

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF
CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS

FEBRUARY, 1909

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

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

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

The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term

" War between the States" will be substituted. The 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 and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

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

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR.

VOL. XVII. NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1909.

No. 2

S.A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR

BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

The growth of sentiment in behalf of procuring the birthplace of Jefferson Davis for a permanent memorial is most gratifying, but the fear is that too much tardiness will be exercised. Desirable options are to expire on April 27, 1909, and it will be deplorable if the time shall elapse before sufficient funds are procured to purchase it. From every view point this patriotic purpose should be executed promptly. Within the next month or so it is intended to publish the list of subscribers, and let us make it a credit. The contrast that will appear between contributions for Mr. Davis and Mr., Lincoln will show us painfully poor, but let every one contribute his or her mite. The time is sure to come when a suitable memorial will be erected thereon, and the place promises well to become of easy reach by rail. See to it that you do your part not only in a small contribution, but in getting others to join you in it. Contribute individually and by Camps and Chapters. Send one dollar at least for a certificate of membership.

There is no subject in which all of the Southern people should be more interested. It is a coincidence that the first group of men heard to comment upon the suggested undertaking at a Confederate Reunion in Kentucky were of the Union side in the war, and they said cordially that they intended to share in the worthy memorial. The time is sure to come when every American will pay homage to the career of Jefferson Davis.

W. L. Jett makes this good suggestion from Frankfort, Ky.: "If the sale of certificates for the Jefferson Davis Home Association were placed in the hands of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the money would roll in by the thousands. When a man sees the notice and wants to be a member and has to leave his business and go to the post office or express office to buy an order, he just puts it off and it's never done. The ladies will take pleasure in seeing the men and getting the money and delivering the certificates. If you don't believe it, send a hundred to Jo. H. Lewis Camp at Frankfort, Ky."

Mr. Jett is in charge of Confederate records for Kentucky, Concurring with his suggestion, the VETERAN will gladly send membership certificates to any Chapter that will undertake to aid in raising subscriptions for the fund. How easy to raise this money if Veterans and Daughters cooperate

THE WORLD'S SAM DAVIS

Dust away sectionalism and see the character of a young man who stood the greatest test in all history. Sam Davis not only honored his comrades and the South, but he stood a model for mankind in the present and future ages and in all climes. Examine the list of contributors to the monument with heroic bronze statue of him soon to be dedicated on Capitol Hill of his native Tennessee, and you will find the names of liberal hearted,

honest, patriotic persons, regardless of locality, in fact, from every State in the Union. Leaders in the list of contributors were of those who helped to execute him. Some more money is needed, and the supplemental list of contributors must be completed very soon.

A COMRADE AND ASSOCIATE OF SAM DAVIS

R. B. Anderson, of Denton, Tex., writes of Sam Davis. He does not accept that General Dodge did all he could to save Davis after conviction by the court martial. He thinks he is the only survivor of the "Coleman" or Shaw Scouts, but he is mistaken. Tom Joplin, now at the Confederate Soldiers' Home, Hermitage, Tenn., is one, and he knows several others. Mr. Anderson protests against Sam Davis being regarded as a spy. He writes:

Sam Davis, to my knowledge, never went into the Federal lines in any garb other than that of a Confederate soldier but once, and that was nearly a year before he joined Shaw's Scouts. I presume I was as intimate with Sam Davis as any one living. I rode with him, we were together day and night for months, slept on the same blanket, and he told me everything. He told me that he went into the Federal lines in citizens' clothes, not as a spy, but to get a pair of pistols, and he procured about twenty pistols and a big lot of ammunition. We communicated with men inside who furnished information, but we never knew who they were. Henry Shaw knew, and I suppose he was the only one who knew its nature. We went to certain places for information, but we did not know what it was, as it was all in cipher, and Shaw only added cipher notes to it. If General Dodge had procured it, he would have been none the wiser.

General Dodge and those in command before him had tried hard to break up our band of scouts. He had secured quite a lot of communications to the army, such as its various movements, that we could find out ourselves. All of this was signed 'E. Coleman.' He employed spies to try to find out who 'Coleman' was and where we operated. We caught two of them and took them to the woods and kept them all day. They at last told us that they were spies trying to locate Coleman's Scouts. We released them with the promise that if they ever came that way again in citizens' clothes they would not fare so well. They thought we were bushwhackers, and never suspected that they had fallen in with the men they were looking for. Those men told us all about Sam Davis's execution. They said it was a shameful murder of a Confederate soldier, and that Sam Davis was hung because he would not tell who E. Coleman really was and where he could be found.

I met Capt. Henry B. Shaw on the 9th of April, 1865, at General Wheeler's headquarters in North Carolina. The General had sent for me and told me that he wanted me to go in on Sherman's left and go around his army and get all the information possible. As he concluded his talk to me Henry Shaw, who happened to be present, grabbed me. He had just returned from prison. I had but a short time with him, but nearly all of our talk was of Sam Davis. Captain Shaw told me that for several days they were in the same prison, and Sam told him that he was promised his life if he would only tell who E. Coleman was. Shaw begged him to tell General Dodge who he was, and Sam said that he would die

before he would do it. Shaw said that for two days before the execution he did not get to see Sam.

Now I want to ask in all candor what it takes to make a spy. If Sam Davis was a spy, every man in the Confederate army captured inside of the Federal lines was a spy. If Sam Davis had done as Dodge wanted him to do, he would not have been worthy of a place in the Capitol grounds of Nashville. Now ask your friend Dodge to make public the secret dispatches found on Sam Davis. He never found any."

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT
TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1908.

Receipts

Balance reported in last report, \$8,143.67. From Mrs. Olive M, Champion, Director for Mississippi, \$8. Contributed by Vaiden Chapter, No. 978, U. D. C., Vaiden, Miss.

From Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$8. Contributed by R. G. Shaver Chapter, No. 999, U. D. C., Black Rock, Ark., \$3, Captain McConnell Chapter, No. 1037, U. D. C., Lake Village, Ark., \$5.

From Mrs. Chappell Cory, Director for Alabama, \$5. Contributed by Sidney Lanier Chapter, No. 777. U. D. C., Alexander City, Ala.

From Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$22. Contributed by Spartanburg Chapter, No. 54, U. D. C., Spartanburg, S. C., \$2, Ann White Chapter, No. 123, U. D. C., Rock Hill, S. C., \$10, Mrs. Louisa McC. Smythe, Charleston, S. C., \$10.

From Mrs. Georgia C. Young, Director for Montana, \$21.50. Contributed by Mrs. Jack Burke, \$5, Mrs. H. W. Child, \$1, Mrs. C. B. Hammond, \$5, Mrs. Alfred Hampton, \$2, Mrs. William H. Hunt, \$4, Ex Governor Foote, \$2, Dr. T. C. Hampton, \$2.50 all of Helena.

From Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoock, Director for Virginia, \$30. Contributed by Jefferson Davis Monument Chapter, U. D. C" Accomac, Va. Total to be accounted for, \$8,235.17.

Credits.

By faulty checks returned, \$35. Balance in bank January 1, 1909, \$8,200.17. Respectfully submitted.

WALTER STREATER, Treas.

LAST ROLL

In this department of the VETERAN it is meant to record the Confederate service of comrades as they pass away, and the sketches submitted should have this as the leading feature and be concise in all points. A charge of two dollars is made for engraving picture when used. Photograph should be marked plainly with name of the deceased, and also give name and address of person to whom it is to be returned.

Page 77 of this issue should state, at the close of the first complete paragraph, Gus W. Dorsey was made lieutenant colonel (September, 1864). The picture following it is from a "tintype," and was made when he was twenty six years old, on April 20, 1865. The "War Records" volume referred to in the last paragraph of that column should be Series IV., Volume III., page 572. In the next column of that page General Grant's order should be stated as Monocacy Bridge instead of Ridge. Near the center of the last column on page 76 General Stuart's words should have been: "I am shot. Dorsey, leave me here and save your men."

John James Allison enlisted in Ashby's Cavalry, serving with his regiment until in the battle of Seven Pines. After that engagement, a Federal soldier was seen on his horse, If any comrade knows of Mr. Allison, he will confer a great favor by addressing his sister, Mrs. L. A. Clarke, 120 Eighth Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn. His family never heard of him after that battle.

NASHVILLE BATTLEFIELD ASSOCIATION

An address recently issued contains the following: "The Nashville National Battlefield Association is organized for the purpose of locating and permanently marking the positions of the different organizations of the armies of both sides during the progress of the battle which took place near Nashville on December 15 and 16, 1864. The plow and the harrow have obliterated much of the earthworks which once stretched across the fields, woods, and hills just south of the city. At some points where the land is broken the entrenchments are still quite distinct, but in open fields, yards, and gardens they are rarely noticed.

Our purpose is to cause the positions on the days of the battle to be so mapped as to show not only roads, etc., as they then existed, but also show the present roads and objects, old landmarks to be distinguished, however, by distinctive marking. It is desired to have the notable positions marked by granite or bronze markers.

The Association will ask the United States to put up these markers and also to construct driveways or roads connecting the public highways, so that views of the battlefield can be better obtained. The government will also be asked to make a national park out of at least a part of this battlefield.

All persons of legal age may be members of the Association, whether residents of Tennessee or not, upon payment of \$5 for one year's membership to Mr. A. H. Robinson, Treasurer, American National Bank. Any one will be qualified to be balloted on as a member. It is desired that those who are interested in this object will so apply for membership. Ladies will be received into membership.

The battle of Nashville was the decisive battle of the war, as it practically destroyed the army which for four years had defended the west and rear of Lee. This is in no sense to celebrate the defeat. Many feats of heroism were exhibited in this last important struggle. It is the history of the battle at our doors that we wish to preserve.

The land upon which the battle of Nashville was fought is far too valuable for an extended park, but it is desired that a national park shall be made out of some central or otherwise important part of the field, that driveways be opened and built so as to properly connect the system of roads, and that all chief points be durably marked. It is expected that different State organizations may erect handsome commemorative monuments,

The \$5 annual dues will be used for the expenses that are necessarily incident to the undertaking.

It is hoped that a large number of men and women will send the dues to the Treasurer and apply for membership. They will not be asked for any money besides the membership fee of \$5.

The officers of the Association are: President, Ex Gov. James D. Porter, Vice Presidents, Gen. G. P. Thruston and Maj. W. F. Foster, Secretary, M. B. Morton, Treasurer, A. H. Robinson. Executive Committee: Maj. A. W. Wills, Capt. John W. Morton, G. H. Baskette, S. A. Cunningham, Leland Hume, R. L. Burch, and Capt. J. L. Hill."

**BEAUTIFUL PROOF OF PATRIOTISM
BY CAPT. D. A. CAMPBELL, VICKSBURG, MISS.**

Knowing that you are familiar with our National Military Park in Vicksburg, I ask a place in the VETERAN that we may assist two or three dear little girls here, daughters of one of General Bowen's gallant fellows from Missouri in the siege at this place. Capt. W. M. Chamberlin, who died here a year or so ago and who since the war was one of our most esteemed citizens, appreciating that General Bowen's grave in our cemetery was

unmarked, began a subscription to build him a monument. The sum is about \$500, which is now here in bank. Efforts were made sometime ago to remove General Bowen's remains, and by his son's request the undertaker had them prepared for shipment, but for some reason they were not called for, and were reinterred.

The girls want to make some disposition of this money, and with the prospect of changing the burial place of General Bowen they now believe it would be best to make it a nucleus for a Missouri monument or marker in our National Park. A beautiful circle is designated on the Confederate line where the Missouri Brigade held position. I wrote last summer to the Confederate Division Commander and again to Adjutant General Moore at Joplin asking them to take interest with us, but got no reply. I thought they might take it up with their State Division, and in that way organize an interest. If the Daughters of the Confederacy in St. Louis or elsewhere in that State would take hold, it would be easy to raise enough money to help the girls build a suitable shaft. Of course a small marker such as they will place if they can't do better will be something in the circle filling the blank in commemoration of the brave men who under Cockrell's gallant lead defended this city. If a substantial movement is made, the young ladies will place what they have at the disposal of any commission having for its purpose a completion of their project.

No more gallant man than General Bowen gave his life to his Confederacy, no more chivalrous commander defended the trenches in the siege here than was General Cockrell, and the brave men under them deserve a suitable inscription here that will speak for their deeds, their sacrifices, and their dead.

Tyler P. Jay, of Waldo, Miss., writes: "I am a new subscriber to the VETERAN, and delighted with it. I enlisted in the Confederate army in Pickens County, Ala" as a member of Company C, known as the 'Dixie Boys,' 24th Alabama Regiment. I got my thigh broken in the battle of Missionary Ridge, November, 1863, and was captured. About the 1st of February, 1864, we were taken from Chattanooga to Rock Island Prison, where I remained until February, 1865, and was paroled in Richmond, Va., March 3, the day I was twenty years old. I was in Barracks 43 at Rock Island, near the center of the prison, and went on crutches nearly all the time I was there. I should be glad to hear from any of my old comrades who may chance to see this."

In renewing his subscription for another year, D. W. Russell, of Edinburg, Miss., expresses some kindly sentiment in regard to the VETERAN, which is a welcome visitor to his home, and adds: "While I am writing I want to say that I am now nearly seventy years old, and one of seven boys that my mother furnished the War between the States. She gave a husband also, who was killed by lightning while drilling in the militia. One brother died in the hospital and one was killed at Peachtree Creek, but three of the seven are still living. I was badly wounded at Peachtree Creek, and never was able for duty any more. Now if there is another mother who furnished more material for the war I should be glad to know. I think the mothers of the war deserve more praise than any others, with no exceptions."

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.

SHOULD THE SOLID SOUTH BE BROKEN?

The VETERAN is not in politics. President elect Taft is an admirable man. He is able, and it is believed he will be conservative. It is manifest that he desires to learn as thoroughly as practicable the Southern people and to be helpful to them. He can do that, but the way to accomplish it is a profound problem for which he will share lasting gratitude if he succeeds in solving it. If his motive be to break "the solid South" for party purposes, he may undertake the appointment of renegades to office, a plan that has been in operation for forty years, and it has had much to do in keeping the South united. If Mr. Taft will show an earnest desire to treat the South as he will other sections of the country, yet let them manage their own peculiar institution the race problem being the greatest in the government and if he will consider the men for preferment who are steadfast to principle, the result may be for the good of the nation. If his purpose be to obliterate the party most formidable to his own and succeeds, then some other form of party issue may be evolved that will be good for the South and the country.

The dominant party has not at all been considerate of the South. The issues most prominent between the two parties such as the tariff, for instance are as vapor compared to the great questions demanding constant watchfulness in the conquered section. The power at the North, practically united as it mainly is against the South, is as great as it was in 1865, so that, while complaint is made against concentrated Southern sentiment, "the solid South," it is equally clear that we may say: "You are another."

As one who has always voted for Bryan, yet not admiring him for anything especially good he has ever said of or for the South, it may be well now to appeal to the powerful North for justice, but it will not be in a truckling spirit. The appeal would be to duly respect us, and in the promotion of men to meritorious positions by all means select those who will not betray their people.

The bed rock of patriotism in the South is exacting in matters of justice and integrity. Our plea to the South is therefore to remain solid, whether or not there be any weaker party in affiliation. Every Southerner should be proud of the loyalty and devotion of his fellows throughout Dixie Land. Devotion to our common interest is a guarantee of dignity and

the respect with which our people will be possessed as long as we remain united. Let us be true to each other, therefore, as long as there is memory of sacrifice.

A TALK WITH THE BOYS

Why can't there be conferences in the VETERAN similar to what would occur about camp fires seated now in arm chairs, the feet that were faithful in the advance and especially on the retreat resting on bright, soft druggets in front of genial, faultless fires or maybe in cottages or cabins with less attractive but genial surroundings? The editor, who has had the honor of talking to thousands of comrades for more than sixteen years, often meditates upon this idea.

As a starter in the way suggested, he will ask what it is for which comrades are most grateful. Who will answer that concisely and clearly? There are many things that elicit gratitude from each, but to every one there must be one feature above others that is ever recalled with special interest. To the writer there has been the prevailing sentiment of gratitude upon retiring at night through the decades that, unless disturbed by fire, he may rest undisturbed for the night. Horrid memory of the times when, weary almost unto death, turning into camp at night and ready for rest, maybe in a pile of leaves or even on wet ground, the summons came from the company sergeant with orders to "cook three days' rations and be ready to march" at midnight, or perhaps sooner! Many, many conditions may be contrasted with the present. The writer recalls a dry cow shed at Tuscumbia, Ala., on Hood's expedition to Tennessee, in which he slept two or three nights, after being nearly a week on the march in rain on muddy roads, and how grateful he felt he would be for the privilege of signing an irrevocable obligation to sleep on that soft, dry bed every other night of his life, long or short

Discussions of these subjects would be good for us, and it would be instructive to those who know not such experiences, yet who by them might more fully realize the blessings of home and civil life. At any rate, let us keep alive as fully as possible our fraternity. Reminiscences of those heroic days when principle was so far above personal comfort that even life was subordinate ought to be promulgated. There is nothing that we can do in these closing years or days of our lives of so much importance as maintaining the story of the glory of those terrible yet great years in our history. What a pity that every faithful Confederate is not in active cooperation to keep these records alive in vivid example to those who are spared the unequalled discipline! Much as it cost, full compensation may be had if we will be properly diligent. In addition to our meetings in Camps and going over these things, every gallant man, however illiterate, should be invited to talk to younger people. In this the Daughters of the Confederacy could do incalculable good by inviting one or more of these worthy veterans to be at every one of their meetings and tell some story of the war. The plain old man might talk from his seat in the simplest way. There is not a faithful Confederate veteran who could not edify any Chapter in this way. Only a

few more years and such opportunities will be gone. The hand of fate is on every veteran's head, and extension of grace is not of much more promise.

Comrades, respond to the plea in the beginning of this article and send something of your experience, especially in gratitude for the comforts you enjoy in contrast with the hardships that you endured.

TITLES IN THE U. C. V.

Capt. John H. Lester writes from Rogersville, Ala.: "As to military titles being given to officers of the U. C. V., I believe it a great wrong to those who won their titles on the field of battle a wrong that should be righted at our next General Convention. No doubt most of the comrades who bear the title of Colonel or General in our Association are worthy of honor and were good soldiers, but the U. C. V. Association is not a military (although composed of ex soldiers) but a social organization. Besides, it has created and will continue to create confusion as to who were officers of the Confederate army and perverts history. I hope something else will be substituted for these military titles at our next Convention."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT PRATTVILLE, ALA.

BY MRS. JAMES D. RICE, HISTORIAN

An interesting event occurred at Prattville, Ala., on October 26, 1908. A large concourse of people had assembled to witness the unveiling of the Confederate monument erected by the Merrill E. Pratt Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Work was suspended in the shops and stores, fields and factories, while the trains brought in many veterans and visitors. The line of march was formed on Main Street, consisting of many veterans. United Daughters, and pupils of the schools, together with gayly and elaborately decorated traps and carriages, while flags and U. D. C. colors were greatly in evidence. This long line marched to Court Square, where stood the monument to be unveiled.

The exercises were impressive. After prayer and Scripture reading the song, "Shall We Gather at the River?" was sung. Then the President, Mrs. J. A. Pratt, presented the monument. Next two young ladies, Misses Etta Rice and Delma Foster, stepped forward and pulled the cords that unveiled the monument amid the cheering of the crowd. As the veil was removed these two young ladies placed on the monument beautiful wreaths of white roses (the Chapter's flower) with these words: "This is our offering of reverence for the Confederate soldier."

The school children then in one glad chorus sang the soul stirring "Dixie," while all the veterans clasped hands around the monument.

The speaker was then introduced, and after an eloquent address thirteen young ladies representing the Southern States, each carrying a Confederate flag, stood on the base of the monument and sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." This with the benediction concluded the ceremonies.

This monument is the result of the concentrated and devoted work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. For we honor the South, we honor her veterans not only for their heroic deeds during the sixties deeds that startled the whole world not only for the hardships and privations that were endured as they marched many weary miles footsore and hungry, but far above these we honor them in their defeat, their misfortunes, and their calamities, and we honor the South for her dead that sleep on so many battlefields. This tall monument is surmounted by a typical Confederate soldier. On panels at the sides are the inscriptions: "Erected 1908 by the Merrill E. Pratt Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy," "A tribute of love to the noble Confederate soldiers who cheerfully offered their lives in defense of the right of local self government." On an opposite side is a quotation from President Davis: "It is a duty we owe to posterity to see that our children shall know the virtues and become worthy of their sires." On the other side are the simple dates "1861 1865."

Thus stands another evidence of Alabama's loyalty to her Southland.

PURPOSE OF GEN. JOHN MORGAN'S OHIO RAID. A C. S.

A. comrade sends from Ohio a newspaper clipping, dated August 8, 1883, to Dr. H. L. True, which states:

The usual supposition concerning Morgan's reasons for undertaking the raid i. e., that he did so because he was in danger of being captured in Kentucky is absurd. He was ordered by General Bragg to make an expedition into Kentucky to make a diversion in his (Bragg's) favor, who was just on the eve of retreating to the south of the Tennessee River, his army having been depleted of troops which had been sent to reenforce Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then trying to relieve Vicksburg.

Morgan was aware that a raid into Kentucky would accomplish very little. But he argued that if he went into Indiana and Ohio, especially when important elections were pending, the popular clamor would be so great that, notwithstanding sound military reasons to the contrary, troops would be detached from Rosecrans's army and sent to protect those States. He was restricted by Bragg to a very small force 2,460 effectives of which he lost

in Kentucky in killed, wounded, and detachments which did not rejoin him four hundred, crossing the Ohio with a little over two thousand.

His passage of the river was in direct disobedience to Bragg's order, but in the belief that only by doing so could he carry out Bragg's purposes and afford the relief wished. He was followed, as he expected would be the case, by the troops under Generals Burnside and Judah, aggregating forty nine thousand men, and by prolonging the raid and not attempting to recross the Ohio until he had drawn these troops far up the river he prevented the bulk of them from participating in the battle of Chickamauga. This was the theory and intent of the expedition.

MORGAN'S MEN AT HARTSVILLE, TENN.

A. A. Waddell, Covington, Tenn.: "Referring to the communication from James A. McDonald, of Kansas City, Mo., as to the battle of Hartsville, in which he says that the 6th and 9th Kentucky Infantry were the only commands with Morgan on that raid, I wish to explain how it was. Ransom's Brigade was composed of the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 9th Kentucky, and 41st Alabama Regiments. I belonged to Company B, 41st Alabama. The whole brigade went with Morgan to Beard's Mill, having left Murfreesboro at eleven or twelve o'clock. The next morning the brigade was formed on the pike and the announcement made that Morgan wanted two regiments to go with him to Hartsville. The whole brigade volunteered to go, so Morgan chose the 6th and 9th Kentucky, and the rest of us were left on the pike to intercept any of the enemy's forces that might advance from Nashville to reenforce Hartsville. * * * I hope McDonald will find the Lebanon girl he is inquiring about."

Pat Dooling, of Gilmer, Tex., desires information as to any members of his company, the 1st Missouri Artillery.

THAT PRIZE ESSAY CRITICISED BY DR. J. C. WRIGHT, SMACKOVER, ARK.

I have read with amusement the article by Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota, published in the December VETERAN, on "Gen. Robert E. Lee A Present Estimate." I have no criticism to make of the young lady authoress. On the contrary, it does credit to the head and heart of a Northern woman who has learned her lesson and drawn her inspiration from Northern training and tradition and her facts from Northern histories, and I confess (with discredit, perhaps, to myself and the vast majority of the relicts of the Old South) that she is more liberal and generous in her judgment of the Southern cause than we of the motives and conduct of the North in the period of which she treats. I will not find fault even with her manifest and gross ignorance of conditions in the South and Southern sentiment and standards of right.

As a literary production it is above criticism, and as a tender of reconciliation it is most creditable from her point of view as to General Lee, but unconsciously (how could she, a Northern woman, know?) an insult to every man and woman who espoused the Confederate cause. The impression conveyed is that General Lee was the one man in all the South who represented all that was good of its hereditary patriotism, all that was tolerable or excusable in its peculiar institution, the only one who knowingly sacrificed all for principle, the only excusable rebel. There never lived a man who would more indignantly have repudiated such a distinction. Besides, there is a spirit of patronage pervading the whole which is exceedingly distasteful.

This paper now goes out to the world sanctioned by the Daughters of the Confederacy, indorsed by the President of the University of Virginia, the offspring of General Lee and the accepted standard of Southern thought, and by D'r. Smith, of the department of history in the University of North Carolina, through the medium of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the recognized official organ of every organization and every individual who holds sacred the faith and the traditions of the South. With such indorsement the world may justly accept it as the reflection of Southern sentiment. True, the editor of the VETERAN repudiates many of its statements and deductions, yet the circumstances giving it publicity make it official and we are bound by it. [Not at all. ED. VETERAN.]

Accepting this article as correctly measuring our right and justification for secession, there remains for our complete renunciation and abject submission only that we accept the kindly advice of Mr. Taft and vote the Republican ticket, thereby confessing our sins and entering a plea for pardon in the hope of a share in the spoils of office and a part in the government which the President elect notifies us we can attain in no other way.

At a meeting of the Pat Cleburne Camp, Cleburne, Tex., Adjutant R. W. Ferrell introduced the following resolutions, which were adopted by a rising vote of twenty three to two:

Whereas the United Daughters of the Confederacy of New York, Mrs. Schuyler being chairman of the committee, offered a prize of \$100 for the best essay on the part the South took in the War between the States, the topic chosen by the committee being Gen. R. E. Lee, and whereas the judges selected by the committee to pass on the essays written by the contestants was composed of three so called eminent scholars, being presidents of different universities of the country, and they awarded to Miss Christine Boysen, of Minnesota, the prize offered by the U. D. C. committee, which essay was published in the December number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN (page 657), with criticisms by the editor, S. A. Cunningham, therefore be it

Resolved, That this Camp denounce the aforesaid essay as a bitter partisan tirade and misrepresentation of the true personal and military character of our Gen. Robert E. Lee and all of our leaders and people generally of the whole South, and that this essayist is or was so blinded by partisan teaching that she displayed the greatest ignorance of the common history not only of our country, but of the men and women who suffered and died for the rights and freedom inherited from their fathers.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN with a request for publication.

The comrades in the foregoing are rather severe on the paper in its relation to the character of General Lee as portrayed. Perusal of the paper will show that. Its comment upon the teaching of the essayist is more a subject worthy of criticism. The strangest feature of the event is that the committee accepted such a paper under the rules of the U. D. C. on the condition that it be from the South's view point.

THE PRIZE ESSAY CRITICISED FROM MISSOURI.

J. C. Hyler, who served in Collins's Battery under Gen. Joe Shelly, writes severely upon that prize paper from Columbia College. He refers to the "sweeping" assertion that before the War between the States "most of the people of the South were densely ignorant and intellectually dead," and defies any one "to incorporate more falsehood and a greater insult and slander on a people in so few words."

Continuing, he asks: "Is it not wonderful that such a people should until the period of reconstruction of infamous memory select as their representatives such men as Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Monroe, John C. Calhoun, Pendleton, Randolph, Wirt, Morgan, Mason, Macon, Crittenden, the Breckinridges, etc.? And is it not strange that this same maligned people in every war in our history sent forward men whose honor, courage, and military genius elevated this country to the present proud and commanding position, and sent the best and ablest men to represent them in the councils of the State and nation and defend their honor?"

Every statement she makes touching the Southern people, when compared with actual facts and conditions as related to the period of which she writes, proves that she is not in the remotest degree acquainted with the ideas, manners, customs, education, and traditions of the people whom she traduces.

It would be interesting if this critic would take the trouble in future articles to point out to the public how the Incompetent General Lee and his lieutenants managed with a mere handful of men and no resources worth mentioning to hold at bay for four years an army of unlimited resources and numbers. She also holds General Lee responsible for the 'starvation' of Northern captives in Southern prisons. This proves her ignorance touching two essential points. In the first place, with the details of military prisons General Lee

had nothing to do. He was not the author of prison rules nor the pretended superintendent of military prisons in the South any more than McClellan and Grant were in the North.

No doubt this girl's opinion of Southern ignorance has been strengthened by the awarding committee, composed of Presidents of prominent educational institutions in the South.
RECORD OF THE SEMMES RIFLES.

IT WAS COMPANY H, NINTH MISSISSIPPI INFANTRY.
BY JUDGE JOHN H. ROGERS, FORT SMITH, ARK.

Out of one hundred and three members, sixty six received distinguished evidence of duty bravely performed in battle.

The lamented Hugh Love, one of the bravest spirits our country produced during the war, was captain.

The record may be in some respects imperfect, as it was made altogether from memory after consultations had at various times with orderly sergeants and others.

The Semmes Rifles were attached to the brigade first known as Chalmers's Brigade, which, on account of the spirit and bravery of the men who composed it, received from General Bragg himself the distinguished title of the "High Pressure Brigade." After the battle of Munfordville, Ky., it was commanded successively by Gens. Patten Anderson, of Florida, and Tucker and Sharp, of Mississippi. In the Army of Tennessee until the end came this brigade maintained a character corresponding to that which its sister, the dauntless brigade of Barksdale, afterwards Humphrey's, bore in the Army of Virginia, and the Semmes Rifles, as one of the companies of the 9th Mississippi Regiment, participated in all the battles, skirmishes, and marches, and as this regiment was considered one of the most gallant in the army, that company was regarded by the officers who commanded the brigade as one of the most reliable, and the post of honor was often assigned to it as such.

The record shows that out of one hundred and three men, the maximum of its muster roll, twenty were killed and thirty one wounded in battle. It seems that wherever Madison County was represented we have always received accounts of the most creditable behavior, and we doubt if there is another county in the State or in the South that can claim as large a list of men in proportion to its population who did their duty as patriots and among whom there were so few deserters. And what county can boast of a more brilliant array of the gallant dead than that which claims Henry, Ward, Harvey, McWilie, Hugh Love, Cassel, Lockett, Balfour, and Thomas Griffin, with many other officers of less rank, and a host of privates who were none the less gallant?

Officers: Hugh Love, Captain, W. J. Mosby, L. D. Pace, Reuben Richards, Lieutenants, W. O. Baldwin, John Dawson, J. W. Bates, W. W. Goodloe, T. T. Dew, Sergeants, D. O. Murphy, S. Garrett, B. Ailsworth, William Dyke, Corporals.

Privates: A. Alexander, L. Lee, M. T. Alford, D. C. Love, W. J. Adams, Thomas J. Love, J. L. Byrd, B. C. Lipscomb, C. T. Brown, George Lewis, F. Byars, E. D. Latham, B. Brown, G. W. Mosely, A. D. Barlow, J. T. Meek, J. H. Blake, John McKinney, T. Beasley, Newell, James Caldwell, L. R. A. Pearce, John Caldwell, L. H. Pearce, V. A. Caraway, C. M. Preston, H. C. Cantrell, J. F. Prichard, C. A. Carter, John Phelps, James Cahill, Thomas Phelps, Abe Dew, George Powell, D. F. Dalton, F. M. Plumlee, James H. Dunlavey, W. J. Rogers, A. Dennis, John H. Rogers, J. E. Dickerson, J. M. Richards, James Edwards, Hugh Saunders, E. H. Edwards, James Saunders, Samuel Estell, John Salmon, R. E. Graves, C. D. Stone, L. M. Garrett, J. E. Smith, Richard Goodloe, J. P. Smith, John Goff, George W. Smith, T. L. Holliday, C. C. Smith, L. Hirsh, T. P. Smith, James Harrison, Richard Scott, Joseph Hickman, S. S. Shipp, D. G. Herron, C. F. Stokes, B. F. Hicks, Spratt Simmons, Charles Handy, Charles Troutman, J. D. Hamilton, I. R. Tucker, A. Hargroves, D. E. Wood, T. W. Harris, George A. Wyse, P. B. Hoy, William Wilson, James W. Inman, Winter Walker, Wesley Joyner, T. G. Wallace, L. A. Jobe, William Walne, D. C. Landers, W. F. Yancey, C. K. Bradford, William Whelan, B. F. Mann, and Sam Skidmore.

KILLED IN BATTLE

John Phelps, at Corinth.
Lieut. L. D. Pace,
V. A. Caraway,
A. T. Dennis,
L. R. A. Pearce, and Richard Scott,

at Munfordville, Richard Goodloe
D. C. Lipscomb, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

William Adams and Charles Carter, at Chickamauga, Ga.
A. D. Barlow and T. G. Wallace, at Missionary Ridge.
Lieut. C. C. Smith, at Resaca, Ga.
Tom Phelps, on skirmish line near New Hope Church, Ga.
James Harrison, E. Edwards, Capt. Hugh Love, and D. E. Dalton, at Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864.

F. Byars, at Franklin, and Ben Hicks, at Nashville
John Caldwell, killed by bushwhackers in Tennessee in 1864.

WOUNDED IN BATTLE

Severely:

W. J. Mosby, C. T. Brown, John P. Smith, C. F. Stokes, J. F. Prichard, William J. Rogers, M. T. Alford, William Dyke (hand lost), S. S. Shipp, Joe Hickman, D. G. Herron (died from wound), George Powell, I. R. Tucker, John Goff, Joe Meek, Singleton Garrett (both legs severely), Dan Murphy, C. F. Stokes, Lieut. John Dawson (face and breast), Charles Troutman (head), Sergeant T. T. Dew, J. D. Hamilton, B. F. Mann (arm lost), James H. Dunlavey, Joe Hickman (arm broken), and Lieut. J. W. Bates.

Slightly:

John H. Rogers, D. C. Love, James H. Dunlavey, W. W. Goodloe. John H. Rogers and James H. Dunlavey wounded twice.

DIED IN ARMY FROM DISEASE

Lieut. R. Richards, C. K. Bradford, J. L. Byrd, James Edwards, A. Hargrove, and Spratt Simmons, at Canton, Miss. J. L. Byrd, Joe Dickerson, and Sam Estell, in Madison County, Miss.

John McKinney, at home.

Newell and W. F. Yancy, at Corinth, Miss., 1862.

T. W. Harris and Jas. Caldwell, Shelbyville, Tenn., 1863.

Wesley Joiner, at Kingston, Ga., 1863.

William Wheelen, at Griffin, Ga., 1864.

PROMOTED

Ed Latham and George W. Smith, Assistant Surgeon, C. S. A.

W. O. Baldwin, Captain Company H, 9th Mississippi Infantry, W. W. Goodloe, Captain 36th Alabama Infantry.

Singleton Garrett, C. C. Smith, John H. Rogers, Lee Pearce, J. W. Bates, George A. Wyse, and John Dawson, First Lieutenants 9th Mississippi Infantry. C. C. Smith was also promoted to ensign of the 9th Mississippi Infantry, rank first lieutenant. HONORABLY DISCHARGED.

The honorably retired and discharged on account of wounds and disease are: Capt. W. O. Baldwin, Lieuts. W. J. Mosby and John Dawson, Corporals D. C. Murphy, B. Ailsworth, and William Dyke, Privates C. T. Brown, L. Hirsch, D. G. Herron, Charles Handy, P. B. Hoy, L. Lee, D. C. Landers, George Lewis, J. F. Prichard, William J. Rogers, James Saunders, William Walne, Joe Hickman, S. S. Shipp, Charles Troutman, George Powell, J. M. Richards, and Sam Skidmore.

HONORARY FURLOUGHS FOR GALLANTRY

Sergeant T. T. Dew and Corporals S. Garrett and Hugh Saunders, at Missionary Ridge.

CAPTURED

Lieut. W. J. Mosby, M. T. Alford, C. T. Brown, C. A. Carter, A. Alexander, J. F. Prichard, W. J. Rogers, John Salmon, J. P. Smith, C. F. Stokes, James Harrison, and Charles Handy, at Munfordville, Ky., Winter Walker, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Corporal R. E. Graves and J. E. Smith, at Chickamauga, Ga., S. S. Shipp, at Missionary Ridge, Lee Pearce, at Sharon, Miss., James H. Dunlavey, near Marietta, Ga., on Hood's march to Tennessee.

TRANSFERRED TO OTHER COMMANDS

J. H. Blake, 30th Mississippi, James Cahill, Pioneer Corps, J. D. Hamilton, Thomas Phelps, and William Whelan, Sharpshooters, T. P. Smith, 18th Mississippi Infantry, D. C. Love, Quartermaster's Department, H. C. Cantrell, Ordnance Department, Thomas J. Love, Loring's Escort, F. M. Plumlee, 8th Tennessee Infantry, William J. Rogers, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, J. E. Smith, Signal Corps.

The only known survivors of the company are: Capt. W. O. Baldwin, Canton, Miss., Capt. William Winter Goodloe, Austin, Tex., Lieut. J. W. Bates, Baton Rouge, La., Lieut. John H. Rogers, Fort Smith, Ark., Henry C. Cantrell and James H. Dunlavey, Fort Worth, Tex., George W. Smith (Vaniz, by legislative act), and Tom Love, Jackson, Miss.

SAID BY PRESIDENT DAVIS ABOUT ANDERSONVILLE PRISONERS

Mr. James Ormond, of Atlanta, wrote in January, 1876

I had the honor and pleasure of an interview with Mr. Davis and spoke to him about Major Wirz, of Andersonville, and the various efforts he made to get rid of the prisoners and to save their lives, I at last suggested that he issue a proclamation to the world stating all the facts and then release the prisoners on their own parole. He was, I think, willing to do even this, but hesitated with the query: 'If I do this, what safeguard have I for our

prisoners in the hands of the enemy?' This conversation took place in Macon, Ga., at the house of General Cobb and in a crowded ballroom.

HOW A CONFEDERATE GOT HOME IN 1865.

BY J. T. BOWDEN, AUSTIN, TEX.

My experience in getting home from Greensboro, N. C., to Hardeman County, West Tennessee, will perhaps serve to show that there were some big hearted men serving in the Yankee army.

I belonged to Company E, of the 12th Tennessee Infantry, with which the 22d and 47th Tennessee Regiments were consolidated. I was paroled on May 1, 1865, near Greensboro, N. C. During the negotiations between Generals Johnston and Sherman I "picked up" a very good looking mule and all the feed I could for him, picturing in my fancy a nice time riding that mule home, but the morning I was to start some one stole my mule, so I walked to an uncle's sixty or seventy miles away.

I learned from men who had belonged to Lee's army that the Federal government was issuing transportation and rations to paroled soldiers. My uncle carried me back within easy reach of Greensboro, where I would take the train to go home. There I found "Billy Yanks" every way I looked. Going to the headquarters of the commanding general, I asked for the transportation and rations to paroled soldiers, but was told that they had orders from Washington not to issue any more.

I was nearly a thousand miles from home, seventy miles from an acquaintance, and penniless. Walking aimlessly along, I noticed two Yankee soldiers on the street whom I sought to avoid, feeling that I could expect no comfort from them under existing conditions. In passing one of them hailed me as "Johnny Reb," and I walked up to him. He asked me where I lived, and I told him near Memphis, Tenn. Then, reminding me that I was a long way from home, he asked if I had money. After telling him of my condition and inability to get any transportation home, he remarked to his comrade: "I'll be d if that is right." He then asked as to my command, and remarked that we "were good ones" that his command had confronted us, and he could testify that we didn't do all the running. He then asked, "Johnny, what are you going to do?" and I expressed my utter loss to know what to do. "Well, Johnny," he said, "let me tell you what I'll do. My regiment, the 36th Kentucky Federal, has orders to leave here to morrow or next day for Louisville, Ky., to be mustered out of service. Go with me to my camp and I'll divide my grub and anything else you'll need till we get there." I thanked him and took his name, regiment and company, and where he was camped, as I hadn't made up my mind whether to accept or not, knowing that there were always some insolent men in a camp and that I would be at the mercy of the entire regiment. He called my attention to the blue blouse he had on, and said that he would dispose of any impositions on me.

I sauntered around until near sundown, when I concluded to look up the regiment and my strange new friend. I found it about three quarters of a mile from town, and going to the tents asked an officer for the company designated. He inquired if I had an acquaintance in the company, and then wanted to know how long I had known him. I said two or three hours, when he remarked: "Very short acquaintance." I walked down the row of tents and found my new and untried friend. The big hearted man threw the tent flap back and said: "Come in, 'Johnny Reb,' and make yourself at home." Night soon came on, and he divided his supper with me and provided a place for me to sleep, and next morning the same way. That day or the next the regiment took a chartered train, my friend telling me to get on with him. We hadn't gone far before the conductor discovered me in gray mixed up with the blue. He asked if I belonged to that regiment, and of course I said I did not, when he said that the train was for that regiment and I would have to get off. I couldn't object, of course, but my new friend came to my rescue, telling the conductor he had asked me to come and go as far as Louisville with him, that he was dividing his rations with me, and that if I were put off he could be put off, too. The conductor passed on, and I was never bothered any more.

For some reason we had to stop over a day or so near Weldon, N. C., where we camped in the pine woods. My friend, Jim Sands, suggested to the company one day that another pile be made from the company's rations, so that "Johnny Reb" could have some. This was agreed to, and the company commissary sergeant made an equal division, including me. They had telegraphed to Baltimore for a meal to be prepared for the regiment. After landing they marched in order along the streets. I went to the sidewalks, but kept in sight of the regiment. The women of Baltimore were the strongest (if possible) Southern women I ever met. They soon filled my haversack with the best. As the regiment was filing into a large building my friend called me to come in and get a place. As I wanted some coffee, I took a place near my friend and told him I had grub enough for us both to Louisville. He said he was glad I had found some friends. We took the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad through the Alleghanies' beautiful scenery, and at Pittsburg we took a steamboat down the Ohio River, arriving at Louisville without a hitch except dragging over a sand bar once.

At Louisville we marched to the barracks, and the next day I told my friend I would go down into Louisville and see if I could find any one acquainted with my people from whom I could get money to go home. He said that if I couldn't find any one to come back and stay with him until they were mustered out and paid off, when he would let me have money to go home on. While in Louisville one merchant gave me a dollar. I noticed that a Mississippi steamer was to leave for Memphis and New Orleans at 2 P.M. that day, so I went on the vessel, introduced myself to the captain, and told him I wanted to go to Memphis with him, that I had been in General Johnston's army, had no money, and didn't know any one there, and that I had a parole from General Sherman. He made some inquiries as to my home and acquaintances, then told me to go and register and the clerk would show me a berth. I was seven days and nights on the Steamer St. Francis in July, 1865, and it was delightful traveling. The captain of the boat was named Hart. ,When we

came in sight of the high bluff at Memphis, I told him to step up the bluff to a large building I pointed out and I would get him his money (I had never inquired what it was). He told me to go on, that it was all right.

I got home July 15, 1865, the day after the burial of my youngest sister, knowing nothing of her death until I got home.

I was wounded eight times during that terrible war. Some of the very best friends I have had since were in the smoke of battle against us. I wrote to my Yankee friend, James Sands, at Ironton, Ohio, several times. The moral courage he showed under the circumstances demonstrated the true brotherhood of man as I had never known before.

BIRTHPLACES OF TWO MEN IN KENTUCKY

The contrast in preparations to honor the memories of Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln is consistent with conditions. Mr. Lincoln won and Mr. Davis lost. The patronage of the former is almost beyond computation, while the latter and the millions of people he represented fought until famished utterly. The conditions at the close of the war were consistent with what now are illustrated in the efforts to make memorable in history the fame of the two men, but this is not right. More Herculean achievements have never been attained than by the men of the South. A large proportion of the more successful of them went to New York and have prospered, while hundreds of thousands in the South have much and to spare. To represent the conditions correctly must induce them (for they all have pride in the South) to share in what has been undertaken to preserve a memorial park on the land owned by the father of Jefferson Davis when that eminent American was born.

The figures are not now given as to what has been contributed for each (the contrast would acutely hurt the pride of Southerners), but they will be given ere long. Meanwhile the plea is made with the strongest possible emphasis that every man and woman has pride in what they have achieved to cooperate promptly in providing the means to secure the property on which options have been obtained at actual cash value for the birthplace of the Confederate President.

To those who are not familiar with the purposes it is enough to state that patriotic Southern men who have led in the undertaking have contributed much time and liberally of their means in order that the foundation the lands may be secured. In this undertaking not one penny has been extravagantly expended, nor will it be from the legitimate purpose indicated. Earnest appeal to give liberally to this cause is made to every person who believes that the South's chosen chief, the only Confederate President and the man who suffered manacled in prison, was faithful to the end of his life, maintaining our principles in the most exalted Christian way under the severest trials. All are interested alike.

The editor of the VETERAN, after earnest protest, accepted the management of the undertaking, and he bespeaks the most zealous interest from the great body of Southern people wherever located. Sentimentally he declares that he shared prejudice against President Davis, especially when serving under that matchless disciplinarian. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, through all the decades since the war, with excellent opportunity to learn the inner characteristics of Mr. Davis, he is humble in gratitude for the nobility and the faithfulness to every divine instinct of that marvelous leader,

No honor possible to his memory would be extravagant. This undertaking is a common cause, therefore please take an interest individually and as Camps and Chapters. Let everybody who would perpetuate the exalted character of Jefferson Davis personally and as the South's Chief Executive consider this important subject now.

LINCOLN'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Ky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguishable families second families, perhaps, I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams County and others in Macon County, Ill. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Va., to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pa. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father at the death of his father was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Ind., in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course when I came of age I did not know much. Still somehow I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty two. At twenty one I came to Illinois, and passed the first year in Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon (now in Menard) County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War, and I was elected a captain of volunteers a

success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went through the campaign, was elated, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten the only time I have ever been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterwards. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was elected to the Lower House of Congress, but was not a candidate for reelection. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, I practiced law more assiduously than ever before. I was always a Whig in politics and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am in height six feet four inches nearly, lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds, dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN
B.

Any one proving the Confederate ancestry of **John Green Lindsey**, deceased, born after the war at Macon, Ga., will confer an appreciated favor upon his daughter, Miss May Lindsey, 1113 McKinney Avenue, Houston, Tex., who desires eligibility to the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

YOUNG LADY OF TUSCALOOSA, ALA.
BY W. L. TRUMAN, GUEYDAN, LA.

In my old war diary I find the following, dated Friday, April 29, 1864: "Our entire division was reviewed this morning on Pike Street, in Tuscaloosa, by General French and Colone] Hodge, of the President's staff. As my battery, the 1st Missouri, entered the city a very noted incident took place which did us battery boys so much good that we will never cease to remember a sweet girl there. The battery had halted briefly in front of her home, when the beautiful blonde young maiden of 'sweet sixteen' came out to the street, followed by two negro boys, one with a large silver waiter filled with wine glasses and the other a basket filled with eight bottles of homemade wine. She pointed the servants to the first gun at the head of the battery and ordered them to start there and, going along the line, to give every man a drink. Our officers were all in a group at the head of the column in conversation with some other officers, and the servants, misunderstanding their young mistress's orders, passed the first gun and made for the group of officers, but the young lady discovered their error in time, called them back, and made them commence with the privates and noncommissioned officers, and when we were served, not a drop was left for our officers. The servants soon appeared again, bringing their arms full of vegetables, which they distributed to us privates. Our captain soon ordered us to 'forward, march.'

The young lady then made her servants run after the battery until every one of us got some vegetables. She accomplished her purpose amid the joy and praises of all the men except the officers. We are all proud of that young lady."

I am writing my memoirs of the 1st Missouri Confederate Battery and of the 1st Missouri Brigade. I want to learn if possible the name of this young lady and family. I wish the Tuscaloosa papers would help me to learn of her.

TWENTY SURVIVORS OF ONE COMPANY

Douglas Jarnagin gives a list of survivors of Company F, 39th Georgia Regiment. It is doubtless about as large a list of living members of any company as can be found: Wesley, Robert F, Charley, I. N., and Lee Smith, D. W. Gilliland, William Keys, Haney Fox, Lon Magill, Hillyard Taylor, Wesley Lee, Jake Baldorf, John Farris, James A. Park, Terrell Ramsey, Douglas Jarnagin, Robert Magill, William Graham, Capt. William Evans, Cowan Roddy, William Story, Buck Wells.

BITTERNESS OF QUININE

An old negro man was riding on the train and fell asleep with mouth wide open. A mischievous drummer came along, and, having a convenient capsule of quinine in his pocket, he uncorked it and sifted it well onto the old negro's palate and the root of his tongue. The old ducky, awakening, became much disturbed. He called for the conductor and asked: "Boss, is dere a doctor on dis here train?" "I don't know," said the conductor. "Are you sick?" "Yas, sah, I sho is sick. I sho is sick." "What is the matter with you?" "I dunno, sir, but it tastes like I busted my gall."

LAST SURVIVING LIEUTENANT GENERAL VISIT TO THE HOME OF GEN. S. B. BUCKNER

[It is ever pleasing to find our younger men interested in the great events of the sixties. One of these, Marmaduke B. Morton (see his lengthy article on the battle of Nashville in January issue), visited the last surviving lieutenant general of the Confederate army, Simon Bolivar Buckner, at his residence, near Munfordville, Ky., for a historic interview. Mr. Morton, as managing editor of the Nashville Banner, went well equipped, taking stenographer and photographer with him. It was made the occasion by the editor of the VETERAN for a long promised visit. Mr. Morton wrote an article which with the illustrations occupies three of the large pages of the Banner. From this article various extracts are herein made.]

Forty seven years ago a young Kentuckian in the strength and flower of manhood donned a gray uniform and marched away from home and friends into the heart of Dixie. He sacrificed a handsome estate, left him by a successful father, gave up a life of ease, and went to join the sons of the South to risk his life, as he had already risked and lost his fortune, in a fierce contest for their homes and wives and children for what he and they thought was right.

When as a young Confederate officer he faced the first great crisis of the armies of the West, he it was who refused to make better terms for himself than for his soldiers and preferred to share their fate, when no one knew what his own fate would be who stood by his soldiers when his superior officers had deserted them a man who does justice and loves mercy, and when sinned against is the first to forget the offense.

Young men dream dreams and old men see visions, and sometimes "the dreams come true." What young man has not dreamed of the time when he shall be able to retire from strife and turmoil and settle down on a fine farm, well stocked with flocks and herds, producing abundantly from meadow and grain field, and, surrounded by his loved ones, among the green fields and sparkling brooks, spend the evening of his life in ease and happiness, giving comfort to the distressed and finding pleasure in duty done? Capt. Simon Bolivar Buckner is an illustration.

Now at eighty five years of age, strong and well, in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, the last surviving lieutenant general of the armies of the Confederacy, the ranking surviving officer of the Civil War on either side, he is blessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods and the companionship of his queenly wife on his ancestral estate in Hart County, Ky. After the war he regained possession of the greater part of his confiscated property. Twenty one years ago he became Governor of Kentucky, and after serving his State faithfully and with distinction for four years retired to Glen Lily, his farm, where he has since lived.

The Buckners came to Kentucky from Virginia one hundred and ten years ago. Col. Aylette H. Buckner, the General's father, purchased this property in 1820. Here he built a log house, which has been added to from time to time, the room in which General Buckner was born being now used as his library. The elder Buckner was an "iron master" and had a furnace in "The Glen," the remains of which may still be seen as the traveler passes along the road hugging the sides of the heavily timbered hills, for no man is allowed to desecrate "The Glen," no hunter is allowed to frighten the squirrels which run across the road and frisk and scramble among the trees. "The Glen" is preserved in its pristine beauty and grandeur. Through it runs a limpid stream fed by crystal springs, from which is obtained the water supply for the home, for pools and ponds well stocked with black bass, the gamest of all game fish. After passing through "The Glen," one follows the winding road along the bluff, when suddenly Glen Lily, the Buckner home, bursts upon the view like a vision from fairyland. The house is not ostentatious, the hewn

logs are not even weather boarded. He probably never for a moment considered the removal of the old house to make room for a more modern structure, and every addition has been in keeping with the original architecture. In the distance, a mile away, Green River may be seen, an island, and the hills beyond.

GENERAL BUCKNER IN THE SIXTIES

After indulging in some humor on genealogy, the statement was made that the Buckner family came from Oxford, England, to Jamestown, Va., in 1640, several members of the family having been Mayors of Oxford. Coming from such a literary center, it is not strange that the immigrant head of the family brought to the colony the first printing press and printery, for which he suffered imprisonment and a heavy fine, old Governor Berkeley having declared he "thanked God there was neither printing press nor public school in the colony."

General Buckner likes the farm, and nearly everything that is consumed on the farm is raised there. Though Mrs. Buckner takes a lively interest in the farm and all her surroundings, the house is her especial domain. The house is equipped with water and baths and gas like a city mansion. Over the door of the General's library, the room in which he was born, are deer antlers and the spreading horns of a bovine that once roamed the plains of Texas. Within, above another door, are crossed the General's swords, above them the sword of his father, Colonel Buckner, himself a soldier of the War of 1812. Above another door are antique pistols, one of which is said to have been used by Aaron Burr in his duel with Alexander Hamilton.

It has been the General's habit all his life to read much at night, and he does this still. He is a strong, forceful writer, and Mrs. Buckner has often urged him to write his memoirs, but he is yet to be convinced that he has achieved anything worthy of commemoration, notwithstanding the prominent part he has taken in many stirring scenes and the fact that he has been personally acquainted with more of the prominent men of America during the last three quarters of a century than any man now living.

As a cadet at West Point, as an officer in the regular army from 1844-55, as an officer in the Mexican War, as a brigadier, a major general, and a lieutenant general in the Confederate army, he knew personally most of the prominent commanders of the Civil War. He was a friend of General Grant, and was a pallbearer at his funeral. He had scores of personal friends among the officers in both the Federal and Confederate armies. Since the war, though he has not often sought office, he has been a public man and a great traveler. He and Mrs. Buckner spend much of their time away from their beautiful country home. They go often to Washington, New York, Boston, and other large cities, and have a wide circle of acquaintances among the prominent people of the present day.

Recently a little party of Nashville newspaper workers four in number made a pilgrimage to Hart County to pay a visit to the "Sage of Glen Lily." One of them had served under General Buckner during the Civil War, one of them was a native of

Kentucky, who had been a delegate to the convention which nominated General Buckner the Democratic candidate for Governor of Kentucky.

General Buckner had a carriage at the railroad station at Munfordville to meet them, and when the party drove up to Glen Lily, the General was standing on the front porch with his silvery locks uncovered, one of his collies and his two pet peacocks by his side, awaiting to give them a hearty Kentucky welcome. He hugged the [old] soldier, shook hands with the rest of the party, and invited them into the coziest sitting room in Green River Valley. The log fire was blazing a royal welcome after a drive of seven miles through the cold rain, the collie wagged a welcome, Mrs. Buckner came in with a gracious and graceful greeting, and the visitors were at home.

Just a word as to Kentucky hospitality: All have heard of Southern hospitality of Kentucky hospitality in fact, so often that the words frequently have little significance, but it is as true as holy writ that, whatever else he may lack, the Kentuckian has a brand of hospitality that is all his own. All hospitality is grateful. Southern hospitality is superb, but Kentucky hospitality has a distinctive flavor and no other is just like it. It is not effusive nor ostentatious, it is not voiced in words, nor yet in deeds, it is an intangible something in the atmosphere that surrounds the man. You are as welcome as the sunbeams, you know it, though nobody has told you so. You can get closer to a Kentuckian in half a minute than you can to any other man in a week. That's Kentucky hospitality, [A word not in the Banner: Editor Morton is a Kentuckian. Let's pardon his pride. VETERAN.]

The day with Simon Bolivar Buckner, one time a captain in the regular army of the United States, one time a lieutenant general in the army of the Confederate States of America, one time Governor of Kentucky, one time candidate for Vice President of the United States, will never be forgotten.

As his guests were seated the General handed around the pipes and cigars. One of the party who had some former acquaintance with General Buckner's tobacco took a pipe. The General mixes his own tobacco the famous Hart County Yellow Pryor, a little light Virginia and North Carolina leaf, and a dash of Turkish to give the finishing touch. He generally says he has "missed it a little in the mixture," but the smoker would never find this out from the smoking.

One of the visitors asked about a picture of General Buckner and an old negro man hanging on the wall. Mrs. Buckner, who had just entered the room, explained that the old negro belonged to General Buckner's father and was reared with the General. "Shelburn was one of the most sturdy,

respectable, gingerbread old negroes you ever saw. You got acquainted with him and were good friends at once. He had been living in Arkansas for many years and wrote that he would like to come to see the General, and we arranged for him to make the trip."

Mrs. Buckner said she expected that the meeting between the two old friends would be quite demonstrative and that they would want to talk to one another all the time, but to her astonishment nothing of the sort happened,

So Shelburn came, and they sat for about an hour on the porch and smoked and looked at one another. Both were rather quiet. Once Shelburn said: 'Young Marster, do you remember what we used to call one another when we were children?' The General replied in the affirmative. Then they would smoke along for a while, and the General said: 'Shelburn, do you remember Jack, the old dog we used to have?' 'Yes, sir,' replied Shelburn.

She said they were the most unvivacious pair she ever saw, yet they seemed to enjoy one another immensely.

Shelburn spoke of the General's father, Colonel Buckner, as 'Old Marster,' he spoke of the General as 'Young Marster,' but he did not know what to call young Simon Bolivar. He would get terribly mixed on his various masters. After Shelburn went home, the General sent him one of the pictures of themselves taken together. The old negro wrote and thanked him for it and said: 'I think I is the best looking.'

Asked about his farm, the General said his father had purchased it, as stated, and it had been in the family ever since, and that it contained about eight hundred acres.

Did all the present farm belong to the original tract, or have you added to it was asked.

Well, I have added to it and subtracted from it occasionally, but I have got it in the shape I like it now.

When General Buckner was a boy he went to school at Munfordville and then to "Old Jim Rurfey," a noted teacher, at Hopkinsville. From there he went to West Point, graduating in 1844 and going into the Mexican War with the rank of second lieutenant.

In interviewing the General, Mr. Morton said: "There is a little story I desire you to tell me. You told it to me once, but I want to hear it again. It is about when Scott's army got to Vera Cruz and the report was circulated that Taylor had won a great victory and there was no communication between the armies and no way of finding out about it."

It was more remarkable than that, replied the General. "When we were concentrating at Lobos Island, an island in the Gulf, the vessels were collecting the troops and munitions and supplies of all sorts at that place. We did not know where we were going, but every fellow had his own conjecture. General Scott every day had the adjutants of the various regiments to report to him for instructions on each vessel. They took a small boat and rowed to every vessel, and in that way gave out all through the fleet information from General Scott that he chose to communicate. One day, on the 22d of February, a rumor got through the fleet away out there at sea twelve miles from land that that was the day Santa Anna was going to attack Taylor, who was just then in front of Saltillo, a city of Northern Mexico. Gill, a classmate of mine on the same vessel, remarked: 'Santa has chosen a mighty bad day for making his attack, the 22d of February, he will be whipped.' We sailed in a few days for Vera Cruz. While the siege was going on we heard of this battle. How the rumor started that reached the fleet the very day the battle was fought nobody knows."

The incident is the more remarkable when it is remembered that there were no telegraph lines, railroads, or other means of rapid communication.

I must tell you another little incident, said the General. "After we had captured Chapultepec, we pursued the enemy along the causeway toward the city. The Puerta or Garita of Belen is the gate entering the city of Chapultepec. We followed right along that causeway, capturing the country and then the works at the Garita, but we couldn't go any farther because we were then in rifle range of their citadel. Their citadel was of stonework, with high walls, with a ditch fifty or sixty feet wide full of water. We couldn't swim across that and climb the perpendicular wall, so we waited there until a turning column came in behind and took them in the rear. We captured the place about two o'clock in the afternoon. Over the causeway, on either side of the aqueducts which ran from Chapultepec on to the city, was an arched gateway over the road, under which all vehicles passed going and coming. Our troops were holding the outer side in front of this arch. The enemy directed their artillery fire toward the springing line of that arch with a view of throwing it down and crushing our men. Presently a shot came and struck the springing line and splintered the rock and scattered pieces of stone, wounding several of us. Lieutenant Wilcox, of Quitman's staff, looked up and said: 'Fellows, I'll bet you anything that the Greasers will fire at that arch until nightfall, but they won't knock it down.' 'Why?' was asked. 'Don't you see 1776 on it?' And we sat there for hours and watched them firing, and the arch stood, and they didn't get it down at all."

How did the fighting in the Mexican War compare with that in our Civil War was asked the General.

It wasn't as big a war, of course, replied the General, "but there was some close fighting there. For instance, bayonets were crossed in at least two actions, and then there was Taylor's fight on the Rio Grande. At Santa de Palma people were killed with bayonets,

and again at Cerro Gordo the fire was terrific. Of course we didn't have as good arms then, we had the flintlock muskets so did the Mexicans. But to show that it was terrible work: in Worth's Division, in which my regiment was, at Molino del Rey in half an hour's time while assaulting that work we lost nearly one third of our men."

What is your estimate of the Mexican soldier?

He is a good soldier in many respects. He could stand and be shot at long range better than our people. We wanted to go one way or the other, you know, but they couldn't stand the charge. They couldn't resist the 'Rebel yell.'

What is your estimate of the comparative number of troops on either side in the fighting in Mexico?

O, they had three times as many nearly all the time. At Cerro Gordo they had nearly double our force, at the City of Mexico they had about three times our force.

To what did you attribute the universal success of the American soldiers?

General Scott said that he could not have won at all but for the training his officers had had at West Point Academy. Every officer nearly 1 man of the regular army was an instructed officer. He had been educated as a soldier, he had pride and training.

Did you consider Santa Anna a good commander?

Santa Anna had many excellent points as a general. I will note a case to prove it. He fought General Taylor on the 22d and 23d of February. We landed at Vera Cruz about the 1st of March, which was at least eight hundred miles distant from Buena Vista. Santa Anna of course knew that we were going there. He retreated from before General Taylor, but failed in his object, which was to crush him, and fell back to the City of Mexico to meet Scott. In the meantime his enemies got up an opposition in the city, and he suppressed a revolution against himself in the City of Mexico, and on the 18th of April he had occupied and fortified Cerro Gordo and met Scott there. From the 22d of February to the 18th of April he had failed in crushing Taylor, but he had come back to check Scott and had suppressed a revolution and met Scott at Cerro Gordo.

General Buckner began his long career as a soldier as a second lieutenant in the infantry, as has his son, Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr., now at San Antonio, Tex., and during his long term of service in the regular army and afterwards in the Civil War he was always in the infantry. After the Mexican War he was ordered to West Point, and remained there as an instructor in infantry tactics for two years, and was then ordered to join his company on what was then the Western frontier at Fort Snelling, Minn. Here he was promoted to first lieutenant and put in command at Fort Atkinson.

He remained on the frontier for a little over a year, and then going back to civilization on a leave of absence was promoted to captain in the subsistence department and assigned to New York, where he remained until 1855, when he resigned and went to Louisville, Ky., to locate. After he had been there for a short while, Governor McGoffin asked him to frame a militia law for Kentucky and to take charge of the State Guard. Soon after this the Civil War broke out, and General Buckner joined the Confederate army with the rank of brigadier general, having previously declined the same rank offered by Mr. Lincoln in the Federal army.

He served a term in a Federal prison after the fall of Fort Donelson, and on his return to the Confederacy after being exchanged he was promoted to the rank of major general. He was transferred to the Trans Mississippi Department under Gen. Kirby Smith the last year of the war, and was promoted to lieutenant general in September, 1864. He was still in the Trans Mississippi Department commanding an army corps when the war closed, "Did you ever have experience in Indian fighting?" "No," said the General, "but I came to the conclusion that I was a diplomatist." Then he laughingly told the story of the self styled "diplomatist" in the play who was both mysterious and secretive in his movements. "We were among the Indians all the time I was on the plains, and wild Indians. They had not located on the reservations then. I had one company about sixty infantry, with about a dozen horses for scouting. The road across the continent was crowded during the summer and spring, especially with people going to California. The gold diggings had been discovered it was in '51. There were several hundred lodges of Indians all the time about us, some migrating with the buffalo, and on the eve all the time of plundering these emigrants on the road and breaking out. I had to use great care, and had to assume a virtue sometimes whether I possessed it or not and appear very brave, but I managed to keep peace with all of them and made treaties with the Comanche's. I made them my friends, and they would do anything for me. Fort Atkinson was built of sods on the Arkansas River away out on the edge of Colorado, where our nearest neighbor was three hundred and sixty one miles away." "You didn't have much social life then, did you?" "No, not much, we had to depend on ourselves. When we got tired of each other at the fort, one or the other would start out on an exploration tour. I traveled that year over the plains in various directions, reconnoitering, about a thousand miles. I took one particularly severe winter trip. I had an idea in those days an idea that I believe Americans have exploded now that it was the duty of an official, no matter how insignificant his place might be, to work for the public interest. Congress had appropriated about three hundred thousand dollars to build two forts on the Upper Arkansas River. I had gone out there from Fort Leavenworth on horseback with a couple of soldiers and a wagon, and passing through the country it occurred to me that it would not justify that expenditure. So to satisfy myself I started out about the middle of January to explore the country and look into its resources. I first went across to the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas and went down that. I was satisfied that there wasn't wood enough there to support a fort. The other was to be built away up toward the base of the Rocky Mountains toward the sources of the Arkansas. I went on that exploration with four or five soldiers and a wagon, the soldiers mounted. The third day out, going up the Arkansas, we struck a blizzard, the weather turning very cold. We camped, and next day

we started again, and one of those terrific snow and sleet storms came upon us right out on the plains, with not a tree or shelter in sight and not a hill high enough to be shelter. It got so cold we couldn't ride without freezing, so we had to get down and walk and lead our horses. We hurried on, though, until toward night. The storm was so terrific that we were in danger of being frozen to death. About dusk we saw in the distance some trees, and we hurried on, and luckily when we got there one tree had been blown down a cottonwood and there was a little hill perhaps thirty or forty feet high pretty abrupt which sheltered us from the north wind, and we camped there. I had taken the precaution to have some iron tent pins made to drive in the frozen ground. We cut off the timber from the dead tree, made a fire, and were pretty comfortable. The night was so cold it froze the river over, and we could cross on horses the next day. There was a little island just in front of the camp. I went over that island on the ice and broke down some low underbrush and weeds, built a fire there, sheltered from the wind in every direction, wrapped my buffalo robe about me, and read 'David Copperfield' all day. We couldn't travel, so we waited a day or two until it moderated and went away up the river on the ice and examined the site of the proposed fort. I reported to the government that I thought the expenditure of that money would not be justified, that it would be wasted and thrown away, that the temporary forts we had would answer every purpose until the country was traversed by railroads. On the strength of my report they didn't expend the money, so that trip saved the government \$300,000."

I suppose, General, there were many wild horses and buffalo on the plains when you were there?

Yes, I saw three herds of wild Mustang horses during my stay on the plains. They were very wild. Two of them when I first saw them were in motion they saw me first. The third I saw on the Pawnee Fork. I had gone on a reconnoissance, and as I climbed a little eminence I saw them grazing on the opposite side of the stream, about three hundred yards distant. As soon as I got to the top they saw me, and off they clattered. They were vigilant and seemed to have scouts watching who gave notice. To show the rapid disappearance of the buffalo, when I went out to my post I went on horseback, had a wagon carrying the mail and two soldiers. We were traveling at the rate of forty miles a day. Six or eight days out from Fort Leavenworth we encountered the buffalo. Three days, traveling at the rate of forty miles a day, or one hundred and twenty miles, we were in an immense herd of buffalo. There was not an hour of daylight that I could not see from five thousand to six thousand. Now there are only a few. They killed them for their hides and their tongues the cows mostly, for they had the finest robes. General, do you ride horseback now was asked. "No," he replied, "not now, but my boy is a good horseman. He recently tamed an unruly horse and has written an interesting account of it. There had been a horse at the garrison that no man had attempted to ride for a year. He was turned in the corral with the other animals. The last time an attempt had been made to ride him he threw the rider and broke three of his ribs, and nobody would try him after that. But the boy said he had about three quarters of an hour to himself from his other duties and thought he would undertake the horse. He had him saddled and bridled and held until he mounted. The horse began to rear and nearly tilt back, and then his head would suddenly disappear, like he was going to dive into the earth, and he kept on that

way for some time, but the boy still held him back. Presently the horse seemed to gather all his strength, leaped, twisted, and fell. Of course he had to go over the horse, and he fell sprawling on the earth. But he got up and remounted him.

[Continued on page 83.]

COL. ROBERT C. TRIGG, OF VIRGINIA

Col. Robert C. Trigg was born in Christiansburg, Va. He was educated at the Virginia Military Institute, and was practicing law at his native place when the Civil War began. He had been captain of a volunteer company, the Wise Fencibles, for a year or more before the war, and with his company was mustered into service in April, 1861. His company became a part of the 4th Virginia Regiment, Col. James F. Preston. Captain Trigg and his company bore an honorable part in the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861.

A short time after that battle Captain Trigg was authorized to raise a regiment in Southwestern Virginia. It was quickly raised and organized at Christiansburg as the 54th Virginia Regiment, composed of companies from Carroll, Pulaski, Roanoke, Franklin, Patrick, Montgomery, and Floyd Counties. This regiment did hard service in Eastern Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee, and around Suffolk, Va., until the campaign of 1863 opened, when it was sent to the Army of Tennessee.

Colonel Trigg was soon placed in command of a brigade composed of four Florida regiments and his own. No brigade won more honors than did his at Chickamauga. The markers now on that field tell much of what it did. General Buckner, who commanded the division, strongly recommended him for promotion, but he had no "friend in court," and in a reorganization of the army his regiment was assigned to General Reynolds's Brigade. With his regiment he fought all along from Lookout Mountain to Atlanta, the fight at Resaca being one of the severest for the number engaged of the war.

His regiment, by the mistake or incompetence of some superior, was ordered, against his protest, to charge fortifications defended by many times its numbers, and it received galling fires from both flanks. He went with it to the breastworks. His adjutant, Robert Hammett, fell on the breastworks with the enemy's flagstaff in his hand. In ten minutes more the third of the regiment was mowed down, and what had been the largest and one of the best regiments in the army was shattered.

From Atlanta Colonel Trigg was ordered to Southwest Virginia, and remained in special service, having in view the arrest of deserters and the restoration of law and order in that section, until the 1st of March. Then with one half of his regiment he joined the Army of

Southwest Virginia, commanded by General Echols, and was with it when disbanded, April 13, at Christiansburg. Colonel Trigg was a strict disciplinarian, beloved by his men because he always stood for their rights and because they knew that his courage was of the highest order and his judgment in any kind of danger was unquestioned.

Colonel Trigg resumed the practice of law after the war closed, and continued it until his death, January 2, 1872.

**BREECHLOADER CANNON IN C. S. ARMY
BY CAPT. THEODORE F. ALLEN, CINCINNATI.**

My previous communication to the VETERAN in relation to Schoolfield's Battery of Breech Loading Cannon has attracted much attention among the Confederate veterans. The following from H. T. Owen, 2601 East Franklin Street, Richmond, is in relation to the Williams guns, of which there were six pieces in the battery commanded by Captain Schoolfield:

Dear Captain Allen: On Saturday morning, May 31, 1862, the command to which I belonged (then Pickett's Brigade, of Longstreet's Division) moved from near Richmond down the Williamsburg Road to attack the Federal forces near Seven Pines. There had been a heavy rain the night before, and the roads were filled with pools of water which the artillery and wagons soon cut up into slush and mire, consequently there were long halts and delays on the road. About a mile west of Seven Pines, while waiting for some other command to file by ours and take position in line of battle, a small cannon halted in front of us for some time, and we got a good look at it. It was drawn by one horse in shafts, the axle was short, the wheels very low, the barrel three to four feet long, and it was about the size of a man's coat sleeve. It carried a round ball about the size of a hen's egg, and was loaded at the breech from a hopper fixed above. It was to be fired by a crank, and its range was stated to be two thousand yards. Mr. Williams, the inventor, and five or six other men on horseback were with the gun, and this was its first experiment on a battlefield. Mr. Williams readily replied to all the questions asked about the gun by some of our officers who gathered around it while halted in the road. There was a Federal fort on the Williamsburg Road about one mile west of Seven Pines, flanked by a line of breastworks, rifle pits, and abatis in front of them. Our breechloader moved on with other artillery to begin the attack, while our command was held in reserve and was not engaged in the battle of that day, so when the uproar began we were silent listeners, and could easily distinguish the rapid reports of the little breechloader. They were much louder than a musket and less than the ordinary cannon. We never saw the gun afterwards, and wondered what became of it.

After Gettysburg Pickett's Division guarded about four thousand prisoners from the battlefield to Winchester, and we were with them some ten or fifteen days, and the Federal officers among the prisoners asked us many questions about the rapid firing little 'gun or guns' we used on them at Seven Pines.

In 1880 81 I became acquainted with Capt. George W. Williams, Deputy Clerk of the Virginia Senate, who had served in Gen. John H. Morgan's Kentucky cavalry command during the war. In swapping reminiscences I mentioned our little gun at Seven Pines, and he informed me that his father was the inventor. Trusting to memory, I am under the impression that he told me that there was only one of these guns made at the Tradegar Works here, and that there was never any patent obtained. I presume that Mr. J. W. Minnich, of Grand Isle, La., saw this Williams gun at Seven Pines, and that Dr. Gatling got his first idea of his rapid firing machine from it.

From the foregoing you will see that the Williams breech loading cannon began their service in the early part of 1862, and we have been able to trace these guns as late as the early part of the winter of 1864, at which time, I am informed by Capt. T. M. Freeman, of Houston, Tex., who was the Adjutant General of Giltner's Brigade, the battery was put out of commission because when firing the guns rapidly the breech expanded and refused to lock for refiring, and the men of the battery found themselves at a disadvantage in that they had to take the fire of the enemy and could not reply. The battery was then disbanded, the men entering the cavalry or the mounted infantry service in Maj. Bart Jenkins's battalion.

HARD EXPERIENCE BY SCOUTS IN KENTUCKY BY J. N. GAINES, BRUNSWICK, MO.

On page 573 November (1908) VETERAN Comrade W. L. Ditto, of Ocala, Fla., Scott's 1st Louisiana Cavalry, tells of "prisoners charging a Kentucky orchard." I belonged to Quirk's Scouts, Morgan's Command, but failed to get across the Ohio River with him, and as I happened to get with Colonel Scott on the 29th of July, 1863, at Winchester, Ky., soon after the boys charged the orchard, I will take up the "thread" and relate a little more of that "hot old time." We marched to Irvine, the county seat of Estill County, Ky" that night, much of the time in a torrent of rain, arriving there early the next morning, where we captured a small garrison and valuable government stores, including a quantity of McClelland saddles, together with United States bridles and halters that had never been unpacked. I appropriated a saddle, bridle, and halter from Uncle Sam's stores.

The sun came out clear early, and we were feeling fine until 8 or 9 A.M., when suddenly from our rear a heavy fire of both artillery and small arms opened on us from a force so strong that we were forced to move on. We took the direction of the Bighill and Richmond Pike, which we struck that afternoon perhaps halfway between Richmond and the hill. All this time the Yanks kept our rear well closed up. About dusk, I think, we

reached the foot of the Bighill and commenced climbing it, but when our advance had gotten some distance on top of it, they struck another heavy force of the enemy (probably from Cumberland Gap), and in such force that we were compelled to retrace our steps to the foot of the hill. We then took the road to Lancaster. This consumed nearly all night. By the time we got straightened out toward Lancaster next morning and could see, there seemed to be Yankees all around us in every direction with guns. There were none in front, however, and we pursued our march in fairly good order through Lancaster and Crab Orchard without halting. The Yankees appeared to become thicker all the time.

At Crab Orchard I remember an old gray haired black mammy was out in a yard clapping her hands and shouting: "Glory to God, the Rebels is come back! And have you come to stay?" "Yes, Auntie," we assured her, "we are going to stay this time."

A few miles farther on a squad of fifteen or twenty of us was cut off at a road crossing, where we were lost from the main command, and made our way out by Somerset. We passed through Somerset at night and went on to Stegall's Ferry, on the Cumberland River, which we found very high, with no boat to cross in. So we hunted up an old Irishman and a young fellow who had a canoe, in which we ferried our saddles and equipments, and then undertook to lead one horse and swim the others behind. In this we failed, as only two of them followed over, the others turning and swimming back. We then had to swim them over one at a time beside the canoe, which was slow. Two of our crowd were doing this, which released our Irishman and boy. As day was coming on, three of our crowd went with our released help farther down the river, where they claimed they could get them over quicker. They set the Scott boys over, telling them that they would swim their horses over to them, but instead they mounted two and led the other away with them, leaving three Rebs afoot.

Sikes was the name of one of the Louisiana boys, Turo another (he was regimental commissary, I think). We had the bugler boy of the regiment with us also, and had considerable fun at the little fellow's expense. I wonder what ever became of him. We got on very well from here. We struck Forrest's escort at Kingston, Tenn., where we drew rations and fed and parted with the Louisiana boys. Web and I and the two Morgan boys went on to Knoxville, thence to Morristown alone, where we found Captain Quirk, who had been wounded and was left in Kentucky, but had made his way out and was there with a little squad of our strays.

KIND WORDS FROM "THE OTHER SIDE."

C. J. Merritt, of Medina, N. Y., who served with the 1st Connecticut Cavalry, when renewing his subscription, writes: "It is only fair that I should tell you, although I am one of the 'other side,' I have been very much interested in reading the VETERAN, and think I appreciate to some considerable degree the feelings of your companions in arms. I am glad for all of the good that has come to the South, and trust that the future may be rich in

blessings for your people, as also for 'we uns.' The general spirit of the VETERAN is making for good, I believe, and I would not want it to cease 'coming to my hand regularly."

ANOTHER VIEW OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."
BY WATKINS LEIGH, MONROE, LA.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,
It might have been.'

Ever since the close of the great Civil War there has been shown a tendency amongst the public men of the South to applaud rather than deplore, at least in their public utterances, the failure of the South in that Titanic struggle, and especially is this so with the great newspaper and magazine writers, men who so largely mold public opinion, and whose utterances are accepted by the young, thoughtless, or inexperienced as the cold, unsentimental verdicts of history. There are constantly pointed out by these gentlemen with forceful pens and vivid imaginings the deplorable consequences which might have resulted had the Southern Confederacy achieved her independence, and this great United States of ours been divided into two sovereign nations. It is this deceptive light which these writings will certainly reflect on the history of the Confederacy, misleading and deluding the historian of the future, justifying largely the scornful jibes of our opponents that we were a mere rabble of deluded Rebels, wretched victims of a self seeking leadership, sycophants, false alike to the United States and to the Confederacy, which makes them so objectionable, and it is to this that I would draw attention.

The writer does not wish to be understood as entirely regretting the failure of that great attempt at disruption, not the only one whose ugly head has loomed up dark and threatening in the past (nor may we reasonably doubt the revival of the hydra headed monster in the future), but the only one ever to assume tangible form. On the contrary, he is willing to admit from very many points of view that failure was probably, not certainly, the more fortunate outcome. It is the object of this paper to point out some of the things which would almost certainly have been had the Confederacy succeeded, wherein, in his estimation, history would have been improved, and many ugly blots on the fame of a great people been saved.

For any man to say what would have been the policy of the South in the event of her success is mere speculation, fancy. As well might one prophesy the policy of the North had General Lee won the battle of Gettysburg or of Napoleon victorious at Waterloo. As of every other thing which never happened, every man is privileged to formulate his own theories, one man's speculations being of no more value than another's save as one may excel in erudition or in literary facility of expression. The fact is, these gentlemen become

so enamoured of their own creations that they mistake them for genuine beings of flesh and blood instead of rating them at their true value as mere air castles shadows mistaken for the substance. These speculations are based upon what their authors believe would have been the course of the older generation of Southern statesmen, dogmatic, illiberal, and confirmed in their dogmatism by years of self deluding arguments. A negligible quantity with them was the younger generation, whose minds, broadened by a more liberal if less polite education, and profiting by the lessons of the terrible struggle through which they had just passed, would have been fruitful laboratories of new thoughts and liberal policies. These men, earnest, patriotic, intelligent, would in a few years have molded and dominated public opinion in the South along lines no man, however erudite, can infallibly foresee.

Standing as we do to day upon the very brink of history and looking back over the troubled records of the past sixty years, the ghosts of many dead policies arise shadowy and pass in review before us, and of some not altogether dead, as the protective tariff, which so nearly precipitated disruption when South Carolina passed her celebrated Nullification Act, and State rights, instinct with volcanic fire now as ever, and slavery, which, far from being settled, has only assumed a newer and uglier garb, masquerading as the negro question. Some of them, like the fabled Phoenix of old, fanned themselves into a flame which was self destructive. But from the dead ashes of these living offspring have arisen to vex the soul of modern society as their predecessors vexed the bodies politic and social of their day.

It is plain to all thoughtful men that the institution of slavery, mild, benignant, and fraternal as that institution was as it existed in the South prior to the days of Lloyd Garrison and gentlemen of his cult, was already doomed, and would have fallen in a few years anyhow, even if it had not been drowned in the blood of half a million victims in the most momentous struggle of modern times. It has been so in Brazil, in Cuba, in all the South American republics, and that within twenty years after the close of our Civil War. Some one, commenting on our Civil War, has remarked that the South was unlucky, and truly has she been unlucky, before the war, during the war, since the war before the war in that the inevitable institutional revolution which must have been plainly patent to the thinking men of that day could not have been allowed to progress peacefully instead of eventuating in a fratricidal strife which cost her the lives of thousands of the flower of her young manhood, only to end in a miserable fiasco, for the negro problem, which it sought to solve, is as far from solution now as then. The public opinion of the Christian world as well as the fast gathering force of a strong and growing and thinking minority in the South itself would have compelled emancipation in a few years, whether or no the War of Secession had ever been fought or whether or no that war had ended in her triumph or defeat. During the war in that a larger percentage of her leadership, her wisest and bravest and best, laid down their lives for her than in any other war of modern times, was she not pitifully unlucky in the loss of these wise, brave, patriotic leaders? After the war she was more than unlucky in the death of her truest friend in the North, Abraham Lincoln, because she herself nurtured the assassin who wrought this fatal murder, and she was

further unlucky in that this murder stretched her helpless and friendless at the feet of the conqueror, her destinies to be decided, her history written, by the unrestrained passions of her implacable enemies.

Had she been victorious and disruption been accomplished, would that fact have been an unleavened evil? I think not. It seems to me that this Union of ours is based more on the force of reason than of affection, having inherent weaknesses in the diverse interests of its various sections, harmless so long as angry passions are not aroused, but which may eventually threaten the life of the republic. And we have seen that the good sense and steady reason of the Anglo Saxon will not always serve as a protection. The probability is that long ere this the angry passions of both sections, soothed by the sweet influences of peace, and the interchanges inevitable between two peoples so nearly akin in language, blood, and habit of thought, would have subsided, and that some kind of working entente like unto that which existed between the South African republics before the Boer War would have been arranged, through the action of which our foreign policies would have been in unison, while many of the economic problems which vex to day our domestic policies would have been avoided, problems which threaten the life of our civilization if not the purity of the Anglo Saxon race. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments would never have been written. The awful nightmare of reconstruction would never have been suffered. The bitter hatreds growing out of a consciousness of unmerited injuries suffered, the still bitterer ones arising from a knowledge of vindictive injuries inflicted these would never have been engendered and the slavery problem would have been gradually and definitely settled by the South herself. From her education, experience, environments, self interest, intimate acquaintance with the subject, and personal sympathy and affection for the slave she would have been best fitted to cope with it, under laws equally in the interests of both races, because tempered by the sympathy which then existed between master and slave. The delusion of a social and political equality, with its long train of evil consequences, discontent of both races with the existing order of things, outrages against young babes and aged women, crimes revolting to the very demons themselves, the consequent innumerable lynchings, debasing to our civilization, repugnant to our religion, and horrible to our consciences, but which from the force of blunted sensibilities are in danger of becoming law, mutual hatreds and animosities degrading alike to whites and blacks, and which can be defended, if at all, only on the plea of self preservation, and which replace in a brief half century the love and confidence which had existed between the races for generations before, a saturnalia of vengeance the like of which modern times has never beheld, and at the memory of which the North may well hang her head in shame, the demoniac antipathy of the races, fast hurrying us along a path the distant future end of which no man can foresee, save that it must end in the extermination or subjugation (probably the former) of the weaker race, and for which the North will be directly and immediately responsible all these and more would have been saved. Christianity would have received no shock, civilization no backset, as is now threatened, before this great and burning problem is finally and forever settled. Should the Northern people awake to a sense of their own moral responsibility on the one hand, their incapacity to cope with the subject on the other, and be prevailed on to withhold their hands from further interference with a matter of which they have no

practical knowledge or experience, possibly the picture might be brightened. Will they do it? Doubtful.

ROCK ISLAND AN INCIDENT

BY SEP W. ABBAY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

My old comrade and fellow prisoner, Dr. J. B. Foster, now of Enzor, Miss., relates for you an incident that occurred when he was the principal actor at Rock Island Prison. He would give his only loaf of bread to a fellow prisoner whom he thought was more in need of it than himself. We were always hungry, as rations were very scant. Foster undertook to get money to buy rations for the sufferers of Rock Island Prison. About twenty one hundred of our men had deserted and joined the "Frontier Service." As an inducement to get the prisoners to desert and join the United States army, that government offered each one hundred dollars bounty. Foster determined to try to get some of this money for the use indicated. These deserters were allowed to come in to the main prison to get water. Foster got some one to go up to the well where they were and see if he could not find some one who had received one hundred dollars bounty and say to him that he had a friend who would join them if he was certain they would give him the one hundred dollars bounty. Foster's man was successful, and he told the deserter that he would go and send the man up there to the well if he would return bringing the money with him. The deserter promised to do so. Foster, according to appointment, went to meet the deserter, who said: "I have five of the prettiest twenty dollar bills in my hand you ever saw." Going behind the barrack and opening his hand to show his money, Foster clasped his left hand into the fellow's open hand and his right hand went to the man's throat, and he choked him down and got the one hundred dollars and ran for our barrack, where he belonged. As he passed me he said: "Abbay, there is going to be h to pay in here in a few minutes." He never stopped, but kept on through the barrack, and in a little while he returned in an entire different suit of clothes.

Soon a lieutenant, with a file of soldiers and the owner of the hundred dollars, came to the barrack and asked for the orderly. I responded, when he ordered me to call my men in line. Then the officer, with the deserter following him, came first to me and said: "Is this the man who got your money?" He replied, "No." He then went to each man and, placing his hand on him, asked the same question, the fellow answering no, until he came to Foster, when the deserter seemed to be puzzled. At last he said no, and they went on down the line, the fellow answering no to every man. The officer returned to Foster and asked again if he was the man who got the money,

Foster by this time became angry. He always twisted his mouth in speaking when in anger, and that twist of the mouth confirmed the man who had lost the one hundred dollars. Shaking his clinched fist in the fellow's face, Foster said: "Don't you say I got your money." The poor fellow said: "He's the man because he twisted his mouth that way when he choked me down."

The officer took Foster and carried him out. Foster reported afterwards that they stripped him nude and turned him loose in the prison. The snow was about eight inches deep, and a north wind was blowing, with the mercury nearly down to zero. He had come about two hundred yards in the snow. We saw him coming, and he was nearly frozen and very blue. We got him into the barrack as quickly as possible, and it was but a few minutes before we had him clothed, sharing our scant supply.

Foster was kind hearted and genial. He was full of life and fond of a joke, but sometimes carried a joke too far. On several occasions when he drew his loaf of bread he would divide it and go without until the next day. He was reckless, therefore, to a true comrade, but he despised spies and deserters. He was born near Liberty, Dekalb County, Tenn., and studied law under Col. John Savage. He went to Mississippi about the beginning of the Civil War. He joined the 15th Mississippi Infantry. He always has been a kind, good fellow and a true friend. He read medicine several years after the war and located near Meridian, Miss., where he has been practicing medicine for about thirty years.

REPORT OF LOSSES AT VICKSBURG FLAG OF AN ILLINOIS REGIMENT.

D. W. McMichael writes: "I visited Vicksburg not long ago and I saw on the tablets as well as I can remember the following: 'The 31st Missouri lost at Champion Hill 640 killed and wounded, the 27th Louisiana lost 68 killed and 184 wounded.' If I am wrong, the tablets will correct me. I should like to know who carried the 44th or 144th Illinois regimental flag. We got a beautiful flag at Vicksburg that belonged to one of these two Illinois regiments."

REMINISCENCES OF AN ARKANSAN BY R. T. MARTIN, HOWELL, ARK.

Some incidents of my experience as a private soldier in Company G, 18th Arkansas, would perhaps interest the readers of the VETERAN. I enlisted at Cotton Plant, Ark., in March, 1862, before I was sixteen. We marched across the country to Des Arc, on White River, and embarked on a small steamboat, the Oker Bell, for Pittman's Ferry, from which place we were ordered back to Little Rock, and landed at Devall's Bluff on March 9. Rain fell in torrents that day, but we pursued our journey by the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad to Argenta, across the river from Little Rock, where we were sworn into service by Governor Rector and ordered to Cointh, Miss. The order was countermanded at Memphis, and we were sent to Island No. 10, on the Mississippi River. Before we reached that place the Federals had possession of it, and we fell back to Fort Pillow. I remember seeing some of our unfortunate comrades floating down that river on logs, who were rescued by members of our company.

From Fort Pillow our company was again ordered to Corinth, where we remained some time. We engaged in the battle of Farmington, between Corinth and Shiloh, our first battle. Shortly afterwards we abandoned Corinth to the Federals. I was left with others as a detail under Maj. John G. Fletcher to burn the quartermaster and commissary stores.

We remained until the morning after the army had gone, when the advance of General Buell's army came into the town, then we marched for about twenty miles to Guntown, a point on the M. & O. Railroad. There the Federals made a flank movement and captured a train load of our sick and wounded, burning the train with a few of our sick soldiers, it is said, who were unable to get off. The Federals soon abandoned the place, leaving our sick and wounded, who were scattered around under bushes and sheds. It was a horrible sight. Some of the sick were lying about insensible, covered with flyblows. We administered to them as best we could, then continued our march to Tupelo, where we remained until September 1.

Under the commands of Generals Van Dorn and Price we next went to Iuka, Miss., where we engaged in a desperate battle for several hours, after which we continued our march to Corinth, but on our way, at Chewalla, we met the enemy, and had quite a battle on October 3. We then marched on and surrounded Corinth, lying upon our arms all night, while the Federals reenforced as many as four deep behind their works. On the morning of October 4, with Capt. Charles Lynch and Lieutenants Moore and Turner commanding the forty six men present in our company, with Colonel Daly commanding the 18th Arkansas, and General Cabell commanding our brigade, Murray's Division, we made the charge under an enfilading fire, over fallen timber, until we reached the breastworks of the enemy. Many fell upon their breastworks.

When the smoke had cleared away and we were forced to retreat, we had only six men, leaving the others killed and wounded on the field. Our colonel was killed, the horse of General Cabell was killed under him, and he was severely injured by the falling of the animal. It was at this place that he almost lost his entire brigade, and here I saw our noble Colonel Rogers, commander of the 2d Texas, of Moore's Brigade, fall from his horse a lifeless hero. His body rests where he fell, under a monument erected to his memory.

We then fell back in the direction of Ripley, Miss., and while a part of our command was crossing the Hatchie River Bridge the Federals got in our front and planted their batteries in range of the bridge, opening fire upon us. It was here that General Price took command and carried us to Lumpkins Mill, on the Hatchie River, and from there we marched through the little town of Ripley and rested the remnant of our band until the morning of October 5. We then marched across the country to Holly Springs, remaining for a few days, and then we were sent to Jackson. We next marched to Tangipahoa, La., across the country by way of Clinton to Port Hudson. History has failed to give justice to the valor and suffering of our soldiers in the battles of Port Hudson.

We were consolidated with the 10th, 15th, and 23d Arkansas, making a respectable regiment, with Col. O. P. Lyles as senior colonel commanding. We were put to work building breastworks, which we completed for five miles around the fort except at a point on the north side, which remained unfinished until after the siege opened on us by General Banks's army. It was then completed by digging rifle pits the rest of the way. We were unmolested until about the 1st of March, 1863, and it was then that Farragut's fleet came up from New Orleans and anchored below the fort. It bombarded us continually until the night of March 14. Then they undertook to pass up the river by our batteries, with the flagship Mississippi leading. The Hartford succeeded in passing. The Mississippi was fired by hot shot from our batteries, and her officers and marine soldiers were forced to abandon her, leaving her to float down the river on fire. It is said that the entire fleet kept ahead of the Mississippi for a distance of fourteen miles to avoid the danger of her blowing up. On the morning of the 15th we picked up the hero of Manila, Admiral Dewey, who was then a lieutenant in Farragut's fleet, with nineteen marine soldiers. The fleet then returned to the point that had been left and remained until the siege,

It was on the evening of May 19, 1863, that our out pickets were first attacked by the advance of Banks's army. We thought it was a part of Grayson's Cavalry. I was on the outpost at the time, and was one of the pickets fired upon. We were relieved on the morning of the 20th. Three hundred men were called as volunteers to go out with the battery of four guns. I was of this command. We went four miles east and lay on our arms until the morning of the 21st, when we heard the beating of drums and blowing of bugles of the advance of Banks's army coming up from Baton Rouge. That capital of Louisiana was only twenty miles below. While we were in line of battle, with a crabapple orchard in front of us, the enemy placed their batteries in position and opened on us with grape and shell. We held them for several hours in a fierce engagement, and then fell back four miles, but contested every inch of the ground until we received a fresh supply of ammunition. Then we gained the ground that we had fought over until we reached the position we had held in the morning. This was at sundown. We then marched off the field, carrying our guns, some of them being drawn by two horses and some by the soldiers, until we reached the line of reinforcements sent for our rescue, Miles's Louisiana Legion.

Banks's army soon surrounded us with forty thousand men, according to his own report. We had in the fort only three thousand men, with ten days' rations of meat and bread. We had plenty of sugar, molasses, and salt, and a few peas, which were ground for our breadstuff. From then on the siege was open both from land sources and Farragut's fleet, and there was not the snapping of a finger between the fire of guns and cannon. We held five miles of works day and night with continual loss of our forces. They made assault after assault upon our works, but we repulsed them every time. They dug up to our works so close that they could throw hand grenades over in our lines, and the distance was so short that we were able to throw them back into their own lines before they would explode. They attempted to blow up our works at many points, and when they reenforced

a weak point to get into our works, we would concentrate at that point, and we defeated them every time with great loss to them.

In June General Banks sent in a flag of truce to General Gardner demanding unconditional surrender, saying that he was in position to open on us the next morning with three hundred pieces of artillery, that he was prepared to take the fort, and that as his men had suffered so much since they had engaged in the siege he would be unable to guarantee to our soldiers the protection that General Gardner's command should have. General Gardner declined to accept his demand, saying that if he could take the fort we would risk the result. At daylight the next morning Banks opened on us with his artillery, and made a general charge by his land forces on our fort. We killed twice as many as our number, still defeating them at every point.

By this time our supplies of meat had been exhausted, and we then resorted to the slaughtering of mules and horses, which were boiled and served to the men for their subsistence the rest of the siege. On July 4 they threw hand grenades into our works with dispatches stating that Vicksburg had surrendered and we had as well give up. We would answer by the same source that we believed the statement false. We continued fighting until the 8th of July, when the condition of the capitulation was entered into whereby the privates and noncommissioned officers were to be paroled and the officers to be held prisoners. They were sent to Johnson's Island.

On the morning of July 9 Banks with his great army marched in to take charge of the fort. On marching around us at the point on the bank of the Mississippi where we surrendered our small band they expressed great surprise at the small number of soldiers to be surrendered. We were treated while prisoners as kindly as could be expected. They seemed ashamed to think that they had been held at bay so long by the handful of men surrendered to them. We were paroled in a few days and sent up the river to Natchez, where the few of us left returned to our homes. My company had first and last one hundred and forty nine men, and when we returned home, there were only nineteen present.

In September we reported to the Trans Mississippi Army for duty, I, with others, joining Captain Anderson's company, 1st Arkansas Cavalry, Dobbin's Regiment, and in 1864 I went with my command, under General Price, into Missouri, We went within thirty miles of St. Louis and also up the Missouri River to Kansas City, engaging in battle at numbers of points up to that place, and there we met our Waterloo. A strong Federal force had been concentrated at that point. At one time we were entirely surrounded, but we cut our way out with great loss. We were forced to retreat south for several hundred miles, fighting nearly every day. We had no forage for our horses or provisions for our men, for we had lost our train and all the supplies. For several days we were with nothing to eat except ears of corn from occasional fields along the march. Part of our army went on down into South Arkansas, while the regiment I belonged to came back to Eastern Arkansas, where we engaged in many battles around Helena and other places until the close of the war.

I formally surrendered at Helena June 20, 1865, since when I have been a citizen of Cotton Plant and Howell. "Little Tom Martin" would like to hear from any of his comrades.

MEDAL FOR PAPER ON JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, offered to the students of the public schools of Tennessee under seventeen years of age a gold medal for the best paper on the life and character of Jefferson Davis. Competition was open to the entire State, Each principal was to select the three best essays submitted by all the students and send them to the County Superintendent, who was to select the three best from all of his schools and send them to the State Superintendent.

Professor Jones, the State Superintendent, selected three college professors and two lady librarians, both of whom were well up in literature, and of the nineteen papers submitted, that of Miss Camille Fitzpatrick, only thirteen years old, was considered most worthy of the medal. She is the daughter of the late Hon. Morgan Fitzpatrick, who was State Superintendent of Public Schools and later a member of Congress, a gifted and popular Southerner, who, with brief experience in journalism, revived the Hartsville Vidette, published at Hartsville, Tenn., under direction of Gen. John H. Morgan during the war.

This delightful girl is not content to rest upon the honor achieved by the prize paper on the South's great and faithful advocate in her struggle for the principles inherited, but she has pursued with diligence her studies. In the last quarterly examination of her school in Gallatin she made an average of 99 11 12, the best grade made in the school and the second best ever made in the twenty two years of its existence.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

One hundred years ago a boy was born in Christian County, Ky., who was to become one of history's most honored characters and a man who could distinguish himself also in the time of peace. This boy was Jefferson Davis. Born of obscure parentage, but noble blood, he attained the heights which none but great men have ever attained. He studied at Transylvania College to prepare himself for the duties of peace and at West Point to gain the military training for which he afterwards had such great use.

Prior to the war Mr. Davis married the daughter of Zachary Taylor without that gentleman's consent. In the great battles of the Mexican War, especially Monterey and Buena Vista, Mr. Davis was equaled by none for the deeds of heroic chivalry which few but him could have performed with the same manly valor. After seeing Mr. Davis's great deeds of bravery and chivalry, Mr. Taylor sent for him and forgave him,

No officer before or after Mr. Davis has had such a peculiar charm over his men. He could look into their faces before going into battle and see the trust in their eyes which seemed to say: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."

What greater tribute could Mr. Davis pay to the noble women of the South than after the war when he wrote the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" and dedicated it to the women of the South in these words: "To the women of the Confederacy, whose pious ministrations to our wounded soldiers soothed the last hours of those who died far from the objects of their tenderest love, whose domestic labors contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field, whose zealous faith in our cause shone a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war, whose fortitude sustained them under all the privations to which they were subjected, whose floral tribute annually expresses their enduring love and reverence for our sacred dead, and whose patriotism will teach their children to emulate the deeds of our Revolutionary sires, these pages are dedicated by their countryman, Jefferson Davis?"

He was both a Representative and a Senator from the State of Mississippi, and none who knew this man can question as to the way he filled these offices. Mr. Davis was made President of the Confederate States, and no record save that which history records of the war of 1861-65 is needed to tell of this great responsibility which he performed so well and the love, respect, and esteem bestowed upon him by all the world. At this time among an era of great men Mr. Davis was great among the greatest.

After Lee's surrender, Mr. Davis was preparing to cross the Mississippi River and obtain some terms from the Federal government with a more lenient course in view toward the already overtaxed people of the South, when he was captured by the Federals. At the time of his capture he was trying to obtain something for his beloved Southern people, like all great men, never thinking of themselves, but only trying to do more for the cause and country which they represent.

The greatest blot on the pages of American history is Mr. Davis's imprisonment at Fortress Monroe. Nothing should bind Southern people more closely to the Confederacy than to think of the way the Federals treated our greatest patriot, most cherished and distinguished hero and martyr, Jefferson Davis.

After remaining in prison for two years, encountering the hardships which must naturally come with such a life, he was bailed and allowed to return to his Mississippi home. There he lived quietly, and was more beloved than when he was President of the ill fated Confederacy. His bitterest political enemies went on his bail, showing that in the last even his enemies were willing to admit that he and the cause which he represented were in the right.

How sweet must have been the songs of the birds to our great hero! And still sweeter and more beautiful to him must have been the noble blooded women of the South, who came to pay little tributes of love and kindness and to brighten the last days of our most zealous countryman, for he was a true American now, and no more did he have to face the noisy tumult of war, and the bugle's call came to be to him only a vague dream around which the phantom hopes of an old man lingered and played.

None but the truly great could go through all this man went through with and come out with the stainless character and sublime honors, all of which Mr, Davis so richly deserved.

What greater honor could man wish to have bestowed upon him than for his name to be given as an example by which the footsteps of his youthful countrymen should be guided to lead to a goal of fame and eternal happiness and rest? No more could possibly be required to make a man great. Mr. Davis had this, and much more, so we may truly call him one of the greatest men, if not the greatest, which the pages of history record. Though history's pages may decay and be thrown away, Mr. Davis's good deeds will remain with us.

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.

If there were more lives like his, more such stanch patriots and heroic citizens, what a grand and noble republic we should have! And it is just such examples as he has left us that are helping to make honest citizens for the ruling and governing powers of America nay, we hope to say in a few years of the world. Jefferson Davis is stamped upon the mind and heart of every young American.

On this, the 3d of June, we dedicate within our hearts monuments of love and devotion to Mr. Davis and the noble cause which he represented monuments not made with hands, but those which will last throughout eternity. And we know could Mr. Davis look back a moment from his beautiful home in the heavens he would appreciate these monuments in our hearts more than all the structures earthly hands could erect. But as he cannot come back, but lies sleeping, sleeping where no earthly voices obtrude to break the stillness and quietude of his slumbers, we will keep dear his memory and that of our noble forefathers who fought for us under his guidance.

How proud we should be of these men! and few of us are lacking in pride for them not vain pride, for the gold which adorns the uniforms of great men, for our heroes wore no such clothes. Our men said: "Let the enemy wear the raiment adorned with gold now, and after the war we shall wear it, and wear it honestly, for we are going to gain this land in which to make our homes." And they gained, though the losers. "Gloria Victis."

When they went to sleep 'neath the mossy sod and the grass and flowers grew over their heads, who of us could walk silently through the old churchyard and come away without a firm resolve in our hearts to keep a stainless name for all this land they left in our care?

Our fancy now weaves around Mr. Davis a warp of golden threads as he sits an illuminated vision around which angels dance and sing. He knows no sorrow, no care, but lives the life he deserves. What a vivid charm and magnetism this man possessed! Not like the fairy stories, the imagined hero steals his fair prize and slips away into the dark recesses of the descending night, our hero is real and takes his bride away to prove himself worthy of her, and our hero did not have to beg forgiveness, but was sent for and forgiven because he had proven himself worthy of any man's daughter.

What a delightful romance the story of this great man's life was! All kinds of stories, in fact, can be gathered from his life romance, drama, fiction and who of us does not enjoy war stories? They have a fascinating charm about them which stills children to sleep, and told by an old warrior kindle the first spark of enthusiasm for war in the boys of our country.

Long years after our boys have grown to be men they will tell their children stories of Jefferson Davis, always adding more until by his two hundredth anniversary the American people will have builded about him a story that will penetrate the skies and reach down into the lowest recesses' of earth. But what strange, alluring story of him could we tell that would not be true? for he was a wonderful man, and wonderful things always happen to wonderful men,

So taking his life for our topic we might write on and on, and still there would be something unsaid about Jefferson Davis always more to tell of his life, of his character, a never ending story of pathos, love, and devotion to an unswerving cause and a martyr among men. Are there any more men like Jefferson Davis? Will there ever be any more men like him? We don't know, the material, the foundation is here, and we have only to shape and guide these lives into like nesses of our loved Davis. Why not help to do this? And help we will and do all that is within our power to make other men approach this model man.

THE FIFTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY. ITS RECORD
BY COM. P. J. WHITE, OF R. E. LEE CAMP

'Mid the ruin and destruction that followed the capture of their home and the city of their birth Vergil in his immortal epic tells us of an interview between "the shade of the mighty Hector" and the future founder of the Roman line, in which the immortal hero uses these words: "Think not of home or country's claims, Country and home, alas! are names. Could Troy be saved by hands of men, This hand had saved her then, e'en then, The gods of her domestic shrines That country to your care consigns, Receive them now to share your fate, Provide them mansions strong and great."

With a slight paraphrase, this language might have been used by that greatest of all leaders, "who, as brave as Achilles, as skilled as Ulysses, and as faithful as Achates, was Caesar without his ambition, Napoleon without his cruelty, and Washington without his reward." Returning from fateful Appomattox and beholding the blackened walls and desolated homes of our modern Troy, Lee was still the wise leader and counselor in restoring the fallen fortunes of our common country. Of the men who followed his lead, shared his fortunes, and suffered in his defeat, history will take due account in the years to come. It is our pleasant privilege to talk of that regiment to which we all belonged and which formed no inconsiderable part of the Army of Northern Virginia the 5th Virginia Cavalry.

This regiment of ten companies was first organized at Green's Farm, near Richmond, Va., in May, 1862, though several of the companies A, E, and F, at least had seen service, Companies A and E being organized several years before the commencement of the war. They were present at the battle of Bethel, June 10, 1861, nearly a year before the organization of the 5th Virginia Cavalry. Company F was organized in May, 1861.

The regiment, under Lieut. Col. H. C. Pate, moved down on the Nine Mile Road some days before the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862. Gen. T. L. Rosser, a graduate of West Point, and lieutenant in the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, was made colonel of the same. The officers were as follows: Colonel, T. L. Rosser, Lieutenant Colonel, H. C. Pate, Major, Thomas Eells, Adjutant, Willie Abell, Company A, Captain Puller, Company B, Captain Windsor, Company C, Captain Wilson, Company D, Captain Bullock, Company E, Captain Todd, Company F, Captain Miller, Company G, Captain Clay, Company H, Captain Allen, Company I, Captain Crank, Company K, Captain Pannill.

Only one of these officers reached Appomattox, and he had been several times wounded and promoted to another command. All of the others save three were killed, and they had left the regiment and had been wounded.

The regiment numbered probably seven hundred men. In the battle of Seven Pines and the Seven Days' battles around Richmond the regiment did scouting and picket duty, and saw hard service. It acted as advance guard for Gen. Stonewall Jackson in his advance to attack McClellan's right at Gaines's Mill. The regiment marched with the army to Second Manassas, at which battle it was placed on the right, and lost several men, thence to Maryland, and in the several cavalry fights preceding Sharpsburg it took part. In that battle the regiment was on the Confederate left, and supported, with others, a battery of artillery, losing several men. On the retirement of General Lee's army on the second night after the battle the regiment, owing to the darkness, rode over many dead and wounded men who had not been removed from the battlefield.

By easy stages the army marched to Winchester, whence, after resting, it marched to Fredericksburg to oppose General Burnside, the new commander of the Federal army. In the battle here on December 13, 1862, our regiment was present, though not actively engaged.

The winter of 1862 was spent in watching and picketing General Lee's left flank, the regiment camping a portion of the time near Culpeper. From this camp early on the morning of the 17th of March, 1863, the regiment, with the balance of Fitz Lee's men, was hurried down to Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock River, to repel a large force of Yankee cavalry who were crossing there. After a very severe fight, the enemy were driven back across the river, but in the engagement the regiment lost several men killed, among them Lieutenant Colonel Puller. Here also Major Pelham, of the Stuart Horse Artillery, while leading a cavalry charge was killed.

In the battle of Chancellorsville, which occurred soon afterwards, the 5th Regiment accompanied General Jackson on his famous flank movement against General Hooker's right, and was very near General Jackson when he was wounded. It took an active part in this fight and in the fights which followed.

From Chancellorsville the regiment accompanied the army to Pennsylvania. At Aldie, Loudoun County, Va., the 5th Regiment had a very severe and disastrous fight, losing many men, including Lieutenant Boston, of Company I, who was taken prisoner, and who was afterwards colonel of the regiment. In the march to Gettysburg and in the battle and subsequent events the 5th Regiment bore an honorable part, acting as rear guard for the army on its return to Virginia.

The fall and winter of 1863 was spent in Culpeper, Orange, and Madison Counties, guarding General Lee's flanks. Many stirring events cannot be mentioned here, as we must hurry on to that most terrific campaign which commenced about May 4, 1864, and

did not let up, so far as the cavalry was concerned, until the end was reached at Appomattox.

Advancing with Lee's army into the Wilderness on May 5, 1864, the regiment came first into contact with the Yankees on the Plank Road on our right, near Todd's Tavern. On the morning of May 6, Longstreet having just arrived when he was sorely needed, the battle was joined, and from the Plank Road to pike and pike to the Plank Road the contending legions wrestled in a fierce death grapple. Longstreet in the midst of a successful flank movement was shot down.

Gordon on the pike had made a successful flank movement, capturing many prisoners, until dark.

The cavalry were interposed along the Brock Road to check the Yankee advance toward Spotsylvania C. H., which they successfully did, though opposed by heavy masses of infantry and Sheridan's cavalry, yet our losses were severe. The cavalry slowly retired from Todd's Tavern toward Spotsylvania C. H" and when near the latter their places were taken by the infantry.

On May 9, Sheridan's men having passed our flank on their raid toward Richmond, the cavalry, under General Stuart, started in pursuit, and had many combats with Sheridan's rear guard until overtaken near Yellow Tavern, about eight miles from Richmond, on the 11th of May, 1864. There occurred the severest and probably the most disastrous fight, so far as our regiment was concerned, that took place during the war.

Sheridan, finding that he would be unable to enter Richmond on account of several brigades of infantry guarding the city, turned back upon our cavalry with his overwhelming force.

In the hasty arrangement of our lines to meet them the 5th Regiment occupied the left, and after changing position once or twice was finally massed in a cut in the road about a mile or so beyond Yellow Tavern with orders to hold the same at all hazards. Here were killed Colonel Pate, Captains Wilson, Fox, and Clay, and many men. General Stuart, when he saw from a short distance the gallant defense that the regiment was making, sent Colonel Garnett, of his staff, to Colonel Pate to renew his request to hold the position. This was not more than one or two minutes before he was killed, so Colonel Garnett himself said. When Colonel Pate fell, shot through the head, General Stuart, seeing him fall, said to those about him: "Pate has died the death of a hero."

Were they not all heroes in that fiery ordeal, whether they suffered cruel death or whether they escaped to tell the story? Unable to hold the position and with so many officers and men either killed or wounded, the remainder of the regiment retreated in disorder across a wide field in the rear of their position.

General Stuart's left, being thus turned and pressed heavily in front, also fell back a short distance, when he was again charged by a mounted force of Yankees, who, though successful for a while, were finally driven back. In this charge General Stuart was mortally wounded, and died the next day, May 12, 1864.

The losses in the regiment are estimated at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men altogether in killed, wounded, and prisoners about one half of our number. Sheridan moved eastward with his command, and after some fighting at Meadow Bridges, he crossed the Chickahominy River lower down at Bottom's Bridge and marched to Haxall's Landing, on James River, our command following him some ten or twelve miles east of Richmond on the Darbytown Road. Returning to the army at Hanover Junction, the cavalry moved by the right flank and took part in all the engagements up to and including the battle of Cold Harbor, where the regiment was again heavily engaged and met with considerable loss, and indeed was relieved just in time to avoid capture in the fierce battle of June 3, 1864. After remaining here a few days and watching Sheridan, it was learned that he was on the move toward Gordonsville with his large force of cavalry.

Starting at once, the command marched toward Trevillian's Station to meet this new movement, where on the 11th and 12th of June, after heavy fighting and severe losses on both sides, Sheridan was driven back or retreated across the North Anna River at Carpenter's Ford. He then fell back to the White House, marching from that place to cross the James River on the pontoon bridge at Bermuda Hundred. Sending a portion of his force under Gregg to St. Mary's Church, in Charles City County, to protect his trains during the crossing of the river, they met Gen. Fitz Lee and General Hampton, and after a stubborn fight retreated in confusion, and were pursued nearly to Charles City Courthouse. Sheridan's men disappeared from our front, and having crossed the James River, our command crossed also at Drury's Bluff and marched through Petersburg to Reams Station, and there met and utterly defeated a large force of Yankee cavalry under Wilson. They had been on a raid against the railroad's on the south side and were returning with a great many negroes, men, women, and children, whom they were carrying off, together with much: stolen loot, most of which was retaken, with nearly one thousand negroes, many of them mothers with babies in their arms. I was told by a member of my company that some of the Yankee officers when marched as prisoners to Petersburg with the negro women were made to carry their babies in their arms as a punishment.

On this battlefield we camped during the hot month of July, picketing in Prince George County and scouting occasionally. In the last days of the month we were hurriedly marched through Petersburg and across James River at Chaffin's Bluff to meet an attack at Fussell's Mill. The Yankees, having succeeded in drawing a large force of our men to

the north side of James River, rushed their men back to Petersburg and blew up the Crater before we could get many of our men back, yet it resulted in great loss to themselves.

About the 1st of August, 1864, we had welcome news that we were going to the Valley of Virginia, and, together with Kershaw's Division of infantry, our division of cavalry started. To those who had been campaigning in the swamps of the Chickahominy and James River and along the fearfully dusty roads about Richmond and Petersburg this news was most agreeable.

After a long march to Winchester to join General Early and an advance to the vicinity of Harper's Ferry and return, during which occurred some sharp cavalry fighting, we came to the battle of Winchester, September 19. Placed on the Martinsburg Road on the Confederate left, the regiment was severely engaged all day, and lost many men. Among them two of my own company were killed, one a noble boy and formerly my messmate.

As the sun was slowly approaching the horizon the last Confederate army ever in Winchester passed out. Retreating in good order before overwhelming odds of four to one, our division marched up the Page Valley.

At Luray on the 24th of September, five days after the battle of Winchester, our little brigade was turned about and marched back several miles to meet the enemy, who were pushing on behind. In this combat our regiment suffered heavily, losing many men, one of my own company being killed and another left for dead behind a pile of rails. Many were taken prisoners, one escaping through refuge up a chimney. Our adjutant was also killed, and indeed few were left.

We received reenforcements at Bridgewater after a long, tiresome, and circuitous march. We advanced again, and Sheridan began to retreat, burning mills, barns, grain, and in many instances dwelling houses, creating scenes of desolation and distress.

Pressing on, we had many combats with the rear guard and saw many houses in flames and homeless women and children in tears. Stopping on the banks of Linville Creek to rest for a few minutes, we saw White's Battalion of Rosser's Brigade engaged in the pleasant diversion of shooting prisoners caught in the act of burning houses. In a running fight with Custer's rear guard we pressed them so closely that they dropped many chickens which they had stolen from the farmers along the road. Still pursuing them the next day, we drove them across

Toms Creek beyond their infantry support on another road. In this affair Captain Brown, of Company A, was badly wounded. The next day they turned on us in overwhelming odds and drove us in confusion from the field with severe loss. About ten days afterwards

we were at Strasburg on picket, and then advanced in front of Gordon in his memorable night attack at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, where we drove the enemy from their camp down to and below Middletown, capturing many prisoners and much camp equipage, including General Sheridan's servant and milch cow and General Emory's horses. Owing to our failure to push the pursuit, the Yankees rallied and came against us with such force that we were driven from the field. We lost some good men, among them the last survivor of two brothers, whose sad face I recall, killed in the early morning while entering the enemy's camp.

Retiring from the field of battle, we marched to New Market, some thirty miles distant, where we rested and recruited for some days, and on November 10, 1864, we returned to face Sheridan at Newtown, six miles below the battlefield of Cedar Creek, and to offer him battle again, which was not accepted. In a cavalry charge in the streets of Newtown one of our men was killed, if not more, and a score or more were wounded or captured of the other cavalry regiments, The Yankees declining a general engagement, the next day we returned to our camp, near New Market This last mentioned movement of the Army of the Shenandoah may be said to have terminated the Valley campaign, so far as the infantry was concerned, it now being the middle of November and extremely cold.

For us, however, it was not so. General Payne, our brigadier, in a letter to me stated: "The cavalry were always under fire. Their life was a battle and a march never ending. I have a memorandum showing that from the battle of Winchester Fitz Lee's Division was for twenty seven consecutive days engaged with the Yankees, and at every roll call there were some missing. When we were lucky enough to capture some form of spirits, we would sing:

'Stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis all we've left to prize,
Here's to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next man who dies!'
We sang to lighten our hearts before bowing and walking beyond the stars."
Brave, thrice wounded old hero
May the clods rest lightly and the grass be ever green upon your grave

What member of the 5th Cavalry can ever forget the severe winter of 1864? Passing over an advance of Yankee cavalry to Mount Jackson, which was driven back, General Rosser with his own and our brigade crossed over the mountains into Hardy County and, aided by the blue overcoats taken from the enemy, rode into the post of New Creek and captured eight hundred prisoners, many horses, four pieces of artillery, and large quantities of supplies and brought them off safely.

Soon after the return from this trip our camp near New Market was broken up, and the brigade moved to Swoope's Depot, near Staunton, all of the infantry except about one thousand or twelve hundred men being sent to General Lee at Richmond. The Yankee cavalry under Custer advancing again, our two little brigades left camp and rode through snow and biting cold to meet them, which was done at Lacy Springs after a march of forty miles, rudely breaking in upon their slumbers in the wee small hours of early dawn and starting them upon their hasty retreat.

Passing by a trip to Beverly and the capture of five hundred prisoners, a hasty summons started us on a march through drifting snows across the Blue Ridge to meet a raid on Gordonsville. This was driven off before we could arrive. Near Charlottesville we were turned back to the Valley.

Stopping near Waynesboro long enough to eat a Christmas dinner in the woods, we marched again through deeper snow to Lexington, and camped some miles out of the same, spending the month of January in nightly raids among the bleak mountain's, arresting deserters from General Lee's army.

On February 1 we started on a march of two hundred miles to join General Lee at Richmond, who was sadly in need of troops. Arriving at Richmond, we camped near New Bridge Church, on the Nine Mile Road, and picketed the various roads from the east at Bottom's, Crouch, and Grapevine bridges. Here our lonely vigils were kept amid hooting owls, whose performances were surprising,

From these delightful diversions we were soon summoned to the protection of the High Bridge near Farmville, Va., from the ubiquitous Sheridan. As he was unable to pass the James River on this march from Winchester, he could not get to the bridge, so he continued on his raid on the north side of the river until near Richmond, when, making a wide detour by Ashland, he then crossed the Pamunkey River, and so passed in behind General Grant's lines in front of Richmond. We returned to our camp on the Nine Mile Road and to our tete a tetes with the owls of the Chickahominy, so suddenly interrupted.

But we remained here only a few days, as we soon received a hasty summons to march to General Lee's right beyond Petersburg, Placed on the left of the infantry at Five Forks, the regiment suffered severely, and had many men captured in this disastrous battle, from which began the sad retreat to Appomattox. At the High Bridge we lost our second colonel killed on the field of battle, the gallant R. B. Boston, a soldier without fear and without reproach.

The end was now evidently near at hand, yet the faithful few held on, and finally reaching Appomattox, the remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia, surrounded by countless foes and unable to pierce the living walls of blue confronting them, on April 9, 1865, ceased to exist, surrendering to overwhelming numbers and resources.

Little remains to be said. Wrenching their battle marked flag from its staff, the survivors of the 5th Virginia Cavalry and those of that grand army whose blood had been mingled with their own on many fields with heavy hearts turned their faces toward their desolated homes to bind up bleeding wounds, to hush the orphan's wail, the widow's mourn, and to resume again the peaceful avocations of life.

Sons of the South, they battled fiercely and long for the land of their birth. They marched through heat and cold, through storm and shine, to prison, wounds, and death, till scarcely a corporal's guard was left. They sleep on a hundred fields of mortal strife in the bosom of mother earth, from the summit of the everlasting hills to the spreading sands of the ocean, some amid scenes they loved so well, some in unknown graves, some in far away prisons found a yawning sepulcher, and there sleep the sleep that knows no waking, and some in graves kept green by loving woman's hands and watered by her tears. "They did not achieve success. They did more: they deserved it." Virginia owes you a debt of gratitude she can never repay.

Have you interested your neighbor in the VETERAN?

HOW BEES SAVED SITTING HENS.

BY H. C. CHAPPELL (CO. E, 25TH VA. BAT.).

My father lived ten miles west of Amelia Courthouse. General Griffin's 5th Corps and some of Sheridan's cavalry in passing his home took all the fine horses, also other stock and all the bacon, and everything, in fact, they could find of use to them, and many things they did not need. My mother had a good many chickens in the yard, which they got, but there were ten in the henhouse on nests with eggs under them. The beehives were very close by. They tackled the bees. Soon every Yank quit the place. My father was standing on the porch when one fellow, tormented with the bees, said: "Old man, what must I do?" He told him to slap the spurs to the horse, and he did, but the horse was covered with bees.

While catching chickens one of the Yankees lost a new shaving brush, which I have used ever since. I reached home from Point Lookout, Md. I and a younger brother passed in three miles of home the same day, April .6. I was captured and he was killed at Sailor Creek. My older brother, Maj. A. M. Chappell, was wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. He lived to be seventy nine years old, and died about two years ago. General Grant's army did not commit the lawless things that Sherman's did. Most of Grant's army passed through my county,

Everything was quiet when I got home from prison, about the middle of June. Most of my father's negroes went to work on the farm and made a good crop. I rested until the next year, then went to work on the farm.

BACKING, BUT GRITLESS

WRITTEN BY ONE OF M'CLELLAN'S MEN NEAR RICHMOND

We have the navy, we have the men,
We're bound to go to Richmond and storm the Rebel den.
We'll flank them on the North, we'll shell them on the South,
We'll storm them in the center, and run the Rebels out.
About the 1st of June the balls began to fly,
The Yankees wheeled about, and changed their battle cry.
Lee was in the center, Jackson in the rear,
On the right and left did the noble Hills appear,
Longstreet we had to travel, a Branch we had to cross,
Magruder was about to give the Yankees Goss.
Virginia is a coming with her death dealing steel,
Georgia comes a charging through the swamps and the field,
The Palmetto Rebels, look! are now on the trail,
The North Carolina devils will ride us on a rail,
The Alabama Rebels are bound to win or die,
And the Mississippi rifles! fly, boys, fly
Louisiana legions, Butler is the cry,
Texas bloody rangers! fly, boys, fly
Florida is a hunting all through the bush ,
O the Rebels arc in earnest, push, boys, push!,
Never mind your knapsack, never mind your gun,
Fighting with the Rebels is anything but fun,
A farm they have promised, and to each man a slave,
We'd better skedaddle, or we'll soon find a grave,
Be quick away from Richmond with the rising sun,
Come faster, down aboard the gunboats run, boys, run.

GEN. J. E. B. STUART'S LAST BATTLE
BY FRANK DORSEY, BALTIMORE, MD.

From time to time there have appeared in various papers and magazines accounts of the wounding of Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart at Yellow Tavern May 11, 1864, these accounts placing him in different parts of the field while leading different commands and doing different things, and of what he said to the many different men who helped him when wounded. Without trying to account for these many statements, I will give you as briefly as possible a true account of that great calamity to the South the mortal wounding of "Jeb" Stuart.

Late on the morning of May 11, 1864, General Stuart reached Yellow Tavern with Fitz Lee's Division (Lomax's and Wickham's Brigades), numbering about twenty four hundred men, with ten guns, horse artillery, consisting of one section of Hart's South Carolina Battery, Breathed's Battery (four guns), and the ad Maryland Battery (four guns) all commanded by the famous Maj. Jim Breathed, of whom gallant Tom Munford, the usual commander of Wickham's Brigade, said: "He was as brave an officer and the hardest fighting soldier that the war produced."

General Stuart posted his command with Lomax on the left and Wickham on the right, the two brigades forming an obtuse angle, with an interval of about two hundred yards between Lomax and the prolongation of Wickham's lines, both brigades facing the advance of Sheridan, who was approaching from the northwest by the Mountain or "Three Notch" road.

The Yankee cavalry consisted of Torbett's Division, commanded by Brigadier General Merritt, with the brigades of Custer, Merritt, and Devins facing Lomax, and Wilson's Division, composed of McIntosh's and Chapman's Brigades, supported by Davies's Brigade of Gregg's Division, facing Wickham, with the usual proportion of horse artillery, the very best artillery in the Yankee army. This force, according to General Sheridan's report on May 14, 1864, after the Yellow Tavern and Meadow Bridge fights, still numbered twelve thousand men.

About 3 or 4 P.M. Custer with his brigade charged and captured one section of the Baltimore Light Artillery, which was unsupported on the left and in advance of Lomax. Chapman's Brigade charged at the same instant as Custer, and Lomax was broken and driven back, and it was after this charge that "Jeb" Stuart was wounded.

In that splendid work, "The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry," by Maj. H. B. McClelland, Stuart's chief of staff, there is an account of the mortal wounding of General Stuart as written by the author to Mrs. Stuart shortly after the General's death, which was published in Volume VII., "Southern Historical Society Papers." It states that General Stuart when wounded was caught and helped from his horse by Capt. Gus Dorsey, Company K, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and that while waiting for another horse General Stuart ordered Captain Dorsey to return to his command and drive back the enemy, although there was hardly a handful of men between that little group and the advancing enemy. This was old Troop K, commanded by Gus Dorsey. Lieut. Col. John Esten Cooke, of Stuart's staff, says: "Stuart reeled in his saddle, and would have fallen had he not been caught by Capt. Gus Dorsey." N. W. Harris, Company G, 1st Virginia Cavalry, much quoted for coolness and courage by B. B. Vaughan, one of G's best troopers, in his address on the cavalry campaign of May, 1864, before the A. P. Hill Camp in Petersburg, Va., said: "Our company was resting immediately on the telegraph road, Troop K to our right. The Yanks were advancing along: the road. Stuart was there and ordered Captain Hammond to charge with his squadron, which he did gallantly, and was killed. We were ordered to dismount, and the last words I ever heard from 'Old Jeb' were, 'Boys, don't stop to count fours. Shoot them! Shoot them!' and we did shoot them. We had an excellent position. There was a deep cut in the road with a good fence to the left and in front of us. The Yanks were charging with sabers and slashed at us over the fences, but we soon piled them up so as to completely blockade the road with dead horses and men. As soon as General Stuart saw we had blockaded the road, and stopped their advance he rode off in the direction of Troop K, and that was the last I ever saw of him. I am sure Captain Dorsey will sustain me in the statement that there was not a member of Stuart's staff with him when he was shot, not even a courier."

Lieut. Col. Gus W. Dorsey, then captain of Troop K, 1st Virginia Cavalry, says: "I was stationed on the right of our line near the telegraph road with my company (K), numbering about seventy men dismounted, and the first I knew of our troops being whipped and driven back on the left was when General Stuart came down to my position to order me back, and just as he rode up to the company the Yanks charged. He halted a moment and encouraged the men with the words (his saber above his head) : 'Bully for old K. Give it to them, boys!' And just as K had repulsed them he was shot through the stomach, reeled on his horse, and said, 'I am shot,' and then said, 'Dorsey, save your men!' I caught him and took him from his horse. He insisted that I should leave him and save my men. I told him we would take him with us, and calling Corporal Robert Bruce and Private Charley Wheatley, we sent him to the rear. No other troops were near General Stuart when he was shot that I saw. When we were in those heated battles, a fellow had not much time to look around."

M. J. Billmyer, the gallant captain of Company F, 1st Virginia Cavalry, Shepherdstown, W. Va., says: "I was on the extreme left of the 1st Virginia (main body), K about one hundred and fifty yards to our left."

W. S. Purnell, Company K, who when captured escaped from Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md., back to K, says: "I distinctly remember that Captain Dorsey helped General Stuart from his horse when wounded, and that Fred L. Pitts's horse was used to carry General Stuart to the rear."

Fred Pitts says: "I am certain that when General Stuart joined us he was entirely alone. I saw him speak to Captain Dorsey, and then lost sight of him for a few minutes on account of a little trouble we were having with the people in front of us. It was a pretty hot place. I saw him reel in his saddle, and heard him tell Captain Dorsey he was hit or wounded. He either dismounted himself or was taken down by Captain Dorsey, and for a few moments was left on the ground. It was evident we could hold the position only a few moments, and Captain Dorsey directed me to get my horse for General Stuart to ride, because he was a quiet animal, and for me to ride the General's, which had become very restive, and ordered us to hurry to the rear while he held the position to enable us to get away. I remember meeting the ambulance just as we got to the main road, but at that moment we repelled a charge of cavalry, and the ambulance people got away with General Stuart. Our gallant old Captain Dorsey, our beau ideal of a dashing cavalryman, was the finest soldier I ever saw. But for his prompt and gallant action we could not have gotten General Stuart away, and I believe that to accomplish this he would have held his position as long as he had a man left."

By an order from our War Department August 6, 1864, Troop K, all Marylanders, was transferred from the 1st Virginia Cavalry to the 1st Maryland Cavalry, of which Gus W. Dorsey was made lieutenant commanding,

On April 9 the "Old Brigade" was composed of the 1st Maryland and the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th Virginia Cavalry. It was the brigade that cut its way through the Yanks at Appomattox, and was disbanded by Brig. Gen. Thomas T. Munford, Virginia's greatest living soldier, April 28, 1865, because of Gen. Joe Johnston's surrender on the 26th.

LIEUT. COL. G. W. DORSEY

Gustavus W. Dorsey was of that prominent Maryland family, forty of whom wore the gray, all descendants of Edward Dorsey, who settled on a grant of land, "Shepbush," in 1642. He was private, first sergeant Company K, 1st Squadron Sharpshooters, 1st Virginia Cavalry, first lieutenant May 5, 1862. Led K in every fight and on every raid after that date, captain July, 1863. At Yellow Tavern May 11, 1864, caught and helped General Stuart from his horse and sent him to the rear while he held the Yankees in check. On

August 6, 1864, order from Secretary of War transferred him and his company, all Marylanders, from 1st Regiment Virginia Cavalry to 1st Maryland Battalion of Cavalry, of which he, though the junior captain, was made lieutenant colonel. On April 9, 1865, as part of Munford's Brigade, made the last charge for Army of Northern Virginia. Disbanded his battalion, the last organized part of Gen. R. E. Lee's army, after receiving Gen. Tom Munford's letter, dated Cloverdale, Va" April 28, 1865. Was never paroled and has never taken the oath.

The War Records

Series I., V., Volume III., page 572, reports in Special Orders No. 185 from Richmond Captain Dorsey and his company's transfer to the 1st Battalion Maryland Cavalry.

GRANT AS "THE SOUTH'S FRIEND."
BY FRANK DORSEY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Southern speakers and writers of prose and poetry almost invariably mention Sherman, Sheridan, and Hunter as brutes and vandals, while Grant, who issued the orders for all that brutality and vandalism which as soldiers they were compelled to obey, was "the South's friend." The sort of love Grant had for the South is clearly set forth in the following extracts from orders and reports that cannot be disputed as well as the fact that Grant as long as he was President kept the South with the Yankee bayonet under the rule of the negro, the carpetbagger, and the scalawag (the native Southern white now known as an independent or reformer).

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, MONOCACY RIDGE, MD.,
August 5, 1864.

Maj. Gen. D. Hunter, Commanding Department of West Virginia: In pushing up the Shenandoah Valley, as it is expected you will have to go first or last, it is desirable that nothing should be left to invite the enemy to return. Take all provisions, forage, and stock wanted for your command, such as cannot be consumed destroy,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General."
CITY POINT, August 16, 1864, 1:30 P.M.

Major General Sheridan, Commanding District Winchester, Va.: When any of Mosby's men are caught, hang them without trial.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General"

CITY POINT, August 26, 1864, 2:30 P.M.

Major General Sheridan, Halltown, Va.: Do all the damage to railroads and crops that you can. Carry off stock of all descriptions and negroes, so as to prevent further planting. If the war is to last another year, we want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General"
CITY POINT, July 14, 1864.

Major General Halleck, Washington, D. C.: If the enemy has left Maryland, as I suppose he has, he should have upon his heels veterans, militiamen, men on horseback, and everything that can be got to follow to eat out Virginia clear and clean as far as they go, so that crows flying over it for the balance of this season will have to carry their provender with them.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutennat General"

That remark about the crows is always erroneously attributed to Sheridan.

CITY POINT, July 15, 1864.

Major General Halleck, Washington, D. C.: If Hunter cannot get to Gordonsville and Charlottesville to cut the railroad, he should make all the valley south of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad a desert as high up as possible.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General"

The above order was sent by Halleck to Hunter on July 17.

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION, HARRISONBURG, Sept. 28, 1864, 10:30 P.M.

Brig. Gen. W. Merritt, Commanding 1st Cavalry Division General: The major general commanding directed that you leave a small force to watch Swift Run and Brown's Gap, and with the balance of your own and Custer's Division to swing around through or near Piedmont, extending toward and as near Staunton as possible. Destroy all mills, all grain, and all forage you can, and drive off or kill all stock, and otherwise carry out the instructions of Lieutenant General Grant, an extract of which is sent you and which means leave the valley a barren waste.'

JAMES W. FORSYTH, Lieut. Col. and

Chief of Staff to General Sheridan"

HARRISONBURG, Sept. 20, 1864, 7 :30 P.M.

Lieutenant General Grant, City Point: Torbett retired via Staunton, destroying according to your original instructions to me. This morning I sent around Merritt's and Custer's Divisions via Piedmont to burn grain, etc., pursuant to your instructions.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major General."

Note this letter well.

Brig. Gen. W. Merritt in his report styles his having to obey these brutal orders as "the far from agreeable duty for a soldier to perform." But Abraham Lincoln, the high saint of the New South, though President, never by word or action sought to check this devilish brutality, nor did he in any manner express the least disapproval of it, and never having done anything for the South while alive except freeing the negroes with every prospect of bringing on all the horrors of a servile war, thus forcing our men from the front to protect their defenseless homes, he has of late years been lauded to the skies for what he would have done for the South had he not been killed. Phil Sheridan, the brute, was sat upon heavily by Dana and Halleck without a word of disapproval from that tender, merciful hearted St. Abraham of the New South because he fed the starving people around Winchester, people whom Sheridan had been compelled to reduce to that state of misery by Grant's orders.

INQUIRIES BY AND ABOUT VETERANS.

J. L. Bufkin, of Buckatunna, Miss., makes inquiry for three comrades who were with him on vedette duty west of Atlanta in 1864 soon after a severe picket fight. He says: "We took our positions before day within a short distance of the enemy by a chestnut stump with sprout in an old field with no other trees near. The boys we relieved had dug out a hole there just large enough for the four to get into. As soon as day began to break we began firing into the enemy as they walked carelessly about, and they returned the fire from a rifle cannon posted near by. A shot soon struck the stump and literally tore it out, together with our temporary breastworks. We were then so exposed that we planned to vacate our hazardous position, which we did by crawling away as near the ground as a snake could get, except one of the boys, who ran out like a deer amid the shots and shouts of the enemy without being injured. I was lieutenant in command of the vedettes and last to get away. I think two of the boys were named **Watts** and belonged to Company B, 27th Mississippi Regiment. I was a member of Company H, of that regiment, Walthall's Brigade. I received seven wounds during my service, the last two at Jonesboro, Ga., August 31, 1864. After suffering with them for forty four years, on the 26th of last May I had the left leg amputated just below the knee. Though I am now nearly sixty seven years

old, and have suffered these forty four years with wounds and am now maimed for life, I have never regretted having been a Confederate soldier, because I still believe, as I did then, that we were in the right."

Capt. S. L. Crute writes from Roanoke, Va.: "Please aid me in locating some of the Tennessee comrades with whom I was associated during the war.

In October, 1862, there was organized for special purposes by detail from the commands composing the Army of Northern Virginia a battalion of three companies, with headquarters at Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va.

It was called Wright's Battalion in honor of **Dr. Wright**, then in charge of the general hospital at the Rock Alum Springs. I belonged to Company A, and was elected first lieutenant by acclamation, and afterwards was brevetted captain. We did no fighting as a battalion, and were finally disbanded, the privates going back to their original commands and the officers going to any arm of the service they chose. I took a furlough of sixty days and went back to my original command. In this battalion there were many Tennesseans from Nashville, perhaps of the 1st Tennessee Regiment. I remember meeting Lieutenant Colonel Surveyor and Dr. Quintard, of that regiment, and the last I ever heard of **Dr. Wright** he and **Dr. Quintard** had traded libraries. Dr. Quintard was chaplain of the 1st Tennessee Regiment. Any survivors of Wright's Battalion will confer a favor by writing to me, as I wish to get in correspondence about this command."

Franklin Perrin, of Batesville, Ark., is anxious to procure copies of two old war songs, of which he can recall only fragments. Any subscriber who can do so will confer a favor by sending him these copies. One song begins thus:

I'll sing you a song, and it won't detain you long,
Of the famous 'On to Richmond' double trouble,
Of the half a dozen trips and the half a dozen slips,
And the very latest bursting of the bubble.

Chorus. O, O, O ! Oe, Oe, O !

I tell you, boys, a better day is coming,
Then buckle on your cartridge box and shoulder up your gun,
And we'll fight for our happy land of Canaan.

The other song is something like this:

First McDowell, bold and gay, set forth the shortest way,
By Manassas, in the pleasant summer weather,
But he quickly went and ran
On a 'Stonewall,' foolish man,
And he had a rocky journey altogether.

SENTIMENT OF OUR BELOVED WOMEN

The venerable Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoock writes from the Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.: "For six or seven years I have subscribed for the VETERAN, and feel that I must see it as soon as it comes from the press. I often wonder how Confederates can get on without it. Our editor deserves genuine thanks and positive support for this noble work. As true Confederates, send for the VETERAN." Mrs. Bocoock as Director of Virginia for the Arlington Confederate monument, it may be seen, is doing much valuable work.

Mrs. Belle McLaurin Knapp, President R. E. Lee Chapter, Bolton, Miss., writes of the suggestion to build a monument at Franklin, Tenn., by both the North and the South, which is cordially approved by that Chapter. She says: "They who fought and died there were brave men, giving their lives for what they thought right. Gen. H. B. Granbury was a muchloved cousin of mine, and a braver soldier than he never lived. He was born in Mississippi, but his father moved to Texas before he was grown, and it was from that State that he went into the Confederate army and gave his life for the South. We also heartily approve of the plan to purchase the birthplace of our beloved President, Jefferson Davis, and think the idea of a home for the widows of the old soldiers a most excellent one, and will do all that we can to aid in this good cause. We are sending a very little now, but hope to do more later on."

MEMORIES OF MORGAN'S CHRISTMAS RAID BY REV. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, ST. LOUIS, MO.

In reading the names of a committee of men appointed in connection with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN movement for a Jefferson Davis Home Memorial, I came to the name of Basil Duke. It awakened memories of the first and only time I ever saw him. I have yielded to an impulse to commence the writing of what may follow concerning that occasion. Then I was thirty eight and a half years old, now I am eighty four and a half, and my octogenarian fingers manipulate the keys of an old time Remington Typewriter in putting my memories in print for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I lived then (December, 1862) in Bloomfield, Ky., twelve miles from Bardstown and forty miles from Louisville.

My horse that I had used for a while in "riding the circuit" of a Methodist preacher was dead, and I borrowed one of Mrs. Berkley, the wife of a physician, who was down South with the Confederates, and I rode over to Bardstown. At noon I was at the dining table of Dr. Gus Cox and family. A young man servant came in and said: "The roar of cannon is heard in the distance." All at the dinner table went out on the porch, where we listened. Dr. Cox said: "That sound is made about the crossing of the Rolling Fork of Salt River." We had heard of the coming of "Morgan's men," and our conclusion was that the roar of cannon meant a conflict between Morgan's riders and a body of Union soldiers. Subsequent information was to the effect that Morgan's men had been attacked by a force

of Union troops under Colonel Harlan, now and for a long time a judge in the Supreme Court of the United States. I spent the afternoon and night in Bardstown, the guest of Dr. Cox.

About dark Morgan's men began to throng the streets. Among the arrivals was Brig. Gen. Basil Duke, of Morgan's Division of Cavalry. He had been wounded in the short battle whose cannon's roar we had heard. It was necessary for him to be helped by others into the hall of Dr. Cox's twostory brick house and up the stairway to the north end room, where he was laid on a thick pallet on the floor. Dr. Thomas Allen (a citizen of Taylorsville, twenty miles away, where he had a wife and children, a surgeon in Morgan's army of bold riders) attended General Duke. I stood by and witnessed the treatment of the distinguished patient. The wound was on the right side of the head, and when the doctor had washed the blood from it and the neck and dried them, I was invited to examine a cannon's work. The wound was supposed to have been made by a small piece of bursted shell of a small cannon, I knelt at the back of the wounded man, and, bending over a little, I had a distinct view of the wound. A piece of the skin and bone behind the ear were gone. If the direction of the flying bit of shell had been directly from the right of the victim, it would have passed through the lower part of the head and death would have been instantaneous. As I bent over the prostrate warrior and looked at his wound he said to me in a somewhat cheerful tone: "That was a pretty close call." He did not complain or in any way indicate that his wound was a very painful one. That night in an adjoining room (I was the bedfellow of Dr. Allen) the groaning that I occasionally heard during his wakeful moments was induced by severe neuralgic pains in the Doctor's face.

The next morning I went over early to look after my horse at a neighboring livery stable. My horse was gone and a black three year old filly had been left in his place. I went to a neighboring hotel, where I saw Genera] Morgan on the sidewalk. His outer garments were a roundabout and pants of greenish looking woolen goods. On his head was a black low crowned soft hat with broad brim. In that simple equipment he was a splendid looking man. I introduced myself and told him that my horse, belonging to the wife of a doctor with the Confederates in the South, had been taken by one of his men. He promptly said: "You shall have your horse if he can be found. Go out on the Springfield Pike to a large white house on the left in the rear of which General Duke's command has been encamped. Wait there till our men are on the move. If you discover your horse, tell the rider you have my command for his surrender. If he refuse, procure his detention if you can till I arrive, and the horse shall be returned to you." I went to the livery stable, and was soon on the public square astride a black nickering three year old animal. What made it "nicker" was the sight of its master, a farmer mounted on its mother. Morgan's men had passed the farmer's premises on the march after the battle of the Rolling Fork, and one of the men pressed the black colt into the service of the Confederacy, and in the livery stable swapped it for my borrowed horse. The owner of the colt saluted me as a man of war with the words: "How do you like the colt. Captain?" We agreed to the proposition I made: that I should ride the colt out on the line of march, and when I recovered my horse the colt should be returned to him.

I left the courthouse square thronged with mounted warriors and rode out the Springfield Pike two miles, when I came in front of the aforementioned white house, and therewas

my horse hitched to a post near the gate to the front yard. At the same time a young soldier in gray came out and approached the horse. I said: "Halt! That is my horse, and I have the order for his restoration to me from General Morgan." He did not halt, but mounted the horse, galloped round the yard fence, and down a hill. I rode slowly after him and saw him halt in front of a few soldiers by a camp fire. He was there for a minute, and then dashed over a hill and was out of sight. I hitched my horse close to the yard fence, walked down to the camp fire, and saluted the young men of war. I told them about my being on a search for a lost horse. They seemed to enjoy my dilemma and laughed heartily. I told them I had seen the rider of my horse halt before them. Again they laughed. I told of his flight over the hill beyond my sight. Then there was more fun for the men of war. One man looked familiar to me, and I ventured the opinion that I had seen him somewhere. Then they all laughed. I asked him where he was from. He said, "Jefferson County, Ky"" and that his father was one of the prominent physicians of that region. One man asked me to describe my lost horse. I did it as best I could amid merriment. One asked me: "Do you think you would know your horse if you should see him?" I replied: "I think I would." Then there was more humor. One said: "Look at the horse behind you and see if he looks anything like yours." I looked around, and there was my horse within six feet of me. Then there was a general uproar of laughter from the young men of war. I took another look at the son of the Jefferson County doctor and said: "You are the fellow that mounted my horse at the front gate." He confessed that he was. After I saw him halt at the camp fire he galloped over the little hill and was back with his companions before I reached them, and they were all ready for fun at my expense when I got there. I secured my horse and the farmer got his black colt.

After seven years I met a bridal party of several men and women on an Ohio River steamer. They were from Jefferson County. I learned from one of them that he was a son of Dr. , had been a soldier in Morgan's command, was in General Duke's Brigade, and at Bardstown in the Christmas raid. Then I said to him in a spirit of pleasantry: "And you are the fellow that stole my horse." I related the facts to his friends, and the laugh was in my favor and at his expense. Possibly he is yet living and may read this narrative.

THE CATRONS IN CONFEDERATE SERVICE.

The Catron family, one of the oldest in the State of Missouri, recently held a reunion in West Plains, Mo., at the home of Gen. O. H. P. Catron. There were present four brothers, all of whom served in the Confederate army, one brother in law, who also served the Confederacy, two sisters and their stepmother. This was their first meeting in forty years. The brothers and sisters composing the party and their ages follow: W. J. Catron, 75, Kansas City, C. C. Catron, 73, Carthage, Mo., R. S. Catron, 69, Butler, Mo., O. H. P. Catron, 66, West Plains, Mo., Mrs. George B. Fletcher, 64, Higginsville, Mo., Mrs. W. D. Brown, 43, Richmond, Mo. Mrs. L. C. Catron, their stepmother, eighty years old, who makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Brown, also was present.

Christopher Catron, grandfather of the Catron brothers, was born and married in Wythe County, Va. He was a cousin of Chief Justice John Catron. He moved to White County, Tenn., where in 1810 Stephen Catron, father of the Catron brothers, was born. In 1818 they moved to the Territory of Missouri and settled in the fertile country near where Lexington, Mo., now stands. There Stephen Catron grew to manhood. In 1833 he was married to Miss Elizabeth B. Smith, who bore him six children. She died in 1847, and three years later he married Miss Lavinia C. Hill, who bore him four children.

All four of the Catron brothers and their brother-in-law, George B. Fletcher, served in the Confederate army. W. J. Catron, O. H. P. Catron, and George B. Fletcher enlisted in 1861 in the Missouri State Guard. In 1862 C. C. Catron, R. S. Catron, O. H. P. Catron, and George B. Fletcher enlisted for the war in Company C, Gordon's Regiment of Shelby's Cavalry Brigade, and served until the close of the war, surrendering at Shreveport, La., June 16, 1865. W. J. Catron enlisted in 1862 in the 6th Missouri Infantry, Cockrell's Brigade, and served until the close of the war, surrendering at Mobile, Ala. When the war closed, C. C. Catron was major and assistant commissary on General Shelby's staff, O. H. P. Catron was lieutenant in Company C, Gordon's Regiment, and R. S. Catron was brigade ensign. C. C. Catron is now Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to General Halliburton, commanding the Missouri Division, U. C. V., and O. H. P. Catron is serving his second term as Commander of the Eastern Brigade, Missouri Division, U. C. V.

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JOHN BROWN AND HARPER'S FERRY PATRICK HIGGINS, IN AN EXCHANGE.

About the middle of March, 1858, "Capt. John Smith" came to Harper's Ferry and procured boarding accommodations over at Sandy Hook. I was at that time employed as a watchman on the old wooden bridge at the Ferry, and boarded also in Sandy Hook, a few doors from "Captain Smith." He told me he was a prospector who had come to Harper's Ferry in the hope of discovering valuable minerals in the surrounding mountains. He used to carry a pick with him, and would frequently take long strolls, and I remember upon two different occasions that he showed me manganese which he claimed to have obtained here, and also some silver which he likewise said he found in the vicinity. The people of the locality were very much interested in Captain Smith's pretended discovery, and he said he intended opening some mines. Later he rented the Kennedy farm, over on the Antietam road about six miles from Harper's Ferry, and said it was his aim to start at once on his mining venture. Shortly after moving into the Kennedy property he bought a horse and a small wagon, and pretty soon "Captain Smith" began receiving almost daily boxes from the depot, explaining that it was mining machinery. But from the length of those mysterious boxes I have since come to believe they contained the rifles, revolvers, etc., which he afterwards used in his attack on the arsenal.

During the summer a number of strangers came over the bridge and inquired whether I knew where a "John Smith" lived in the neighborhood and asked to be directed to his place. These men came at intervals of about a week, and, as I later learned, were the men who comprised "Captain Smith's" following in his attack on the arsenal. Historians have repeatedly written that the insurrection was created by negroes, but this is entirely incorrect, and there were not more than three negroes in the party. I personally saw the men who made the attack, and recognized nearly every one.

Employed with me in watching the old railroad bridge here at the Ferry was a man named William Williams, and we relieved each other at six hour intervals. The railroad then had a time clock on the bridge, such as is in use in the large offices to day, and we were required to register every thirty minutes. On Sunday night, October 16, 1859 (I remember it well), I was due to report at midnight, but Williams and I never quarreled with each other if one happened to be a few minutes late. On this night I arrived at the bridge at exactly 12:20, and was surprised to find that Williams wasn't there, and had not registered on the clock since 10:30. I immediately started back across the bridge in search of him, and was accosted on my way by two armed strangers, this being the first intimation I had of the siege. I was commanded by the men to "halt," but, not being familiar with military life, didn't obey. After my failure to stop upon the second command, I was struck in the side by a bayonet and knocked almost unconscious by the blow. Regaining my feet, I asked the reason for their molestation and told them I was the watchman on the bridge. "Well," answered the man, whom I afterwards learned was John Brown's son, Oliver, "we will watch the bridge to night. You come with us." As we started back across the bridge I saw several long spears, and was almost frantic from fear. I struck young Brown a powerful blow with my fist, knocked him down, and made my escape. In those days I was a swift runner, and, scared as I was, I lost no time in getting back into the town.

The railroad company's agent at Harper's Ferry at that time was Fountain Beckarn, who was also the Mayor of the town. He had a negro named Hayward Sheppard, whom he had freed some time before and employed around the station, and Sheppard slept in the building. After making my escape from the bridge I awoke the negro and told him what had taken place. I discovered that a bullet had slightly grazed my head, but proceeded to Williams's house to see if he had returned home. Mrs. Williams told me he had not.

About this time the Western express was due from Cincinnati, so I returned to the station. She was on time that night, I remember well, and reached the Ferry at 1 .26. The conductor in charge of her was "Jake" Phillips, and I cautioned him not to cross the bridge with his train, as it had been besieged and such action would be dangerous. "Jake" was a large and powerful man, a typical railroader of the time, who didn't know the meaning of the word "fear." He took his lantern and started over toward the bridge, asking me to join him. While I was terribly scared, I didn't want to be a coward, so went with him. We were fired at by the abolitionists, though I am convinced they merely wanted to scare us. The raiders commanded us to advance no farther, saying they wanted liberty and that it was only some negroes fighting for freedom.

Together Conductor Phillips and I returned to the station, and shortly afterwards Hayward Sheppard, the negro, ventured out, and was mortally wounded. In the meantime a farmer named Gist and his sons, who had been attending a religious meeting and were returning home by way of the bridge, were taken prisoners the sons held and the father dispatched by "Captain Smith" to tell Phillips to proceed with the train. The message was

not to molest the railroad or delay the United States mail. Still Phillips refused to move his train during the night, and it was not until after seven o'clock Monday morning, when "Captain Smith" himself had come and assured Phillips that no harm would befall the train, that it resumed its journey East.

The abolitionists held the arsenal all day Monday, October 17, and kept the village in a state of terror. On Monday afternoon the wounded negro, Sheppard, appeared to be dying, and pleaded with me to get him a drink of water. The poor fellow's sufferings were so agonizing that I started for the Shenandoah River with a pitcher. I was halted by a son in law of "Smith's" named Thompson, who, on learning my mission, bade me get the negro the water. As I returned from the river with the water Thompson said: "It serves the nigger right, and if he had taken our advice, he would not have been shot." From this I am certain the negro was asked to join in the uprising, which he likely declined and was threatened with death in the event he told.

On Tuesday, October 18, a company of United States marines from Washington, under command of Col. Robert E. Lee and Major Green, arrived at Sandy Hook by freight train over the Baltimore and Ohio and marched to the Ferry, prepared to take possession of the government arsenal. Major Green advanced toward the fort waving a white handkerchief, went inside, and had a consultation with the raiders. Returning from the fort, he came over to where I was standing alongside of Colonel Lee and said: "Colonel, those raiders in there are commanded by old Ossawatimie Brown, of Kansas, and he refuses to surrender." Then it was that the real identity of "Captain Smith" was learned. The order was given to charge the fort, and after the third attack Brown and his men were captured. Eleven of these were killed in the encounter and were buried, including Brown's oldest son, Oliver, by the Shenandoah River. Brown and the remainder of his men were taken on the first train to Charlestown, the county seat, and were tried and executed. I shall never forget that eventful 29th of December, 1859, when John Brown was hanged up at Charlestown. His remains were brought here and met by his widow and a man named Tindale, from Philadelphia, who afterwards came to the Ferry as a major in the 28th Pennsylvania Infantry. Brown's body was taken back to his old home in New England.

The most important of all things incumbent upon Confederates is to extend the circulation of the VETERAN. Be diligent to see if your neighbor takes it.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

Before the expiration of the Jefferson Davis centennial it seems most fitting that our friends and coworkers should be made acquainted with the success of the movement to have the portrait of Jefferson Davis placed in the schools of the South.

General Order No. 4, issued by Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veteran organization, shows that the resolution passed by the

Confederated Southern Memorial Association received the hearty indorsement of our distinguished Commander.

It is extremely gratifying to report that in compliance with the order and resolution the presentation ceremonies were very generally observed in a large number of schools in all the Southern States.

In reply to inquiries concerning the movement in Louisiana, the State Superintendent, Mr. T. H. Harris, writes: "The distribution of the portraits of Jefferson Davis was very general, as I have found one of the pictures in practically every school in the State visited by me."

From Alabama comes the following report: "In Marion the Ladies' Memorial Association presented the picture of Jefferson Davis, handsomely framed, to four schools. The ceremony was very impressive. Mrs. Estelle Lovelace, the President, presided, and a Confederate flag was given with each picture which bore the following inscription: 'This portrait of Jefferson Davis is presented to this school by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Marion with the hope and the earnest desire that the young people who yearly gather within its walls may learn to know and honor and emulate the character of the great and good man it represents, who was a hero not only as soldier and statesman, but when fallen from his high estate by the will of God and bearing alone and in silence injustice and calumny for his people. If only the forgotten are dead, then have we in our power to make the name and life of Jefferson Davis immortal in history and in the hearts of his people from generation to generation.' "

From the Superintendent of the Marion Institute, Mr. H. O. Murfee, Mrs. Lovelace received a very appreciative letter, from which I quote: "The portrait will be hung in the college chapel, and I trust that all the young men who behold it and read the words you have penned will strive to emulate the heroic and stainless life of Jefferson Davis. The Ladies' Memorial Association is rendering a service of the highest order in these memorials to our heroes. Their lives, as the lives of the men of to day, are indebted for inspiration to our noble women. Your imperishable monument will be found in your devotion to our heroes and our cause."

Thus will it be seen that the women of the Confederacy, to whom President Davis dedicated his great work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," are still in the front ranks doing honor to his name and memory. Though numerically weak, the fire of enthusiasm is burning as brightly in their hearts as it did in the trying days of the sixties, when their loyalty and devotion were evidenced by their untiring efforts to contribute to the comfort and welfare of the Confederate soldier in the field, the bivouac, and the hospital. We have shown that "there is life in the old land yet," and we will continue to care for the graves of our sacred dead and to commemorate their memory so long as one remains to answer "roll call." And from Apalachicola, Fla., comes this very interesting programmed, showing the cooperation of the Sons and Daughters of our Confederate heroes :

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME
NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

Memorial Exercises at the Armory, Sunday, December 6, 1908, at 3 P.M.

Vocal music by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Exercises conducted by the son of a veteran, R. F. Burdine. Prayer by the Rev. J. D. Rountree. Reading: "Object of Meeting, General Order No. 4." By F. G. Wilhelm.

Vocal music by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Reading: "Sketch of Jefferson Davis's Life." By the son of a veteran, H. A. Ferrell.

Vocal music by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Reading Confederate prayer by Rev. M. H. Norton, Assistant Chaplain General.

Vocal music by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Exercises concluded with prayer by Rev. P. Q. Cason.

TO VIRGINIA. BY ARMISTEAD COLLIER, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Ah, sacred soil of old Virginia
Thou wert ever dear to me,
Thy lovely hills, thy fertile vales
The birthplace of sweet liberty
No work of art may yet adorn
Thy fields of blood and bravery,
But still there struggles to be born
The epic of thy chivalry.
No marble column to proclaim
Thy sorrows to posterity
We build thy monument of flame
In words of living poetry
No crown of gold or gems to prove
Thy greatness to futurity
Be thine the laurel wreath of love,
Immortal crown of purity
The golden sun of truth doth gild
The cloud of thy high destiny,
Thy patriot soul was ever filled
With dreams of peace and harmony.
No tomb nor abbey yet enshrines

Thy sons who shed their blood for thee,
 But round thy beauteous brow there shines
 The halo of their memory.
 No song of poet to impart
 Their deeds of death and victory
 Inscribed on every Southern heart
 The bright page of their history,
 Virginia, sacred be thy name
 In life and through eternity,
 A people's love attests thy fame,
 The heart of all humanity

LAST SURVIVING LIEUTENANT GENERAL. [Continued from page 64.]

The animal commenced for a while the same maneuvers, and presently found he couldn't get him off and tamed down a little. 'When he got through,' wrote the boy, 'I fed him sugar and cakes. Next day I tried him, and he got comparatively tame. I fed him again, and now he follows me around like a dog. I can ride him anywhere. He is not afraid of a street car, a locomotive, an automobile, or anything.' "

QUESTIONS ABOUT CONFEDERATE COMMANDERS

When the subject of the Civil War was broached, the conversation became more animated on account of the presence of two old soldiers who had passed through many of the stirring scenes of '61 '65 and three younger men who took a lively interest in the events of that eventful period.

Do you think, General, that there were really any crises during the war when the South barely missed the chance of winning her independence?

I doubt it, the odds were so much against us.

Who was the greatest Confederate general?

Practically Lee. Albert Sidney Johnston would have been his equal had he lived. Johnston was highly regarded as an officer by the officers on both sides. Lee certainly became the greatest general in the Civil War on either side.

Isn't it a fact that there was not a battle of any importance fought during the Civil War when the forces were anywhere near equal that the Confederates did not whip?

Well, I think you are right. If Lee's position and Grant's had been reversed, Lee the assailant with the superior forces that Grant had, I don't think Grant would have lasted forty eight hours before Lee, and Lee had ten months of operation, with constantly diminishing forces, and Grant all the time receiving reinforcements of fresh men.

What do you think of General Bragg?

General Bragg had some merit, a good deal of merit, but was ill balanced. When President Jefferson Davis visited Chattanooga, I was riding with him up Lookout Mountain, when he asked me: 'What do you think of Bragg?' I said: 'Mr. President, I will

tell you frankly, General Bragg as a military man, as a commander is wanting in imagination. He cannot foresee what probably may occur. When he has formed his own opinions of what he proposes to do, no advice of all his officers put together can shake him, but when he meets the unexpected, it overwhelms him because he has not been able to foresee, and then he will lean upon the advice of a drummer boy.'

Where do you place Hood?

Hood was a gallant fighter, but knew nothing of the great art of war a gallant fighter, yes, and a good man.

How about Gen, Joseph E. Johnston? By the way, he was an old ante bellum friend of yours, too?

Joe Johnston was an admirable officer in every respect. His retreat from Dalton shows that. He fell back to Atlanta without losing a wagon against overwhelming odds. He told me himself afterwards: 'I proposed to lead Sherman on, resisting him from time to time. In the actions we had he lost many more men all the time than I did. I was having Atlanta fortified. My object was to lead him back gradually until he got to Atlanta, then I proposed to throw Forrest with his whole cavalry force to his rear, not to interrupt, but to destroy his communication. Then Sherman would have been compelled to attack me in my chosen position and I would have whipped him.'

If Johnston had been permitted to carry out his plan, would Sherman have been destroyed and the war ended?

I doubt the latter, replied General Buckner reflectively, "because they had millions of men." "Do you believe Sherman could have been destroyed?"

Yes, I think so. What is your estimate of President Davis, General ?

He was a statesman. He had a most difficult position to fill, and I think he filled it about as well as any one could. He perhaps was a little too prejudiced to be always entirely just, but I don't think any one else could have filled the place any better than he did or as well, perhaps. I think he was really one of the great men of this country.

You know we Tennesseans love old Forrest. Tell us about him.

Well, Forrest had a genius for war. He was a man of great courage and had inspiration. Now here is an instance to show it. He always had about him a chosen company which was his bodyguard, and in critical moments he would charge with them to decide a case, to decide the fact, but he made a charge one time through the enemy and found himself in a position with hostile soldiers between him and his line of communications. One of his men remarked in alarm: 'General, the enemy is in our rear.' Said he: 'Ain't we in their rayer too ?' He saw the point exactly. He was a gallant fellow. When Forrest captured Streight, his forces were inferior , but he maneuvered them in such a way as to convince

Streight that he was going to overwhelm him. When Forrest got back to Huntsville, Ala., the people were so gratified that they subscribed and got him a fine horse that was presented to him by the ladies of Huntsville. That horse was brought out, flowers adorning it everywhere, richly caparisoned, and they made a speech presenting the horse to him. He replied: 'Ladies, I am much obliged to you for this present. I certainly appreciate it. But take them roses and flowers off of there, that is no place for them on this horse take them away.' Looking around at the crowd and seeing a good many young men, he said: 'I see in this crowd a good many young men who ought to be in the army fighting for their country. For my part, I have lost all self respect for any young man that I see out not in the army.' Everybody knew what he meant.

He wasn't always accurate in his language, but they always knew what he was aiming at.

FEDERAL OFFICERS CONSIDERED

After dinner, when the aroma of fine tobacco began to fill the sitting room, the General was brought unceremoniously back to the Civil War.

You knew General Grant were acquainted with him before the war and a personal friend, were you not?

We were three years together at West Point, he was one year ahead of me.

You knew personally a great number of Federal officers, did you not?

O yes, I knew them all.

What kind of a man was Grant personally? You know he was called the silent man. Was he talkative in private life?

Yes, he was. When you broke through the reserve which he had with strangers, he talked well. He was not much of a student, but had a good mind. He got along well in his class without much effort.

"Did Grant seem to think when he was a young man in the army that he was capable of great things?" "No, I don't think he did."

Do you think he just gradually grew to his place without any idea that he was going to attain such a position?

I think he had no idea. He wanted a position, he was poor. He went into the army, showed a good deal of merit, and had luck, too. Take any of his predecessors in command of the Army of the Potomac after some of the reverses that he had when he

advanced on Lee the other commanders would have withdrawn, but Grant's dogged perseverance, you know, kept him going. He wouldn't give up. And the government sustained him as it did not any of the others. They were jealous of McClellan wouldn't support him.

Whom do you class as the best of the Federal generals during the Civil War?

McClellan was one of the best that they had.

How did he rank or compare with Grant?

He was very superior to Grant. McClellan formed the army that Grant commanded. When McClellan took it, it was a green army, not inured to hardship, and he maneuvered it handsomely. Grant had some admirable qualities as a general great firmness of purpose, bulldog courage and tenacity. But he lost more men killed and wounded in his Virginia campaign than were in Lee's army. He described himself, I think, in a private letter he wrote to a friend in Baltimore I think it was after the fight at the 'Crater' at Petersburg. He stated: It was a regular Kilkenny fight, my cat had the longest tail.' That describes it.

How do you place General Sherman?

General Sherman was a skillful officer, superior in many respects to Grant, in my opinion. McClellan we regarded as one of the best, perhaps the best, of the Federal generals.

In what respect was Sherman superior to Grant?

Well, he could maneuver better, he could handle his troops better. Grant's idea was, as he had superior forces, just by bulldog courage to run over his enemy. He had very little knowledge of strategy or taking advantage of positions and movements. Sherman had that in an eminent degree.

Where do you put Meade?

Well, Meade was a medium officer some good qualities. At Gettysburg by rapid movements he managed to concentrate a scattered army to meet Lee. I do not regard him as equal to either of the others I have mentioned.

To what do you attribute Lee's defeat at Gettysburg?

Well, it is hard to say. I haven't studied it sufficiently in the detail, and I wouldn't like to venture an opinion on it. Some consider it Longstreet's slowness. Whether it was so or not, I don't know. Longstreet was a gallant fighter. He reminds me of Marshal Ney in his

character. It was said of Ney that out of sight of the enemy he had not the remotest idea of strategic movements, but when he heard the sound of artillery, he woke up, and on the field of action he was superior to almost any one in tactical movements, but knew nothing about strategic movement before he came in contact. Longstreet reminds me of Ney in that respect.

Now, General, here is an officer that the Federals have never seemed to think much of, but that the Confederates, so far as I have been able to judge, thought very well off mean Buell. After the war he lived and died here in Kentucky. What do you think of Buell as an officer?

He was a good officer, and a gentleman, too.

Did he rank with the best of the Federal officers?

Well, I considered him a good officer.

Do you think as an officer he was equal to Bragg, against whom he maneuvered and whom he fought at Perryville?

Yes, he was equally as good as Bragg.

BATTLE OF MUNFORDVILLE.

A great many people traveling on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad have noticed near Munfordville on the south bank of Green River a lone monument. Comparatively few know that this shaft marks the last resting place of Col. Robert A. Smith, a gallant soldier of the Confederacy and commander of the 10th Mississippi, who fell when Chalmers and his brigade assaulted the Federal works at that place. Colonel Smith was an Englishman, and his brother came here from England after the war and erected the lone monument on Green River to his memory.

General Buckner threw up fortifications at Munfordville, the remains of which may yet be seen south of the river almost in sight of his home.

Tell us of the battle of Munfordville, when Colonel Smith lost his life.

General Bragg was at Glasgow, twenty four or twenty five miles south of Munfordville, and he advanced a division, I think, of about twenty five hundred men in command of General Chalmers. The latter, though his force was inferior to that of the Federals, assaulted the works. He was disastrously beaten, and in that fight Colonel Smith was killed. When Bragg heard of it, he was very much incensed and ordered Generals Polk and Hardee (I was in Hardee's Division) to move up and assault the works to avenge his friend. I heard of it and went to Hardee, my corps commander, and said: 'General

Hardee, there is no use of assaulting those works, we will lose men unnecessarily. As a schoolboy I was familiar with this spot and its surroundings. Instead of assaulting the works, make demonstrations as if we were going to assault, and come back around the north side of the river at the ford at Bohannon's [which I described] and occupy the heights from Munford's side, which will command the rear, and enfilade the Federal works on higher ground. I know that perfectly, I have been in Munford's orchard many a time, I know all about it.' General Hardee said: 'That is a good idea, you go to Bragg and tell him.' Hardee ought to have gone, but I went to General Bragg and repeated it to him. At once it seemed to strike him as a good suggestion, and he made his order accordingly. He ordered Hardee up in front and ordered Polk to make a turning movement (that was Gen. Leonidas Polk), crossing the river at Bohannon's, above here, and moving down. The first thing the enemy knew of the movement they were cut off, the heights in their rear were occupied, and they were surrounded. We were all the time while Polk was moving around making demonstrations as if we were going to assault, so as to attract the Federals' attention. And the first thing they knew they were surrounded. I bivouacked on the south side with my division, and about two o'clock in the morning a Federal officer was brought to my bivouac blindfolded. He was in command of the Federal forces. He came and had his bandage taken off. He said after telling me who he was: 'General Buckner, I come to you for advice, though I don't know you personally, sir. I have been in command of these troops here only a couple of days. A surrender is demanded. I am unused to military matters, but I love my country and I want to do my duty as a soldier, but I see I am surrounded. There are a good many Federal officers who tell me they know you, and you are a gentleman and would not deceive me, and I come to you to find out what I ought to do.' Well, it was a most remarkable thing. It appealed to me at once. I wouldn't have deceived that man under those circumstances for anything. 'Well,' said I, 'Colonel, I cannot advise you about that. You are in command of your troops, and you must decide for yourself what you ought to do, but I will give you some facts for which I pledge my honor as a soldier and a gentleman: At this moment you are surrounded by a force of not less than twenty two thousand men [there were about twenty four thousand]. There are in position about eighty to one hundred pieces of artillery, those on the south side commanding your position in reverse, they have orders to open fire at daylight. It is for you to judge how long your command would live under that fire.' He looked very solemn, and for five minutes said nothing. He then said: 'Well, it seems to me, General Buckner, that I ought to surrender.' Said I: No, Colonel, you appealed to me, and I must tell you frankly everything that I think a soldier ought to do. You need not tell me the strength of your army, I know what it is [it was about five thousand men]. You need not tell me that, because it would be wrong, but I know pretty well what it is. You are the judge of whether you could live under the fire that is to be opened on you, but if you have information that would induce you to think that the sacrificing of every man at this place would gain your army an advantage elsewhere, it is your duty to do it.' He said he didn't have any information of that sort, and added: I believe I will surrender.' I said: If that is your conclusion, I will take you to General Bragg.' And I took him to General Bragg and the arrangement was made.

It was growing late and the Nashville visitors had barely time to catch their train as they reluctantly took leave of General Buckner, his accomplished wife, and hospitable home.

The day had passed all too swiftly, but it will ever be for them one of the bright spots in the vista of memory.

BOTH ARMIES MAY MEET AFTER FIFTY YEARS

(Army and Navy Life.)

Lieut. Col. J. A. Watrous, U. S. A., retired, suggests a joint maneuver encampment of the G. A. R. and the United Confederate Veterans in one of the border States in 1911, fifty years from the beginning of the Civil War, and the inauguration at such encampment of a movement for the building of a joint monument at Appomattox in memory of Generals Grant and Robert E. Lee and all the soldiers who marched and fought on both sides in the War of the Rebellion. We are heartily in sympathy with this suggestion, and we hope that the idea will be developed. The nation is now one, and it is eminently proper that to the long list of individual memorials erected to the heroes of that war in every section of the country there should be added one, grander than all the rest, an immortal testimony of the cementing of fellowship which has followed our colossal eternal conflict.

JUDGE J. R. MORTON

Death, the common enemy, has again invaded our ranks and another loved comrade has fallen, another Confederate tried and true has answered the last roll call and is now at rest on the "eternal camping ground" beyond the river, where weary soldiers sleep in peace when life's battle is ended, where they hear no more the growling guns nor the bugle's thrilling blasts, see no more of cruel war of comrades slain, of desecrated homes, of burning towns and wasted lands for they are dead, sleeping the sleep that knows no waking till the angel's bugle sounds the great reveille to call them back to life.

Thus one by one our comrades fall, as fall the withered leaves in autumn time, one by one, their warfare over, they calmly lay their armor down and pass away. All going, none returning, our numbers are rapidly depleting. None that yet remain are young, none middle aged, but all are far down the shady slope of life, and soon the last of these will be under the sod. All die true to the principles for which they fought and suffered through years of bloody war principles as immutable as the hills and that will yet prevail, for "truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Judge Jeremiah R. Morton died at his home, in Lexington, December 18, 1908, without a moment's warning. At the usual hour in the evening, about 6:30, he returned from his law office to his home, on East Short Street, seemingly in fine health and spirits after an Unusually busy day in the court room and in his office, took up an evening paper to read the daily news, as was his custom, when the hand of death struck him, and in a moment the vital spark was gone forever.

Soon the sad news spread throughout the city, and there was deep sorrow in many homes, for he was known and beloved by all, rich and poor, male and female, white and black. He was a Confederate veteran, a Freemason, and one of the oldest, ablest, and most popular members of the Lexington bar, and as a token of love for their comrade, their brother, and their associate and of appreciation of his many noble qualities, the members of each of these organizations attended his funeral in a body. The great heap of beautiful flowers under which his lifeless body rests, placed there by loving hands, tells the story of his worth in language far more eloquent and forceful than tongue or pen can do. It tells of his gallantry in war and of his continued loyalty to the principles for which he fought and suffered, of his devotion to the great Masonic order, of kindness and courtesy shown his fellow members of the bar, and of his love and affection for his family, his kindred, his friends, and his countrymen.

Judge Morton was born in dark County, Ky., February 10, 1842, and here he received most of his education. In 1862, when twenty years of age, he enlisted in the Confederate army, becoming a member of Colonel Cluke's 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Gen. John H. Morgan's command. He served gallantly and faithfully till the starry cross went down forever, was twice captured, escaped from prison once, and was once exchanged. The war over, he returned home and entered the law department of Kentucky University, from which he graduated in due time, and at once began the practice of his profession in this city, and here he remained till his death.

In 1883 he was elected Circuit Judge to fill a vacancy, and was reelected at the expiration of the term. After a service of nine years on the bench, he resumed the practice of his profession at the bar over which he had so long and so ably presided. [Sketch by Milford Overley, Lexington, Ky.]

JUDGE SILAS HARE

The Mildred Lee Camp, U. C. V., at Sherman, Tex, held a memorial service in honor of Judge Silas Hare, who died November 26, 1908, at the age of eighty one years. In resolutions after a biographic sketch given by Dr. J. B. Stinson the Camp paid high tribute.

Judge Hare served in Congress for two terms, beginning in 1886, during which time he introduced and was instrumental in having passed the bill known as "The Indian Depredation Bill." Judge Hare introduced and succeeded in having passed the bill spoken of for the reimbursement of the citizens for their loss. He then, after his retirement from Congress, assumed the task of getting up the evidence in these cases and seeing that each one was paid for his loss. This necessitated his removal to Washington City, where he

took up his residence and where he continued to reside until his death. He was married the second time in 1903 to Mrs. Louise Kennedy, of Washington City, who survives him.

JOE F. WILLIAMS

Since sending the article which appeared in the VETERAN for September, page 516, Comrade Joe F. Williams has passed into the great beyond. He had never been well since having a stroke of paralysis, some three years since, and after days of intense suffering, death came to his release on the 6th of August. He was born in 1846, and "lived and died a staunch Confederate," being buried in the gray, at his request, in a suit he had prepared for the Birmingham Reunion. His article had been ready for publication for some time, but the press of other things prevented earlier publication. A devoted wife survives him. Their home was at Walnut Grove, Miss.

GARNER

Marcellus C. Garner died November 26, 1908. He was born in Alabama in 1844. He was taken to Kemper County, Miss., when a child and there reared. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861 in Company B, 11th Mississippi Regiment, and served through the trials and hardships of that famous Mississippi regiment until March 29, 1865, when he lost one of his legs in one of the trenches at Petersburg. After reaching home he went diligently about rebuilding his lost fortune. He was married in 1874, and leaves a family of three sons and two daughters who are a credit to the father and mother. [Data supplied by E. E. Spinks, of Meridian, Miss.]

COL. JAMES ELIJAH DEVAUGHN

In his posthumous address of greeting to the veterans at the Birmingham Reunion, Gen. Stephen D. Lee said of the Confederate soldier: "He enriched the world in honor, he added to the spiritual riches of mankind! The memory of his deeds is the treasury of his people, for he has left heroic memories that chasten and purify the hearts of all who shall come after him."

These words recall so vividly Col. James E. DeVaughn, the grand old Confederate soldier who left us this year (in July) to spend his endless days with those heroes who have "crossed over the river."

James Elijah DeVaughn was born near Jonesboro, Ga., December 20, 1840. He attended school at Jonesboro and in Abbeville, S. C. From his native county he responded to his country's call for defenders against invasion. Enlisting as a private in October, 1861, in

Company F, 2d Georgia Cavalry Regiment, he rose through the various grades of promotion to the rank of captain, and was in command of his company when captured. His command was assigned to the Army of Tennessee, under General Forrest, and was later under Generals Wharton and Wheeler, being with the latter in the battles of Murfreesboro in 1862.

The 2d Georgia Cavalry made an admirable record as a fighting command, and Comrade DeVaughn remained with it to the close of the war, taking part in many notable battles, including Perryville, Stone's River, and Chickamauga. He was taken prisoner at Sugar Creek, Ala., while with General Wheeler, and remained a prisoner to the close of the war, being released June 13, 1865, after nearly two years on Johnson's Island.

In 1866 Colonel DeVaughn removed to Montezuma, Ga., where he married Miss Sallie V. McClendon, and to them were born nine children, five of whom survive him. He was happily married the second time in 1884 to Miss Mary E. Porter, of Griffin, Ga., who survives him.

Colonel DeVaughn was for many years the beloved Commander of Camp No. 65, U. C. V., at Oglethorpe, Ga., and two years ago was made Brigadier General of the Western Division, U. C. V., of Georgia, and was also a member of Gov. Hoke Smith's military staff.

After the war Colonel DeVaughn was a leader in the great work of restoration and rehabilitation, and overcame all obstacles by oppressive Federal laws and Federal interference. He turned disaster into triumph. He possessed a genius for business, and was successful in his undertakings. He contracted a violent cold while at the Birmingham Reunion, from the effects of which he never recovered. His pallbearers were his old comrades in arms, and he was buried in his new uniform of Confederate gray, while over his flower covered coffin was draped a beautiful Confederate flag.

He was a man of exalted character, generous in his benefactions, charitable in thought, and firm in religious principles. His well spent life is over, and

As the days lay down their brightness
And, bathing in splendor, die, so he went to rest, his work well done, his career complete,
beloved by family and friends.

JAMES G. COX

James G. Cox died of apoplexy at his home, Bluff City, Tenn., on December 8, 1908.

James Gregg Cox was born March 18, 1848, at Blountville, Sullivan County, Tenn., a son of John W. Cox, who was a leading citizen of Sullivan County. He was Sheriff and Circuit Court Clerk of the county for many years. His grandfather was Abraham Cox, whose ancestors helped to establish the Watauga settlement, and were signers of the Watauga Compact. Abraham Cox married Mary, a daughter of William Cox, and he was an officer in the Continental army in the War of the Revolution. He came from the Shenandoah Valley and settled in Cox Valley, Sullivan County, during 1783.

James attended school at Jefferson Academy, Blountville, until the school was closed by reason of the Civil War. During one of Stoneman's raids through that section young Cox was sent by his father along with some farm hands to hide out with negroes and horses to keep them away from the Federal troops. After hiding out for some time, James went home one morning early and said: "Father, I am going to join the Confederate army!" His father said he was but a child, and he replied that he would rather fight the Yankees than hide from them. After this his father made no further objections, and at the age of fifteen James Cox joined the Confederate army and fought to the close of the war.

After the war he entered King College, Bristol, where he remained for a number of years. In 1873 he was married to Miss Virginia Worley, of Bluff City. Four children one son and three daughters were given to them. The son died at the age of eight, but the daughters all survived him and are happily married.

James G. Cox was of a positive character and of strong intellect, yet he was popular with all classes, and had a kind word for all whom he met. He did unto others as he would have them do unto him. He was an uncle of former Gov. John I. Cox.

A committee composed of Mrs. Sallie Fairly, Mrs. Claude Hardy, Miss Bessie Riley, and her S. S. class say of Miss Sallie Jones, who was a pioneer in the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy, working from her home, Camden, Ala,:

On the 8th of November, 1908, death robbed us of one of our most beloved sisters, Miss Sallie Jones. Miss Sallie was one of our most faithful and efficient workers in the Baptist Church, a teacher in the Sunday school, leader of the Sunbeams, and Secretary of the Ladies' Aid Society for many years. She was a devoted Christian, and possessed those sweet traits of character which rendered her lovable and loved by all.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom and mercy to remove our dear loved one from her useful, diligent, and appreciated labors from this earth, be it

Resolved: I. While we deplore her loss to us, we bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well.

2. That a copy of these resolutions be sent each town paper, the Alabama Baptist, and her immediate relatives.

3. That we spread a copy of this on the minutes of the Church, Ladies' Aid Society, and Sunbeams.

4. That each of said organizations, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the community at large most deeply deplore the loss of this grand and noble woman.

5. We are thankful to have been associated with such a one, and may we endeavor to emulate her example!

6. We rejoice to know that one of earth's most appreciated flowers has been transplanted to bloom in heaven's rosary.

'Why should we weep when the weary ones rest

In the bosom of Jesus supreme,

In the mansions of glory prepared for the blest?

For death is no more than a dream.' "

HENRY M. WITHERS

Another, a true, brave soldier, whose cause for which he battled sleeps at Appomattox, has crossed over the river and is now, let us pray, united again with Lee, Jackson, and all the valiant host who have gone before "beneath the shade of the trees" to rest evermore.

Henry M. Withers was born at Warrenton, Va., in 1845, and departed this life at Kansas City on December 2g, 1908. J. D. Shewalter, of Independence, Mo., writes of him: "I knew him as a soldier and afterwards as a student at the University of Virginia. At the close of the war we were members of the same command, Company H, 43d Virginia Cavalry (Mosby's). This was a company added but a short time before the surrender to

the command, but its members were all carefully selected because of supposed special fitness. Baylor's Light Horse (Company B, 1st Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade) were probably more noted than any other like sized force in the army. Recruited in the valley, knowing all the country, under the lead of Capt. George Baylor (first under his father), they became widely known for daring in detached service on the flanks and rear of the enemy.

Afterwards Baylor was commissioned to raise a new company of select men for Mosby's command. Most of these came from his old company. Many of them afterwards became distinguished in civil life. Lieut. J. G. Wiltshire, as brave a man as ever lived, now a leading physician and surgeon of Baltimore, William L. Wilson, Postmaster General under Cleveland, Charles Broadway Rouss, the eccentric blind multimillionaire merchant, and many others were of the number. Mr. Withers came from this old company, I suppose. With him and others near Bull Run we fought the last contest on Virginia soil, April 10, 1865, the day after the surrender. Baylor had been sent to a station near Fairfax Station, a short distance from Washington, to capture a wagon train sorely needed by General Lee the evacuation of Richmond not being known. * * *

At the University of Virginia we were classmates. I graduated from the law department in 1868, and think he did in the succeeding year. And thus in early life we were thrown closely together.

When all the 'Rebels' (the designation of patriots in every age) are assembled, those of 1776 81 and those of 1861 65 will be equally honored one won and the other lost in the same cause it will 'be sweet to have been there.'

Capt. George Baylor lived a few years after the war in Kansas City, and died four years ago at Charlestown, W. Va."

ELDRIDGE S. GREENING.

Eldridge S. Greening, who died on October 31 at his home in Hope, Ark., was born in Evergreen County, Ala., June 28, 1842. The family removed to Arkansas about 1845, when the State was but a wilderness, and helped to cut a road to their temporary home, now a part of Nevada County. In 1847 they removed to Ouachita County, where he was reared and received his common school education,

In June, 1861, young Greening enlisted in a company under Capt. John S. Logan, known as the second company of

Camden Knights.

This company was sworn into the Confederate service on July 23, 1861, and became Company G, of the 11th Regiment, Arkansas Infantry. It was sent from Little Rock to Memphis, to Fort Pillow, Island No. 10, and then to New Madrid, Mo. The brigade was with the prisoners of Island No. 10, who were taken to Camp Douglas at Chicago, from which prison Comrade Greening was exchanged late in 1862. He served the remainder of the war with Wirt Adams's Brigade in Mississippi, and did well his part as a brave and true soldier. He was always among the first to volunteer for any dangerous expedition, and was in every engagement of his command, yet served through the war unhurt.

After the war he engaged in mercantile business in Camden, and in his later years was one of the leading cotton buyers of that city.

He removed to Hope, Ark., about two years ago. He was twice married to Miss Julia Ritchie in 1869, and to Miss Hattie Matthews in 1882 and of these unions seven children blessed his home. He was a man of strong convictions, partisan in spirit, a kind, affectionate husband and father.

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HON. WILLIAM SHIELDS MCCLINTIC

William S. McClintic was born November 29, 1843, in Rockbridge County, Va., and died at his home, near Monroe City, Mo., on November 15, 1908, after a prolonged illness. As soldier, statesman, and Christian gentleman, the deeds of his life were an inspiration to those with whom he came in contact. and he passed to his reward with a record which is a sacred heritage to his family,

When in his eighteenth year Comrade McClintic enlisted in the Rockbridge Artillery, Stonewall Brigade, and took part in all the engagements of that famous command up to the surrender at Appomattox.

In 1867 he removed to Missouri, where success smiled upon him from the start, and at his death he was one of the leading men of that section, prominent in business, in Church affairs, and in public life, having represented his county and district in both branches of the State Legislature.

He was married in 1869 to Miss Bettie Arnold, of Campbell County, Va., of which union there are six living children, four daughters and two sons.

MEMBERS OF HATTIESBURG (MISS.) CAMP WHO DIED IN 1908

J. R. Denham, Company D, 14th Mississippi Regiment.

George M. Gullett, Company E, 27th Georgia Regiment.

John R. Jeffcoats, Company D, 49th Alabama Regiment.

T. B. Johnson, Company B, 19th Mississippi Regiment.

J. K. P. Shows, Company F, 9th Mississippi Cavalry.

B. F. Simmons, Company G, 27th Mississippi Regiment.

Benjamin Stevens, Company E, 9th Mississippi Cavalry.

Suitable resolutions in each case were adopted by the Camp, and a day is set apart for annual memorial services. [Furnished by W. P. Chambers, Adjutant.]

CAPT. JOHN HOLMES SMITH

A committee of the Garland Rodes Camp, of Lynchburg, Va., composed of Comrades Jennings, Seay, and Wray, states:

This Camp has often been called to mourn 'the passing hence' of valued and esteemed members. Of the one hundred comrades who have been taken from its ranks, no one was more highly esteemed than the courageous and courteous comrade, Capt. John Holmes Smith, who on the 14th of November, 1908, was promoted to the ranks above.

To his surviving comrades the recollections of the deeds and virtues of Comrade John Holmes Smith are an inspiration and a source of great pride. They knew him on the march, in the bivouac, and upon the fields of many battles, and testify that he was ever the courageous commander, the courteous comrade, and the faithful friend. His acts and his words endeared him to every one with whom he was associated.

Captain Smith commanded the 11th Virginia Regiment of Infantry, C. S. A., in several battles and for many months. At Gettysburg, despite a wound, after the regimental officers were shot, he assumed command and led the regiment into the works of the Federal army. In the battle of Drury's Bluff, where his senior officers were again wounded, he placed himself at the head of the same regiment and went over the entrenchments of the enemy, where were captured the Federal General Heckman and many of the Massachusetts Brigade with several stands of colors. From the beginning to the end he helped to make that history, and campaigned and fought in four States, shedding his blood more than once and being permanently disabled.

Garland Rodes Camp, Confederate Veterans, therefore with just pride remembers John Holmes Smith as a splendid soldier, as a beloved comrade, and estimates him as a true man and an honored and worthy fellow citizen. He was a knightly warrior and a chivalrous gentleman. The Camp dedicates to his memory a page of its records."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF COMRADE SMITH.

Gen. J. Holmes Smith, cashier of the Lynchburg (Va.) post office and a brother of Mayor G. W. Smith, of that city, died suddenly on November 14, 1908. He was a captain in Company G, 11th Virginia Infantry, in the Confederate army, and commanded the regiment for a time as senior officer. The first General Assembly after the Civil War made him brigadier general, a very important office then. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Norvie Hobson, of Richmond, Va.

R. W. Douthat, of Morgantown, W. Va., writes of him: "He was my companion as an officer in the 11th Virginia Infantry, and was not only one of the best of men, but was one of the bravest and most trusted officers of the Confederate army. He was wounded severely at Gettysburg, and was one of the five men in Pickett's Division who remained on the firing line till every member of the division that could retreat had gone back over Seminary Ridge. It was my privilege to remain with him on that bloody field until all hope of reinforcements was gone, and then after ten months to turn over to him the command of the regiment because he was my senior officer. Honor to his memory forever!"

COL. W. L. CALHOUN

Comrade William Lowndes Calhoun, one of Atlanta's best citizens, died at his home November 16, 1908. He had been in poor health for several years, and for several months had been confined to his home.

Judge Calhoun was one of Atlanta's most substantial citizens. His father moved to Atlanta in 1852, when the son was fifteen years old. He was identified with every step of the city's progress through that eventful period. After the war he lent his best energy to rebuilding the new Atlanta.

Judge Calhoun is survived by six children: Mrs. Emma Calhoun Connally, Miss Mary Calhoun, Mrs. Nettie Calhoun, Lowndes Calhoun, W. D. Calhoun, all of Atlanta, and J. M. Calhoun, of Ennis, Tex. His wife died in 1905. Patrick H. Calhoun, of Atlanta, is a surviving brother of the deceased man.

He was Mayor of Atlanta in 1879, County Ordinary of Fulton County from 1881 to 1897, and President of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Soldiers' Home. He was born at Decatur November 21, 1837. His father was James M. Calhoun, of Calhoun settlement, Abbeville District, S. C. He married Miss Emma Eliza Dabney, daughter of A. W. Dabney, of Georgia, and moved to Decatur in 1835. Later, in 1852, he moved to Atlanta, and was Mayor of that city from 1862 to 1865, during the most trying period in Atlanta's history.

Judge Calhoun entered his father's law office in 1853 at the age of sixteen, and was admitted to the bar in 1857. In that same year he married Miss Mary Oliver, of South Carolina. He was his father's law partner till the father's death, in 1875, and the son continued the practice alone till 1881, when he became the Ordinary of Fulton County.

Lowndes Calhoun enlisted in Company K, 42d Georgia Infantry, in March, 1862. He was commissioned first lieutenant, and was later made captain. He served till the end of

the war with conspicuous gallantry. He was in the fights around Knoxville, and was in the memorable siege of Vicksburg, being forty seven days in the trenches. He fought at Baker's Creek, and shared in Johnston's retreat through Georgia from Dalton until he was wounded at Resaca. Recovering, he joined Hood's command in the Tennessee campaign, and was on his way to rejoin his own regiment when the surrender took place.

Judge Calhoun was elected to the Georgia Legislature in 1872 as Representative and reelected for a second term.

Judge Calhoun did much for the Confederate Soldiers' Home. He lent his energies toward getting the funds together for building the home, and when it burned he started his work all over again. He and the late Captain Romare are said to have practically kept the Home going during several years of troubled existence.

Judge Calhoun was President of the Gordon Monument Association, and worked diligently until it was built. He was a Master Mason and an Odd Fellow. He served as lieutenant colonel in the State militia for three years. He displayed the highest qualities of manhood in every relation of life.

GEN. T. W. CARWILE

Widespread sorrow exists by the death of Gen. Thomas W. Carwile, of Edgefield, S. C., which occurred suddenly at his home on December 17, 1908. This gallant soldier and good citizen had been in ill health for several months, but his death at the time was a great shock. On the afternoon before he read the December VETERAN and discussed various topics with his wife.

A special sent to the Columbia State says: "The deceased had fought throughout the war with devoted valor and patriotism and was promoted to the rank of major in the Confederate service. His interest in Confederate history, records, reminiscences, and celebrations was always great and unselfish, He was sixty five years of age. In young manhood he married Miss Mary Eliza McClintock, who, with five sons and one daughter, survives him. They are Mrs. Robert A. Marsh and Messrs. Julian, Walter, Thomas, Joseph, and Baldwin Carwile. He also leaves one brother and four sisters. He will be buried on Saturday morning from Trinity Episcopal Church, of which he was junior warden and a very active and generous member and zealous communicant." The State says further of him: "The news of the death of Thomas W. Carwile in Edgefield caused universal regret. General Carwile was very popular in Columbia, having visited here many times both in business and as a leading member of the South Carolina Division of the United Confederate Veterans, of which he had been the head since 1903.

Thomas W. Carwile was a gallant Confederate soldier. He enlisted in the 14th South Carolina Regiment, under the command of Col. James Jones, and afterwards the gallant W. D. Simpson, who was later a member of the Confederate Congress and Chief Justice of the State.

In the battle of Frayser's Farm General Carwile made a record for gallantry, and advanced in one day from private to captain. The order came for the 13th, 14th, and 12th South Carolina Regiments to carry the breastworks, behind which the Union soldiers were strongly intrenched. General McGowan wanted some one to carry the colors. 'The man who carries these colors must lead the way and must stop at nothing. The troops will follow,' said the General. To carry the flag in that hail of bullets meant almost certain death. Thomas W. Carwile, then a beardless youth, stepped forward and grasped the flag. A headlong charge was made with Carwile in the lead, the breastworks were taken, and the battle won. The next day the young man was made a captain for 'conspicuous gallantry.' He was placed in charge of a company from Darlington, and served through the war, always at the head of his troops and winning praise from his superiors and the respect and admiration of his men.

After the war he returned to this State and took up the work of upbuilding the State and in redeeming it from the rule of the Radicals. He was one of the first to assist in organizing the United Confederate Veterans, and his work as head of that organization is too familiar to the people of the State to need recalling. After the death of Gen. Wade Hampton, who was the head of the Army of Northern Virginia, Gen. C. Irvine Walker was made the head of that survivors' organization. At the next meeting of the United Confederate Veterans, South Carolina Division, General Carwile was elected to succeed General Walker as the General commanding the Palmetto Division, and remained as its chief. His wise counsel, his devotion to the cause and to all of the members made him a conspicuous figure, and his death will be universally mourned in this and other Southern States.

On hearing of the death yesterday Governor Ansel sent a telegram of sympathy to Mrs. Carwile and the family. Governor Ansel and General Carwile were warm personal friends, and when the news of the death of General Carwile was received, the Governor was profoundly shocked."

In his report of the battles of Gaines's Mill and Frayser's Farm, No. 337, Series I., Volume II., Part II., "Official War Records," Col. Samuel McGowan said: "I called upon Company D (the flag company) for a flag bearer, and T. W. Carwile, quite a youth, volunteered to carry it, and did carry it through the fight with great gallantry. It was struck by balls five times during the conflict, and yet young Carwile escaped unhurt. I recommend young Carwile to the favorable consideration of the general for his distinguished gallantry."

AUGUSTUS A. WEST

Died at El Dorado, Ark., December 27, 1908, Augustus A. West, who served in the Confederate army from Georgia. He was a member of the 5th Georgia Regiment, Upson Guards, commanded by Captain Vining. Comrade West was the only brother of Gen. A. J. West, of Atlanta, Ga. A good man has gone to his reward.

GILL

William S. Gill died on November 1, 1908, at his home, near Coral Hill, Barren County, Ky., in his sixty-seventh year. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of eighteen, and became a member of the famous Orphan Brigade, 6th Kentucky Infantry. The brigade was mounted after the battle of Jonesboro, and Comrade Gill was in all the mounted engagements. He surrendered with Johnston's army in North Carolina. He is survived by his wife and several children.

DAVIS

W. H. Davis, of Columbus, Miss., died on October 20, 1908, aged sixty five years. He served gallantly through the four years of war in Forrest's Cavalry.

CAPT, MATTHEW BARROW PILCHER.

In 1859, before we dreamed of war, Capt. Matt B. Pilcher was a member of Company B, Rock City Guards, Nashville. When the war came on he was made sergeant of the company and mustered in the 1st Tennessee Infantry on May 10, 1861. After the regiment had reenlisted for the war at Shiloh, Captain Pilcher was made quartermaster and in later years paymaster. In the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, he, by permission of General Cheatham, was in the hottest of the fight, and in the desperate charge of the regiment, which lost some four hundred men, he was severely wounded. I nursed him for six months, and twice during the time Dr. J. R. Buist, our surgeon, said he could not recover. He was exchanged at City Point in April, 1863, and when en route to the regiment at Shelbyville, Tenn., the car in which he was riding jumped the track near Bristol, killing and wounding a number of his comrades and breaking his arm. While on parole in Louisville waiting for exchange we were all at the Baptist Church in which Dr. Lorimer was then preaching Captain Pilcher was called on to teach the Bible class, in which there were a number of "boys in blue," while he was in the captain's uniform of gray. While in Louisville a young lady gave each of us a pocket edition of the New Testament with a sentiment written on the fly leaf, but I lost mine. Captain Pilcher kept his in the side pocket of his coat. He was at the front again in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., when a bullet struck the Testament, turned from his heart, and plowed through his

side, giving him a severe wound which caused him to be captured again. He was then kept in prison at Camp Chase until the war ended.

While in this prison Captain Pilcher led the singing and prayer service while Rev. William Stewart Hawkins preached to the boys. I recall four members of the 1st Tennessee who were not demoralized by the war and who maintained their morality throughout the struggle viz., M. B. Pilcher, J. B. O'Bryan, W. M. Pollard, and W. L. Danley. They would not eat rations they knew were stolen.

After the war Captain Pilcher was actively engaged in business, but he was never too busy to do the Master's work, and I do not know a minister who did more missionary work than he. He was never too proud to go into the slums and help lift up fallen humanity. Some months before he was stricken with paralysis he was sent for to minister at the funeral of one of the unfortunates. Chancellor Wiggins wrote me from Sewanee: "We regret to hear of the death of Captain Pilcher. We shall miss him, especially at Monteagle, where he did such excellent work."

We shall miss him from our Bivouac, from our Reunions, from the Church and missions, and from our firesides.

The foregoing is from Marcus B. Toney, who was perhaps his closest personal friend. Because of Captain Pitcher's prominence in the ways indicated, his wide acquaintance, and the prominence of Mrs. Pilcher as President of the Tennessee Daughters of the Confederacy, there were many tributes from various sections by persons and Confederate organizations to his memory. There are three sons and a daughter, wife of Mr. Reau E. Folk, Treasurer of Tennessee.

THREE STATE PRESIDENTS U. D. C. BEREAVED.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: It is the painful duty of your President to report to you that in a brief space of time three of our State Division Presidents have been called to mourn the loss of a life companion, and each now stands alone in the shadow of one of the greatest sorrows that can come to woman. The first to "pass under the rod" was **Mrs. L. P. Lawrence**, President of the Florida Division, and then **Mrs. Bushrod W. Bell**, of Seattle, the President of the recently formed Washington Division, and next **Mrs. M. B. Pilcher**, President of the Tennessee Division.

In these sad bereavements we mourn with our dear widowed friends, and feel that their loss is also ours in that these deaths have taken from our midst not only their loved ones, but valiant soldiers of the Confederacy, our dear Veterans, whose passing away is a great grief to us. It was my privilege to have known one of these, Capt. M. B. Pilcher, and learned the story of his gallant service to the Southern cause in his boyhood and early manhood, and to witness the great love shown for him by the children who have assembled at Monteagle from year to year, and the far reaching and immeasurable influence of the "twilight prayer" and song service which he daily held with these little ones who "came unto" him each evening to take part in this sweet communion.

There is rest and peace for these faithful soldiers who have "crossed the river," but our loving sympathy goes out to the widowed ones who will so sadly miss the loving care and companionship of many years of wedded happiness.

May strength to endure be theirs! and may they be sustained by a blessed faith.

CORNELIA BRANCH STONE
IMPORTANT CONFEDERATE INTEREST

This publication is used extensively for advancing meritorious undertakings like the Sam Davis monument (which movement it inaugurated), like the Jefferson Davis Home Association, and many other Confederate causes which are promoted for the honor of a cause and people who deserve all that can be done in the spirit of patriotism and Christianity. The editor hopes ere long to secure the cooperation of friends in erecting a memorial in Indianapolis to the memory of Col. Richard Owen, who as commander of the Camp Morton Prison in 1862 endeared himself to every Confederate prisoner by his unstinted and unceasing kindness. Colonel Owen is of a family which every American will honor the more the better its history for uplifting mankind is known.

The VETERAN is at fault, perhaps, in so zealously pressing these enterprises to a neglect of its own importance. There is no periodical in the country the prosperity of which means as much to as many deserving people. The heroes and the heroines whom it represents are fast passing out of this life, and what is done by them and for them must be done quickly. The hope is that their successors will perpetuate the principles for which they suffered (and they are loyal to the sentiment) , but unless they begin their cooperation before the principles are dead they cannot possibly do as well afterwards. For every reason whereby men and women are actuated by high motives there ought to be Confederate clannishness. Those who can't well afford to continue their patronage would do well to consider that it is by these small sums that the aggregate of many thousands of dollars necessary to perpetuate these records are supplied. No man should be selfish enough to withhold that which is due from him, yet there are such, and the fact that some disabuse confidence makes it all the more important for the faithful to be diligent unceasingly.

Let all Southerners cooperate in giving their influence to its perpetuity. It is a mistake that "the other side" is not more generally interested. Articles by Union veterans are read with much interest by Confederates.

LEGAL AND HISTORICAL STATUS OF THE DRED SCOTT DECISION

Doubtless the most momentous decision ever rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States was that delivered by Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case, which settled that question for the time being to the satisfaction of slaveholders, yet the more firmly fixed the opposing element in their original contention. Subsequent events proved this, and eminent authorities are agreed as to the importance of the case in precipitating the Civil War, for not four years had passed ere the guns of Sumter had sounded the first note in the division of a people.

Under the above title is a late book by E. W. R. Ewing, a prominent young attorney of Washington, D. C., well known as the author of "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession." Mr. Ewing's work is most valuable in giving a full history of this noted case with a thorough examination of the opinion delivered by the Supreme Court in March, 1857, It has required exhaustive study and research, and his labor for the benefit of our history should be recognized in the most appreciative way. A review of the book is promised our readers for a later issue, but in the meantime get the book! Copies of this first edition furnished at \$1.12, postpaid, or with "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession" for \$2, postpaid.

THE AMERICAN BRONZE FOUNDRY COMPANY

Attention is called to the advertisement of the American Bronze Foundry Company, of Chicago, one of the oldest and most reliable firms engaged in the casting of bronze

statuary of all kinds. This Company has been in business for over twenty five years, and has cast some of the most important public memorials erected in the country. In its employ are men who have engaged in the business for over twenty years, thus guaranteeing the highest class of workmanship and the best results obtainable.

Its equipments are of the largest and most complete, and some of the largest bronze work in the United States was cast in this foundry.

Officers of the Company give their personal attention to every detail of the business, which insures high class work in every respect, and under the present management no objection has ever been raised to any of their monumental work. The prices asked are lower, considering the artistic results, than can be obtained in the East, while the work is guaranteed to be of the highest grade of material and the models are designed and executed by some of the best sculptors in the country. Orders, large or small, will be pushed through to early completion, satisfaction being guaranteed in every respect.

To people interested the highest class of testimonials from both North and South can be offered, there being no better guarantee of high class work than the voluntary testimonials of past customers.

Estimates and designs for special work will be submitted at any time, and the services of high class sculptors can be secured at any time. Write them before ordering elsewhere.

END

Confederate Veteran Magazine February 1909

Compiled by Margie Glover Daniels

September 21, 1909