST FREIGHT HAUL EVER RECORDED

One freight engine on the Virginia Railroad, which road was built by the late H. H. Rogers, hauled a train of ninety cars, each containing fifty tons of coal, from Roanoke to Norfolk, a distance of two hundred and forty three miles, which is said to be the heaviest train ever hauled by one engine for such a distance. It was of the Mikado type. Think of nine million pounds and the weight of ninety cars hauled by one locomotive .

THE LAST ROLL

[Lines by Mrs. Mary Pinckney Ontz, Grand Worthy Matron of the Eastern Star, of South Carolina, a daughter of Archibald Adams, of Marshall, Tex.]

Listen, Daughters ! hear the signal
'Tis the muffled, measured tread
Taken to the sound of music
Music played for our soldier dead.
Why this chord upon the breezes?
Why this hush upon the air?
Why around the somber casket
Gather heads grown white with care?
'Tis another of our heroes
Who his last farewell has said,
And that casket holds his body,
But his martial soul has fled
Fled to meet his dear, loved generals
Where the camp fires ever burn
And where springs the living water
That old age to youth will turn.
Closely wrap the shroud around him,
Form the mound with greatest care,
And upon its sacred surface
Scatter flowers of perfume rare.
In the garden spot of memory
Plant a pearl of richest hue,
Tell with song and pen and story
Deeds of valor great and true,
For we love those locks of silver
And the shrine round which they bow.
Precious hearts and dearest treasures,
Blessings on them then and now.

YEAR'S DEATH ROLL OF RAPHAEL SEMMES CAMP

A. B. Jones, Co. D, 4th Ala.
J. A. Tagert, Co. I, 24th Ala.
Thaddeus Partridge, Sr., Co. K, 21st Ala.
S. A. Byrd, Co. E, 36th Ala.
A. G. Ward, Co. G, 5th Ala.
Charles S. Kimball, Pelham Cadets.
Jesse G. Harwell, Co. G, 4th Ala.
Samuel J. Ryan, Co. G, 4th Ala.
F. M. Bradley, Co. C, 40th Ala.
Michael Hansen, Co. A, La.
George W. Spotswood, Co. A, 2d Fla. Vol.
H. R. Crichton, Co. F, 47th N. C. Troops.
James Byrnes, Co. I, 12th Ala.
Paul A. Boulo, Co. E, 21st Ala.
Patrick Leary, Co. I, 8th Ala.
Simon Klosky, C. S. N.
Rudolph Dykes, Co. A, 9th Miss. Cav.
George Metzger, Co. A, 21st Ala.
John S. Holmes, Co. B, 3d Ala.
John R. Williams, Co. A, 12th Ala.

L. W. CHRISTIAN

Lewis Woodville Christian was born in Tuscumbia, Ala., during August, 1847 and died in Weatherford, Tex., in December, 1909. His parents were Virginians of Irish ancestry. His great great grandfather was the first white settler in Augusta County, Va.

L. W. Christian entered the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, enlisting in Company C, 3d Alabama Cavalry, under Col. Jeff Forrest, and served with him in every battle till the one at Prairie Mound, where Forrest was killed. Company C then became a part of Major Warren's battalion, and participated in many hard fought battles. Later L. W. Christian was made chief courier of Gen. W. A. Johnson. He was severely wounded in the battle of Pulaski and sent home. On his return his company had been consolidated with Williams's Battalion, under command of Col. John Burthwell, where they remained till their surrender at Selma, Ala. Comrade Christian was a brilliant soldier and a true, noble gentleman.

W. J. LONGLEY

W. J. Longley was born in Tennessee in 1836, and died in Dalton, Ga., in June, 1909. In the beginning of the war he enlisted in the 39th Georgia Infantry, and was a brave, true soldier to the cause. He was wounded in the battle of Missionary Ridge by a ball striking him in the forehead and plowing its way across his head. He was disabled by this wound from active service for months, but on his recovery he returned to the army, and served till the surrender. He was a member of Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., and was highly respected by all who knew him.

RICHARDS

Dulany M. Richards was born in Fairfax County, Va., in 1841 and died in Brunswick, Mo., in 1909. In 1863 he enlisted in the 43d Virginia Cavalry, Company A, under Col. John S. Mosby. Here he distinguished himself as a brave and dashing soldier, as became a true follower of his gallant leader. He was captured in 1864 and placed in the Old Capitol Prison, Washington, D. C., where he remained for months, being then transferred to Fort Warren, Boston, in which prison he remained till his parole at the end of the war. He was an upright man and an honored citizen of Brunswick. He leaves a wife and six children, and his mother also survives him.

WHITFIELD

Dr. George Whitfield was born in Spring Hill, N. C., in 1831, and died in old Spring Hill, Ala., in 1909. He was educated at Chapel Hill, N. C., and graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He volunteered as a private, but was promoted to brigade surgeon in Rodes's (afterwards Battle's) Brigade, where he served till the end of the war, ministering to the sick and wounded. He was wounded at Bunker Hill, Va. In his life as a country practitioner Dr. Whitfield won many friends. He leaves a wife and children.

HURD

L. J. Hurd in the seventy sixth year of his age died at his residence, on Hunter Street, Atlanta, in July, 1909. He was an honored citizen. He was as well a true soldier of the Confederacy, serving in Company E, 5th Alabama Infantry. He is survived by two sons and one brother.

PEACO

At the funeral of G. W. Peaco, of Staunton, Va., the Confederate veterans of Stonewall Jackson Camp acted as pallbearers, and almost the entire body followed their old comrade to the grave.

CAPT. DAVID ELWELL MAXWELL.

The memory of her heroes is a State's richest legacy. David Elwell Maxwell was born in Tallahassee, Fla., February 25, 1843, and passed into his reward September 16, 1908. As a friend, he was loyal, as a citizen, his idea of patriotic duty was sublime, as a soldier, he was distinguished alike for his fearless daring and his acute intelligence, as a comrade, he was full of that tender solicitude that sought the comfort of his men, soothed the anguish of the sufferer, and comforted the last hours of the dying. As manager of great business trusts and administrator of vast interests, he won the respect alike of capitalists whose investments he managed and the most humble employees. Yet loyalty of friendship, patriotic citizenship, courageous soldiery, gentleness of spirit, great administrative capacity all these fail to picture the man at his best and in his truest type. His real greatness was found in the sacred circle of his domestic relations. One of a twain whose lives were blended in the rosy young days of life's springtime and whose pledge at the altar was only a formal confirmation of ties that were registered in heaven, he was a devoted husband and an ideal father. There was a comradeship between parents and children beautiful to behold.

Enlisting in his eighteenth year in the 2d Florida Infantry, his career as a soldier began in May, 1861, in the Virginia Army. His splendid physique made him a conspicuous soldier.

The history of the Virginia Army as an aggregation of battling activities was the personal record of this young hero. Williamsburg on the Peninsula, Seven Pines, a wound at Fraser's Farm, the capture of Harper's Ferry, the battles of Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Deep Run, Gettysburg, Falling Waters, Culpeper C. H. were all events in his personal history. In 1863 he was promoted for distinguished services, and with the rank of captain was assigned to the 1st Florida Cavalry, dismounted, serving in General Bragg's army. He served gallantly in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, Dallas, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, and that of Atlanta, July 22, 1864. In the last battle mentioned (Atlanta), while in a hand to hand fight for possession of the intrenchments held by McPherson's Corps, Captain Maxwell was desperately wounded and disabled for regular field service. A cripple at his home, in Tallahassee, when a body of the enemy landed at St. Mark's Lighthouse in March, 1865, he mounted his horse and went to the front and engaged in the battle of Natural Bridge, Fla.

Gen. William E. Bates used to tell a story of Captain Maxwell when ordered to perform a very perilous service. General Bates had instructed Captain Maston, of his staff, to convey an order to Captain Maxwell while the brigade was under fire to take fifty men and occupy a certain post of danger. Turning to the messenger, the boy captain said: "Give me this order in writing." Captain Maston responded: "And why?" The answer

was: "That I may send it to my people at home, so they may know that I gave up my life and the lives of my men in obedience to the command of my general." Upon closer investigation General Bates withdrew the order.

The great honors paid the memory of Captain Maxwell attest the high standing of the man. The great system of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad showed its exalted official respect by ordering a brief cessation of work and the stoppage of all trains at the hour of his funeral, and the State Legislature spread upon its minutes resolutions attesting their appreciation of a man in whose death "the State of Florida lost a distinguished citizen, a devoted friend, and a true type of glorious manhood." [From a tribute by B. W. Partridge, of Monticello, Fla.]

JOSEPH E. PETTIGREW

Joseph Edward Pettigrew, third son of James A. and Elizabeth Blackwell Pettigrew, was born in Darlington District, S. C., September 7, 1841. In 1859 he entered the Furman University, and there remained a student until the call to arms in 1861, when he enlisted "for the war" in the "Pee Dee Rifles," 1st S. C. V. This company was soon changed into the Pee Dee Light Artillery, and became a part of Col. W. J. Pegram's famous battalion of artillery, in which he served through all the Virginia campaigns up to and including June 7, 1864. Then owing to greatly reduced numbers the company was sent to South Carolina, served under General Hardee's command, and was subsequently surrendered by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C.

As a soldier his ideals were high. Always cool and self possessed, his splendid moral courage sustained him in all the trying crises of the many bloody battles in which he took part, and none more fully realized or strove more earnestly and faithfully to perform his full duty to his country. In the battle of Harper's Ferry the gun to which he belonged for some cause had not been placed in action. The detachment, however, served as a reserve to draw from in replacing those killed or disabled on the firing line. The writer, whose initial letter came early in the alphabet, was the first recruit called for, when Pettigrew sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "You must not go, you are too sick to fight. I'm going in your place." The generous proffer was not of course accepted, but can never be forgotten, nor the nobility of soul which prompted it cease to be admired and gratefully appreciated.

In 1866 he was married to Miss Fannie Tillman, of North Carolina. She possessed a strong character, coupled with admirable amiability and feminine gentleness, and she was of much strength and comfort to her husband in the trying ordeals of that stormy period, during which reconstruction period he was a pillar of strength to his community. He represented Darlington County in the Legislature, and after the formation of Florence County represented that in both Houses of the General Assembly. He also served as Superintendent of Education.

As a citizen he was public spirited, generous, self sacrificing, and ever loyal to the interest of his people. An ardent believer in the brotherhood of man, his heart went out to the toiler, his active sympathy to the sick and the sorrowing, and his hand was ever ready to help the victim of adversity. As a friend he was loyal and true and ever ready to make any. needed sacrifice for those he loved. His religious life began in his boyhood, and his faith shone unwavering like a beacon light until the end, undimmed by the temptations and demoralization of soldier life and unshaken by adversity and suffering. The highest ideals and aspirations seemed to govern his whole life, and he died, as he had lived, a Christian gentleman. [From sketch by his comrade, Joseph W. Brunson.]

MARTIN O'GARA.

Born on the Emerald Isle May 29, 1829, Martin O'Gara died at his home, near Kenton, Tenn., on May 15, 1909, having nearly reached his fourscore of years. He joined the first company organized for the Confederacy in Weakley County, Tenn., the "Old Hickory Blues," afterwards Company G, 9th Tennessee Infantry, Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Army of Tennessee, and served faithfully with this company to the close of the war in North Carolina.

After the war he returned to Tennessee, where his first work was to throw down the fortifications left by the Federals along the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. At Rutherford, in Gibson County, he found his life companion, who survives him, with several children, to mourn a faithful husband and affectionate father.

R. J. Dew, of Trenton, Tenn., writes: "Brave, noble old soldier, his last roll call is answered. He was my comrade for four long years of bloody war and my personal friend to the end of his life. Peace to his ashes"

RITCHIE

Dr. James B. Ritchie was born in Marion County, Tenn., in 1830, and died in McMinnville March 24, 1909. At the beginning of the war he enlisted and served four years in the medical and quartermaster's department of the 16th Tennessee. In McMinnville he was prominent in all business and Church relations, and he had many warm personal friends, who, with his wife and two children, will feel their loss deeply.

CARROL

John M. Carrol was born in Staunton, Va., in 1839, and died in that city in 1909. He enlisted in Company L, 9th Virginia Infantry, and later was appointed sergeant major, acting in that capacity till after the battle of Kernstown. He was conspicuous in the battle of Appomattox. Camp Stonewall Jackson, of which he was an honored member, took charge of the funeral. His wife survives him.

JOHN L. DISMUKES.

John L. Dismukes was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1830, and died in Mayfield, Ky., in 1909. He received his literary education in the University of North Carolina, and graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He moved at once to Mayfield and began his career as physician and surgeon, winning a wide reputation. He was a member of the Tri State American Medical Association, and was their First Vice President, and he was President of the Southwestern Kentucky Medical Association. He was a brilliant writer in medical magazines, and kept in touch with all the advancement of his profession.

During the war Dr. Dismukes was surgeon in charge of various hospitals in the Confederate army, especially the field hospital of Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps. He was wounded at Chickamauga and again at Franklin, Tenn. He was one of the incorporators of the Tennessee River and Cumberland Gap Railroad.

In politics he was a Democrat. He was of aristocratic descent, being descended through the father's side from French nobility and through the mother's from Thomas Lynch, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He is survived by his four children.

Mayfield Camp, U. C. V., at a called meeting in honor of Dr. Dismukes passed glowing resolutions of respect.

MARGARET HOWELL DAVIS HAYES.

In the death of Margaret Howell Davis Hayes the last link of the family of Jefferson Davis is broken. One by one, like beads slipping from a chain, they have passed away, and in the cemetery of Richmond is gathered what was once a large family father and mother, four sons and two daughters, and the tiny grandson who only came to bloom and fade.

Margaret Hayes was the oldest child of Jefferson Davis and his wife, Varina Howell, and, aside from the claim of the first child to an especial love, she was doubly dear to Mr Davis as, bearing his mother's name. The tie between the two was an unusually close one, arising from similarity of tastes and the trend of thought. "Polly," as was his pet name for her, was ever his companion, and when together neither seemed to need nor care for other companionship.

Margaret Davis was educated at a convent in Paris, where Margaret of Italy and Princess Margaret of Bavaria were her closest friends. To distinguish her in this trio of namesakes, she was called Pearl, the meaning of her name, and that jewel entered largely into her life pleasures. The friendship for the two Margarets never was lost nor laid aside. During the time of her absence in France Mr. Davis said there was an aching void in his heart that nothing could fill. He was a man who took bright views of circumstances, but sometimes even to him the horizon darkened, and, like Saul with the harp of David, nothing could soothe nor comfort him like his daughter's singing. She had a voice never powerful, but of unusual sweetness and pleading pathos a deep, velvety contralto, haunting in the tenderness of melody that won its way into all hearts, swaying the listener to nobler deeds and truer aspirations.

After graduation, Miss Davis returned to Memphis, where her father and mother were living at the time. Here she became at once a leading social favorite. She was very young, only eighteen, but even then she possessed the wonderful magnetic charm, the gracious personality that marked her maturer womanhood. In Memphis Miss Davis met Mr. J. Addison Hayes, the second son of J. Addison Hayes, of Nashville, and grandson of Oliver Bliss Hayes, one of the pioneers of the capital of Tennessee.

The first view Miss Davis had of Mr. Hayes was at Calvary Church, where as vestryman Mr. Hayes took up the offering. On her return from the service Margaret said to her mother that she had seen the man she felt sure she should marry. Her premonition was amply justified, for an ideal love affair followed the introduction, and the first of the January following the wedding took place in Calvary Church. The world was clad also in bridal white, and the joy bells that welcomed the newborn year rang in one of the happiest married lives possible to humanity, for with these two, lovers always, duality ceased to exist and unity of love and purpose took its place. Miss Davis went to the altar on the arm of her noble father, and Winnie, then a child of eleven, was maid of honor, while young Jeff Davis, then in his early twenties, was groomsman. A grand reception followed, where all of Memphis society came with good wishes for the fair bride and noble groom. At this reception the wedding cake served was brought from England, and had been buried in hermetically sealed tins for fifty years. The remnant of the cake was then sealed, and was opened again for the wedding of Varina, the oldest daughter born to the young couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes lived for many years in Memphis, where Mr. Hayes was very prominent in banking circles. Here were born the tiny boy who bore the name of Jefferson Davis, but who lived only three months, Varina Howell, who is named for the maternal grandmother, Lucy White, who bears the name of her father's mother, and Jefferson Davis Hayes, who by the act of the Legislature of Louisiana became Jefferson Davis, receiving the name in baptism over the coffin containing the body of President Davis.

Mr. Hayes developing throat trouble, the doctors ordered him to Colorado, which climate proved so attractive that the family moved there, making their residence in Colorado Springs, where Mr. Hayes became the leading banker of the State. Their home on Cascade Avenue was one of the show places of the city, and was fitted with every luxury money could buy. Here was born the youngest boy, Billy, named for the passionately loved and never forgotten brother who was killed by a fall over the balustrade on to the stone floor in the White House of Richmond during President Davis's term of office.

At this home was solemnized the marriage of Varina Howell Hayes, who wedded Dr. Gerald Bertram Webb, a descendant of an English ducal family. To this marriage have been born three children Margaret Varina, for her grandmother, Mrs. Hayes, and great grandmother, Mrs. Davis (this little lady, self styled Marko, was the pet and constant companion of Mrs. Hayes), Gerald Bertram, the only great grandson of Mr. Davis, and Robina, named for her English grandmother. Dr. Webb is a specialist, and has more than a national reputation.

Mrs. Hayes impressed her vivid personality upon all who were so fortunate as to know her. She was brilliant in conversation, gracious in manners, and of so intense a magnetism that even without her great beauty she would have been observed in any assemblage. In person she was tall and built upon grand lines. Her face was almost pure Greek in outline, with large, dark velvet eyes that could flash and sparkle in conversation, soften to winning tenderness to a child, or brim over with tears at some tale of suffering, for she had the brain of a statesman united to the tender heart of a child. Her complexion was the creamy richness of a magnolia petal, and was framed in masses of dark hair that her fifty four years never touched with silver.

Mrs. Hayes had never been strong since her mother died nothing organic, nothing the wisest doctors could grapple, but within the last six months the want of vitality crystallized into a general impaction of the functions. Like a flower fading, she gradually wasted away. Her room was a floral bower with love tokens from many friends sent day by day, and everything in the power of humanity to aid or comfort was at her bedside. Her sufferings were past words to express, but even her nurses never heard a groan nor murmur. Her husband and all her children were around her, and her little grandchildren made her room their play place. To them "Mamie," as they called her, was

only another and more delightful child, one to be amused with blocks and to be interested in their pet puppy and kitties. They brought to her bed the wild flowers they gathered, the flowers that faded from their little hot hands as the human flower was fading from the fever heat of disease.

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On Sunday, July 18, 1909, as the sinking sun was touching Pike's Peak into golden splendor, death came with healing touch and tender claspings, and she fell quietly into that sleep whose waking was to be with her loved ones in Paradise.

TRIBUTE FROM THE C. S. M. A.

In a tribute to the memory of Mrs. J. A. Hayes Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, wrote from New Orleans, La.: "In the passing of this noble daughter of President Davis the last tie that united the women of the Confederacy with the parent branch of the Davis family has been severed. Mrs. Hayes was in every sense a true daughter of the South and a worthy descendant of a grand sire.

Her life was replete with the splendid traditions of a brave people, and as sister, daughter, wife, and mother she fulfilled all the obligations of a true woman. She will be deeply mourned by her associates in the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and her name will be held in loving and sacred remembrance for all time to come.

EXPRESSION FOR U. D. C.

In an official notice of Mrs. Hayes's death Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General U. D. C., states: "It is requested that Chapters of our Association recognize the great loss by holding memorial services in honor of our distinguished dead. With deep pain we realize that in her life the last link is broken that bound us to that dear household in the White House of the Confederacy. We can no stand in her gracious presence, but we can recall with pride that in her personality she nobly represented the exalted character and splendid qualities of heart and mind, the heritage of her illustrious lineage, for she lived and died a worthy daughter of our great chieftain, Jefferson Davis, and Varina. Howell Davis. She has left to us a precious legacy in her children two sons and two daughters. These we will cherish in our hearts and memories as representing all that is left to us of the descendants of that great man, scholar, statesman, and soldier, Jefferson Davis. Our loving, tender sympathy goes into the home now so desolate."

Official notice and a devoted tribute were sent by the Associated Press from the headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans the day following the beloved woman's death.

The United Sons of Confederate Veterans by their Commander in Chief, Dr. Clarence M. Owens, pay tribute to Mrs Hayes in a worthy manner. Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Historian of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., sends a carefully prepared and pathetic tribute to this last child of Jefferson Davis.

MAURICE FRANK.

Maurice Frank was born in Georgia, from which State he was one of the earliest volunteers for the Confederate army, enlisting at the age of eighteen in Company C, Georgia Regiment, Benning's Brigade. He was with the Army of Northern Virginia in all the hard campaigns. He was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, but would not leave the field, for, though helpless to fight, he could load the guns for his comrades, which he did till dark relieved them.

After the war ended, he moved first to Alabama. He was married to Miss Ellen Dillon, and established a home in Salt Creek Valley, Kans. He devoted his energies to beautifying his home town and in aiding in the development of the State.

JAMES SCOTT DENHAM

James Scott Denham was born in Monticello, Fla., in 1845, and died in that city in 1909. Between these two dates lies the history of a noble life, a true Christian character, and a generous and devoted friend.

At a meeting of the Patton Anderson Camp the memorial committee read resolutions of respect to their dead comrade and Capt. T. G. Bott made an address. He said: "Before moving the adoption of the resolutions just submitted I am constrained to express in a few words the high personal respect I have always entertained for him whom to day we meet to honor. All around me are comrades who have known him from boyhood and who will indorse the strongest tribute that words of mine can pay. I recognized in him a man pure in heart and clear of mind whose opinions of moral ethics and of business were worthy of the most careful consideration.

On Thursday, April 29, when it was learned that James Scott Denham had suddenly answered the last roll call, the entire city was clouded with sorrow, and the silent look of sympathy with which friend met friend was a tribute greater than words, each feeling that one of the noblest of friends had passed from him. He lived his religion, and his beautiful influence rests like a benediction upon those who knew and loved him."

Commander B. W. Partridge spoke eloquently of Comrade Denham, and he was followed by Comrades George N. Footman, W. H. Wright, John Dean, and W. A. Lindsey, who paid high tribute in their earnest words of praise.

REV. D. C. KELLEY

Rev. D. C. Kelley, D.D., wa born in Leesville, Wilson County, Tenn., in 1833, and died in Nashville in 1909. He was sent as a missionary to China by the M. E. Church, South, and for years did very noble work in propagating Christianity in that far off land. On his return to America he organized a company of cavalry which was called Kelley's Troop and which served under Gen. N. B. Forrest, and was with that gallant commander during the war. D. C. Kelley so distinguished himself for coolness in action and bravery in face of danger that he was rapidly promoted, being made major of battalion. He was elected lieutenant colonel of Forrest's Regiment the day before the battle of Shiloh, and took the duty of colonel in the battle of Murfreesboro. He was on Forrest's staff as chaplain and aid. Afterwards he commanded a regiment, then a brigade till the end of the war, winning a brilliant reputation as "Forrest's fighting preacher."

At the end of the war he was made pastor of several of the largest Methodist Churches in Tennessee. Here his influence for good was widely felt, as in his upright life and true Christianity he was an example of what a noble man should be.

RICHARD T. OWEN

Lieut. Richard T. Owen was born March 13, 1837, and died in Shelbyville, Ky., May 14, 1909, aged seventy two years. For a long while he was Adjutant of John H. Waller Camp, No. 237, U. C. V. Here is an outline of "Dick's" soldier life:

He left Kentucky for the Confederate army in Virginia July 28, 1861, and enlisted as a private on the famous battlefield of Manassas in Company K, 12th Regiment, Mississippi Volunteer Infantry. On September 10, 1862, he was promoted to second lieutenant of his company. He fought at Kelly's Ford, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, in the Wilderness from the 6th to the 12th of May, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., and Concord Church. In Mississippi he engaged in a number of skirmishes while serving in a battalion of scouts commanded by his brother, Capt. R. A. Owen. In the desperate battle of Sharpsburg he was wounded in the hip, foot, and shoulder, and at Spottsylvania in the leg. In August, 1864, "Dick" was retired from active service in infantry because of wounds and assigned to duty in a Confederate scout corps operating in Mississippi under Maj. Jeff D. Bradford.

He surrendered at Jackson May 13, 1865, to Gen. E. R. S. Canby. This was the last organized body east of the great river to surrender, and one that had been held in readiness to see President Davis safely across should he escape to its banks. He was, however, captured on May 10 in Georgia.

Lieutenant Owen was a handsome man and a fine soldier. He was bearing the colors and leading his company when so severely wounded. Few soldiers were so intelligent and enthusiastic, not many were so widely known and greatly admired. He was repeatedly elected to office in his home county, and served long as Clerk of the Circuit Court. His books as County Assessor are mentioned as models. The regiment in which he held so honorable a place was remarkable for its record, and it had perhaps no braver officer. His funeral was conducted by his old messmate, and hundreds followed the flag covered casket to the flower decked grave. God bless his brave brother and loving sister. [Sketch by his friend, Rev. J. R. Deering, Lexington, Ky.]

SCURR. W. B. Scurr, Sr., died on May 27, 1909, at his home, near Torrance, Miss., in his sixty ninth year. He was a good citizen and a faithful soldier in Company G, 15th Mississippi Regiment. He had but few faults. He was genial and kind a ray of sunshine and cheer to his surroundings. [From W. A. Carr, postmaster at Coffeetown, Miss.]

There are several engravings for "Last Roll" where the names are omitted. Parties interested will oblige by writing description of pictures that have been sent and that have not appeared. It is very desirable that this be done.

DR. N. P. MARION

Dr. N. P. Marion, born at Cokesbury, S. C., in 1820, was a great nephew of Gen. Francis Marion, of Revolutionary fame. After finishing the country schools, he graduated from the Medical College of Charleston, S. C. in 1843, and then went to Florida and purchased a large body of land in Hamilton County lying along the Suwanee River, and with a number of slaves he commenced farming on a large scale. He remained on that old homestead until his death, in March, 1909.

When the War between the States began, all but the men and boys too old or too young for service were mustered into the army, but when the State of Florida was invaded as far as Olustee, Dr. Marion raised a company of old men and offered his service to General Finegan. But he, having raised a sufficient force to meet the enemy, advised the company to return home and protect the women and children and interests there left without protection. He also told Dr. Marion that his service at home was worth far more to the cause in securing supplies of provisions, clothing, and shoes for the soldiers than he could be as a soldier, besides he aided the women who were left behind without any one to direct and provide for them, making their crops and furnishing bread to the destitute. Dr. Marion had the respect and esteem of all a true Southerner.

CAPT. WILLIAM A. HANDLEY

Capt. William Handley, a native of Georgia, died in Roanoke, Ala., June 23, 1909. He had been in delicate health for several years, yet the immediate cause of his death was from a severe fall received several weeks before from which he never recovered. Though born in Georgia, his parents moved to Alabama while he was a small child, and he remained a citizen of Randolph County from that time. He was devoted to the State of his adoption, from whom he received many offices of trust and honor.

He served gallantly through the war, and at its close was elected to Congress, and served his district with honorable distinction. He served in both branches of the Legislature, and at the time of his death was President of the Board of Trustees of Roanoke Normal College.

He was a man of wide charity, and many poor young men and worthy girls owe their start in life to his generosity. Captain Handley is survived by a wife and two children, two brothers, and a large circle of relatives and friends.

COL. M. L. GORE.

Mounce Lauderdale Gore was born July 16, 1840, in Jackson County, Tenn., on Roaring River, and was reared on a farm. He went to Gainesboro, five miles distant, in 1866 and engaged in the mercantile business for several years. He was elected Circuit Court Clerk in 1874, and served with credit for four years. In December, 1897, he moved back to his farm on Roaring River, where he remained until his death, on June 18, 1908. On March 22, 1868, he was married to Miss Mary Susan Cassetty, who survives him. She was ever as a ministering angel. To this union five children were born.

Comrade Gore gave his life to Him "who doeth all things well." He was made a Master Workman, being in Tannehill Lodge, No. 133, A. F. and A. M., and was later exalted to the august degree of Royal Arch Mason. He filled all the important offices in the Lodge, and was High Priest of Gainesboro Chapter, No. 86, R. A. M., of which he was a charter member. He was an ardent admirer of the principles of the ancient order, and never faltered in his faith in the "lion of the tribe of Judah."

Colonel Gore enlisted as a private soldier on May 14, 1861, in his brother William's company, K (Col. A. S. Fulton), 8th Tennessee Infantry Regiment, going with his regiment to Virginia in July, 1861. Because of a long illness he was discharged in September, 1861, and returned home. As soon as he regained his health he reenlisted in the cavalry service, and was elected captain of Company G in Gen. George G. Dibrell's splendid Tennessee cavalry regiment, and he often commanded the regiment. Captain Gore was in command of Dibrell's Regiment at the time of the surrender in May, 1865. Recommendations had been sent to Richmond for his promotion to colonel, and he is on record as such, though he never received the commission.

A man of conspicuous courage, he never boasted of his individual achievements. He ever seemed to have at heart: more the comfort of others than of himself. His rule was strict obedience to orders. General Dibrell was heard to say that Colonel Gore always brought to him more satisfactory reports than any other officer he could send out. He was never wounded or captured, but in a cavalry fight near Franklin, Tenn., in the latter part of 1862 his horse was killed under him. Another horse was shot under him, though not killed, near the close of the war. Colonel Gore was in that "hundred days' fighting" from Dalton to Atlanta. Near the end of 1864 he was in the battle of Saltville, Va., when the Confederates saved the salt works from Burbridge's forces. He was in the battle of Bentonville, N. C" the last engagement between Johnston's and Sherman's armies. He commanded the remnant of his regiment as escort to President Davis from Abbeville, S. C., to Washington, Ga. The funeral services were conducted by Elder Marion Harris and the Masonic Order from the family residence, and the burial was in the family cemetery.

[The foregoing is from an elaborate sketch by a committee : Henry P. Loftis, N. B. Young, and J. A. Williams.]

CAPT. NICHOLAS WILSON

Capt. Nicholas Wilson was born in St. Charles County, Mo., in 1833, and died at his home, in Pilot Point, Tex., on May 16, 1909. At the age of nineteen he went to Texas, teaching school in Tarrant County. When the war broke out, he organized a company of cavalry, and as captain of this company (B, DeMorse's Regiment of Cavalry) he served throughout the war.

After the war Captain Wilson lent his aid toward building up the community of Pilot Point. He built the first brick building there in 1873. He retired some years ago from active commercial business. Captain Wilson was twice married, and is survived by his wife and a daughter of the first marriage. He was a man whose strong convictions and candid expression united with sound judgment. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and was guided by a high sense of duty.

WILLIAM L. DALE

[A sketch of Comrade Dale appears on page 292 of the June VETERAN. He was an Elmira prisoner at the close of the war.]

CAPT. W. B. LYNCH

Capt. William B. Lynch was born in Frederick County, Md., in 1827, and died in Leesburg, Va., in 1909. He moved to Leesburg in 1849 and became owner and editor of the Washingtonian, which he continued except during the years of the war till 1903, when his paper consolidated with the Mirror, he remaining editor in chief of the two papers.

He served during the entire war as captain of Company C, 17th Virginia Infantry the Loudoun Guards. While this company was in winter quarters he represented Loudoun County in the Legislature, returning when his company again took the field. He succeeded Col. E. V. White as Commander of Camp Clinton Hatcher, U. C. V. He was a brave soldier, a true Christian, a consistent gentleman in all that term signifies, and his charities were wide reaching and continuous. He was twice married and leaves three children, and his second wife survives him.

TILMAN S. WEAVER

Tilman S. Weaver, a private in Company K, 10th Virginia Infantry, died recently in Page County, Va. I knew him in the days when the test of true manhood was to bare the breast and face the danger of shot and shell, and I can bear witness to having seen him move steadily and unflinching forward until cut down by a shrapnel shell in the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, which took a leg from himself and also two others of the same company.

Tilman Weaver was born of humble parentage and did not possess much education. He followed a humble avocation and had no prospective inheritance, yet when his State called for defenders he was prompt to respond, inspired by as pure patriotism as ever stirred the bosom of a true citizen. Fidelity to principle and loyalty to his country were the cardinal virtues of his life and service. As a soldier he was brave without braggadocio, as a friend, true without cant or hypocrisy. In camp or on the march, in sunshine or rain, unless exempted from duty because of sickness, his place in the ranks was never vacant. Always obedient to every command, he was a typical Confederate soldier, and no man ever reflected greater honor on the cause for which he fought. He has left a proud heritage to his descendants which they should cherish and which will ever be an honor to them. I am glad as his commander to testify to his high sense of honor and his faithfulness to every duty. He never shirked or faltered in duty. [Sketch by his commander, D. C. Grayson, Washington.]

JOHN GOODE

John Goode was born in Bedford County, Va., in 1828, and was educated at the College of Virginia, taking the college degrees of M.A. and LL.D. He represented Bedford County in the General Assembly in 1857 and again in 1867. He was also a member of the Secession Convention in 1861. In the winter of 1861-62, while still in the army, he was elected to the Confederate Congress, and reelected in 1863. In 1874 he was elected to Congress from Norfolk and reelected in 1876. He was presidential elector in 1852, 1856, and 1884, and was State President of the Democratic Convention in 1872 and 1887. He was a member of the National Democratic Convention in 1868 and, 1876. He was on the board of visitors of the colleges of William and Mary, University of Virginia, and Virginia Polytechnic. He was appointed solicitor general of the United States in 1885, and in 1892 was a member of the International Commission to adjust claims between the United States and Chili. He served one term as President of the State Bar Association. While a member of the Legislature he sometimes presided in committees of the whole, and once was appointed Speaker pro tem. He presided with great ability over the Constitutional Convention in 1901.

DEATHS IN CONFEDERATE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, MEMPHIS

I. N. Rainey, Secretary of the Confederate Historical Association, Camp 28, Bivouac 18, reports the following list of members who died between January 1 and July 1, 1909:

O. B. Farris, January 1, captain of Co. K, 2d Tenn. Inf.
James E. Clary, Jan. 7, private Co. H, 154th Sr. Tenn Inf.
C. G. Locke, Jan. 13, private Company H, 15th Ark. Inf.
Barton Dickson, Jan. 15, captain Co. A, 16th Ala. Inf.
D. C. Jones, March 11, lieut. Co. A, 38th Tenn. Inf.
H. T. Bragg, March 16, private Co. A, 7th Tenn. Cav.
Rev. A. G. Burrow, March 19, chaplain 22d Tenn. Inf.
A. K. Graham, April 12, private Co. A, 7th Tenn. Cav.
D. G. Rittenhouse, April 14, private "West Rangers," McCulloch's Texas Reg.
M. L. Selden, May 9, Co. A, 7th Tenn. Cav.
R. J. Rawlings, May 15, private Co. B, Forrest's (old) Reg.
G. W. Miller, May 18, lieut. Co. D, 1st Tenn. Art.

The old soldier is going fast. The above shows two deaths per month out of a membership of two hundred. We have had two deaths already in July. I will report them later.

MISS DEE CAHAL

Miss Dee Cahal, a well known teacher of Nashville, died on July 23, 1909. Miss Cahal's father was a Virginian. He emigrated to Tennessee in his young manhood, and after several years at the bar he became eminent as a chancellor. Her mother was Miss Ann Saunders.

Miss Cahal was born at Columbia, Tenn. After the death of her father and mother she lived with her sister, Mrs. Hoggatt, on Clover Bottom Farm, in the neighborhood of Old Hickory. She was educated at Nazareth, Ky., and Patapsco Institute, Maryland. She traveled much abroad, was a constant student, and possessed a remarkable mind. She was a woman of brilliant attainments. A brother, Lieut. Terry Cahal, served in the Confederate army, and was assigned to dangerous scouting duty on many occasions. The deceased is survived by an only sister, Mrs. William Osborn, of Atlanta.

Gen. S. G. French wrote of Lieutenant Cahal: "He was ever ready for a fight, and found recreation in the excitement of a bout with the enemy." (See VETERAN for 1896, page 359.)

Proof of Miss Cahal's devotion to principle is given wherein by a family disagreement she took a position whereby she was left practically penniless when in going with the other side she would have been abundantly supplied perhaps for life. This last note is simply to show how willingly she sacrificed for her convictions of right whatever the real merit was.

DR. J. B. COWAN

Dr. J. B. Cowan, chief surgeon of Forrest's Cavalry throughout the war and one of the best known men of the great Confederate organization, his appearance being of high distinction and his service in the medical association ever being active at Reunions, died in Tullahoma, Tenn., July 24, 1909. He had never missed a general Reunion until the last, at Memphis. He had been in ill health for several months, but on the day of his death he was on the street with his youngest son, and remarked a little while before the end that he felt unusually well. A little later, however, he went into a drug store for some medicine, but the prescriptionist being busy, he went to another drug store, and ere he could be waited upon he fell on his face dead.

Dr. Cowan was a graduate of the medical colleges of Philadelphia and New York, and had attained a high rank in his profession. When the war began, he took an important place in the Confederate army. He was made chief surgeon of Chalmer's Regiment of Mississippi, and was later transferred to the command of N. B. Forrest, and under that notable chief served with distinction until the close of the war. He was on the staff of General Forrest nearly all the war, and he was the last survivor except Capt. John W. Morton, of Nashville, who was General Forrest's chief of artillery. Dr. Cowan took part in all the big battles of that famous command, winning great distinction for daring while attending to his duties as surgeon. More of Dr. Cowan and Forrest's staff later,

As "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring," Dr. Cowan was ever conspicuous by his courtly bearing and his courtesy, which marked him as one of nature's nobility.

He married Miss Lucy Robinson, and for fifty years lived with her in the holy ties of wedlock. He leaves his wife with seven children and many grandchildren, together with a large circle of friends, to mourn their loss.

The funeral of Dr. Cowan was largely attended, quite a number of army officers and personal friends going from a distance the veterans and a large number of Odd Fellows attending and officiating. A large number of the townspeople were present also to show their sorrow and esteem for the most distinguished man of that section. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church could seat but little more than half of the attendants. Dr. Cowan was a loyal, devout member of that Church, while his father had been one of its eminent ministers for a half century or more. He was first cousin to General Forrest's wife, and

was perhaps his most intimate friend for many years. Dr. Cowan was born in Lincoln County, and had resided in that section all of his life.

Comrades, let us build a modest monument to Dr. Cowan. For instance, use a granite pedestal and on a bronze tablet give his name, etc., and say: "Chief Surgeon of Forrest's Cavalry." The VETERAN will contribute \$1 or \$10 to it. A dollar or so from his personal friends would build it. This suggestion is from the VETERAN. Help to honor his memory.

GEN. GEORGE B. COSBY

Gen. George B. Cosby was born in Kentucky in 1830, and died in California in 1909. He was of a distinguished Kentucky family, the son of Fortunatus Cosby, Jr., and grandson of the celebrated judge of the same name. His brother was Rear Admiral Cosby, of the United States navy. He entered the military academy at West Point, and graduated from there. He at once became an officer of the regular army, and was serving as such when the Civil War began. He resigned promptly and enlisted in the Confederate army. Here he rose to the position of brigadier general, serving under Gens. Stephen D. Lee, Van Dorn, and Buckner. He took the cartel of surrender to the lines of General Grant, and was with Gen. John Morgan when that celebrated soldier was killed. His was 1st Cavalry Brigade, W. H. Jackson's division.

He was severely wounded during the war and never recovered from the effects of it, only keeping the unbearable pain in limits by the use of drugs. These losing their efficacy, the intrepid General prepared to face death in his own home as bravely as he had ever done upon the field, for he felt that even suicide was preferable to the utter helplessness that had accrued from a paralytic stroke. He was found past all aid from medicine or surgery, and the open valve of a gas pipe told its mute story.

The body was cremated after the simple funeral services and the ashes placed in an urn. Only the immediate family and closest friends went to the crematory.

MRS. ELIZABETH TAYLOR DANDRIDGE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor Dandridge, the last daughter of President Zachary Taylor, died at Winchester, Va., July 25, 1909, in the eighty sixth year of her age. Until a month ago she had enjoyed remarkably good health. She became unconscious suddenly, and died within a few minutes.

Mrs. Dandridge was born near Louisville April 20, 1824. She was married to Col. William Wallace Bliss, of her father's staff, in Texas during the Mexican War. When General Taylor became President, she took the place of her invalid mother as mistress of the White House. Her mother died during her father's term of office. Her husband, Colonel Bliss, died of yellow fever in New Orleans not long after the death of her father. Some years later she was married to Philip Pendleton Dandridge, a noted Virginia lawyer, of Winchester, who died in 1881.

Mrs. Dandridge was a sister of the first wife of Jefferson Davis and also of the wife of Surgeon General Wood, of the United States army. For many years she had lived quietly at her home with her niece, Miss Sarah Wood, who survives her. [It is notable that the death of the last child of Zachary Taylor and of Jefferson Davis should appear in the same issue of a periodical called the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. EDITOR.]

Mrs. Dandridge appeared much younger than she really was. She retained much of her great beauty to the end.

MRS. KENNETH RAYNER

In Texas on July 10, 1909, there passed away an eminent woman who was connected with the most illustrious families in the United States. Mrs. Rayner's distinguished father was an officer in the War for Independence. One of her several noted brothers was Gen. Leonidas Polk, the heroic bishop general, who gave his life to the Confederacy. Her two grandfathers, Col. Thomas Polk, of Mecklenburg, and Col. Philemon Hawkins, of Warren, were distinguished patriots.

Mrs. Rayner was born in 1822, and received every social and educational advantage that large wealth and social prominence could bestow. She became one of the great belles of the South. After her marriage with Mr. Rayner, she spent much of her time in Washington, and was there during the administration of her kinsman, James K. Polk. Upon his retirement from Congress Mr. Rayner returned to Raleigh. He was one of the commissioners who surrendered that city to Sherman in 1865. The latter years of Mrs. Rayner's life were spent with her son, H. P. Rayner, in El Paso, Tex.

WIFE OF COL. W. H. KNAUSS.

Deep sorrow has come into the home of Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, in the death of his wife after much severe affliction. It will be recalled that his daughter, Mrs. John T. Gamble, died several months ago. Mrs. Gamble attended the last Richmond Reunion with her husband, and both were greeted as cordially as if of Confederate families, and even more so, for they had given hearty sympathy to Colonel Knauss in his untiring labors to show worthy regard for the Confederate dead in Camp Chase and other cemeteries in the North. Indeed, he has done more than any man who served in the Union army to show worthy respect to the men of the Southern States who fought for their principles.

The VETERAN in behalf of a multitude in the South expresses sincerest sympathy for him in his sorrow. In a letter to the editor just before the end came Mr. Gamble said: "The Colonel will gather strength for the final blow and rally to years of future usefulness."

COL. J. C. HASKELL

Col. John Cheves Haskell, who died recently in Columbia, S. C., was widely known as the one arm quartermaster who never knew when he was whipped. He was one of the artillery officers of Longstreet's Corps, and fought his four batteries of eighteen guns in all the hard battles from the Rapidan to Antietam and the gory field of Gettysburg. It was here that this battery with Hood's Texas, Law's Alabama, and Benning's Georgia Brigades swept forward and captured three rifle guns from Smith's New York Battery. These guns were carried down the hill by hand.

Colonel Haskell lost his arm through an act of bravery. Once in battle he saw a regiment of infantry almost demoralized by the swift action of cannon. Colonel Haskell, mounted on his magnificent sorrel, stopped the tide of retreat, and, bidding the regiment follow him, dashed forward to victory a victory which cost him his right arm. Hood being short of staff officers, Haskell offered his services, even with his arm hanging shattered, but was ordered to report to the hospital instead.

In the sketch of Col. Christopher C. Sanders in the July VETERAN, page 359, by A. W. VanHorn, of Gainesville, Ga., there was omitted by accident part of the report. Colonel Sanders after the surrender of Appomattox was eminently successful in business. In 1871 he was married to Miss Fannie Amelia Scarborough, who survives him. He was a very charitable man, and was always willing to assist the old veterans, the poor, or any who were in sorrow or trouble, and in his death many felt they had lost a true friend. He had traveled extensively, and the literature and civilization of Europe, Egypt, and the Holy

Land were deeply impressed upon him. He was a very earnest Christian, and made the Bible and its tenets his daily study. His funeral was the largest ever held in Gainesville, Ga.

INDESTRUCTIBLE GRAVE MARKERS

Capt. A. P. Stults, of Zanesville, Ohio, has invented and patented a marker for soldiers' graves. It is manufactured of thoroughly vitrified clay or porcelain, perfectly enameled and white. It is impervious to moisture, unaffected by the natural elements, including atmospheric changes, and is practically imperishable. The name of the soldier, the company and regiment or other command to which he belonged, the date of the war, and if desired the year of his birth and death will be inscribed upon the marker, burned in under the enamel, and will be as durable as the marker itself. These distinguishing markers for soldiers' graves are enduring records of their personal identity and army service. These markers will not be furnished for others than soldiers and their wives.

The inventor of this marker is a veteran of the Civil War. He is a patriot and a gentleman, and he realizes the great need of a means for permanently marking the resting places of soldiers and of preserving their identity by these records.

The marker will soon be upon the market, and the low price at which it will be sold (\$2) places it within easy reach of all. Those who desire additional information relative to it are requested to address Capt. A. P. Stults, Zanesville, Ohio, or the VETERAN, Nashville, and a circular letter with minute description and price will be sent. Captain Stults was a visitor at Memphis during the Reunion, and was well pleased with the cordial, soldierly reception and entertainment accorded him by the Confederates.

The Hazlett Post, G. A. R., of Zanesville, Ohio, of which Mr. Stults is a member, commends the grave marker above described and requests its member of Congress, Mr. Joyce, to vote for bill No. 10023. The passage of this bill, it is expected, will be urged by the National Encampment G. A. R. at its meeting in Salt Lake during August next.

Hon. R. B. Brown, of Zanesville, Ohio, who was Commander in Chief of the G. A. R., and conducted that hightoned correspondence with Gen. S. D. Lee in regard to the Wirz monument, wrote Captain Stults:

I have made an especial study of a marker for the graves of soldiers and sailors as contemplated by the laws of Ohio.

The price of bronze is prohibitive. Your pottery marker, with the development of which I have been familiar during the series of experiments conducted by you and others, is unquestionably indestructible. It cannot be injured by the elements. Any desired form can be made, and when vitrified in any desired color, the inscription under the glaze will remain indefinitely.

Pottery, the oldest art in the world, has never been employed to better advantage nor in a more practical way than by you in the ideal grave marker.

I commend this marker as especially worthy the careful consideration of all organizations which have to do with the marking of graves for the future. Once set and kept in place, it will continue for all time."

CAPTAIN STULTS WRITES OF THE GRAVE MARKER

This marker is manufactured of clay, is white, thoroughly vitrified, and perfectly enameled. It is impervious to moisture, unaffected by the natural elements and atmospheric changes. The material used in this marker is equal, if not superior, to that in ancient pottery tablets. This material is equal to porcelain, and practically indestructible, except by accident or design.

These markers are not only distinguishing marks for soldiers' graves, but are enduring records of their service to their country. They are designed to be placed on the top of the grave, but may be located at the head of the grave as other monuments and tombstones are and can be in addition to other monuments.

Upon the oval top are inscribed the name of the soldier, the company and regiment or other command in which he served, and the date of the war. The lettering, which can be of almost any color, is burned in under the enamel, and is as durable as the marker itself. In well kept cemeteries the oval top only of the marker should stand above the surface of the sod, permitting a lawn mower to easily pass over it, but in situations where lawn mowers are not used the entire head may protrude above the ground and not be obscured by grass and weeds. The shape of these markers prevents them from settling too deep into the ground, being raised by frost, or being easily removed by miscreants.

As almost any person can place this marker in position, the cost of setting it is practically nothing, and the low price at which it is sold brings this distinguishing mark and enduring record of the services of every soldier within easy reach.

The importance of these distinguishing monuments and ever enduring records of the services of the soldiers to their country may not be so apparent at present, but they will grow in appreciation in the hearts of the descendants of the soldiers as the years and ages go by.

May it not be a comforting thought to nearly every soldier to know that after his death a grateful government or loving friends will place one of these markers upon his grave?

LAW REQUIRING SOLDIER GRAVE MARKERS

William H. Birge, of Franklin, Pa., writes the VETERAN : "I sent a copy of a Pennsylvania law to Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., which law requires the county commissioners to furnish grave markers for all deceased soldiers when a petition is presented in proper form asking for a certain number. In his reply Colonel Young states that he will call the attention of members of the Kentucky Legislature to it when they convene next January.

The first law on this subject was enacted in 1903. It states, 'They may upon petition,' etc, and in 1905 this law was amended to read, 'They shall upon petition,' etc.

Ohio has a similar law, and so has Michigan. I hope the Southern States can have such laws enacted, so the Confederate veteran can have these markers."

MRS. WALLACE, CAT.

The Children of the Confederacy, Auxiliary of the E. B. Bates Chapter, U. D. C., of Houston, Tex., are trying to erect a monument to Terry's Texas Rangers. They have a considerable sum in bank, and to further their purpose are selling a book with the above title at seventy five cents each.

Mrs. Wallace, Cat is a bright child's story of some attractive children and their pets. It is in the form of an autobiography, and the impressions of the cat, Mrs. Wallace, are very well told. The doll's wedding is especially good, and will be read with interest by every little girl.

The Director of the Children's Chapter, Mrs. Wharton Bates, has decided to open a competition among the young readers of the book, the following being the terms: Cash prizes ranging from \$2.50 to \$1 are offered for letters of not more than one hundred and fifty words telling about Mrs. Jefferson Davis. Contest open to all, the only condition being that the name "Mrs. Davis" must be cut from the book and pasted on the letter sent to Mrs. Wharton Bates. President O. M. Roberts Chapter, Houston, Tex,

PRESERVING AMIABILITY OF BLACK MAMMY

Miss Louise A. Williams, of Augusta, Ga., a vigorous and ambitious worker in whatever she undertakes, was in Nashville recently and gave an entertainment which was well attended, in spite of the hot weather, by a highly representative class. The Nashville Banner said of it:

'An Evening in the Old South' a glimpse into the dead past, when white columned mansions stood beneath sheltering trees in the midst of broad acres, and big hearted, whole souled men rode over their plantations, and high born dames, with the grace of kings, presided over the homes, and the soothing of a negro melody was lifted from the fields and floated over the hills that echoed back the strains in mystic glory in the midst of a civilization the like of which the world will never know again such was the good fortune of those who attended the entertainment given last night at Watkins Hall by Miss Williams, of Augusta, Ga., impersonator, assisted by Miss Addie Lowe, soprano, and Mr. Guy McCullom, pianist, both of Nashville.

As an interpreter of negro stories those stories that have a pathos separate and apart from all other pathetic things of the earth Miss Williams is entitled to rank among the most artistic of the many artists Nashville people have heard.

And now and again while she read there floated out over the audience a bar of real old time plantation melody not the imitation kind that has become so plentiful and even popular, but the genuine sort, the sort that has never been written and never can be, the sort that can be learned only from hearing a credulous black mammy or a tale telling uncle of the olden times, the sort that has about it a quaintness, a sense of something not belonging to this age or place something that fills the unfamiliar listener with a sensation of pity.

Subsequent to that entertainment and at the suggestion of the VETERAN Miss Williams visited the Confederate Soldiers' Home, eleven miles from the city, and, aided by the band from the Tennessee Industrial School through the courtesy of Mr. W. R. Cole, president of that great institution for Tennessee founded by his deceased father (Col. E. W. Cole), a Joyous time was given to "the old boys."

ERRORS IN JULY VETERAN CORRECTED

Mr. T. C. Thompson (son of Governor Thompson, deceased, of South Carolina), of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "Permit me to call attention to page 350, Volume XVII., July issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I never heard before of the commission referred to by General King, and I did not believe that there was a single intelligent living American who believed that Wade Hampton burned Columbia. General Sherman in his 'Memoirs' admitted that he burned Columbia and gave his reasons for putting the blame on General Hampton. Surely this must be known by a man of General King's standing and intelligence. Again, there are several errors in the notice of great men of South

Carolina. The grandfather of Paul Hamilton Hayne was Isaac Hayne, Paul Hamilton Hayne being the nephew of Robert Y. Hayne. There was never a Governor of South Carolina named Mordecai Gist. James L. Pettigrew was never a soldier. He was a New Englander and strong for the Union."

If all Confederates and friends to their principles would be as diligent for the increased circulation of the VETERAN as it merits if diligent effort be considered of merit there would be no publication in existence of equal power. Don't forget the "drops of water and grains of sand."

End
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