



CONFEDERATE VETERANS



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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 less

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No. 1 S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION

To All Camps of the U. C. V. and All Confederate Soldiers, Sons and Daughters: I write earnestly in commending the movement to establish the appropriate memorial as set forth in the appeal of the Jefferson Davis Home Association. I say emphatically that there can be no memorial, however grand it may be, that can have greater significance, nobler aims, and loftier inspirations to stir the patriots of our country than that which is now projected by the Association to be founded at the birthplace of that great American citizen who became President of the Confederate States of America.

The institution contemplated by this movement will perpetually call to mind the characteristics of Jefferson Davis, who was opportunely reared and who acted throughout his long life under the influences of the rare social, patriotic, and religious conditions existing in our Southland during the nineteenth century.

The memorial will also call into just, generous, and fruitful contemplation those remarkable virtues possessed by the great men and the remarkable people of our lovely Southland who contributed vastly to the growth of the United States and to the preservation of the principles of our constitutional government.

It will furthermore be a lasting memento of the pure and radiant fame of the people who bravely, virtuously, and intelligently sought to establish and confirm for themselves and their posterity their own ideal constitutional government without bringing on any conflict or engendering any animosity by their peaceful assertion of their right.

In doing all this valuable service to the people and times of the past its voice will be heard in inviting solid fraternity throughout the Union and steadfast devotion to all the interests of our great country.

These and many other grounds authorize me to urge every Camp, every Confederate, and all people to carry out quickly the plans proposed by the Association.

Faithfully your comrade,
CLEMENT A. EVANS, Commander in Chief U. C. V.

REVIEW OF OFFICIAL PAPERS U. C. V. Gen. W. E. Mickle, Chief of Staff to Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief U. C. V., has issued various special and general orders to which brief reference is given.

Col. George C. Porter, who commanded the 6th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., was made Brigadier General to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of the late Clay Stacker to the command of the Division a most worthy appointment.

Comrade H. T. Davenport, of Americus, Ga., was made Commander of the West Brigade to fill the vacancy made by the death of Brig. Gen. James E. D. Vaughn.

Official notice is given of the death of Gen. Alex P. Stewart. He was born at Rogersville, Tenn., October 2, 1821, and had therefore almost reached his eighty seventh birthday. His death occurred on August 30, 1908. General Stewart was chosen to the West Point Academy in 1838, and graduated in the class of 1842, in which were so many distinguished officers in the Southern and Northern armies. He was made assistant instructor of mathematics at West Point. Later, on account of ill health, he resigned, and was chosen professor of mental and moral philosophy in Cumberland and Nashville (Tenn.) Universities. His career as a Confederate officer has been given in the VETERAN. After the close of the war he returned to Tennessee and resumed his educational work. He was afterwards unanimously elected to the chancellorship of the University of Mississippi, and held this office from 1874 to 1886. He had for several years been one of the Commissioners of the Chickamauga National Park, a position he held at the time of his death, although he had declined to accept the salary for several years \$12,000.

Comrade J. T. Evans, of Roswell, N. Mex" was appointed Brigadier General of the New Mexico Brigade on October 5.

Comrade Charles Patton, of Greenbrier, W. Va., was appointed on October 24 Brigadier General of the First Brigade, West Virginia Division.

Responsive to request of the L. M. A. a General Order states : "Owing to the fact that many schools were closed on June 3, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, and that for this reason the Jefferson Davis Centennial was not as generally observed by the school children as it would have been had the schools been open, and as one of the principal objects of this Confederation is to impart to the children of the South a true and impartial history of that cause for which their fathers fought and their mothers suffered and to instill in their minds a love and reverence for the memory of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States of America, therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That we do invite all Confederate organizations to unite with the Confederated Southern Memorial Association in observing the 6th day of December, which date marks the nineteenth anniversary of the death of the distinguished leader of the Confederacy.

2. That the schools be asked to have the children prepare sketches of the life of Jefferson Davis as soldier, statesman, patriot, and Christian gentleman, and, furthermore, that his picture be placed in all the schools of the South on this solemn occasion.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Gen. Clement A. Evans with the request that he embody it in a general order calling upon the people of the South, and the school children in particular, to observe the day with appropriate exercises.

The General commanding most heartily indorsed this movement, and he most earnestly urged all the Camps of the Federation to lend their aid in carrying out the wishes of these noble women so beautifully expressed, and he hoped for a ready compliance with this order.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION

Special Orders No. 4 refer to the Jefferson Davis Home Association and state that during the session at Birmingham June 10, 1908, Gen. S. B. Buckner presented resolutions adopted by the Confederate Veterans of Kentucky, proposing the purchase of the historic Davis home in Kentucky, which was the birthplace of the illustrious Jefferson Davis. General Buckner favorably urged the Convention to acquire this memorable spot of Southern ground, and on motion of Gen. Bennett H. Young the Convention ordered the appointment of a committee of fifteen, of which the Commander in Chief should be chairman ex officio. This committee was charged with the duty of inquiring into the feasibility of acquiring, improving, and preserving the Davis home site and making suggestions concerning the great objects which will be secured by its acquisition.

The following committee was appointed: S. B. Buckner, Bennett H. Young, S. A. Cunningham, H. C. Myers, W. A. Montgomery, K. M. VanZandt, V. Y. Cook, Stith Bolling, John H. Bankhead, T. W. Castleman, Basil W. Duke, Julian S. Carr, Thomas D. Osborne, J. P. Hickman, John H. Leathers.

The subcommittee appointed is as follows: Gen. S. B. Buckner (Chairman), Basil W. Duke, Thomas D. Osborne, John H. Leathers, Bennett H. Young, John P. Hickman, S. A. Cunningham. The chairman will report the action of the committee to the ex officio chairman of the general committee of fifteen.

The ex officio chairman of the general committee will call that body together at Nashville as early as practicable after he has received the report of the subcommittee, and after due consideration the report will be prepared for the next U. C. V. Convention.

MOORMAN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

An annual meeting of the Moorman Memorial Association is to be held on Monday, January 11, at Memorial Hall, New Orleans. Contributors will be pleased that an early completion of this memorial in Metairie Cemetery is expected.

An official note states: "We have no unpaid bills or liabilities save the contract with the Albert Weiblen Marble and Granite Co., \$675, against which we have in the Hibernia Bank \$234 and uncollected subscriptions of \$25. At the annual meeting the charter, title to the lots, and the Weiblen contract will be read as well as a general review of the work be considered. Each member and contributor will be entered on the roll of those enrolled as members, and a prompt response from any one not approving will be invited."

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY. FROM PRESIDENT GENERAL
MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE.

The fifteenth year of our organization was completed at the General Convention held in Atlanta, Ga" and was celebrated there with all of the pomp and splendor befitting this "Crystal Anniversary."

The reports all showed gratifying progress along all lines of work both in the General Association and in the State Divisions. The entire corps of general officers were reelected and three new offices were created. These were: Third Vice President, Mrs. L. C. Hall, Dardanelle, Ark., Historian General, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Richmond, Va., Registrar General, Mrs. James Britton Gantt, Jefferson City, Mo.

The Revision of the Constitution and By Laws, which came by inheritance from the last to the present administration, was carefully reconsidered by the Committee on Revision, to which membership Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Tennessee, had been appointed, Mrs. Nelson Poe, Jr., having resigned. This was again printed and sent out in the requisite time before the General Convention, and was acted upon by that body in detail and adopted in the form recently sent out to you. Much misconstruction has arisen in regard to the clause touching the eligibility of "Wives and Veterans." This remains unchanged and just as it has been since the organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. An amendment was offered on the floor of the Convention restricting the eligibility of the "wives" to "women of Southern parentage," but this was lost by more than a two thirds majority. But the clause giving eligibility to nieces of veterans was amended so as to greatly enlarge the collateral membership by giving it to nieces and grandnieces of every degree not only of veterans, but of "women of the sixties" whose personal service and material aid to the Confederate cause can be proven.

Change was made in the date for payment of annual dues to the General Association, U. D. C., fixing this on March 1 instead of October. Therefore the dues for 1908 having been

paid in October, 1908, the dues for 1909 will be paid on the 1st of next March, and on that date for each succeeding year.

The union of the Indian Territory and Oklahoma Divisions was harmoniously accomplished during the year, and this married couple now takes the name of the "Oklahoma Division." A Division was formed in the State of Washington, where the requisite number of Chapters had existed for some time. A new State was entered by the organization of a Chapter in Minneapolis, Minn., by Mrs. Joseph Johnson, of St. Louis.

Reports were made of the widespread observance of the centennial year of the birth of President Jefferson Davis and the splendid ceremonies had by the Chapters on June 3, our chieftain's birthday, together with the earnest study in the public and private schools and by the people at large of his life, service, and character, all giving expression of the love, honor, and confidence of the people of the South. Portraits of Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee were placed in the schools throughout the year, and it is again urged that the work of so placing the pictures of Southern heroes shall be continued during the coming year as a stimulus for the youth of the South to nobility of character and patriotic citizenship.

The Shiloh and Arlington monument funds were increased greatly, notwithstanding the panic in financial circles, and it is hoped and believed that during the coming year these amounts will grow into much larger proportions.

Portraits of Gen. Robert E. Lee, "Lee and His Generals," and a beautifully illustrated booklet, a history of the Confederate banners by Mary Lynn Conrad, can be ordered through the State Directors of the Shiloh Monument Association, and fifty per cent of the amount of sales will be given to the Shiloh monument fund.

Another standing committee on education was provided by the Convention, of which, it is needless to say, it will be the duty to foster all educational interests. Your President would urge that such effort shall take practical course, such as influencing manual and industrial training whereby the children of our land may be equipped with the knowledge of right living and the means of making an honest living. State Divisions not having a committee on education will provide for this by appointment, so as to cooperate with the General Committee in this work.

A great impetus and interest has marked the year 1908 and the organization of the Children of the Confederacy, and this work should be earnestly pushed, for the perpetuity and progress of the Daughters of the Confederacy are largely dependent on the success of such effort. In this connection it is well to call attention to a booklet by Mrs. C. M. Tardy, of Birmingham, Historian of the Alabama Division, "Programmes for Children of the Confederacy," which also contains selections of patriotic song and verse. This is sold at thirty cents each copy, and the proceeds will aid in placing Alabama's window in Blandford (Petersburg, Va.) Church. Mrs. Tardy is an active worker in the organization of children.

In direct line with the objects and purposes of our organization we heartily indorse the efforts of the United Confederate Veterans in their determination to preserve the truth of the history of the Confederate navy and its commanders, this work having been inaugurated by Commander A. O. Wright, Confederate navy veteran.

It is recommended that every Daughter of the Confederacy shall promptly become a member of the "Jefferson Davis Home Association," which is formed for the purpose of purchasing the birthplace of President Davis in Fairview, Ky. Such membership will cost but one dollar. Send this at once to Mr. S. A. Cunningham, and this will be a fitting close of his centennial year the property will be used for some philanthropic purpose connected with the Confederate cause. In view of the value of the historic work already accomplished and being done by Mr. Cunningham through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, your President asks that you will give this publication your support by annual subscription.

I trust that each of my "Daughters" will realize the great value of individual responsibility in the zealous advancement of our endeavor, remembering that it is the unit that makes up the whole, bringing to the coming year fruitful and glorious results.

BATTLE OF NATURAL BRIDGE, FLORIDA

The battle of Natural Bridge was fought on the 6th of March, 1865, the Confederate forces commanded by Brig. Gen. William Miller, formerly colonel of the 1st Florida Cavalry, and the Federals by General Newton.

Natural Bridge is located about ten miles south of Tallahassee. Fla., the capital, on the St. Marks River. (Tallahassee holds, so I have been informed, the unique position of being the only Confederate State capital that did not surrender until after the close of hostilities.) The Federals landed from gunboats near the lighthouse on the St. Marks Bay and marched up the east side of the St. Marks River and attempted to cross the river at Newport on the evening of the 5th, but the Confederates had burned the bridge (Newport is about five miles from the Natural Bridge), and during the night they marched to the Natural Bridge, where they were met by the Confederates, and the battle commenced about six o'clock in the morning. The cannonading was heard distinctly at Tallahassee.

The corps of cadets of the Florida Military Institute was commanded by Capt. V. M. Johnson a graduate from the Virginia Military Institute assisted by the corps captain, J. W. Weathington.

The Federals were repulsed and driven back to the gunboats, which they reached during the night. [See page 21.]

CONFEDERATE CHOIRS TITLES AND UNIFORMS OF MEMBERS

In printing "The Confederate Choirs" from that gifted, charming patriot and gentleman, Colonel Stewart, the VETERAN feels impelled to comment briefly. All agree with Colonel Stewart that the Confederate Choirs are a charming addition to Reunion spirit and joy. It voices gratitude from the veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy. But while the sentiment is widespread in favor of our beautiful, patriotic, and enthusiastic young women who want to do all that is possible to maintain "the story of the glory of the men who wore the gray," there is revolt against women dressing as men and being designated as Generals, Colonels, and Captains. Pray induce these charming girls to avoid all masculine costumes and see if other titles than those given to Lee, Jackson, Forrest, and the Johnstons to designate rank cannot be used. Colonel is a sure enough colonel, and yet among veterans the title now sounds very commonplace. The VETERAN honors every comrade who labors to maintain Confederate organizations, but it realizes painfully the confusion that is coming to the unborn in determining who were the officers in service. Then to place these titles before Mrs. and Miss So and So cannot add to the dignity of Confederate official characters.

JUDGE J. M. WRIGHT, OF GAINESVILLE, TEX.

A. P. Richards writes from Jack, La.: "On page 655 of the December VETERAN is notice of the death of Judge J. M. Wright, of Gainesville, Tex., which contains errors. I was one of his comrades and knew him from boyhood, and we served in the same company. J. M. Wright enlisted in the first company organized in St. Helena Parish, about April 1, 1861, which became Company F of the 4th Louisiana Regiment, and was mustered into the Confederate service in May, 1861, at Camp Moore (now I. C. R. R.), in Tangipahoa Parish, La. From the ranks Comrade Wright was promoted to color bearer in 1863. In a night attack on the Federal left at New Hope Church, Ga., May 27, 1864, he was wounded in the arm near the wrist, from which wound he suffered many years. After the war he studied law and practiced in his home town, Greensburg. About the year 1878 he removed to Amite City, being elected attorney for that district, composed of St. Helena, Livingston, Tangipahoa, Washington, and St. Tammany Parishes, with Judge William Duncan on the bench. His wife was Miss Dilla S. Womack, of this parish. His sister, Mrs. Jesse Pitkin, still lives in his home town of Greensburg,

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.

SIXTEEN VETERAN VOLUMES COMPLETED. Gratitude rather than vanity prevails in recalling sixteen years of successful labor under the banner of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is certainly not "love's labor lost" and in no spirit of boasting that the

promoter asserts that he has done what he could in every issue for sixteen years to tell the truth in behalf of a people who are ready for the eternal judgment upon their deeds.

A large majority of those who contributed to its rectitude and prosperity have answered to the "last roll," and no testimony has been left behind by any one of the great number of regret at their course. Even the lukewarm apparently have asked for their old gray coats to be put upon them and that the Confederate flag be used to decorate their coffins.

Comrades, let us stand together, keeping in closest touch to the end. The only way at least, the best way now is to have the VETERAN in every home. Many can't pay for it, but the management will cooperate liberally with all who may undertake to aid in the distribution.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION

The address of Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, herein published, is commended most earnestly to every Southern man and woman. It may seem small that so little is asked of all the South as the procurement of the small area at the birthplace of the man who honored the nation in which he was born and then suffered for millions of the people who dared maintain the principles inculcated by their fathers, while in the same State, Kentucky, hundreds of thousands of dollars are now being contributed to memorialize the birthplace of the other distinguished man in that titanic struggle.

Do let us cooperate now to procure the small area of land necessary, believing that our children and their successors will see to its proper memorial character.

The men in charge of the undertaking are worthy of public confidence. They are not only doing the work gratis, but are contributing of their own funds to the procurement of what is sought some twenty acres of land around the birth spot of Jefferson Davis.

Membership certificates will be forwarded to all who pay \$1 or more. Address this office or Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, Louisville, Ky.

AN OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS GREETING

The following letter from Knoxville, Tenn., December 24, 1908, and addressed familiarly to the given name of the editor, will entertain and encourage thousands:

There are everywhere cards with pleasant greetings for the season which friend may post to friend, but I pass them and send you a line from my own faithful pen, inclosing also best wishes for the holiday and for the new year.

Just an hour ago I put down in a letter to an old friend at Atlanta some thoughts which are always coming to me now in these swift years which I find comforting like this: 'Though we miss the good sought in youth, yet if we have been true to self and have not suffered the failures and cares of life to embitter and narrow our feelings, we have nevertheless been successful.'

It is a most helpful reflection and in accord with Scripture teaching that in the race for an earthly prize not all may win, but for the higher and heavenly we may all so run as to obtain the crown. One's faith in God and in whatsoever things are good and true and beautiful if held fast to the end must bring, and 'tis the only thing which can bring, the quiet, calm mind under all conditions and in the final change. So I strive to stronger things and higher in my thought and reading, growing day by day, I trust, broader and more all embracing in my interest and sympathies. I can well believe you by your life and work likewise so grow.

I saw the beautiful lines from your greatly loved and noble boy, Paul, in the last VETERAN, and I cannot close this holiday letter without saying bitter, more bitter than pen can tell, was his loss to you, but you have hope and are comforted. Somehow we must believe that good is the final goal of ill."

SAVE YOUR COTTON STALKS

The VETERAN commends to its patrons who are cotton planters the propriety of saving cotton stalks for use in the manufacture of paper. The demonstrated value of the cotton stalk promises rich returns for the expense of baling and housing this valuable product. It might be well to investigate the value of the cotton stalk for this purpose and be convinced whether the probabilities are not extraordinary for compensation at an early day. The importance of this is, of course, the greater to cotton planters who have spare barns and easy access to railroads. Cotton stalks baled and housed could be held until the demand is established. Anyhow, the project is worthy of attention.

ADVERTISING NOT SOLICITED

The small amount of advertising in the VETERAN causes the business public to underestimate its influence. It is not from lack of enterprise that this department has been apparently neglected. There is an erroneous sentiment that its patrons are poor as a class, and Northern advertisers are disinclined to strengthen the cause for which it is published. They know not what they do they are not censured for this.

The VETERAN has always prospered by its subscriptions, and there is pressing demand for every inch of space in every issue. Its advertising rate is so low that advertising agencies do not seek business for it. Besides, it is very exacting in the character of advertising. It will not accept much that goes into reputable journals.

While not soliciting business for paid for space, it will continue to accept at \$1 per inch such advertising as it can commend to its patrons.

DISCOUNTS ON SUBSCRIPTIONS

A concession is made to subscribers who send direct to the office as follows: Three years, \$2.50, five years, \$4 This reduction will be made to any in arrears. For instance, if a patron is a year or more behind, the sums indicated will extend the time from expiration for three or five years.

Friends of the VETERAN would often place neighbors under obligations by calling attention to it. Sample copies free.

OFFICERS ELECTED TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

At the annual Convention of the Texas Division, U. D. C., held in Terrell, Tex., the Gen. J. S. Griffith Chapter as hostess, which Convention was largely attended with much enthusiasm manifested, the following State officers were elected: President, Miss Katie Daffan (reelected), Vice Presidents, Mrs. Mary Hunt Affleck, Brenham, Mrs. J. D. Guinn, San Antonio, Mrs. Kate Gerald Weaver, Waco, and Mrs. J. A. DeGough, Terrell, Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. A. Hassell, Dallas (reelected), Recording Secretary, Mrs. Beulah H. Dimmitt, Georgetown, Treasurer, Mrs. M. Wheeler, Victoria (reelected), Historian, Mrs. M. L. Watson, Alta Loma (reelected), Registrar, Mrs. R. C. Shindler, Dalhart (reelected), Custodian, Miss Nannie Wilson, Austin (reelected). Mrs. N. P. Baugh, San Antonio, and Mrs. M. Murdock, Oak Cliff, were reelected members of the Executive Board, and Mrs. J. L. Hazlett, Hearne, Recorder of Crosses of Honor.

CHAPTER U. D. C. NAMED FOR PRIVATE ALEX B. POSTON.

Alexander Bosley Poston, a private in Company D, 8th Regiment Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A., was born at Cadiz, Ky., September 25, 1844, and was killed on the field of Fort Donelson February 15, 1862, in his eighteenth year.

He was descended from one of the most prominent families in Southern Kentucky, was a high toned Christian young man, and stood high in the esteem of his neighbors. He was the first man from Cadiz, and perhaps the only one, to be killed on the field of battle, and when the local Chapter U. D. C. cast about for a name, none so appropriate occurred to them as his, hence the Alex Poston Chapter, No, 387, U. D. C. But few of his family are now living, and they are widely scattered. This tribute is offered by one of his appreciative comrades, of whom but three now survive.

LOCATION OF THE WIRZ MONUMENT.

[Another change is undertaken in regard to the place of erecting the monument to Major Wirz. Happily, Andersonville was abandoned, then Americus, Macon, and Atlanta were considered. Then Richmond, Va., offered a place for it, which was accepted. Now the matter is up again in Georgia. The Constitution reports:]

A number of the officials of the Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, together with prominent members of the society, have issued a letter to the Chapters of the State requesting that they join in a call for a special convention to reconsider the action of the Savannah Convention awarding the Wirz monument to Richmond. The list is headed by Mrs. C. Helen Plane, of Atlanta, Honorary President United Daughters of the Confederacy. The letter is as follows:

To Every Chapter, Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy: At the recent session of the Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in its closing hours, when the representation was greatly depleted, a resolution to offer to the city of Richmond the monument to Captain Wirz, which all the women of Georgia had helped to build, was carried by a majority of only two of the voting power present. So much dissatisfaction is expressed at this result throughout the State and by interested delegates from the various States at the general convention in Atlanta that we feel impelled to protest and ask you to unite with us in a call for reconsideration of the question, which can be done only by a request from two thirds of the Chapters in the State addressed to the President of the Division.

The representative of Richmond's veterans stated at Atlanta November 14: 'Richmond and her veterans will offer a site through chivalry, hospitality, and loyalty to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and to stamp their approval upon the purposes for which the Wirz monument is erected, but they stand ready to withdraw from any connection with it, believing in Georgia's right to it, if Georgia signifies a desire to retain her own.'

In order that this question may not again swamp other good projects of our Division as it did at the Savannah Convention, we ask your signature to the accompanying form, voicing the call of your Chapter for prompt action in this matter. Respectfully, Mrs. Helen Plane, Honorary President United Daughters of the Confederacy, Atlanta, Mrs. J. K. Ottley, Georgia Chairman Shiloh Monument Commission, Atlanta, Mrs. R. E. Park, Georgia Chairman Richmond Museum Commission, Atlanta, Mrs. J. C. Olmstead, Atlanta, Mrs. James Jackson, Atlanta, Mrs. A. B. Hull, Chairman Committee on Arrangements Wirz Monument, Savannah, Mrs. Lee Trammell, State Registrar, Madison, Mrs. A. O. Harper, Elberton, Mrs. R. L. Nisbett, First Vice President Georgia Division, Marietta, Ga., Mrs. P. H. Lovejoy, Hawkinsville, Mrs. P. H. Godfrey, Auditor Georgia Division, Covington, Ga., Miss M. B. Sheibley, Recording Secretary, Rome, Miss Ida Holt, Macon, Mrs. T. O. Chestney, Macon, Mrs. W. D. Lamar, First Vice President, Macon.

Forty delegates at Savannah offered the Wirz monument to the city of Richmond. The city of Richmond, in acknowledgment, offers them a site at Hollywood Cemetery."

To the President Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy: The Chapter calls for an extra session of the Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, as soon as practical to reconsider the site for the Wirz monument, believing that same should be located in our State.

It is recommended that one delegate from each Chapter be allowed to cast the full vote of said Chapter at proposed session."

This paper should be signed by the Recording Secretary and President.

MEMORIAL PARK AT PRAIRIE GROVE, ARK.
BY DAVID W. ADAMS, PRAIRIE GROVE, ARK.

The Prairie Grove Chapter, U. D. C., has undertaken the establishment of a Confederate Memorial Park on a part of the battlefield at this place. On Sunday, December 7, 1862, this village was the scene of a spirited and hotly contested engagement between the Confederates under troops of Gen. Thomas C. Hindman and the Federals under Herron, reenforced by Blunt during the day. It is maintained that Hindman carried the day, his men acquitting themselves with great credit. Although they took up their march southward during the succeeding night, they withdrew leisurely, and their adversaries showed not the slightest disposition to risk the hazard of pursuit.

Our people are determined in behalf of the Prairie Grove Confederate Memorial Park. * * * This town of some twelve hundred souls has just cause for self gratulation in the fact that our Daughters of the Confederacy have inaugurated this park scheme and are meeting with remarkable success. Last August they bought nine acres of the battlefield at \$100 per acre, and they have made and paid on this purchase all but \$390, more than one half of the purchase price.

The Prairie Grove Memorial Park Association has been chartered by the State of Arkansas. Its Board of Trustees is composed of Dr. W. B. Welch (Chairman) this grand old man was in attendance upon the wounded during this engagement, and by his skill and zeal made everybody his friend, and he still stands humbly yet grandly true to every righteous impulse Hon. R. O. Hannah (Commander Prairie Grove Camp, U. C. V). Mrs. Margaret Mock, Mrs. J. H. Zellner, Mrs. M. Parks, all daughters of Confederate soldiers. The officers of the Association are: President, Mrs. Laura E. Beeton Hildebrand, Secretary, Mrs. J. P. Edmiston, Custodian of the Fund, Mrs. W. T. Neale. All are interested and zealous.

All the officers are efficient, the Chapter is burning with zeal, sharpened and spurred on by enthusiasm, and the noble work in hand is sure of completion. It will be a happy realization of the lofty aims and purposes of its projectors.

This is the only Confederate Memorial Park west of the Mississippi River, and when enlarged, improved, and embellished, as it surely will be, it will be a consummation, an attraction, a hallowed spot like unto none in our Western Southland. The movement deserved success, its managers and helpers will wear crowns of victory like as the ones whose deeds are to be commemorated.

There is a large Confederate park, it will be remembered, near Fort Worth, Tex., and there are other Confederate properties, but the correspondent at Prairie Grove, Ark., evidently claims distinction as a "memorial" park.

LAST OFFICIAL ESCORT OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

The escort with President Davis when captured in May, 1865, was composed as follows: Capt. Given A. Campbell, from McCracken County, Ky. (not captured), now living in St. Louis, Mo.

First Lieut. Hazard P. Baker, Trigg County, Ky., now living near Canton, Trigg County, Ky. Private Harvey C. Sanders, Trigg County, Ky. He has a \$20 gold piece received while on this duty. Post office, New Boston, Tex. Minus C. Parsley, Trigg County, Ky. (not captured). James T. Walbert, McCracken County, Ky. Dead. Harrison Smith, Lyon County, Ky. Dead. W. N. Ingram, Trigg County, Ky. Dead. Tom S. McSwain, Paris, Tenn. (not captured). Dead. W. L. Heath, Corbin, Ky. W. A. Howard, Trigg County, Ky. (not captured). Birmingham, Ala.

All of the above were of Breckinridge's 2d Kentucky Cavalry, Company B.

In sending the above from Cadiz, Ky., F. G. Terry writes: "I have seen frequent mention by various comrades of President Davis's escort from the vicinity of Charlotte, N. C., to points in Georgia, and it seems to be the generally accepted statement that that escort dwindled down from three brigades to a selection of ten men, who stayed with him till that fatal morning when the curtain over the great drama was finally rung down. I have never seen the list of the gallant and devoted men who composed that escort, but now I have from the lips of the gallant young (?) lieutenant who was with that escort the names of that illustrious band, their places of nativity, etc. It will be seen that five of the number were from Trigg County, Ky., which county furnished something like four hundred men to the Confederate service."

MARYLAND DIVISION, U. D. C.

The annual meeting of the Maryland Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy was held recently at Lehmann's Hall, and several subjects of interest were considered. Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, President of the Division, presided at the meeting. She was reelected President for another term.

The other officers elected are: Honorary President, Mrs. D. G. Wright, President, Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, Vice Presidents, Mrs. John P. Poe, Mrs. G. Smith Norris, Mrs. L. Victor Baughman, Mrs. R. A. Hammond, and Mrs. E. T. B. Egee, Treasurer, Mrs. Winfield Peters, Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Neilson Poe, Recording Secretary, Mrs. August Weber, Historian, Miss Mary Hall, Recorder, Mrs. Samuel T. Brown.

Mrs. Odenheimer made her report on the session of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Atlanta, urging that the Division make a large appropriation for the monuments which are to be erected in the Confederate division of the Arlington Cemetery and in the cemetery at Shiloh. Each monument will cost something like \$50,000, and \$10,000 has been raised for the former.

A suggestion also indorsed was for the erection of a Confederate monument on Monocacy battlefield. Two monuments to the Union dead have been placed there, and as the battle was a Southern victory, it was thought desirable that a Confederate shaft should be placed there.

The Harford Chapter is also endeavoring to erect a monument at Belair in memory of Harford's soldiers and sailors.

William H. Reading, 1228 Avenue C, Galveston, Tex., desires information of Capt. William Ellis, Company A, 1st Regiment Regular Artillery of Louisiana. Mr. Reading's father served in that company from Terrebonne Station, La. Any one who can furnish information to Mr. Reading will greatly oblige.

THE CONFEDERATE CHOIRS BY COL. WILLIAM H. STEWART, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

The sacred hymns of the Christian nations of the world have been one of the strongest forces in breaking the chains of paganism and infidelity and in enthroning Christianity. The highest exaltation of the soul is felt and the clearest conception of God is borne in on the mental vision through the divine outbursts of poetical inspiration which illumine the pages of the sacred writings. Every land has its native airs and songs, which are more effective than its armies and navies in guarding the liberties of the people and which more than all other forces fill their hearts with hope and courage.

So were spoken the sentiments of a distinguished Mississippian, which we can all approve.

As the "Marseillaise Hymn" inspires the Frenchman, as the "Watch on the Rhine" arouses the German, as "God Save the King" exalts the pride of the Englishman, so the old songs of Dixie Land bring memories of love and joyful emotions to Southern Americans.

After Appomattox the songs and airs of the Confederacy were silent for many years, and

they were fast fading out of the memory of men. On the 19th of January, 1907, a little band commenced the work of gathering in the lost songs and singing again the airs of Dixie Land, and they came like a vision of the past to fill the hearts of the veterans of the South "with hope and courage."

I heard the "Rebel yell" on many battlefields when victory came to the star set cross of the South. I heard the "Rebel yell" when Jackson passed his troops marching to the front. I heard the "Rebel yell" when "Marse Robert" rode in review of his "people." I heard the "Rebel yell" come back when the "Girls in Gray" sang the old songs in the auditorium at Birmingham, Ala., last June (1908) from five thousand throats of veterans with the same zest, vigor, and enthusiasm as that which came from the young soldiers who whipped Hooker at Chancellorsville, drove Grant from the Wilderness, and made his legions disobey his orders at Cold Harbor. Who will place a stumbling block in the way of the sweet singers of the South? Five hundred patriotic women and men, vocalists of the South, have already enlisted "to revive the old time war songs." Shall they not be allowed to manage the affairs of their organization in their own way? Shall they not be invested with the principle of self government for which the Southern armies fought from 1861 to April, 1865?

If I can judge from what I have seen and heard, the work of this organization is an invaluable asset of history, and has touched the hearts of veterans more deeply than any other feature of any other patriotic organization of the South! Where are the veterans who disapprove the Confederate Choirs? Let me as a humble soldier appeal to the Daughters of the Confederacy not to erect barriers, but place steppingstones for the talented musicians who desire to revive the old songs! Your President General, Mrs. Stone, is reported as approving the protest of "certain influential Camps who are opposed to the wearing of Confederate uniforms by Southern women and the assumption of military titles." This is unfair, with an apparent purpose to place a stumbling block in the way of the independence of the federation of Confederate Choirs. Do let these soul stirring people manage their own vestments and voices in the way which they deem most effectual ! We see that when they sing the old songs happiness comes to the hearts and the highest exaltation of the soul is felt by the old soldiers who stood upon the firing line and made the rushing charges which gave glory to the battle flag of the South. The Grand Camp of Virginia welcomed the Confederate Choirs at Charlottesville in no uncertain sound, and that glorious soldier and chivalrous gentleman, Gen. Thomas T. Munford, commended them with the eloquence of heart inspiration. He said:

Ladies of the Confederate Uniformed Choir: It is with unfeigned pleasure that I, on behalf of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans, greet you with a soldier's welcome and thank you from our hearts for your soul stirring music, which recalls scenes when our hearts throbbed not only at the sight of our old flag, but when the notes of the shrill bugle or the roll of the kettledrum was echoed from regiment to regiment calling us to arms, and the pleasanter hours when at the call of the sweet tattoo the band played the familiar old tunes of 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Then You'll Remember Me,' 'The Vacant Chair,' 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Suwannee River,' and 'My Old Kentucky Home.' These were household songs in our army, and with good voices music rose to its sublimity.

I wish space would allow all of the beautiful tribute of this gallant cavalryman, who rode with Stuart on many fields, to be printed herewith. Suffice it to say that I believe he echoed the sentiments of more than nine tenths of the living veterans who have heard the uniformed Confederate Choirs sing "Dixie" and the other old songs dear to their hearts.

God bless the uniformed Confederate Choirs, and may the organization live as long as the Mississippi flows into the Gulf of Mexico

JACKSON'S BRIGADE IN BATTLE OF NASHVILLE BY CHARLES B. MARTIN

(FIRST GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS, C. S. A.), SHUBUTA, MISS.

There are no doubt many survivors of Hood's army who remember that forty four years ago, on December 16, 1864, we met with disastrous defeat in front of Nashville, Tenn.

Gen. H. R. Jackson's Georgia Brigade, Bate's Division, Cheatham's Corps (of which I was a member), was part of the force which met disaster. I give a short sketch of the movements of the brigade from our discomfiture in front of Murfreesboro, Tenn., to the one in front of Nashville.

After the battle of Franklin, Bate's Division was sent to cooperate with General Forrest in an attack on the garrison at Murfreesboro, which resulted in failure.

On account of some dissatisfaction caused by a speech of General Bate the day after the attack Jackson's Brigade was ordered to report to General Hood at Nashville. Our march to that point was without incident except that we halted long enough at the Tennessee Insane Asylum to cut and haul eight or ten cords of firewood for the inmates of that institution, the superintendent having reported to General Jackson that they were without anything to make fires or to haul wood.

When we arrived at Nashville, Cheatham's Corps was on the extreme right of the Confederate line, the right of which rested on a deep cut on the railroad between Nashville and Murfreesboro. Our brigade was assigned a position about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the line and about half a mile from the railroad, a small hill hiding our camp from the road. This position we occupied for several days, on one of which Brig. Gen. Henry R. Jackson, our brigade commander, had a narrow escape from death. He and several other generals, their staffs and escorts, had assembled on the top of a knoll just in front of Fort Negley on the enemy's fortifications.

The group were viewing General Thomas's works and presented a very enticing target for the guns of Fort Negley, which the gunners took advantage of, and one of the shells fired struck the ground under General Jackson's horse, exploding as it struck and killing the horse without injury to the rider. Of course the group quickly sought a safer position.

A day or two after this event the enemy commenced massing artillery in front of Cheatham's Corps, which still occupied its position on the right. The initiated at once predicted an assault on that part of the line, and began to prepare to meet it, but just as the batteries commenced firing a body of troops was observed on our right moving in the

direction of the rear of our position. When first seen the distance was too great to tell whether they were white or black, but half an hour later it was known to be a division of negro troops. Every man was on the alert, as this was the first time our corps was to come in contact with negro soldiers. Seeing that their route of march would bring them across the railroad below the end of the cut, it was decided to make a trap for them, and they were allowed to come on unmolested. After crossing the railroad the darkies formed a line of battle, and, thinking they had not been discovered, prepared to surprise the men in our works by an attack in the rear. Poor fools! little did they dream that every step they took toward the breastworks was watched by angry eyes and twitching fingers on gun triggers, men only awaiting the signal to exterminate them.

When they had moved forward far enough to enable our brigade to form in their rear, one of the divisions in the works about faced, and the other did likewise and wheeled to the left. We had the negroes in our trap, and when we commenced firing on them, complete demoralization followed. All that remained on the ground were good niggers. Many jumped into the cut, and were either killed or crippled. We took no prisoners. Not a single white man was seen among the killed. Where were their officers ?

About the 14th of December our division was moved (the other brigades having joined ours) to the center between the Franklin and Granny White Pikes. We remained in this position one day and part of a night. Our entire corps was then placed on the left of the Granny White Pike, Bate's Division on the right of the corps, Jackson's Brigade on the right of the division, his right resting on the Granny White Pike, and Gen. Edward Johnson's Division across the pike on our right behind a stone fence as breastworks. Finley's Brigade was on our left, with a small hill between us.

On the morning of the 16th, being in need of some blank reports, which were in the headquarters' ambulance, I was going to obtain them when I noticed artillery being massed in front of General Johnson's position. I had just started to return from the ambulance when fire was opened on Johnson's Division, many of the shells passing to the rear and exploding in and about the ambulance. Our driver, named Sigmund, went to the top of the hill to witness the fight, when his head was shot off by a shell.

When I reached the front, every vestige of stone that was in the fence in front of Johnson's men had been knocked down, and the line had sought a safer position a little to the rear.

The firing had by this time become general along our entire line. The ground in our front was so rough that no assault was made on us, but our pickets had a lively time with the enemy. We had a fine view of the different assaults on our right, but had no idea that the end would be so disastrous. About four o'clock in the afternoon, while seated on the edge of the ditch in the rear of our works engaged in conversation with C."pt. Alfred Bryant, our assistant adjutant general, and very near to General Jackson, a loud hurraing was heard in our rear, and turning to see what it meant, we saw a large body of bluecoats, who had broken through our line at the position held by Finley's men. General Jackson at once instructed Captain Bryant to go down the line to the right and order the regimental commanders to move their men out by the right flank, at the same time sending me to the

left with the same instructions. I hurried to the 1st Battalion Georgia Sharpshooters, who were on our extreme left, delivered the order to Lieutenant King, who was in command, and hastened to rejoin General Jackson, Assisted by Lieutenant Colonel Gordon, of my regiment, the General was walking to where his horse had been sent, but the ground was thawing and the walking slow and tedious. At every step our feet became encumbered with two or three pounds of stiff mud. The enemy were trying to cut us off, and, though at some distance, were firing at us and calling out: "Surrender!"

The General was becoming exhausted, and requested the colonel and myself to leave him. Being near the pike, Colonel Gordon told him that he thought we might get away. The General's horse was in the edge of the woods just beyond, and we felt he could reach the animal. I remained with the General, however. After crossing the pike and while getting over the stone fence it rolled from under him and threw him into the ditch beyond. I assisted him out, and persuaded him to pull his heavy boots off, as they were so loaded with mud that he could scarcely walk. He got one off, and was trying to remove the other when we heard the cry: "Surrender, d you!" Looking up, we saw the muzzles of four guns aimed at us across the fence not more than seventy or eighty yards distant. "They have got us, General," I said, and called out: "We surrender!"

The General commenced to pull on his boot, and I turned his coat collar down to prevent our captors from discovering his rank, as I hoped we might be recaptured.

The men one corporal and three privates sprang over the fence and came up to where we stood just as General Jackson succeeded in getting his boot on, and in pulling at it his collar assumed its natural position. The corporal Walked around the General once or twice, then, standing in front of him, said: "You are a general." "That is my rank," was the reply. The corporal, taking off his hat, waved it around his head and cried out: "Captured a general, by G. I will carry you to Nashville myself,"

At a command in German from the corporal two men took charge of the General, and with the corporal crossed the fence to the pike and started with him toward the city, leaving me in charge of the other man, who in very strong language informed me that if I tried to run he would shoot my head off. I told him not to worry, I had run as far as I could. Then he started with me toward Nashville,

We were on the edge of the ground over which Johnson's Division had fallen back, and blankets, knapsacks, etc., were scattered very liberally over it. The Dutchman told me to go to a very large knapsack. When reaching it he proceeded to open and examine the contents. In kneeling to open it he let his gun fall into the hollow of his left arm, the muzzle almost touching my body. The temptation to knock him in the head took hold upon me, and while he was unbuckling the straps to the knapsack I jerked his gun and, whirling it, struck him back of the head. He fell across the knapsack, when I stepped over him and made off in the direction of the Franklin Pike.

Just as I entered the woods I met Lieutenant Colonel Gordon with General Jackson's horse. He asked me for General Jackson, and I reported his capture. "Mount his horse," said the

Colonel. "We must get away from here, as the Yankee cavalry are trying to gain the pike in our rear," We rode to the Franklin Pike, where we saw demoralization in the extreme. Riding down the pike about a mile, we saw General Hood, with other commanding officers, trying to rally the men, but in vain. I saw one man who had been stopped by General Cheatham dodge beneath the General's horse and continue on his way while the General was trying to rally others.

The Colonel and I crossed the Harpeth River at Franklin after dark that night, and after finding the General's servant, Jim, turned the horse over to him and instructed him to take the other effects and make his way home to Savannah, Ga., if he could get there.

The next day we started for the Tennessee River, which we crossed on the 23d of December, 1864.

The VETERAN has been complimented ,with a piece of tobacco preserved from war days. There is no odor, but the color is good still. It had been hidden away for thirty odd years.

HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN ATTENTION OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS SOLICITED

The Nashville Board of Trade, a splendid business and patriotic organization of about two thousand members, is considering the subject of marking noted places on the battlefield of Nashville. The great battle of Franklin is so connected with this historic event that discussion of the subject here includes both. The awful blunder at Spring Hill and the awful defeat at Nashville are in a sense redeemed by the heroism displayed in the awful carnage at Franklin.

Passing from Spring Hill on the morning of November 30, 1864, toward Franklin, the Confederate army witnessed evidences of much confusion. The editor, marching in the line, recalls counting thirty four wagons abandoned on the pike, and in many instances all the mules attached, usually four to a wagon, were killed. Whether they were killed by the Federals to avoid their capture or by the Confederates fighting the Federals, he does not know.

The first show of resistance appeared on the south side of a range of hills prominent among which is "Winstead Hill" ' to the right of the pike, as may be seen in the picture. A command of infantry with fixed bayonets appeared as if intending to resist our further advance, but it soon withdrew to the two lines of works in front of and near Franklin, The advance line of temporary, or very inferior, works was held until the Confederates were close enough to follow close after the retreating Federals to their main line. But for this the broad plain would have been covered with Confederate dead, so there could have been very little resistance where the awful carnage occurred.

Survivors of the battle of Franklin who were in the midst of the carnage, although much of the fighting was done in the night, are indelibly impressed with the dreadful events that occurred. It was a fight to the death, as illustrated by the response of Gen. O. F. Strahl a

few minutes before his death to the editor, posted on the outer slope of the Federal breastworks, who, seeing that nearly all were dead and acting upon the theory that there was no rule of warfare whereby all men should be killed, asked, "What had we better do?" and the response was quick and emphatic, "Keep firing."

But it is not intended to write now especially of the battle, but to show the merit of the appeal which should be made in behalf of procuring a small area, including the cotton gin, the Carter House, and extending over the location of the locust grove, for a national park and the erecting of a monument to the valor of the men who fought on both sides.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN

[Capt. J. M. Hickey, of Washington, D. C., writes to Mr. J. K. Merrifield, of St. Louis, Mo.]

I notice in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for November, 1908, your very interesting article from "The Other Side" at Franklin, which reminds me so forcibly of what I saw and heard myself on that bloody battlefield November 30, 1864. I was captain of Company B, 2d and 6th Missouri Infantry, General Cockrell's Missouri Brigade.

In the famous charge made by the Missouri Brigade I was seriously wounded in my right leg, which was amputated next day on the field near the Federal breastworks close to the cotton gin and not far from the Carter House. My wound was so serious that I could not crawl or get away, and while thus prostrated on the ground I was shot through the forearm, the ball shattering both bones, and a few minutes thereafter I was again shot in my left shoulder.

In this awful condition, with my clothing saturated with blood and with hundreds of dead and wounded Confederate soldiers lying almost in a heap about me, I beheld the dead body of Col. Hugh Garland, commanding the 1st Missouri Regiment in the battle, who was killed by a second shot while prostrated on the ground. Many other Confederates were shot all around me, and died weltering in their own blood. I was within six feet of Colonel Garland when a Federal soldier gave him water from his canteen and straightened him out on the ground, relieving him somewhat from the weight of other dying or dead comrades. The reading of your narrative makes my heart thrill with emotion and calls to mind so vividly the awful, heartrending, and bloody scenes witnessed by me and other wounded soldiers for twenty hours prostrate on that bloody battlefield, where ever six thousand Confederate soldiers were killed and wounded.

I know all about the cotton gin and the Carter House. About ten o'clock at night, when the battle was somewhat over, the roar of cannon and small arms had in a measure ceased, and nothing could be heard but the wails of the wounded and the dying, some calling for their friends, some praying to be relieved of their awful suffering, and thousands in the deep, agonizing throes of death filled the air with mournful sounds and dying groans that can never be described.

While in this pitiable condition and shivering with cold and almost dead from the loss of blood I beheld a sight that I can never forget. Colonel Carter, whose home was at the

Carter House (as I afterwards learned) and who commanded a regiment in the Confederate army, was shot and killed in sight of his own home, and his sisters in some way had heard of his sad fate and went out on the battlefield about one hundred yards from his home with lanterns in hand and found him dying. They carried him to his own sweet home amid the groans, the weeping, and the wailing of thousands of wounded Confederate soldiers, and he died just as they reached the house. The battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, was the worst slaughter pen and the most bitterly contested of all of our battles, with greater loss of life on the Confederate side for the number engaged than any battle of the Civil War.

Franklin has an interest that no other battlefield possesses in the record of the carnage which raged there from four in the afternoon until eleven at night. The heroic Confederacy was about to terminate in gloom and defeat with the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, yet the battle of Franklin added another star to the shining crown of her achievements.

Many Confederate and Federal soldiers are anxious for the government to erect a monument to the valor of the soldiers of both armies in the battle of Franklin.

Edward Hayward writes from Hayes Center, Nebr., his wish that a national park be established on the battlefield of Franklin. He says:

I was in Colonel Opdyke's Brigade, 88th Illinois Infantry, and was in that charge after the Johnnies had broken our line. The left of our regiment was by the cotton gin, and the right of the brigade was at the pike. It was a hard old fight. I can see it yet as if it had occurred but yesterday,

I helped a Confederate major over the breastworks into the cotton gin that night after the fight. I made a bed of cotton for him and gave him a drink of water. He expressed his gratitude beautifully. I would like to have a talk with that Johnny if he lived, but he said he was mortally wounded. I think he belonged to the 45th Georgia.

I have not been South since I was discharged from the army. I had rather live about Franklin than any place I know.

MAKE A NATIONAL PARK AT FRANKLIN**T. C. HARBAUGH, IN NATIONAL TRIBUNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

I have just returned from another visit to the battlefield of Franklin, Tenn. I found much there to interest the old boys who took part in that desperate struggle November 30, 1864, and they would enjoy visiting the place. The old cotton gin has vanished, but the bullet marked Carter House, around which the tide of battle rolled with varying fortunes that bloody day and night, is still extant, and marks a historic spot. The ground over which the Confederates charged up to the Union breastworks is in about the same condition as during the battle, and the landscape is as lovely as then.

I know of no more historic battlefield in the land than Franklin, with the quaint Tennessee town for its setting. I talked with many soldiers of both armies who took part in the battle, and they gave me many interesting facts concerning it. An attempt was made some years ago to mark the spot where Gen. "Pat" Cleburne fell at the head of his men, and a small tablet tells where General Adams died. The heroism of both armies at Franklin was not surpassed in any battle of the war. The death of six Confederate generals there shows the desperateness of the fighting, and the resistance of the Union soldiers is a halo of glory. I cannot see why the national government has taken no steps toward marking the battlefield of Franklin. This is something that should be done, and done before the last of the gallant men who fought there have passed over to rest "under the shade of the trees." The cost would not be great, as not much land would have to be secured, and I understand that the necessary area could be purchased at no exorbitant figure. It is the desire of every Franklin participant whom I met to have the field marked.

Other battlefields of no more importance than Franklin have been tableted, and it should not be left unmarked. I understand that a movement is on foot looking to the proper marking of this place, but it must be pressed before it is too late. The bravery displayed there should have a monument to the soldiers of both armies, not a costly shaft, but one that would reflect the heroism of all who were at Franklin. It was the last desperate battle of the war, fought when the Confederacy was without hope and when Appomattox was in the near distance.

The kindly feeling that has grown up since the war by the blue and the gray who stood on the "firing line" calls for a memorial at Franklin that would forever keep green their gallantry. I hope something will be done in this direction. Let the Union soldiers take it in hand, and I am assured that their old foemen, now their friends, will meet them halfway and help to carry out the project. I would suggest that every Union soldier who fought at Franklin write his views on this matter to S. A. Cunningham, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, at Nashville, Tenn., and see if Franklin cannot have its memorial to American heroism. Mr. Cunningham was one of the Confederates who charged the Union works at the Carter House, and will do his part toward seeing that this great battlefield is appropriately marked, as it should be.

[This article in the National Tribune has created much interest. The VETERAN seeks accounts by Union soldiers.]

FROM "THE OTHER SIDE" AT FRANKLIN

S. C. Walford writes from Lone Tree, Iowa: "I served three years in the 97th Ohio during the war, and was in all the battles from Stone's River to Lovejoy Station and back to Franklin and Nashville except Chickamauga. I consider Franklin the hardest fought of any I was in. We were on the advance line that broke and made a hasty retreat for the main line. I am in favor of the government marking the battlefield, and I believe that every Confederate living who was in that battle will be in favor of it."

S. A. Danner, of La Cygne, Kans., late of Company D, 8th Iowa Cavalry, 1st Brigade, 1st Division Cavalry, Army of the Cumberland, also writes:

Seeing your name mentioned as a committeeman to further the effort to make the battlefield of Franklin a national park, I am in perfect sympathy with such a move. I was in the battle, stood between the river and the pike, and was in Croxton's Brigade of Cavalry. How well I remember forty two years ago (November 29, 1864) when we were at Columbia, on Duck River! I was one of ten men sent down the river from Columbia to watch a crossing. We were ordered to stay there until 10 P.M., and then, unless informed, to come in. We did not receive orders, and on our way back we ran right into Confederate camps, and when we got to the pike, it was lined with wagons, so we had to go single file.

You can put my name down as one who wants to see the battlefield of Franklin made a national park. I expect to see that battlefield again and go over the same road on which we retreated that night and see the same ground on which we camped at Shoal Creek.

What surprises me is why Hood did not capture the whole command or drive us west in place of letting us go to Franklin. That is surely one of the most remarkable retreats ever made, for we passed the Confederate camps that night without being molested. The 8th Iowa was camped on Shoal Creek between Pulaski and Florence when Hood crossed his army over the Tennessee River, * * * We were camped, I think, ten miles from Florence. Four companies were stationed at Florence. The regiment was about four hundred strong. How well I remember when the word came that the Confederates were Crossing! Major Root, in command of the regiment, dashed down toward the river. Before we got halfway there we met the Confederates in full force. It is needless to say that we only tried to save ourselves.

A week or so before Hood crossed the river we were at Florence. A squad of ten or twelve was sent to watch a crossing on the river. It was a beautiful Sabbath day. There was not a building at the landing, it was simply an open place on the bank of the river. We tied our horses back in the timber, and were just lounging around on the grass when two men on the south side went down to the river, got in a skiff, floated out toward us, and waved their handkerchiefs. Sergeant Hoyt, in command, called us up and said he had no orders to receive them, but if we would promise never to tell, we would let them come. They rowed over, got out, and lounged on the grass with us for nearly two hours. I think they were a captain and a lieutenant. They said they were sent to notify us that a certain lady was to pass up the river and to come inside the Union lines that afternoon, but we never saw the lady referred to. With the captain and lieutenant we had the most agreeable time that could be imagined, talking all our difficulties over in the most friendly manner. I would like to meet either one of them, would go ever so far to do so. I think I must be the only one surviving of our party. Florence is about a mile from the river. I stood guard several nights on the bank at the old railroad bridge. There were some old buildings there, too, and it was one of the gloomiest places I ever stood guard,"

17 Confederate Veteran January 1909.

BATTLE OF NASHVILLE

BY M. B. MORTON, MANAGING EDITOR NASHVILLE BANNER

The battle of Nashville, which marked the failure of the last aggressive movement of the armies of the Confederacy, was fought a few miles south of this city December 15 and 16, 1864 Gen. A. P. Stewart wrote to Col. A. P. Mason, assistant adjutant general of the Army of Tennessee: "I deem it proper to say that after the fall of Atlanta the condition of the army and other considerations rendered it necessary, in my judgment, that an offensive campaign should be made in the enemy's rear and on his line of communication. It is not my purpose nor does it pertain to me to explain the reasons which prompted the campaign, but simply to express my concurrence in the views which determined the operations of the army."

For the details of the battle of Nashville contained in this article the Banner and the writer are indebted to Gov. James D. Porter, as the people of Tennessee and the South are indebted to him for a lifetime's service in peace and war, as the generations of Tennesseans yet unborn are indebted to him for his volume in the military history of the South devoted to the Tennessee soldier, and the part he took in the great Civil War.

And just one word for the private soldier of Tennessee, the private soldier of the Confederate States of America. No better soldier ever shouldered musket or marched to battle. History tells of no braver man, none with greater powers of endurance, with nerves of iron and sinews of steel, none with more intelligence, none more devoted to duty, and none with a higher conception of Christian manhood. In the aggregate he made the greatest fighting machine the world has known. He often won his battle under the most adverse circumstances. Name any battle in which he participated where his force came anywhere near equaling the enemy in numbers, and you name a Southern victory.

Governor Porter is particularly well fitted to tell the story of the battle of Nashville. As a young man he was a member of the Legislature and "helped take Tennessee out of the Union." He at once enlisted in the army, and remained in the field until the end, first as adjutant general and chief of staff of Cheatham's Division and then as adjutant general of that army corps. He was with Hood in his march into and out of Tennessee, and was an active participant in the battle of Nashville during both the days of the battle.

The map on page 16 gives a good idea of the fortifications in and around Nashville at the time of the battle and the disposition of the forces in the field. The position of the fortifications and lines of battle and troops during the two days' engagement are copied from a map made by Maj. Wilbur F. Foster, who was chief engineering officer of Gen. A. P. Stewart's Corps, serving before, during, and after the battle of Nashville until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C.

The Federals had two permanent lines of breastworks, the inner line running from Fort Negley, their strongest fortification, in a northeasterly direction to the river, and from Fort Negley in the other direction by Fort Casino, on what is now Reservoir Hill, to Fort Morton, and thence in a northwesterly direction, via Fort Gillem, in North Nashville, to the Cumberland River not far from the present Hide's Ferry bridge. The outer line began at Fort Casino and ran in a southwesterly then westerly and then northwesterly direction to the Cumberland River, a short distance below the present Tennessee Central Railroad bridge. This line included part of Belmont Heights, went beyond Vanderbilt University grounds, and crossed the Harding Pike near the present Acklen Park. Within the inner line, near the intersection of Sixteenth Avenue (Belmont) and Division Street, was Fort Houston, on the present site of Maj. E. C. Lewis's residence and adjacent lots. Besides the permanent lines of fortification, a number of temporary breastworks were built south of the city immediately preceding and during the battle.

Few of the many thousands of people who annually visit Glendale Park realize that this beautiful and peaceful bit of woodland is almost the exact geographical center of the battle of Nashville and that it was raked by shot and shell when the two armies, the one commanded by Gen. J. B. Hood and the other by Gen. G. H. Thomas, met in deadly conflict. General Hood's headquarters during the battle were near the present palatial residence of Mr. Overton Lea, southwest of Glendale Park. Previous to the battle General Hood's headquarters were at Col. John Overton's residence, Travelers' Rest, where his son, Mr. May Overton, now lives.

On the first day of the battle the Confederate lines extended east and west near what is now the northern extremity of the Glendale car line loop. Going east, it crossed the Franklin Pike and passed on near the A. V. Brown residence to Rains Hill, now on the west side of the Nolensville Pike. From there it extended in a northeasterly direction to the N., C. & St. L. Railroad, from which point a thin line of cavalry extended in a northeasterly direction to the Cumberland River.

On the left wing Chalmers's and Rucker's Brigades of Forrest's Cavalry were thrown out in a line of observation extending in a northwesterly direction to the Cumberland River. It will be remembered by his old comrades that General Rucker, who is now a prominent capitalist of Birmingham, Ala., lost his arm and was captured south of the Overton Knobs, on the Granny White Pike, after the battle. Gen. A. P. Stewart commanded the left, Gen. Stephen D. Lee the center, and Gen. B. F. Cheatham the right.

From near the center an advance line was thrown out at an angle with the main line extending to the left in a direction a little north of west across the Granny White Pike and across Belmont Terrace, then the Montgomery homestead, and on across Mr. Walter Stokes's farm to the Hillsboro Pike near where it is. now crossed by the Tennessee Central Railroad belt line. For several days before the battle the soldiers in their intrenchments, which were only a few hundred yards from the Federal outer line of works around Nashville, were constantly under fire. The old Montgomery homestead, which occupied the crest of what is now Belmont Terrace and which was right in the line of the Confederate works, was destroyed by Federal shots, and the old overseer's house for the Montgomery homestead, now owned by Smith Criddle, was riddled by shot, the marks of which may still be seen. It was at first intended to make this the main Confederate line of battle on the left, but it was afterwards determined to make the main line, as already described, about half a mile south of the crest of Belmont Terrace. Just before the battle of December 15 the troops in this line were withdrawn to the main line, the original line being held as a skirmish line.

During the fight December 15, the first day of the battle, the left flank of the Confederate army was turned, and General Stewart re formed his line, now augmented after nightfall by Cheatham's troops, in a position almost parallel to the Hillsboro Pike on the east side of the pike,

The next day, December 16, was the second and main day of the battle. The Confederate army had been formed during the preceding night in line of battle extending east and west from a point in the hills west of the Granny White Pike, extending east across the pike and through the northern edge of the present Overton Lea woods pasture, across the present Van L. Kirkman farm and the Franklin Pike to Overton Hill, a short distance north of the John Overton home. The line crossed the Franklin Pike a few hundred yards north of the present Van Leer Kirkman residence.

On the second day of the battle Cheatham's Corps was the left of the army, General Stewart held the center, and General Lee the right, facing General Steedman across the Franklin Pike.

It may be seen by reference to the map that the Confederates were faced in front by an unbroken line of foes and that the Federals had effected a lodgment in their rear near the Granny White Pike, so that their only feasible line of retreat was by the Franklin Pike. The advance on and the retreat from Nashville were over the Franklin Pike.

After the battle of Franklin, Gen. William B. Bate and Gen. N. B. Forrest were detached from Hood's army and sent to Murfreesboro with five or six thousand men to take that place if possible and to destroy the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad, so that reinforcements could not be brought to the Federals over that road. They performed the latter mission with reasonable success, but were unable to take Murfreesboro. General Bate was then ordered to Nashville with his troops, and took part in the second day's fight, but General Forrest and some of the infantry that had been sent to Murfreesboro did not again join Hood's army until Columbia was reached on the retreat.

When asked as to the number of men General Hood had at the battle of Nashville, Governor Porter said: "The ordnance officer, who had charge of the ordnance stores, used to tell me we had fifteen thousand infantry in line. Of course we had more troops than that: we had some at Murfreesboro and some on detached service that did not participate in the action."

What estimate did he make of the Federal force in and around Nashville at that time was asked.

You know, was the reply, "they had between eighteen thousand and twenty thousand men in line at Franklin, and they were constantly receiving reinforcements. There were five or six thousand troops in Nashville who never went to Franklin. We were in front of Nashville nearly two weeks, and from Rains Hill I could see the reinforcements coming in every day from toward Louisville. I could see them cross the river. Gen. J. H. Wilson had ten thousand cavalry horses. Counting all sorts of men under arms, the Federals had at least seventy five thousand."

How many do you estimate they had actually in the fighting?

They did not have that many, but they had them in supporting distance, and that is the same thing as having them there. Their fights were made in detachments. For instance, they attacked us on the right. Steedman came out with his division, he was feeling us to see what was there and to see whether he could turn that flank or not, and we beat him very badly.

Describing the first day of the battle, Governor Porter said: "Cheatham's Corps was thrown across the Nolensville Pike, with its center at Rains Hill (it used to be spoken of as Ridley's Hill, we called it Ridley's Hill then, but it belonged to Rains, and we got to calling it Rains Hill). Nixon's cavalry was on our right in open order, running across to the river, and was more in observation than anything else.

On the 15th of December General Steedman came out with his division (and, by the way, he had with him Shafter, who afterwards made such a conspicuous failure in Cuba). General Shafter was commanding a negro regiment. General Corbin, afterwards commander of the United States army, was there also in command of another regiment of negroes. They came out against us in rather handsome style. I do not suppose they had ever been in action before. We fired but one volley. We knocked down over eight hundred of them, and that was the end of it they retired. They left in disorder a bad case of disorder.

We had no serious action there except with one little brigade. The left of Cleburne's Division of Cheatham's Corps rested on the east side of the Nolensville Pike, held by Govan's Brigade. We had but two divisions, and the other Cheatham's old division was west of the pike. On Govan's right, east of the pike, was Granberry's Brigade, General Granberry having been killed at Franklin. The brigade occupied what the soldiers called a lunette a little open work with three hundred men. They were attacked by the Federals and gave them a bloody repulse, though themselves sustaining a loss of twenty or thirty men, mostly killed and wounded by sharpshooters. The whole line opened on the Federals, and they left in great disorder, and that was the end of the first day's fight on Hood's right. When we made that fight, we were already under orders to go to the left of the line of battle, where General Stewart's left flank had been forced.

When the enemy turned Stewart's left flank, he had to drop back three quarters of a mile and make a second formation parallel with and on the east side of the Hillsboro Pike. He was in this formation when we arrived there late in the evening of the 15th. When the fight began, Gen. Stephen D. Lee held the center of the line of battle, but when Cheatham's Corps was moved to the extreme left to support Stewart, Lee's Corps became the right flank of General Hood's army.

So far as that day's fighting was concerned, Lee's Corps sustained itself all along its line. He beat the enemy and drove them back. In fact, there was but little vigor displayed by the Federals. There was no enterprise, no push, no energy, and Lee, especially Clayton's Division of Lee's Corps, repulsed every assault that was made upon him. Some of Lee's troops were, however, loaned to Stewart to help him on the extreme left, which was all the time supposed to be in jeopardy, and these left the field."

After Stewart made his second formation on the Hillsboro Pike, where he was joined by Cheatham's Corps, there was practically no further fighting on that first day of the battle.

During the night the Confederate lines were withdrawn and re formed in front of the Overton Knobs, as already pointed out, extending from the hills on the west side of the Granny White Pike, across the pike and through Overton Lea's woods pasture and Van L. Kirkman's farm and across the Franklin Pike to Overton Hill on the extreme right. In this new formation Cheatham's Corps was on the left, Stewart's in the center, and Lee's on the right. Cleburne's old division was the extreme left of Cheatham's Corps and the extreme left of the Confederate line. Next came Cheatham's old division, under command of General Lowry, and then Bate's Division of Cheatham's Corps. All of Cheatham's

Corps was on the left flank, except Gen. J. H. Smith's Brigade of Cleburne's Division, which General Hood had ordered to support Lee. Walthall, of Stewart's Corps, came next to Bate's Division on the right, Walthall also being west of the Granny White Pike.

On the afternoon of the 16th, when the main battle was fought, the Federals made a general attack all along the Confederate line. There had been constant fighting but no general

attack during the morning. When they made the general attack, they received a bloody repulse from Lee and all along Stewart's line, part of which was protected by a stone fence on the northern boundary of Overton Lea's farm. On the extreme left the Federals bunched a heavy column of cavalry, and there they pushed Govan, on the left of Cleburne's Division, from the field. Speaking of this, Governor Porter said: "There was no panic about it, they overwhelmed him. It was in a little pocket down there. General Cheatham and I were standing together by a big white oak when a ball passed between us, coming from behind. The enemy had gone in there and got behind us. Govan was shot down, the colonel next to him was shot down, and the command devolved on a major. Colonel Field, of the 1st Tennessee, in command of what was formerly Maney's Brigade, but which at that time was known as Carter's Brigade (General Carter had been killed at Franklin), was ordered to retake the position on the extreme left from which Govan had been forced. This he did, being joined immediately by Gist's Brigade, under command of Col. John H. Anderson, of the 8th Tennessee."

Thus it will be seen that the Federals along the whole line were repulsed and the ground lost on the extreme left had been regained. The Federal troops had, however, passed around the left wing of the army and, until Field advanced, regained and held the ground, reenforced by Anderson, were in the rear of Cheatham's Corps. Then a demonstration was made on Bate's Division, which was on the west of the Granny White Pike, joining Walthall of Stewart's Division. Bate's Division gave way on Shy's Hill, and the Federal army poured through the gap thus made, cutting Hood's army in two and isolating Cheatham's Division from the rest of the army. The enemy was in front on both sides and in the rear of Cheatham's troops, and was in the rear of a part of Stewart's Corps. It was then that Cheatham's troops were ordered to break ranks, each man to look out for himself, and this they did successfully, and Cheatham's Corps assembled that night on the Franklin Pike, joining Lee and Stewart, and marched in order to Franklin. Stewart's Corps retired in like manner, as did part of Lee's.

This was an absolute necessity, as it was impossible to lead an organized body of men through the Overton hills.

Speaking of the conclusion of the action on the extreme left, which practically ended the battle of Nashville, Governor Porter said: "The enemy, seeing our army cut in two, poured through the gap in the rear of a part of Stewart's Corps and in the rear of Cheatham's Corps. It required very prompt action to save the brigade commanded by Colonel Field, of the 1st Tennessee, and Gist's Brigade, commanded by Colonel Anderson. They held the extreme left of our army, and when about to follow the stampede, Cheatham ordered Colonel Field to resume his position and open fire on the enemy. This was done, causing the enemy to fall back, and then the order was given to retire. This order meant for the men to climb the hills in their rear and reach the Franklin Pike. It was done promptly, but was not attended by anything like a panic. If our retreat had not been forced at that hour, we would have retreated that night, as it was impossible to maintain the position we occupied, and if Grant had been in command of the Federals, our little army would have been captured. Our army should have been in Georgia fighting Sherman, but if it was resolved to make a campaign in Tennessee, the fatal delay of a week on the Tennessee River should have been avoided."

The retreat to the Tennessee River was not a rout. It was well conducted, and there was almost constant fighting between the rear guard and General Wilson's cavalry, which conducted a vigorous pursuit almost to the Tennessee River.

Wilson, said Governor Porter, "had organized a corps of ten thousand, and had right here in Nashville the best appointed cavalry the Federal army had ever had. In fact, the Federal army never had a cavalry corps that amounted to much until just about that time."

On the evening of the last day of the battle Lee covered the retreat of the army on the Franklin Pike and also the next day to Franklin. An incident of Lee's defense of the army is given by Governor Porter. He said: "Lee told me about the attack that was made on him near Brentwood. Old Pettus was with him there. The Federal cavalry was led! by a colonel whose name I have forgotten, an officer of the regular army with white flowing beard. Lee formed a square to receive the charge. The Federal colonel formed his troops in column the width of a company, and the impetus of the charge carried them right through the Confederate square, but they never got back. It is very difficult ordinarily to break a square properly formed, and that one was properly formed by fine soldiers. I have heard Lee and Pettus both tell about it as a magnificent charge and very magnificently led. They were killed, wounded, and disabled in every way."

The weather was bitter cold during the stay at and following the battle of Nashville. Preceding the battle General Cheatham and staff spent the nights at Wesley Greenfield's home, on the Nolensville Pike about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the Confederate lines. The soldiers were half clad and not half shod, thousands being entirely without shoes. When this is considered and the rough, rocky ground over which most of the fighting took place, in many places covered with briars and a thick growth of prickly pear or cactus, some faint conception of the hardships endured by these heroes of the Southland may be formed.

On the retreat, said Governor Porter, "we had as few desertions as was ever the case with an army under similar circumstances. The presumption would naturally be that most of the desertions would be on the part of Tennesseans, because they were going right by their homes, many in sight of them, but they stayed with the army. "A private soldier got permission through me to visit his mother. When he got in sight of home and saw the Yankees were there, he turned around, came back, and fell in line. That illustrates how the fellows would do. Barring our real losses in battle, we were as strong when we got to Tupelo as when we crossed the river going into Tennessee. We had practically no desertions.

General Thomas and his officers promulgated the idea that after the fight our army was a mob and not under the control of the officers, but there was as good discipline during the retreat as I ever saw. We had with our command the rear of Cheatham's Corps, we skirmished with the enemy nearly all day before reaching Columbia, and our soldiers never behaved better in their lives.

At Columbia General Hood put Forrest in command of the rear guard and ordered Walthall to select an infantry command to support him, and he selected two brigades from his own division, two from Cheatham's, and two or three others. He had fifteen or sixteen hundred men. These troops had fierce combats, but no soldiers ever behaved better than they. They

had battles on a small scale, they punished the enemy, captured prisoners and captured artillery, "We had one of the handsomest little combats the first day out before we reached Columbia. I was there at the action of the artillery. We had four guns with the rear brigade. And I will tell you what we did have too (it was a pitiful sight) : we had many barefooted men, and there were ice and snow and sleet. The soldiers would kill a beef, divide the skin, and tie their feet up in the raw hide. "A little story will illustrate the condition of things. We had reached the hilly country in Giles County, beyond Pulaski. It had snowed and sleeted the day before, and the ground was as slick as glass. We reached a steep hill, and I rode on to its top with the troops. General Cheatham remained at the foot of the hill, and he knew they were going to have terrible times with that train of his approaching with ordnance stores, quartermaster's stores, etc. He sent word to me to pick out a hundred well shod men and send them to help push the wagons up. I dismounted and gave my horse to the courier. The fellows soon found out that I was after men with shoes on, and they were highly amused. They would laugh and stick up their feet as I approached. Some would have a pretty good shoe on one foot and on the other a piece of rawhide or a part of a shoe made strong with a string made from a strip of rawhide tied around it, some of them would have all rawhide, some were entirely barefooted, and some would have on old shoe tops with the bottoms of their feet on the ground. I got about twenty or twenty five men out of that entire army corps, and we got the teams up the hill.

No, we did not use oxen, as Dr. Wyeth says in his life of Forrest, to move the ordnance from Columbia to the river. I did not see an ox during the entire trip. We used horses and mules, and we had enough to do the work, doubling teams with heavy things like pontoons for bridges. We had the worst roads ever seen.

The skirmishing began immediately after the battle and lasted until we got almost to the Tennessee River."

Did the negro troops figure in the battle after the attack upon Cheatham on the first day of the battle of Nashville? was asked.

No. We saw no negro troops after that, but some of them were with General Steedman when he attacked Lee on the second day of the battle.

The official record shows that December 10, 1864, General Hood had an effective force of 18,342 infantry, 2,306 cavalry, 2,405 artillery, making a total of 23,053. Two brigades of this force were at Murfreesboro during the battle of Nashville.

The ordnance officer issued ammunition for 15,000 infantry in line of battle. Governor Porter furnishes the following list of Tennessee troops as participating in the battle of Nashville: Cheatham's Corps, Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham, James D. Porter, chief of staff and assistant adjutant general.

Field's Brigade, Col. Hume R. Field, 4th (P. A.), 6th, 9th, and 50th Tennessee, Lieut. Col. George W. Pease, 1st and 27th Tennessee, Lieut. Col. John F. House, 8th, 16th, and 28th Tennessee, Col. John H. Anderson,

Strahl's Brigade, Col. Andrew J. Kellar, 4th, 15th, 31st, and 38th Tennessee, Col. L. W. Finley, 19th, 24th, and 41st Tennessee, Capt. D. A. Kennedy.

Gordon's Brigade, Col. William M. Watkins, 11th and 29th Tennessee, Maj. John E. Binns, 12th and 47th Tennessee, Capt. C. N. Wade, 13th, 51st, 52d, and 154th Tennessee, Maj. J. T. Williams.

Bate's Division, Gen. William B. Bate, 2d, 10th, 20th, and 37th Tennessee, Lieut. Col. W. M. Shy.

Cleburne's Division, 35th Tennessee, Col. B. J. Hill, detached.

Lee's Corps, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Palmer's Brigade, Gen. J. B. Palmer, 3d and 18th Tennessee, Lieut. Col. William R. Butler, 23d, 26th, and 45th Tennessee, Col. Anderson Searcy, 32d Tennessee, Col. John P. McGuire(at Murfreesboro).

Stewart's Corps, Quarles's Brigade, Brig. Gen. George D. Johnston, 42d, 46th, 49th, 53d, and 55th Tennessee, Capt. A. M. Duncan, 48th Tennessee, Col. William M. Vorhies.

When the Army of Tennessee reached Tupelo, Miss., from the 5th of January, 1865, to the 12th (the last date was the time of Cheatham's arrival), the effective total of the infantry was 14,870. Deducting this from the effective infantry on the 10th of December, 1864, which was 18,342, the result will show the losses sustained at the battle of Nashville and the combat in front of Murfreesboro, less the absence of the 4th, 5th, 31st, 33d, 38th, 6th, 9th, 12th, 47th, 73d, 51st, 52d, 154th, 46th, and 55th Tennessee Regiments, furloughed at Corinth by Cheatham by command of General Hood. Two thousand covered all losses at Nashville. This includes killed, wounded, and missing. A large per cent were slightly wounded and never left the ranks, and many of the missing walked across three States and joined their colors in North Carolina and were paroled with their comrades. General Hood, in his official report, said: "The Tennessee troops entered the State with high hopes as they approached their homes. When the fortunes of war were against us, the same faithful soldiers remained true to their flag, and, with rare exceptions, followed it in retreat as they had borne it in advance."

BATTLE OF NATURAL BRIDGE, FLORIDA

Mrs. Estelle T. Oltrogge, of Jacksonville, writes a historic poem founded on fact after diligent search of the history. The story of the battle so cleverly told is hardly known except by those who participated in it or who lived in that section at the time. The poem commemorates the heroism of the West Florida cadets on March 6, 1865.

It was read by Miss May Kinney in a particularly pleasing manner to the U. D. C., and it elicited generous applause.

Tallahassee, unprotected town, what power Could save her homes, her women, and her children, when One day in March, full two score years ago, there came The word: "The enemy is near, six thousand strong?"

Age extreme and tender youth were there, but all The gallant strength of valorous Floridian arms Had to the broad Atlantic and the western Gulf Marched to defend their State's remote and threatened coasts.

Brave hearts, brave men, brave officers! Their names we hold

As dear and proudly now as then McCormack, Scott, Houston, Daniel, Dunham, Miller, Jones commanded Troops, some hundreds and some scores of miles away.

Dispatches flashed to distant ports and scattered camps, The nearest of defenders summoning in haste, While, scarce one hundred strong, a squadron rode to meet In brave but hopeless combat all that blue garbed host.

On the East River's bank they soon were put to flight And back to Newport fell the intrepid little band, A bridge they guarded there, and when the foe advanced They found the wooden timbers wreathed in smoke and flame.

Twilight closing in, the baffled enemy Their evening meal on yonder river bank prepared, On hither side our men awaited night with dread, And scouts to reconnoiter trod the darkening wood?.

Pursued and faint, our jaded horsemen faced alone The exultant army camped across the narrow stream. No organized battalions came to cheer and aid That handful of devoted, weary men and youths.

But singly and in groups throughout the night old men And loyal overseers into the trenches came Straggling, with what ancient weapons they could find Shotguns, old squirrel rifles, pistols, muskets, swords.

Foremost amongst those resolute but aged men Who forth to desperate conflict brought their waning strength Was Bishop Rutledge, seventy years and more his age, An old and disused shotgun in his feeble hands.

And now the enemy, their progress balked, essayed At midnight quietly to reach a favored point Where St. Marks River's deep and rapid tide was spanned By Nature's prank, a firm and graceful natural bridge.

But watchful scouts their purposes divined and brought The rumor quick to camp, and ere the night had passed Brave Miller pushed his little band of horsemen on, And forty armed civilians followed silently.

Before the dawn of day they halted on the west, While on the eastern bank the Federal troops appeared. But when did danger's summons ever die unheard By dauntless Southern souls? Yea, courage spoke that day

For see: Before the rise of sun who hither comes ? A corps of young West Florida Cadets, none more Than sixteen years could boast, and some eleven were Mere children, who with little sisters lately played.

Yet gladly, eagerly, like warriors of old, Those heroes young with gallant Johnson in command That morning rushed to battle, and with bayonets And unused hands an excavation quickly made.

Upon a slight incline throughout the day, behind Their shallow trench ensconced,
continuously they fired With telling shot against the surging foe, and held The bridge till
Dunham and bold Houston came to save.

This is the record of that day so long ago: While Tallahassee's women heard ten miles
away The cannon's dismal boom, and wept and prayed for those High hearted boys who
dared to check the foe's advance,

Two six gun batteries, a hundred horse, two score Of light armed volunteers, and seventy
five cadets Dire slaughter made of those six thousand seasoned troops, While of our men
but valiant Simmons met his death.

O may our much beloved Southern land be spared The clash of war! and may its conflict
hallowed soil. Where peaceful tillage prospers and the roses bloom, Be never redly
drenched with sacrificial blood

But to their country's call forever may there be Courageous souls to hearken and strong
hearts to swell, Like that undaunted company of Southern lads Whose spirit in their worthy
sons shall never die.

REMINISCENCES OF R. E. NORFLEET

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REMINISCENCES OF R. E. NORFLEET

An incident was given the writer during the summer of 1907 by Mr. R. E. Norfleet, of Suffolk, Va., who was just seventeen years of age when he enlisted in Company A (R. O. Whitehead, captain), 16th Virginia Regiment, Mahone's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps.

I listened with keenest interest to his thrilling story, the scene of which was in the old historic town of Suffolk, on the winding Nansemond River, during the reconstruction period.

Mr. Norfleet was small in stature. He had a bright intellect, a penetrating eye, in movement and action was as quick as an Indian trailer. He was fearless and full of humor, which gave a snap to all of his interesting conversation. But, alas! ill health had robbed him of that elastic, military step and the good cheer that were the marked characteristics of his earlier life.

Reluctantly he began his story with the usual preliminary "Well," looking straight at me with one eye (he lost the other from the effects of a wound in battle). "I went all through the war. I was wounded at Malvern Hill and in the second battle of Manassas, was in the fight at Crampton Gap, Md. in the battle of Fredericksburg, the battle of Chancellorsville, in the Crater fight, and was wounded for the third time in the battle of Spottsylvania C. H.

I was captured in Southampton County, Va., in April, 1865, and imprisoned at Old Point Comfort, then called 'Camp Hampton,' and released the following June.

In prison I was covered with army lice, and spent much time trying to free myself of that pest. I had been sentenced to be shot, but, thank Heaven, by the persistent efforts of one of God's finest women I was saved." When this was said, his eye sparkled and showed the old time gleam of fire.

After the war I came home without the least interest or aim in life, for I was yet young and a little wild, but when I looked around and saw the devastation of the country, once palatial homes destroyed by the torch, and those carpetbag officers, I grew desperate. One morning during the summer of 1866, after I had been to the courthouse with two friends, Corbin and Andrew Kerr (I should like to know what has become of those boys), to attend the reorganization of the militia for home protection, we met about a half dozen negroes, and three of them deliberately shoved us off of the pavement. Quicker than I can tell you a fierce battle followed and pandemonium reigned, for we rushed through the streets after them, throwing brickbats and yelling, 'Kill them, kill them,' and it was not long until one of the negroes was pleading at the bar of justice and another left in a very precarious condition. After this we felt apprehensive of the burning of property. That was uppermost in our minds. Capt. Al Holladay advised me to arm myself because there was danger of being attacked at any moment. The whole town was excited, and no one could tell what would be the outcome. As I went home I met Major Stone, then the provost marshal, and he tripped up to me and asked if I knew any man who had insulted a 'colored gentleman' on

the street that day. I feigned indifference. Then he braced up, shook himself, pulled the lapels of his coat together, and brusquely said: 'I repeat, sir, do you know any man who insulted a colored gentleman on the street to day?' 'Well, sir,' I replied, 'if you are referring to the man who pelted a nigger with a brickbat, I'm the gentleman, sir.' 'Consider yourself under arrest,' he said. 'Who is going to do it?' I asked. 'I am, sir,' replied the Major. With profanity and indignation I pulled out my pocket knife and gave the little carpetbag Yankee officer a lively chase to his office, occasionally slashing his coat tail.

It was then growing late in the day, and I went home. My sister was greatly excited, and she locked me in an upper chamber, but I made my escape from the house through a window and slid down the columns of the porch. My uncle tried to detain me in his house in a similar manner, but I made my escape and went on up the street. This time I encountered a mob of about fifty negroes armed with old pieces of railroad iron, butcher knives, old pistols, and clubs. Capt. Leroy Kilby, as brave a soldier as ever drew breath (God bless him!), came to me and said: 'Bob, I believe they will kill you. Will you stand your ground?' 'Yes,' said I, 'until I lose my last drop of blood.' 'All right, I am with you,' he said, and then rushed to his room for his pistols and ammunition, and each of us with two pistols in hand patrolled the street at Kilby's corner. After a while Captain Kilby stepped to the edge of the sidewalk and in the most peremptory tone said: 'Now if you think it your duty to take Captain Bob, come right on, but remember many of you will bite the dust before you do so. It has been quite a while since I smelled powder, and I am anxious to smell it again.'

It was like casting oil upon troubled waters: a calm after a storm. Things became intensely quiet, and after a few words from the leader of the negro mob, the crowd dispersed.

Not long after this scene I spied a file of men under command of a corporal with Major Stone coming toward me to identify the man who had insulted a 'colored gentleman.' Certainly my identification was not difficult after my previous altercation with the Major, so I instantly stepped out to the front, drew my pistol on the little crowd of Yankee officers, and said: 'You have not men enough to take me.' In his falsetto voice he said: 'I'll have you yet if it takes everything in Norfolk City.' They then about faced and marched away.

That night Major Stone telegraphed to Norfolk for a company of cavalry. I knew trouble was coming, so in one of my cooler moments I decided to go direct to my mother's, five miles in the country on the Providence Road. The next morning my mother sent me up to Newsom's, a small station on the Seaboard, then the Raleigh and Gaston road. A few hours after bidding my mother a tender good by a cavalry company fifty strong were in the yard and searched residence and barn, but the bird had flown. I then went to the far West, where I spent seventeen years.

On September 24, 1908, Mr. Norfleet, familiarly and fondly known as "Uncle Bob," died in Nansemond County, Va., of which county he was Deputy Sheriff for eighteen years, in which office he won the esteem of all law abiding citizens.

He was a member of Tom Smith Camp, U. C. V., and will be greatly missed by his old comrades, for he was genial of nature and very fond of association with his comrades.

RECORD OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER
BEING THAT LEFT BY LIEUT. C. E. CANTZON, WHARTON, TEX.

A volunteer and veteran of the Civil War, Charles E. Cantzon, was born in New Orleans, La., on March 18, 1841, son of H. F. Cantzon and Eliza Ann Paxton. He was educated in the public schools of his native city and began at once a practical business life. His first position was with Edwin Lewis, a prominent notary, for ten months. Subsequently he got a position with Speake & McCreary, wholesale grocers and steamboat agents. He left them for a more lucrative position with James H. Dudley & Co., wholesale grocers. Upon the death of Mr. Dudley Mr. George W. Manson continued the business and made Mr. Cantzon a bookkeeper, which position he held until the commencement of the Civil War. He joined the Orleans Cadets, under Capt. Charles Drux. This was Company C, Louisiana State National Guard, which took part in capturing the United States arsenal at Baton Rouge and other government property. His paper states:

On June 19, 1861, I enlisted for the war in the Orleans Cadets for service to the Confederate government. In October, 1861, it became a part of the 18th Louisiana Volunteer Infantry. This regiment was sent in February, 1862, to the relief of Fort Donelson, but as the fort fell while en route, we were detained at Corinth, Miss. On February 28 we were sent to the Tennessee River to watch the movement of the enemy, who was massing a large army on its opposite side at Savannah, Sherman soon moved up the river on a transport with a brigade of infantry under convoy of two gunboats, the Lexington and the Tyler, and succeeded in landing. Soon a fight took place in which they were signally defeated and forced to retire down the river. For this victory we were given a I battle flag and highly complimented by General Beauregard.

On April 6 and 7 the regiment took part in the memorable battle of Shiloh. On the 9th of May, 1862, we fought in the battle of Farmington, Miss. (?), defeating Gen. John Pope, after which the regiment took part in the defenses of Corinth, which was invested by a very large army, while we had but thirty thousand troops. This investment lasted fifty four days (?). When General Beauregard evacuated Corinth, we fell back to Tupelo, Miss., forty miles in the interior on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. At Tupelo Bragg reorganized the army, consolidating skeleton regiments. Col. Marshall J. Smith's famous crescent regiment was consolidated with the 18th Louisiana, after which it was sent to Pollard, Ala" between Montgomery and Mobile, and remained there until October, 1862, when we were sent to Louisiana to recruit.

We were next under Gen. Alfred Mouton in Dick Taylor's army. On January 2, 1863, we fought a battle on Bayou Lafourche at a little place called Texana, between Donaldsonville and Thibodauxville. On April 13 and 14, 1863, we fought the battles of Bethel and Bisland, on Bayou Teche. In August, 1863, we took part in the battle of Fordoche, capturing a battery of artillery and a brigade of infantry. On May 8, 1864, we took part in the battle of Mansfield, which was a most brilliant and signal victory, completely routing Franklin's Corps, a part of Banks's army. On the 9th of May we fought the battle of Pleasant Hill, which was also a victory for the Confederates.

After burying the dead and taking care of the wounded from both battlefields, we resumed our pursuit of Banks's defeated army, which had fallen back to Grand Ecore and fortified, where he remained until his gunboats reached him. We remained at Grand Ecore until

Banks retreated from there, and followed him down the river, harassing his army and gunboats on the way until he reached Alexandria. Banks remained in Alexandria until he succeeded in damming the river up and getting his boats over the falls, which was about the middle of July. In the latter part of July we met Banks's army again at Marksville on their retreat from Alexandria, and fought a battle on the open prairie in which we defeated them and drove them toward Simsport. The next day we fought the battle of Yellow Bayou, hastening their departure down the river a thoroughly whipped army. This was the last battle of the Civil War in Dick Taylor's district of Western Louisiana.

Our army did but little after that but harass and annoy gunboats and transports as they passed up and down the Mississippi River.

On September 10, 1864, Charles E. Cantzon was elected second junior lieutenant of his company to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of his captain, John T. Lavery, who was mortally wounded in the battle of Mansfield. This relieved him of carrying a gun, which he had carried and fought with from the beginning.

On the 6th of June, 1865, the army surrendered to Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, commanding Department of the Gulf, U. S. A. Cantzon's parole was signed by Brig. Gen. Joseph A. Mower, of Canby's Division, at Grand Ecore on Red River. After the surrender, Cantzon did not avail himself of transportation to New Orleans, which he could have done, but footed it up Red River to Blair's Landing, the battlefield on which Gen. Tom Green, of Texas, was killed. It was owned at the time by his cousin, James D. Blair, who was a colonel of the 2d Louisiana Cavalry, and who was there at that time a prisoner on one of the Yankee transports.

Cantzon took up the avocation of a cotton planter, and tried to solve the problem of making free negro labor profitable. He remained at Blair's Landing, on Red River, and continued to farm until December, 1873, when he left for Texas. He arrived in Matagorda County on January 8, 1874, and in 1875 purchased a plantation within one mile of Hardeman, on Caney Creek. He was attacked with paralysis in June, 1891, which rendered him incapable of attending to his place, and, finding tenants unprofitable, sold out. He was living in Wharton, Wharton County, Tex., September 27, 1902, at which time he wrote the foregoing. He was proud of his record, and well could he afford to be. Mr. Cantzon died January 17, 1908, in Wharton, Tex.

Don't forget that the best New Year's present to an old Confederate is a year's subscription to the VETERAN. Think of how much satisfaction to send to five or ten old men who can't pay for it. They are reminded continually of the favor. The importance of Confederates keeping in touch with each other cannot be exaggerated, and the VETERAN is the best medium possible for this service.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY OF AUGUSTA, GA.
BY W. A. PICKERING, TELFAIRVILLE, GA.

The Washington Artillery of Augusta, Ga., was organized in the year 1854 under the command of Capt. Daniel Kirkpatrick, who served through the war with Mexico as a captain of volunteers. The Washington Artillery was one of the prides of old time Augusta, and its monthly parade on Broad Street was always looked upon with great pleasure, not only for the handsome display, but also for the sweet music rendered by the company's brass band under the leadership of John A. Bohler. The command was composed largely of Germans and Jews. The ball that followed the parade made an event of pleasure enjoyed by the citizens generally.

In those days Washington's Birthday, the Fourth of July, and all other public days were remembered. With two field pieces the regular salutes were fired morning, noon, and night on all public occasions.

The writer of this article joined the Artillery in June, 1857, and went with it to the grand military encampment at Milledgeville, Ga., then the capital of the State. This display is said to have been at that time the finest volunteer display ever witnessed in this country. The Artillery came in for a full share of credit for our military bearing and handsome display of uniforms.

In 1860 Gov. Joseph E. Brown presented the company with six beautiful field pieces. When South Carolina seceded and Governor Pickens called for volunteers, a number of Augusta boys crossed the Savannah River into Hamburg and joined Captain Spires's Minutemen. E. A. Nehr, or "Young Rudler," as he was called, and I went over to join Captain Spires's company, but finding Captain Merewether's Company, the Cherokee Pond Volunteers, from near Edgefield C. H., S. C., we joined with them under the proviso that if Georgia seceded we were to have a transfer to the Washington Artillery,

The day after joining the Cherokee boys a large crowd assembled to bid us good by, and amidst tears, hand shaking, good wishes, and the roar Of Col. "Jeems" Meredith's "Baby Waker" we left for Charleston. I remember one old lady shaking a man's hand, and with tears running down her cheeks she said: "John, just as sure as you all go down there and get to fighting somebody's going to get hurt."

We got to Charleston in due time, and the next morning just as the sun was peeping out across the big water the roar of big guns was heard, which proved to have come from our batteries at the Star of the West, which was trying to run into Fort Sumter. We were just in time, for the war had begun. After a hasty breakfast, we were marched up to the arsenal to get our guns. On the third floor we got our accouterments, picked up our guns, and were marching in single file by a scuttle hole when Private Weeks, looking at the look on his gun, stepped into the hole and went down the three stories. One of the Sumter guards was

on duty on the ground floor, standing with bayonet fixed, and Weeks fell upon the bayonet, which entered his mouth. He was instantly killed.

Returning to the dock, we were ordered to slip aboard the boat, for fear Sumter would fire upon us in passing to Sullivan's Island, and when on board, we were told to keep in hiding, and that every man who had a Bowie knife or pistol should put it in his boot leg, and that should Major Anderson fire on us we were to surrender. As on we went we kept peeping out, and saw the enemy upon the walls of the fort waving their hats and handkerchiefs at the brave little boat crew for daring to pass by after having fired upon the Star of the West while floating the United States flag. By and by we came out from hiding, viewed the fort and surroundings, and nobody disturbed Us.

Once upon Sullivan's Island, we were housed in an old tenpin alley with one gutter for a pillow, the other for a footboard. About midnight the roar of a cannon was heard, bugles were sounded, drums rattled, and we got up in a hurry. We were double quicked here and there along the sandy beach, but soon all was still except the roar of the sea and the speech making of our officers. Back again we were sent to peaceful slumbers in the old tenpin alley. We were there for weeks, drilling and filling sacks with sand, expecting a night attack by the enemy.

When the time came to be mustered into service, Nehr and I were refused under the proviso of our enlistment, and we returned to Augusta, and thus it was two members of the, Washington Artillery had seen service.

When Georgia seceded, the Washington Artillery offered their services to Governor Brown. My friend Nehr, fearing the Artillery would not get into service, joined the Walker Light Infantry. In a short time, April, 1861, we were ordered to Pensacola, Fla., being the first field battery received into the Confederate States service. But Governor Brown would not allow us to take our battery with us, claiming that to be State property. The company officers were Capt. I. P. Girardy and Lieuts. G. T. Barnes, J. J. Jacobus, C. Speath, and Augustus Speliers. The latter came to us from the Blodgett Artillery in Virginia. Our officers believed in making a fine appearance. We went in with a fine dress uniform, but as it was of dark and light blue, it had to be changed to gray. We were armed with light artillery sabers, and when we landed in Pensacola, from our appearance and all having swords the natives said: "The war will commence here now, for here is a full company of officers going over to Fort Barancas redoubt." We were ordered to occupy the shanties then occupied by a company known as the "Gray Eagles," They vacated, but set fire to the shanties, which were burned. We preferred tents anyhow, which were soon supplied. General Bragg gave us two field pieces, and we tried to be real good soldiers. Our brass band was a favorite among all troops. We had many very useful men blacksmiths, machinists, molders, carpenters, tailors, bookmakers, printers, butchers, etc. many of whom. were detailed to work in and around Warrenton Navy Yard. The writer was detailed as beef inspector of Bragg's army. For a long while we were general favorites, and we were continually getting in recruits. We wanted a full, well equipped battery. This General Bragg would not consent to supply, so he turned us into an infantry company, issued orders accordingly, and sent us arms and accouterments. The wagons drove into our camp at night with these small arms, the company was formed, and we were told to take them out of the

wagons, but we refused to do it. Our officers assisted the drivers to unload, and there they remained until sent for, but in the meantime our officers were not idle. Lieuts. George T. Barnes and J. J. Jacobus, both lawyers, had written to Hon. A. H. Stephens, at Richmond, Va., who laid our case before the Secretary of War, and the answer was that if they had no use for the Washington Artillery as artillerists to send them at once to Richmond. In a short time we received six guns and all the horses and equipments we wanted.

At that time we were only twelve months' volunteers, but most of us reenlisted and received a thirty days furlough, We then received many recruits from other commands, giving us a full roll and some to spare of fine looking men. Many of them were six footers. Under this reenlistment and recruiting it was distinctly understood that as soon as we returned from furlough we should reorganize and elect our own officers. We asked for this election, as we were on the eve of moving to Corinth, Miss., but we were put off with the promise that we should have the election in Mobile. There we were again put off until we got to Corinth, when we were again hurried on to Shiloh. We then gave up all thought of electing officers, and at the front did try to do our duty. Our killed and wounded showed we were in the fighting line. What General Beauregard said to Captain Girardy and to our men showed that he thought something of us on the eve of retreat. Riding up with his staff and raising his hat, he said, "Captain, you have acted nobly," and to the men, "You have fought as soldiers never fought before." Then, speaking to Captain Girardy again, he said: "I have a request to make of you. There is a battery in good shape, plenty of ammunition, and I wish you to take your men with this battery and help cover the retreat." I was a sergeant, and was placed in charge of our guns and drivers and brought them to Corinth. It was now time for those who had not reenlisted to return home. We again called for our right to elect officers. The twelve months' men were then discharged, and we held an election, choosing Speliers as captain and Pritchard, Doscher, and Roberts as lieutenants. This election, for some reason unknown to us, did not suit General Bragg, so he appointed Lieut. John G. Fraim to the command. It was said that he had been a sergeant in General Bragg's battery in Mexico. He saw the situation and that the men did not like the appointment. For a few days he was all smiles and goodness, trying to catch the favor of the men. Then came the appointment of J. R. B. Burtwell as our captain. Of course there was some high kicking against him, but he stuck to it, and as an officer and a man the company, with only one exception, loved him.

While at Tupelo, Miss., we heard of the death of our loved Captain Speliers, which occurred at West Point, Miss. Joe Ridgeway, John Douglas, and I took Captain Speliers's body to Augusta, which we did without having any transportation granted us and without a cent in money. From Tupelo I went home, having been discharged.

The company was marched from Tupelo to Chattanooga, Tenn., of which march I only know as it was told to me. It was made in midsummer, and when the company reached Chattanooga, the battery and horses were condemned and about one half the men were put in squads and detailed to fill up other batteries.

Being in service in the ordnance department at Augusta, I traveled for the government, but soon gave it up, feeling well enough to again return to the remnant of my old command. *

At Allatoona, Ga., when another demand was made upon Captain Pritchard for men to help fill up Capt. W. W. Carnes's Battery, I was one among the squad under Lieutenant Doscher who went to Dalton to join Captain Carnes. From Dalton we marched across Walden's Ridge, and as Pat Gleason and I were riding a short distance in the rear of the battery and no other troops near us, we passed a beautiful home farm in the valley. It was a pretty place, and surrounded with all the home comforts cows grazing, chickens in plenty, sheep in the pastures, ducks and geese near a little pond. We concluded a goose would go very nicely roasted, so we appropriated one. There seemed to be no eyewitness to this wrongdoing, and we soon rejoined our command near La Fayette, Ga., where we camped for the night. I was detailed as sergeant to guard over the horses, which were fastened to picket ropes, so I took the goose to a little fire, and the roasting went on. Just after daybreak Gleason, who was a bugler, was ordered to sound the morning call. He was eager for his morning meal, which was looking brown and nice, but O how old and tough! We divided with the guard of the night, and were pulling and sucking bones when an officer, in company with a citizen, came up. The latter said to the officer that is my goose. I was reduced to ranks and Gleason ordered to give up his horse and bugle for the time being. In a short while we were moved to the front some distance ahead when orders came to double quick. Gleason was released, given his horse, and nothing more was said of the old gander. The next morning we crossed the Chickamauga River, went into a wheat field, and formed line of battle, Carnes's Battery being on the extreme left of Cheatham's Division. We lay there in the morning sun for some time, grouped in conversation on the approaching battle we were sure would come. The distant front told the tale the fight was on. Finally orders came to move forward as we had formed, then for a quicker step, then by the left flank at a double quick. We were supposed to be in the third reserve line, and on we went, Carnes's Battery leading Cheatham's Division by the left flank. We passed through a heavy downpour of shot and shell, in which George Neibling, of the Washington Artillery, was killed. Still moving forward, we ran into what was said to be General Thomas's Corps of Regulars, and badly did they do us. I have always thought our being just there was a mistake. But we gave them the best we could, and when we left gun No. 1, the enemy had possession of gun No. 4, and every horse in the battery had been shot down except that of Captain Carnes, which was wounded. He dismounted at gun No. 1, drew his pistol, and shot her. Then he motioned to the men around him to go to the rear, but many of them never moved again it was a "death hole." The few survivors were sent to get our guns away the next morning, and found that the spokes in the wheels were shot away and the limber cheat lids, which had been opened to get out ammunition, were perfectly honeycombed with Minie balls. With the aid of wagons the battery was removed. Every horse of the battery was dead except one, and one of the men killed that.

We had been with Captain Carnes only a few days, but had we known him a lifetime, we could not have known him any better. He was a true soldier. He never came back to his battery, being promoted and sent to other positions of trust and honor. In the second day's fight at Chickamauga Carnes's men with our squad were placed in Scott's Battery. We remained there for a short time, when four beautiful guns were presented to Carnes's old command, then under command of Lieutenant Marshall, who had been promoted to captain. The enemy had captured Carnes's Battery, but did not get it away. That spot should be marked for Cheatham's Division and Carnes's Battery. Had I the power, I would erect lasting monuments to these two commands.

In the next campaign we first met Sherman at Rocky Face Ridge and Crow Valley. We followed General Johnston near to Atlanta, and then were under General Hood. Many things were said and done, many scenes of sorrow, many incidents for laughter, but I will close with a few notes on our experiences.

In the afternoon fighting at Resaca Captain Marshall, who had been wounded in the head, had gone down under the hill commands.

to a field hospital. When he came back the fighting was about over. Anderson, a mere boy who had been in a cavalry company (I think from Tennessee), and not being able to remount himself, was placed in Marshall's Battery. When Captain Marshall returned from having his wound dressed, this little Anderson was lying near one of the guns, shot down, and called out Captain Marshall, if you were shot and lying here and I were up, I would try to get you away. Captain Marshall turned to Sergeant Allen and said: Sergeant, where are the litter bearers? Call them up. It makes me feel bad to be talked to in that way. The litter bearers carried the boy down under the hill, when he said, "Put me down, I am dying," and then this lad, known only as Anderson," was dead.

I did the writing in making application to be returned to our command, the Washington Artillery, but Captain Marshall would disapprove, and so matters continued until we reached Atlanta, when Sergeant Peters, ordnance sergeant of Marshall's Battery, said to me: "I was at headquarters yesterday when my friend, Maj. Kinloch Falconer, told me to tell those men of the Washington Artillery to make another application to be returned to their old command, and he would see that it had more attention." This was brought about by the Major's asking Sergeant Peters how things were getting on in the battery, and he told the Major of the dissatisfaction of the men who were serving on detail duty, who did not seem to feel they had all the rights to which they were entitled, when Major Falconer said: "I have noticed their applications, and coming all the way disapproved, they received the same indorsement here. Tell them to make one more, and I will see what can be done for them." So it was written out, giving all the particulars, and when it came back approved, Captain Marshall called me to him and said: "Well, Pick, you have won at last." All of our boys were called, the decision was read to them, and Captain Marshall, with tears in his eyes, said: "Well, boys, I hate to give up, but may you live and do well wherever you go!" He said the companies had to be consolidated, and should such be the case with our command, he wanted us to promise him if we had to leave our battery again we would come to him, and each man made the promise and shook him by the hand.

Not one of us ever had a word to say against these brave officers and men. All we contended for was the right to choose for ourselves, and not one of them has ever said a word against any man in our squad. They were all my friends. Dear, big hearted, brave, and noble Lieut. Jim Cockrell was always my friend.

It is well known that General Bragg was opposed to his men drinking. Anyhow, his general orders pointed that way. While in Florida all of our boxes and packages upon arrival at

Warrenton Navy Yard were broken into and all liquors were thrown into the bay. Private Rumley, whose father lived in Augusta and who did not object to his son Willis having his drink, devised the plan of taking large bell peppers, removing the seed, scalding the pods, putting them in large glass jars and filling them with whisky, and these passed inspection as pepper vinegar, so by this means Willis always had his drams while there.

Many laughable incidents occurred with all the hardships that came along. One night while yet in Florida our brass band with some of the boys had been out serenading some headquarters. Now little Johnny Hocter, not very tall, but something bigger around the waist, had constructed himself a portable berth with four handles projecting. On entering camp the serenaders found little Johnny fast asleep in his berth. It was soon decided what to do: four men were to take hold of his crib and carry him a good distance from camp. There being very little undergrowth, he was put down by the side of Big Bayou. It can only be imagined how he felt and what he said when he awoke with the morning sun shining brightly, nor will I attempt to describe his appearance, his clothing with the exception of what he had on having been left in camp. It is enough to say that he was in a rage, and a bad one too, and it was many months before Johnny ever found out who was connected with his abduction.

Well, our transfer home came and we went back to our own battery. In justice to Captain Pritchard, it can be said that he made many applications for his men to be returned, but all he ever received was promises, and I suppose if it had not been for that visit of Sergeant Peters to his friend, Maj. Kinloch Falconer, our sound would have been with Captain Marshall to the surrender.

REPLY TO STORY OF "JIM OF BILOXI."

ST. PAUL, MINN., August 24, 1908.

Miss Alice Graham, Monroe, La.: I have a loyal friend here in the city by the name of William Brown, who is a bricklayer by trade, belongs to the Bricklayers' Union, is a member of the Trades Assembly, was an honored member of our State Legislature, and is popularly known as Billy Brown.

He was a Confederate soldier and is a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, from whom I got the April (1908) number. I did not read it at the time (some two months ago) , but last Sunday, August 16, I sat down and devoured its contents and drank copious drafts of the sentiments expressed for both Northern and Southern soldiers. On the last page but

one your poem came to view, and I was impressed with the description given by the editor of the place and the even flow and pathos of your pen that I could not keep back the tears that would flow, and the following is my compliment to you with a suggestion therein:

JIM AND ONLY JIM

I read in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN

Of a ragged mountain glen
Away down in old Virginia
From an accomplished lady's pen,
And about a Southern hero
Who had no cognomen
Known to his comrades
As Jim and only Jim.
He had no honored name at home,
Nor rank to recommend
To her such inspired sentiments
As expressed for him
Who sleeps in an unknown grave,
Except for a monument grim,
Where all the rest have full names
But his is only Jim.
Such magnanimity and romance,
With tact and deft acclaim,
You almost see the picture
Produced by her masterful brain.
And it should be placed on the shaft in bronze
To show we're descendants of Cain,
And in honor of the writer
Who composed that gem on James.
And let us all contribute.
All strife is dead and dim,
The mistake of Mason and Dixon's line
Has made us like Siamese twins,
And for thousands and thousands of others
Who sleep from the cruel war's din,
And were not even recognized
As much as Biloxi Jim.
For environment made us what we were,
Not what we might have been,
When we went into battle
And fought our friends and kin,
For when you stop and think of it,
How sad it all has been

To not compromise instead of fight
And kill many Biloxi Jims
Now with these honest sentiments,
Although they are bland arid glim,
They are expressions from the heart
Of Uncle Sam for Jim,
Who has no reputation,
Nor has he got much tin,
But will contribute to the tablet
In memory of Biloxi Jim.

R. D. Galbraith, Spartanburg, S. C., writes: "I take pleasure in congratulating you upon the fact that the VETERAN is worthy of all the indorsement and deserving of all the praise it receives. I am a traveling salesman, but I always want my VETERAN."

JUDGE TAFT AND ANDERSONVILLE
BY JAMES CALLAWAY, MACON, GA.

President elect Taft, in his recent address at the unveiling of the shaft to the prison ship martyrs of the Revolutionary War, excused General Grant for issuing his order on the 13th of August, 1864, refusing exchange of the Andersonville prisoners on the ground of military necessity, saying General Grant but followed the example of Washington in not exchanging prison ship prisoners.

But Judge Taft should remember that conditions were entirely different. The Federal government had millions to draw from in this country and the whole outside world. But admitting there is some similarity, why was parole refused? Judge Taft never explained that.

Stanton issued his Order No. 209 on the 23(1 of July, 1863, annulling the cartel of exchange, which had been in operation for a year. This order not only refused exchange, but denied parole. If the Confederacy had paroled her prisoners, they by Stanton's order would have been returned to the army as soldiers at once. Thus the South, eager for exchange and, failing in that, willing to parole, recognizing our inability to care for the prisoners, was forced by the Secretary of War of the Federal government to retain the prisoners.

When Stanton denied parole to the Andersonville prisoners, it was in a measure passing sentence of death upon them, for he knew our condition, knew we were without medicines or doctors. James Madison Page, a prisoner at Andersonville, in his new book informs his readers of the imprecations uttered against the Federal War Department when Stanton refused parole and when General Grant later on issued his celebrated order.

The reproach belongs to the North, not to the South, for the existence of Andersonville cemetery and for the death of those twenty seven thousand Confederate soldiers who died at Camp Chase, Camp Battle, Camp Douglas, Alton, Ill., Point Lookout, Md., Fort Delaware, Johnson's Island, and Rook Island.

REVIVING OLD SCORES

The following amusing experience was contributed to the VETERAN sometime ago by Capt. T. F. Allen, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who is well known to VETERAN readers by his interesting contributions:

I recently had an experience which brought up the subject of my proposition to return battle trophies in an unexpected manner. I do my banking business at the First National Bank in Covington, Ky., where I live and where I have been well known these past thirty years. The President of this bank, Mr. Frank P. Helm, is a large, portly, middle aged gentleman whom I have known for many years. He formerly had a fiery red head, now pretty well streaked with gray. It is necessary that you should know this particular of his physical appearance to fully appreciate the story.

Going to this bank to have some paper discounted, not a very large amount (the bank had previously discounted for me without objection, and I felt sure they would oblige me), I presented the paper to the President, who happened to be at the Cashier's desk, and he asked me to step across to his private room, which I did. He soon followed me, and closing the door behind him, he said in a very serious manner Mr, Allen, I am in doubt as to the propriety of discounting this paper for you.' "I was surprised at this remark, and asked him what he had on his mind that created any doubt as to the propriety of discounting the gilt edge paper I offered him. He said it was rather a personal matter than a business consideration, and explained that I had called him a 'damn red headed .' I told him that I was a dignified business man, and didn't allow myself to use language of that kind, that there was certainly some mistake, and it must be some other Allen he had in mind.

'No,' he said, 'there is no mistake about it. It is not on hearsay evidence that I am speaking, because I was there and heard you use this language, speaking in such great disrespect of me and particularly of my red head.'

I was somewhat nonplused, and began to think that I had better change my bank if I could not be accommodated as desired. Upon further consideration, however, I asked him to state the time and place of this remarkable conversation. Up to this time he had carried a very sedate and dignified air, but now broke into a hearty laugh and said: It occurred on the nineteenth day of July, 1863, at Buffington Island, Ohio.'

At that time Helm was a soldier in Basil Duke's command, and in his supreme efforts to get out of the Ohio valley he said that some Yankee soldier, following him at a gallop and

firing at every jump, called upon him to 'Halt, you d red headed !' and that he said it several times and shot at him every time he said it. He felt sure I was the man, and it was his chance to get even with me.

'But now,' he added, 'since you have proposed that the Confederate battle trophies be returned, I have decided to forgive you. Leave your paper for discount, and I will see that it goes through the bank in good shape and with slight shaving.

SECOND SOUTH CAROLINA AT FIRST MANASSAS BY J. R. WINDER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The 2d South Carolina Regiment, under Col. J. B. Kershaw, went from Fort Sumter to Bull Run about April 10, 1861. The writer and F. M. Crump, both of Richmond, Va., enlisted at Columbia, S. C., in Capt. J. D. Kennedy's company, D, and were sent to Morris Island, near Fort Sumter, remaining there till the State of Virginia seceded, when the regiment was ordered to Richmond, arriving there in May, 1861, and after being at Camp Lee one week it was ordered to the front at Fairfax C. H. Transportation was secured over the Virginia Central to Gordonsville, where many had opportunity to see the famous J. S. Mosby, colonel of cavalry, brought in wounded from the Valley of Virginia. Our train then pulled out for Manassas Junction. At Orange C. H. it collided with a passenger train from Charlottesville, killing a number of soldiers. Both engineers disappeared and did not return. After some delay, we reached Manassas and marched to Fairfax C, H., where we found a number of refugees from Alexandria, Va. Kemper's Battery, also from the same place, was attached to Bonham's South Carolina Brigade, and did splendid execution in the first battle of Manassas. Here the detached forces were being concentrated and pressed into service in anticipation of Federal advance from Alexandria or Fall's Church. During the interval our command at Fairfax C. H. on July 4, 1861, invested Fall's Church and captured the outpost. After two hours' march we halted about 3 P.M. in close proximity to the Federal camp at Junction. Some of our men, thinking the Federals were approaching, fired on our scouts returning from the front, and wounded several. This also exposed our design and caused the Federals to beat the long roll, which broke up the expedition.

As the gray of morning appeared the big guns at Washington Navy Yard belched forth their detonating sound in celebrating Independence Day. The Confederates returned to camp, and on July 17 at sunrise the Federals, under Patterson and McDowell, appeared in our front at Fairfax fifty thousand strong. Their glittering bayonets in the early morning sun were convincing proof of their presence, taking our troops by surprise. We barely had time to form line, leaving breakfast on the fire cooking, and were marched and countermarched through intervening breastworks till the Centerville road was reached, which maneuver caused the Federals to form line and prepare for attack, thus giving us an opportunity to retire in the direction of Bull Run, which point was reached July 18 at 5 A.M. The Federals came up two hours later and opened fire on our right at McLane's and Blackburn's Ford, but they were repulsed so completely that no further attempt was made to penetrate our line at either point any time during Thursday, Friday, or Saturday, but during this interval they were concentrating their forces on the extreme left. While doing so no attempt was made to open hostilities.

On Sunday, July 21, at 5 A.M. the Federals opened their batteries from a commanding position in the vicinity of the stone bridge. This change of base lost for us the use of the Bull Run fortifications, thus subjecting our troops to a long and fatiguing march that hot day, as the heavy fighting was in the vicinity of the Henry House, Bethel Church, and Stone Bridge, and it continued mostly over the same ground without any decisive result till in the afternoon, when a cloud of dust could be seen rising in the direction of Manassas Junction. This indicated reinforcements for the Confederates, but some were in doubt until the boys from the Valley of Virginia had double quicked to the battle ground, which inspired new life in the rank and file and was the turning point in our favor. The Federals, seeing the fresh troops coming up, fell back, and several attempts were made to rally them on a regiment of United States Regulars, but in vain. The tide had turned and panic ensued, precipitating a complete rout. That night it rained, but next morning we were in pursuit as far as Mason's and Munson's hill, in sight of Washington, where we were halted by orders to proceed no farther. Two wooden guns on cart wheels were mounted and left standing on this hill to deceive the enemy.

So ended the first battle of Manassas. We went into winter quarters afterwards on the battlefield. There was no more fighting until the next spring at Yorktown, Va.

PICTURE MADE ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND

Comrade Robert C. Crouch, living in a retired way on his farm in the beautiful valley of East Tennessee, near Morristown, cherishes the memory of a lovely daughter who was called to heaven, leaving her parents to cherish her memory and do good to others. Next to that idol of affection, he bears in fine memory the things that were and are of the Confederacy. Of a multitude of relics which Comrade Crouch possesses is a tintype of high merit and well preserved. The story of the pictures deserves to be recorded.

Lieut. G. B. Smith, of Bristol, Tenn., had his lens with him when captured and taken a prisoner to Johnson's Island, Ohio. By bribing a guard he procured some chemicals, placed his lens in a tobacco box, and with this crude outfit opened a gallery clandestinely in the garret of Block 3 of that prison. The material used as plates for his tintype pictures was cut from old oyster cans, and the only light procurable was from one 8x10 glass in the attic, except that which came through the cracks in the walls. The original of this picture was taken at Johnson's Island in 1864, and is in good condition, having faded but little. Few artists would take a better picture now.

AN INTERRUPTED SCOUTING EXPEDITION BY CAPT. JOHN L. KENNEDY, SELMA, MISS.

Sometime about the latter part of March, 1863, a detail of twenty volunteers from Hughes's Battalion of Mississippi Cavalry, which was then stationed at Troch's Mill, two miles below Port Hudson, La., was made up for a special daring purpose under command of Jay

Short, from Copiah County, Miss., who was first lieutenant of Company D. The object of this detail was to cut off and capture the enemy's pickets two miles out from Baton Rouge, stationed at what was known as Montecino Bayou Bridge, the dead line between the two armies, the bridge having been burned by the enemy to retard the approach of General Breckinridge when he fought the battle of Baton Rouge prior to this. We were to capture the enemy's pickets quietly, so as to allow our battalion a chance to dash in and surprise and capture a big lot of horses and mules that were corralled in the suburbs of the town. The Federal picket post was about three or four miles, by the meanderings of the creek, from the mouth of the bayou where it emptied into the Mississippi River just above Baton Rouge, and at this season of the year (March) the bayou was backed up by high backwater, and consequently crossable only by skiff or foot log. In order to quietly capture the picket, we went about a half mile below and to the rear of the picket post to cross unseen where a crossing on driftwood had been provided. Just as soon as we crossed this bayou we were strictly in the enemy's territory, and our work had to be done quietly but swiftly, as we were in sight of the Federal army when we came into the road in the rear of the picket post. The land on both sides of the bayou was covered with switch cane so very dense that a man could not see another five feet ahead. When we struck the road, feeling our way cautiously through the cane, we accidentally "bumped" into two stylishly dressed and superbly mounted officers, on an outing to the front, I presume. The officer of our command ordered them to halt and surrender, but instead of doing so they began drawing their revolvers, at the same time wheeling their horses around. The order to surrender was given the second time, as we did not want to shoot on account of giving the alarm and exposing our position, but they heeded not the challenge, and the command came to fire. After the smoke died away somewhat, a hasty examination revealed one desperately wounded and one dead man, also one dead horse and the other slightly wounded. Well, this firing gave the alarm and broke up our scheme, and owing to our perilous position (being between the picket post and the Federal army, now in sight), it was thought best to recross the bayou at once. By this time the long roll was beating, and ere we reached the bayou no less than five hundred mounted men were upon the scene, and their fear to follow us through the cane, on account of the uncertainty of our strength and position, is all that saved us from capture or death.

Before leaving the place of encounter it was decided to take the wounded horse along, as well as the arms and such of the accouterments as we could carry in our hasty retreat, so one fellow took the horse, another their weapons, etc., while I seized the saddle on the dead horse, and found I had all I could pack through the cane and vines. The last fellow to leave stripped the dead officer of his coat and spurs. After we reached our horses, a letter was found in the side pocket of the coat, with a photograph inclosed, addressed to his wife away off in Connecticut and signed W. A. Connelly, Captain of a Connecticut Battery. The coat was of a handsome uniform with artillery trimmings. I begged the man out of the letter and picture, and nothing would give me more pleasure than to return them to some of the family or friends of the dead officer.

We succeeded in getting the horse over the bayou by swimming him over, and before reaching camp it was unanimously agreed to present the horse to First Lieut. Miles Martin, of Company A, Joe Magruder's company, of our battalion, as his horse had been shot from under him only a few days before in a fight on the plank road leading from Clifton, La., to Baton Rouge. He belonged to my company, and was exceedingly popular with all the battalion. Lieutenant Martin was very proud of the horse and named him "Old Yank." He

proved to be a fine animal, and shared the sad fate of his owner, both being killed in the battle of Harrisburg about a year later. I prized my saddle very highly after I had been repeatedly offered a thousand dollars (in Confederate money) for it, but would never part with it until captured, when I had no choice. It was the handsomest piece of workmanship I have ever seen, beautifully trimmed, and was built upon the style known as the Mexican tree, with a pommel as wide as a peck measure, a very different saddle from the Texas tree that was just coming into use about that period.

At the time of this scouting expedition I was a sergeant in Company A (Joe Magruder), Hughes's Battalion, then under Lieutenant Colonel Stockdale, with McLaurin (Old! Dad) as major. Later on this was the 4th Mississippi by the consolidation of Hughes's, Stockdale's, McLaurin's, and Wilborne's Battalions, forming one of the largest and best regiments in that part of the Confederacy, and under command of Colonel Wilborne.

I was born and reared and still live in Adams County, Miss., at the old historic village of Washington, once the capital of the Mississippi territory. In March, 1864, I was promoted to the captaincy of a company composed of boys under the age of nineteen forty eight of them. We served for a while in Griffith's 11th and 17th Arkansas Cavalry, but the boys had volunteered with the understanding that the company was to report to General Forrest, which we did in March, 1864, and their first fight of any importance was at Harrisburg, Miss., July 14. (See CONFEDERATE VETERAN for November, 1903, page 513, for a better introduction.) My company was in the general surrender at Crystal Springs, Miss., while I, being off on special duty hunting absentees, surrendered at Woodville, Miss. I should be very glad to hear from any surviving members of our scouting squad, and also hope to hear from some one interested in the letter of Captain Connelly.

BATTLE AT CENTRALIA, MO. WALTER WILLIAMS, IN KANSAS CITY PAPER

The most terrible conflict of the Civil War took place on Missouri soil. More lives were lost in proportion to the number of men engaged than were lost on any other battlefield in American history. It was the battle of Centralia, September 27, 1864. On that afternoon nearly two hundred Federal soldiers, commanded by Maj. A. V. E. Johnson, of the 39th Missouri Infantry, riding out after guerrillas, met there Capts. "Bill" Anderson and George Todd with two hundred and twenty five men. Scarcely a dozen of the Federal soldiers escaped with their lives, while of the guerrillas only two were killed and one mortally wounded. There is nowhere in the history of the world record of a charge more destructive than that made on that fair September afternoon. Every man in the Federal line of battle perished, and only a half score of those left to hold the horses escaped.

Centralia, then a mere hamlet, now a thriving town of two thousand inhabitants, was on the morning of the battle crowded with visitors. There had come up from Columbia on the way to a political convention at Macon Maj. James S. Rollins, James H. Waugh, John S. Samuel, James C. Orr, and others. They only escaped by pretending to be Methodist ministers on their way to a Conference. Col. Turner S. Gordon, proprietor of the Gordon Hotel in Columbia, is one of the few survivors. He had gone to Centralia on the early morning train from St. Louis with John Kirtley, another Columbian. Mr. Gordon, then a boy of sixteen years, was traveling in a car with Federal soldiers. He saw the massacre of the morning. There were about twenty five furloughed United States soldiers on board, besides some sick and disabled.

The guerrillas threw ties upon the track and concealed themselves. The engineer, seeing the obstructions, checked up, when the guerrillas closed in on every side of the train, firing their pistols and ordering the engineer to stop. Anderson and his men immediately went through the car, killing all the Federal soldiers but one, Sergeant Goodman, whom they kept to trade for one of Anderson's men. After robbing the train they set fire to it and ordered the engineer to pull the throttle wide open and jump off. These orders dark obeyed, but he had allowed the fire to go out, and the train ran only two or three miles west of town.

After attending the Columbia Fair recently, Frank James, with two or three residents of Boone County, visited the battlefield. It was the second time in his life that James had been in Centralia. There could scarcely have been a contrast more striking to Frank James's eyes as he drove out to the battlefield. The weather was much the same as in September of 1864. There was the same blue sky and the chill of early fall,

There is the spot, said Frank James when two miles or mere from Centralia (before the main road was left for a broad lane which led to S. L. Garrard's home). "Yonder on the rise near the hayrick was a line of the Federal troops. Just this side, toward Centralia, stood the detachment which held their horses. On the edge of the woods beyond our men formed." His memory served him well. He remembered accurately the entire surroundings. "I can go, he said in this connection, "to any battlefield where I was engaged and pick out almost instantly the location. I suppose it's the closeness to death which photographs the scene on one's memory.

A few moments later James arrived on the battlefield proper. Corn was growing rank, and there was a herd of cattle feeding on the pasture land. Where the Federals stood was the golden yellow of a hay field. He wandered around for a few moments taking in his surroundings with almost passionate eagerness. Then he told this story:

The day before we had had a small skirmish down in Goslin's Lane, between Columbia and Rocheport. I don't know what day it was. We could scarcely keep account of months and years at that time, much less days. We killed a dozen Yankee soldiers in Goslin's Lane and captured a wagon train of provisions and stuff. Out in the Perche hills that night we joined forces with Bill Anderson. I was with Capt. George Todd, one of the hardest fighters that ever lived, but less desperate than Anderson.

But Anderson had much to make him merciless. You remember the treatment his father and sisters received at the hands of the Kansas Jayhawkers. That night we camped on one of the branches leading into Young's Creek, not far from the home of Col. M. G. Singleton. There were about two hundred and twenty five men all told in our combined command.

Funny, isn't it? I've met or heard of thousands of men who claimed to be with Quantrell or his lieutenants during the war, when the truth is there never were more than three hundred and fifty or four hundred from the beginning to the end of the war.

In the morning Anderson took about thirty of his company and went into Centralia, where he captured a train, carried off a lot of stuff, and shot down some soldiers who were on the train. In the afternoon Captain Todd detailed a detachment of ten men under Dave Pool to go out and reconnoiter. We had heard there were some Yankee troops in the neighborhood. In Pool's crowd were Wood and Tuck Hill, Jeff Emery, Bill Stuart, John Pool, Payton Long, Zach Sutherland, and two others, names forgotten. They were to find out if any Federals were around, how many, and if possible toll them down toward our camp. Pool did his duty well. He found out the location of the Federals, rode close to them, and then galloped rapidly away as if surprised. The Federals followed. I have never found anybody who could tell how many there were of them. Pool reported to us that there were three hundred and fifty, and he was usually very accurate. On they came out from Centralia. Pool and his men came in and reported. Todd called out: 'Mount up! Mount up!' " The piercing eyes of James flashed as he continued: "I can see them now yonder on that ridge. I don't care what your histories say: they carried a black flag. It \apparently was a black apron tied to a stick. We captured it in the battle that followed. We had no flag. We had no time to get one and no chance to carry it if we had had one. The Yankees stopped near the rise of the hill. Both sides were in full view of each other, though nearly half a mile distant. The Yankees dismounted, gave their horses into the charge of a detail of men, and prepared to fight.

John Koger, a funny fellow in our ranks, watched the Yankees get down from their horses, and said: 'Why, the fools are going to fight us on foot!' And then added seriously: 'God help 'em!'

We dismounted to tighten the belts on the horses, and then at the word of command started on our charge. The ground, you see, rises sharply, and we had to charge up hill. At first we moved slowly. Our line was nearly a quarter of a mile long, theirs much closer together. We were still some six hundred yards away, our speed increasing and our ranks closing up, when they fired their first and only time. Only two of our men were killed Frank Shepherd and 'Hank' Williams. A third, Richard Kinney, was shot and died three or four days later from lockjaw. Shepherd and Kinney rode on either side of me, Kinney was my closest friend. We had ridden together from Texas, fought and slept together, and it hurt me when I heard him say: 'Frank, I'm shot.' He kept on riding for a time and thought his wound wasn't serious.

But we couldn't stop in that terrible charge for anything. Up the hill we went, yelling like wild Indians. Almost in a twinkling we were on the Yankee line. They seemed terrorized, hypnotized (?). Some of the Yankees were at 'fix bayonets,' some were biting off their

cartridges, preparing to reload. Yelling, shooting our pistols, upon them we went. Not a single man of the line escaped. They were shot through the head. The few who attempted to escape we followed into Centralia and on to Sturgeon. There a Federal blockhouse stopped further pursuit. All along the road we killed them, The first man and the last were killed by Arch Clements. He had the best horse and got a little the start. That night we left this neighborhood and scattered. I recrossed the river near Glasgow and went southward.

The dead soldiers were buried in a long trench on the south side of the Wabash Railroad track, east of Centralia. The bodies were removed after some months to the National Cemetery at Jefferson City. Engineer Clark, of the Wabash, says that there were about one hundred and seventy five killed, including the twenty five who were taken from the train in the morning. Other authorities, however, put the number at over two hundred out of the total two hundred and twenty five Federal soldiers who were on the battlefield.

Frank James continued. We did not seek the fight. Johnson foolishly came out to hunt us and he found us. Then we killed him and his men. Wouldn't he have killed every one of us if he had had the chance? What is war for if it isn't to kill people for a principle? The Yankee soldiers tried to kill every one of the Southern soldiers and the soldiers from the South tried to kill all the Yanks, and that's all there is of it. We were just there in the brush not molesting any body when Johnson and his men came out after us. We never took prisoners. We couldn't do it. We either killed them or turned them loose and we didn't turn many loose. The Centralia fight reminds me of Macbeth in 'Never shake thy gory locks at me.

GEN. A. P. STEWART ON STRONG TOPICS
BY T. G. DABNEY, CLARKSDALE, MISS.

In August last, being for a brief time in Biloxi, Miss., I had the good fortune to see and talk to Gen. A. P. Stewart, just five days before his death. The writer had no previous acquaintance with him personally, and had served in the humble capacity of sergeant of artillery in his corps under Generals Joseph E. Johnston and Hood in 1864. The writer was brought into personal contact with General Stewart once during the service. When near the Tennessee River in December, 1864, being then sergeant in command of the one remaining gun in Hoskins's Mississippi Battery, he received a personal order from General Stewart to proceed with Lieutenant Tomkins, in command of the two remaining guns of Cowan's Vicksburg Battery, down to Florence, Ala., five miles below, to contest the passage of a Federal gunboat up the Tennessee River to cut the pontoon bridge over which Hood's broken army was retreating from the Nashville campaign. The gunboat was engaged by the three field guns, and the pontoon bridge was not destroyed by her. During the retreat from Nashville the writer received an order to take his gun into action from General Hood in person, and several days later from General Stewart, as stated above.

But to return to General Stewart. When calling upon him at Biloxi I was especially desirous to learn from him the particulars of two episodes that occurred during the war, both of far reaching importance. One was the circumstances attending the removal of General Johnston from the command of the army at Atlanta, Ga., in July, 1864, the other, the escape of Schofield's army from General Hood at Spring Hill, Tenn., in November of

that year. First, concerning the removal of General Johnston. On July 16, 1864, Stewart's Corps, which had occupied the fortifications immediately in front of Atlanta, had been advanced to a position several miles out toward the Chattahoochee River, in response to the withdrawal of Sherman's troops from our front. In the afternoon of that day a circular battle order was promulgated among the troops from General Johnston, which stated that the favorable opportunity had arrived for striking the enemy, that Sherman had thrown part of his army across the Chattahoochee River, and that we would advance at daylight next morning and beat him.

The soldiers were filled with enthusiasm by this announcement. Next morning no order came to advance, and the day wore away in wondering speculation as to why the advance was not made. Late in the day the explanation came in the announcement of the change of commanders, which brought no consolation with it.

There was always in the writer's mind a mystification about that battle order, as it was supposed that such an important impending change must have been known to General Johnston several days in advance of the event. The only explanation suggested was that the battle order was issued by General Johnston to prepare the way for General Hood to make the attack, which, however, was not made until four days later. In this connection General Stewart made the following statement. He had received orders from General Johnston to prepare for the attack at daybreak, and after making proper disposition of his troops he rode to General Johnston's headquarters about dark to report and receive his further orders. He said, moreover, that he had been ordered not to throw up breastworks in the position assigned to him.

When he reached headquarters General Johnston met him, holding a paper in his hand, which he handed General Stewart to read. The paper was a telegraphic order from Adjutant General Cooper directing General Johnston to turn over the command to General Hood. General Stewart was astounded, and asked General Johnston if he had been apprised of it before. He replied that several weeks before the President had given him to understand that if he crossed the Chattahoochee River he would be removed from the command.

General Stewart then urged General Johnston to suspend the execution of the order until the intended attack was made, but General Johnston said he was not at liberty to do so, as the order had come directly from Richmond and was peremptory.

General Stewart then rode off to find General Hardee and General Hood, to ask them to join him in a telegram to the President recommending the suspension of the order until the fate of Atlanta was decided. He went first to the headquarters of Hardee, who asked him if he (Hardee) was mentioned in the order, and replied that he was not. Hardee told him to go and find Hood, and hear what he had to say. General Stewart, before leaving, told General Hardee he was certain that he would receive a copy of the President's order very soon, and asked him not to give it to his troops until the three corps commanders could meet in the morning for a conference. But General Hardee gave out the order before morning.

General Stewart failed to find General Hood that night, but he and Hardee found him in conference with General Johnston the next morning at the latter's headquarters. Failing to get the concurrence of the other two corps commanders in a telegram to Richmond, he sent one on his own responsibility, suggesting a suspension of the order, but the suggestion was not favorably received.

GEN. STEWART EXPLAINS SCHOFIELD'S ESCAPE AT SPRING HILL

Hood had maneuvered skillfully and had completely entrapped Schofield, and then allowed him to escape.

Schofield at Columbia was confronted by S. D. Lee's Corps, who menaced his front, while Forrest was sent to the right, and, crossing Duck River, drove back Wilson's Cavalry to a point beyond Spring Hill, leaving Schofield's left uncovered. Cheatham's Corps, followed by Stewart's, crossed Duck River in Forrest's track, and, turning Schofield's left, marched toward Spring Hill, thirteen miles north of Columbia, where one brigade of Federals guarded a park of wagons. When General Stewart's column reached Rutherford's Creek, some miles below Spring Hill, he received an order from General Hood to halt his command and form a line facing the Columbia and Spring Hill Pike. This order was executed, and later he was ordered to resume his march toward Spring Hill. As he approached that place he encountered General Hood by a small fire on the roadside, with a single orderly as attendant. As soon as he came in speaking distance, General Stewart said, General Hood began to inveigh against Cheatham for not making the attack on Spring Hill, as he was ordered to do. General Stewart said to the writer: "It was on my tongue to ask Hood, 'Why did you not see yourself that your order was obeyed and the attack made?' but I thought that would appear disrespectful.

General Stewart said he asked General Hood why he had stopped his command at Rutherford's Creek, to which he replied that he thought Schofield might try to get out that way,

Hood had his whole army, including most of Forrest's command, except Lee's corps, assembled about Spring Hill and along the pike leading to Columbia during the afternoon and night, while Spring Hill was occupied by a small Federal force and Schofield was back at Columbia, confronted by General S. D. Lee. During the night Schofield marched his whole army from Columbia, through Spring Hill, passing along the pike in the immediate presence of Hood's army, and by morning was well on his way toward Franklin, with his whole wagon train practically intact.

In the writer's opinion General Schofield has never received due credit for the temerity displayed in making the attempt.

General Stewart further said that when he approached Franklin next day he again encountered General Hood, who was reconnoitering the enemy's position, and who asked him if he could cross the Harpeth River with his command, to which he replied that he was

sure he could do so, as he knew there were fords on the river. He said he hoped that he would be ordered to cross the Harpeth and again turn the enemy's flank, saying that the mistake at Spring Hill would have been retrieved. But he was ordered to attack Franklin in front. The result the world knows was a bloody disaster.

The women of St. Joseph have ever been bold and zealous in maintaining all that the Daughters of the Confederacy stand for.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy at the San Francisco Convention contributed \$500 for the Fund.

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Through Mrs. E. H. Hatcher, of Columbia, the Tennessee Chapters of the Tennessee Division made contributions as follows: 1906.

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Nashville Chapter, Nashville
Jefferson Davis Chapter, Cleveland
Clark Chapter, Gallatin
Leonidas Polk Chapter, Union City
Jefferson Davis Chapter, Cleveland
Shiloh Chapter, Savannah
Mary Latham Chapter
Sarah Law Chapter
Lynnville Chapter ...
Division Bazaar, conducted by
Mrs. E. H. Hatcher

Mrs. Hatcher's work has been particularly with the Tennessee Daughters, although custodian of the \$500 contributed by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. All of the sums reported by Mrs. Hatcher are from Tennessee, save the Newnan (Ga.) Chapter, No. I, and a collection of \$6.25 from Dr. Y. R. Le Monnier, of New Orleans.

1907

Dixie Chapter, Petersburg
Sam Davis Chapter, Morristown,
Mrs. Dozier's two daughters
Lewisburg Chapter No. 111, Lewisburg
Mary Leland Hume Chapter, Spring Hill
Memphis Auxiliary, Memphis
Mrs. T. B. Neal, Nashville
S. A. Cunningham
John Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg
A. B. Ford Chapter, East Nashville
Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Memphis
Mrs. C. E. Trevathan, Union City
Joe Gibson, Jr., Nashville
J. Harvey Mathes Chapter, Memphis
Mrs. Ernest Walworth, Memphis
T. A. Wharton, Columbia
Capt. W. D. Hallum Chapter
Miss Jennie Lauderdale, Nashville
Gallatin Chapter, dark Chapter.
Geo. W. Gordon Chapter, Waverly
Francis N. Walker Chapter, St. Elmo
Nashville Chapter, Nashville
John Sutherland Chapter, Ripley.
Dr. Y. R. Le Monnier, New Orleans, La
Wm. B. Bate Chapter, Nashville.
S. A. Cunningham Camp of Juniors, Nashville
Newnan (Ga.) Chapter
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1907 -08.

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Miss Kate Fort, Chattanooga
Leonidas Polk Chapter, Union City
Neeley Chapter, No. 981, Bolivar.
R. E. Lee Chapter, Paris
Lebanon Chapter
Louise Bedford Chapter, Collierville
Wm. B. Bate Chapter, Nashville.
John Sutherland Chapter, Ripley
John W. Thomas Chapter, Monteagle
46th Regiment Chapter, Paris...

6th Tenn. Reg. Chapter, Paris
J. D. C. Atkins Chapter, Paris,
The C. M. Goodlett Chapter,

Clarksville

Mrs. F. O. Watts, Nashville
Mrs. W. O. Ewing, Nashville
Harriett Overton Chapter, Nashville
Kate L. Hickman Chapter, Nashville
Kirby Smith Chapter, Sewanee.,
Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis.
Sarah Law Chapter, Memphis.
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A Confederate, Savannah, Ga.
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Akers, Jack, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio.
Akers, Gardner F., Cleveland, O.
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Albright, G. N., Stanton, Tenn.
Alexander, J. T., Lavergne, Tenn,
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Anderson, R. B., Denton, Tex.
Anderson, Mrs. K., Memphis, Tenn.
Anderson, Miss M., New Orleans.

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Anderson, Dr. J. M., Fayetteville, Tenn
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Arrington, G. W., Canadian, Tex..
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Bryson, Ford, Gallatin, Tenn,....
Bryson, Geo. G., Jr., Gallatin...
Bryson, Hattie H., Gallatin, Tenn
Bryson, Richard A., Gallatin, Tenn
Bryson, Robt. H., Gallatin, Tenn.
Bryson, Tandy A., Gallatin, Tenn
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Camp Sam Davis, Rogers Prairie, Tex.
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Cannon, T. H. Collierville, Tenn...
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Champion, S. A., Nashville
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Charles, W. W., Fry, Tenn
Charles, L. H., St. Clair, Tenn.
Chandler, H, T.,Cleveland, O
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Chew, Phil, St. Louis, Mo
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Clark, Miss M. E., Covington, Ga.
Clark, S. W. New Orleans, La.
Clark, E. W., Roper, N. C

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Craig, E. B., Nashville.
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 Cushenberry, Eli, Franklin, Ky. .
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 Davis, J. K., Dickson, Tenn.
 Davis, Hubert, Dickson, Tenn....
 Davis, Miss Hettie, Dickson, Tenn
 Davis, Miss Bessie, Dickson, Tenn
 Davis, J. B., West Point, Miss. . . .
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Farrar, Bd. H., Centralla, Mo.
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Green, Jno. W. Knoxville, Tenn.
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Green, R. H. Covington, Tenn
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Gregory, W. H. Smyrna, Tenn.
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Hall, W. B. Carthage, Mo
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Hancock, R, J. Charlottesville, Va

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Hancock, Dr. W. H. Paris, Tex.
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Hardison, W. T. Nashville, Tenn.
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Harris, Maj. R. H. Warrington, Fla
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Harrison, J. A. Purdon, Tex.
Harrison, W. W., Trenton, Tenn..
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Hays, H. C. Rineyville, Ky
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Heartsill, W. W. Marshall, Tex.
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Helghe, Jno. M. Baltimore, Md.
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Henderson, J. H. Franklin, Tenn
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Herblin, J. D. Nashville, Tenn.
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Hutcheson, Miss K. D. Nashville.
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Owen, Frank A., Evansville, Ind.
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Reagan, Lenoir, Sweetwater, Tenn
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REPORT OF MRS. E. H. HATCHER

Eight years ago Mr. S. A. Cunningham came before the Daughters of the Confederacy in session and asked help to finish the Sam Davis monument. I was made chairman of the committee, and the following year permanent chairman until the monument should be completed. I have served as faithfully as I knew how, for the work was very near my heart, and though the fund has grown slowly, it has been lovingly given by these loyal women. With those in Tennessee it has been first the Soldiers' Home, then the Sam Davis monument. Mr. Cunningham has ever been the moving spirit of this work. To him is due the spirit of faithfulness which has inspired us to continued effort. The result of our labors appears in my report.

THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE PRIZE ESSAY BY MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, NEW YORK CITY

I was very much interested in reading the criticism of the Teachers' College prize essay on General Lee which you published in the last number of the VETERAN because it gives me an opportunity to emphasize the importance of this prize at Columbia University and what we hope it may in time accomplish.

Before taking up the matter of the essay itself let me make clear to you the difference between the prize and the scholarship. The prize is given by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to a student of Teachers' College, Columbia University (irrespective of residence or previous training), who shall write the best essay on a given topic relating to the South's part in the War between the States. As an entirely different matter and to express appreciation of the spirit of devotion to historical truth shown by the women of the South, the dean of Teachers' College has given to the United Daughters of the Confederacy a special scholarship (remitting all costs of tuition) for a descendant of a Confederate veteran, to be chosen by the United Daughters of the Confederacy according to any method they may adopt. The present holder of that scholarship is from South Carolina and is now pursuing her studies at Columbia University. There is nothing, in my judgment, better indicative of the drawing together of North and South than this scholarship, for it

demonstrates that great progress in the last few years has been made, and that a Confederate veteran is a man whose loyalty to his State is as clearly recognized as the man whose loyalty to the Union in many cases brought brothers into conflict.

Now let me speak of the essay itself. On my first reading of it I too was unfavorably impressed with the sentences which you quote, but after a second reading of them it seemed that what at first jarred upon my ear was capable of another and more just interpretation. It is always a most difficult thing to speak of any sentence in historical writing apart from its context. It is to the context that we must go in order to understand the author's train of thought which finally expresses itself in the written words. So in these cases your first quotation is: "Intellectually the South was practically dead. Most of the people were densely ignorant." I think that in regard to these sentences all Southerners are aware to whom the writer has reference. Undoubtedly she is here speaking of the people in a mass of the poorer folk and those in the more remote districts. Although there were many families whose sons had all the advantages which universities at home and abroad could offer, yet the fact that 325,000 Southern mountaineers fought in the Northern armies is proof enough for us of widespread ignorance in our midst.

Your second quotation is: "To do now what he [General Lee] did then would be treason, for the Civil War has since taught what is right in this regard." Let me add the words with which she finishes and explain the thought: "But the matter of secession had purposely been left open by the framers of the Constitution, and in the minds of many sincere people both North and South it was still a question. The real issue was not between patriotism and the want of it, but between two forms of it, and the point to be borne in mind is that those who believed in one conception were as loyal as those who clung to another," What she is striving to do is to show that the question of secession is now a closed question, that while at the time it was possible for men to differ as to what they ought to do, yet that to day there would be no possibility of choice for a man who was faced with the question of loyalty to the nation. I am sure that the regiments from North and South that fought and suffered side by side in the Spanish War never questioned each other's loyalty to the nation.

Again you quote: "We shall have come to think of Lee as the English have come to think of Washington, whom lately they regarded as a rebel, for, indeed, he differed from the greater Washington only in choosing the wrong side." This comparison with Washington only means that Washington chose the side which came out victorious, while Lee was on the side of defeat. The word "wrong" is used here with a meaning synonymous with that of unsuccessful.

Your last quotations deal with matters of discipline and organization. This is a part of history where authorities will always differ because their facilities for obtaining information of this kind must always remain incomplete, and their deductions in consequence must always have in them the personal element. There is no doubt that in the South during the war there were different opinions as to the way in which commanders conducted their operations. The best foreign authorities on the campaigns of the war do not agree as to the relative abilities of the Southern leaders. Why, then, should we be surprised if a civilian, who is also a mere woman, errs on this point of criticism? "To err is human, to forgive, divine." We should rather, I believe, respect the frankness and honesty which led

her to express views which she knew must be distasteful to the Southerners who were to read her essay in competition with others and award the prize.

I believe that this essay in its main features (and I may say that the unsuccessful contestants exhibited the same characteristics in their writings) struck a note which will ring in the ears of thoughtful men with great significance because there is in it a tone of fairness and open mindedness of willingness to live and learn which would have been deemed an impossible thing to hope for but a few years ago.

You finish your criticism with the words: "It is consistent with the spirit of the writer to use the term 'lost cause.' Let all Southerners stop using the term." Indeed, it seems to me hardly fair to censure a Western girl for using a phrase which was in common use among ourselves during my life as a child and young woman in the South. But herein lies the usefulness of our work at Teachers' College, for it is by this very prize that we shall succeed at length in eliminating from future histories of the war all phrases which we have come to consider inappropriate or misleading. I wish to take this opportunity of testifying to the courteous way in which every request made by me to the dean and faculty of Teachers' College, Columbia University, has been at once acceded to in respect to the use in that institution of words and phrases distasteful to Southern ears. There is nothing narrow or prejudiced in their position, and there are none more earnest in their search for the truth. And it is critical, honest judgment in historical writing that we should always strive for and most heartily welcome when found.

I welcome the criticism which has necessitated this letter because I believe it will result in a far wider reading of the essay than it otherwise would have obtained, and with the explanations which I have given I consider the essay to be one of the most eloquent tributes to our dead leader that the centenary celebration has brought forth.

Some protests against the prize paper are made to appear later.

TWENTY FOUR JURYMEN, TWELVE OF WHOM WERE NEGROES JURY IMPANELED TO TRY JEFFERSON DAVIS

(Collier's Weekly.)

Twelve of the twenty four petit jurors were negroes. It was unfortunate that the first mixed jury ever drawn in the South should have been chosen to try ex President Davis. The fact that negroes served in the trial of the fallen leader roused a feeling of intense bitterness. After his capture, in 1865, Jefferson Davis was confined at Fortress Monroe a little more than two years. The trial was set for May, 1867, and leading attorneys in the North as well as in the South had pressed their services upon him. It was finally determined that he should be represented by William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, George Shea and Charles O'Connor, of New York, John Randolph Tucker, of Loudon County, Va., and Judge Robert Ouid, of Richmond. For the government were L. H. Chandler, District Attorney, and the brilliant William M. Evarts. Mr. Davis was brought from Fortress Monroe to the present customhouse building on a writ of habeas corpus. By a strange fatality he occupied at this

time the same suite of rooms in the Spottswood Hotel reserved for him when he came to Richmond as head of the new republic. As soon as Mr. Davis appeared in court Mr. Evarts announced that the government did not wish to try the case at this term of the court. He did not oppose bail, provided the sum fixed was large enough and the bondsmen were responsible men. There could be no doubt on either score. The amount was \$100,000, and the bondsmen included Horace Greeley and Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, D. K. Jackman, of Philadelphia, W. H. McFarland, Richard Barton Haxall, Isaac Davenport, and Abraham Warwick, of Richmond. Mr. Davis was never released from bail, though he lived more than twenty years afterwards. At the trial, held in 1868, when Chief Justice Chase sat with Judge Underwood, there was a disagreement, Chase maintaining that the accused was innocent. Underwood held out, of course, that the prisoner was guilty, and the case was certified to the Supreme Court of the United States. There it remains, even to this day, a cause undecided. The indictment of Jefferson Davis for high treason has never been quashed.

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It is proper to add that a money order from Illinois to the order of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone was sent to Atlanta by the Director for that State, which money order was inadvertently sent to me without indorsement. As soon as it shall have been returned by the

payee proper credit will be given the Director for Illinois. The money order was for \$15.
WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

SCOUTING EXPEDITION BY FORREST'S MEN. DATA FROM COL. V. Y. COOK, BATESVILLE, ARK.

During the last days of August, 1864, an expeditionary scout of what had been forty men, rank and file, constituted of detachments from Companies C. E. and H, 7th Kentucky Mounted Infantry, Forrest's Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Charles W. Jetton, of Company H, an officer of merit and mettle, was returning southward in famishment and with an impeditive environment of several wagons laden with their wounded, for the detachments had engaged twice one morning just north of Parker's Crossroads, in Carroll County, West Tennessee, with a formidable force of Federal bushwhackers, losing Lieut. John Heady, Company C, Sergeant William Smith, Company E, and Private William Brown, Company H, killed, and ten others more or less severely wounded, some with broken legs and arms and others otherwise mutilated, whose sufferings were excruciating in the extreme, as they were transported in farm wagons over rough country roads without surgical aid or nourishment. The country through which they passed was entirely destitute of subsistence for man or beast, and encompassed by Federal bushwhackers of the very worst type.

On a Sunday afternoon the detachments in this tired and hungry condition, with their dust covered uniforms now muddy (for it had rained heavily that day), reached the outskirts of Rienzi, a village on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, ten miles south of Corinth, Miss. They halted near the bank of a small but muddy and swollen creek, allowing their wounded to rest and their horses to graze, there being no other food for the animals. Here Privates Chapman Williams, of Company E, and the writer hereof, of Company H, were ordered out in armis in quest of the much needed esculents and with orders to bring in some hog meat. Another detail went forth in search of bread, which, however, failed, and the suilline captured by the first detail was an old "razor back" sow. She was shot and dragged to the improvised camp, skinned and cut into pieces, and put into a wash kettle found near by where some good housewife had left it after her weekly household scourings of its homely homespuns. The kettle was filled with creek water, a fire was kindled, and soon all, even the wounded, were eating this morsel without bread or salt and with a relish.

After a few hours' rest the detachments proceeded southward via Brice's Crossroads and Tupelo, keeping details ahead and off the main road, gathering apples and peaches, the only food procurable. Later corn meal was obtained and added to the apples and peaches upon which the men feasted. The detachments reached their command, Buford's Division, in the early days of September at Oxford, Miss., which was soon thereafter put in motion for Middle Tennessee and Sherman's rear.

Fording the Tennessee River at Colbert's Shoals, the division immediately entered upon a series of battles and skirmishes known by the troopers as Forrest's Pulaski Raid September

16 to October 10 during which Athens, Sulphur Trestle, and other Federal strongholds were assailed and vanished. The demolition of many miles of railroad in Sherman's rear was the main desideratum, but Sherman had then captured Atlanta, and was thereby efficiently able to cut loose from his base.

At Tarpley Shop, five miles south of Pulaski, Tenn., on the morning of September 27 the 7th Kentucky, in the advance, suffered severely in a ten minutes' skirmish with the 10th and 12th Tennessee Federal Dismounted Cavalry, under command of the gallant Col, George Spaulding, and a battalion each of the 9th and 10th Indiana Cavalry mounted, in which at one time it appeared that the regiment would be overridden and sabered, but the commander of the Indiana Battalions, Maj. George F. Herriott, hesitated at the critical moment. In the meantime the 7th Kentucky was quickly dismounted by its gallant commander, Capt. Joel T. Cochran, and the other regiments of the brigade, coming up, immediately drove the Federals from their strongly selected position. We lost, however, Captain Cochran, who was in command of the regiment, Capt. David L. Nowlan, Company G. and eight enlisted men killed, three of whom, Sergeant Jack Waddell, Williams Matheney, and Thomas Hanesberry, belonged to Company I,

James Hatchell and John Hanelin to Company E, John Wilson and John Oliver to Company K, and a Mississippian, who by chance was riding with the Kentuckians that morning. Immediately after the death of Captain Cochran Capt. Charles W. Jetton, of Company H, assumed command of the regiment. but almost instantly therewith was wounded in the hand. Several others were wounded by the same volley.

Captains Cochran and Nowlan were buried in the same superficial army grave, where their remains still repose, as also the bodies of the other seven Kentuckians and the Mississippian rest in confidence in a near by grave. These graves, we are informed, are being cared for and annually decorated with flowers by the good women of that vicinity.

Time may efface the record of the Confederate soldier and obliterate the memory of the confidence with which he went into battle, but never will the sublimity of devotion actuating these ladies and the womanly women of the South every day during that stupendous struggle to deeds of unparalleled selfsacrificing consecration to the needs of the Confederate sick and wounded and to this day in honoring our dead comrades. be expunged from that imperishable ledger of glory.

UNCLE ALECK AND HIS MULE

Uncle Aleck, a venerable darky with an old gray mule, called upon a verterinary surgeon with the inquiry: "Is you er hoss doctor?" "Yes," said the surgeon. "Well, dis here old mule he's sick, and I doan want er lose old Pete. Can't yer gimme some medicine fur him?" Writing a prescription, the doctor said: "Take this paper to the drug store and get fifty grains of calomel and a glass tube open at both ends. Put the calomel in the tube, run it down Pete's throat, and blow." Some days later the veterinarian, meeting Uncle Aleck, much bedraggled and ashy, asked: "How's Pete?" "Pete he's all right, but I ain't." "What's the matter?" "It's disaway," said Aleck: "I tuck de calomel and de glass tube as you tole me, and I stuck it down Pete's throat, I did." "Did you blow?" asked the doctor. "No, sir," said the darky, "old Pete he dun blowed fust."

DR. CASPER COINER HENKEL

With the death of Dr. C. C. Henkel, of Newmarket, Va" inds the long line of doctors of his name in that community, running back for more than a century. It closes a drug store there which was founded in 1797 by Dr. Solomon Hen^el, and which had been continuously owned and conducted by his descendants. Before this, in 1793, he attended the University of Pennsylvania. The family was distinguished for its ministers and physicians, the first of whom in America was Rev. Anthony Jacob Henkel, a German court preacher, who came to Philadelphia in 1714. Some of its physicians were pioneers in certain important medical discoveries, such as the analyses of certain diseases and in the use of antiseptics and sterilizing methods in the practice of surgery.

Dr. C. C. Henkel was the grandson of Dr. Solomon Henkel and the son of Dr. Samuel Godfrey Henkel and Susan Coiner, daughter of Casper Coiner, whose name was bestowed upon this son. He read medicine with his father and uncle, Dr. S. P. Henkel, attended lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, graduated therefrom in 1857, and entered immediately into practice with his father at Newmarket.

In July, 1861, Dr. Henkel volunteered in the Confederate army, was made assistant surgeon, and in September of that year received commission as surgeon. He served with cavalry and artillery until April, 1862, was then with the 37th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, until September, 1862, when he was made surgeon of the brigade and appointed member of the board of medical examiners for General Jackson's Corps, in which he served to the surrender at Appomattox. He was acting division surgeon during March and April, 1865. During his army service Dr. Henkel had ample opportunity for observation and much work, performing all kinds of operations incidental to the service and being in most of the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia from the time of his enlistment. Of five surgeons who entered the battle of Gaines's Mill with the brigade, he alone escaped injury,

After being paroled at Appomattox, Dr. Henkel returned to Newmarket without money or business, but with much hard earned experience, and began practice anew at his old office in partnership with Dr. S. P. C. Henkel, who died in 1882. He had practiced continuously since, devoting himself largely to surgery, and though not making a specialty of any department of medical science, he occupied the foremost rank of his profession. He had been a sufferer for more than a year with the disease which caused his death, on November [6, but gave up office practice only six months before.

As a citizen Dr. Henkel was public spirited and generous, and his splendid character was an example to all about him. The confidence he inspired as a physician was not greater than the affection in which he was held personally. He is survived by his wife and daughter (Mrs. Frank Rupert), a brother (Dr. H. H. Henkel, of Staunton), and six sisters. He was of a family of thirteen children, four sons and nine daughters.

Gov. S. W. T. LANHAM

The Tom Green Camp, U. C. V., of Weatherford, Tex., submitted by a committee composed of R. W. Bonner, R. C. Tarkington, and L. J. Caraway resolutions upon the character of the late Samuel Willis Tucker Lanham, who was Governor of Texas from 1903 to 1907. Governor Lanham was born in Spartanburg, S. C., July 4, 1846.

He entered the C. S. A. service when quite a boy in the 3d South Carolina Regiment. He was married at the age of twenty years to Sarah B. Meng in Union County, S. C. He removed to Texas soon afterwards, and was admitted to the bar in 1869. He became District Attorney. In 1880 he was made a presidential elector. He served the Eighth District in Congress from 1883 to 1893 and from 1895 to 1903, leaving Congress to become Governor of his great adopted State. The resolutions by the Camp state: "In the death of Governor Lanham we have lost a true and faithful comrade, a brave and gallant soldier. He volunteered at the age of sixteen, joining the Army of Northern Virginia, and surrendered at Appomattox. He participated in many bloody battles, and while yet a mere youth became one of Lee's most trusted veterans. He did as much if not more than any other orator in America to present and preserve the heroic deeds and virtues of Confederate soldiers living and dead, and we the survivors and our children owe his memory a debt of lasting gratitude. We shall ever keep his memory green, and we will teach it to our children to the latest generation. "As a public official both in State and national councils he was faithful to every trust. His career among us first as a humble school teacher, then as lawyer, as State's attorney, then for so many years as representative in Congress, and finally as Governor of this great State presents to us a glorious and convincing proof of what a resolute spirit moved by the highest ideals and the loftiest purposes may accomplish in the brief time allotted to man.

His pure and upright walk and conversation in private life among us, his noble and kindly life, and his firm belief in and steady adherence to Christian doctrine constitute a rich heritage to his children and to us his friends. We attribute much of his success in life to the wonderful helpfulness and wise counsel of his estimable and faithful wife. We sincerely mourn their demise. In life they were united, in death they are not divided.

The Tom Green Camp resolved as a further tribute of respect to the memory of the late lamented Gov. S. W. T. Lanham that the resolutions be printed in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the friend and supporter of all old ex Confederates. [Report by R. E. Bell, Commander of Tom Green Camp.]

MRS. T. C. BLACK

Mrs. Addie Caldwell Black, wife of Dr. T. C. Black, of Lewisburg, Tenn., has finished her work. The Lewisburg Chapter, U. D. C., of which she was a member, took formal action in regard to her death. A committee composed of Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, Mrs. T. E. Arthur, and Miss Bessie Stephens submitted appropriate resolutions. Mrs. Black was beloved by all who knew her, she was sweet and gracious in social life, a source of comfort to those in need of sympathy. Ready at all times to lend a helping hand to the unfortunate, her presence was like blessed sunshine. She was a true type of Southern womanhood.

The Lewisburg Chapter recognized in her life "the earnest, unselfish zeal of the true Christian, the joy of service as exemplified by her loving service to humanity in her daily life."

The Chapter said: "To know her intimately was to be strengthened for better service to Christ and to the world."

In a paper prepared by Mrs. Black (which another read to the Chapter, as Mrs. Black was too ill to attend) she wrote: "The brave soldiers who fought for us all came as enthusiastically from the homes of the wealthy as from the log cabins. How proud Tennessee is in being 'the Volunteer State!'"

Our heritage from our women of the Confederacy is almost as great and good. What grand nurses they were, how willingly they gave their homes for hospitals, seeking out and giving away everything to the poorest, most ragged Confederate soldier that he or his comrades needed! Many had their brass and bronze possessions melted to be made into cannon, many old ladies, confirmed invalids, proved a blessing to the army by untiringly knitting socks and gloves. Then all honor to the patient and tried woman who provided for the family while the husband, father, and brother were away! Mrs. John Law, of North Carolina, for four years devoted her life to nursing in hospital and field, and such was her worth to the army that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had thirty thousand soldiers pass in review before her, But I cannot close without touching on one unpleasant subject. We all know

that the Daughters of the Confederacy are banded together to keep alive the memory of the heroic deeds of our fathers, to honor their names and their glorious achievements, to minister to the survivors the widows and the orphans. They are doing a grand work that will live in history in all these particulars, but how sad that the old soldiers seem secondary to many fashionable women whose zeal seems to be to have 'a fine time' themselves at the Reunion's! Then the hot fights for supremacy in the election of officers. * * * I am afraid an outsider would say we were letting our beloved flag trail a little in the dust by such contentions over honors that should come to one unsolicited."

Mr. Thomas Arthur Turner died at his residence, in Ashland City, Tenn., on Monday, October 26, 1908, at the age of sixty eight years and seven months. In his death that community has sustained the loss of one of its most useful and highly respected citizens. A native of Cheatham County, he spent his life among its people. "Tom" Turner was a man of kind and generous nature, a joyful, sunny disposition, an unusually winning personality, and really and truly "charitable to a fault." For many months previous to his death he had been in declining health, and had retired from business and public life to spend the remainder of his days in the peace and quietude of his home.

Though scarcely more than a boy when the great war began, he enlisted in Company G, 42d Tennessee Regiment, and for four years followed the fortunes of the Confederate cause in camp, in battle, and in prison. At its close, like most others, he returned penniless to his old home. For a number of years after the war closed he engaged in the mercantile business, In 1878 he was chosen by his fellow citizens to the office of Clerk of the County Court of Cheatham County, a position which he filled for twenty four years, when he voluntarily retired.

Mr. Turner was for many years an honored member of the Masonic fraternity, and at his own request the last sad rites of his interment were pronounced in the beautiful burial ceremony of that order. The services were conducted by the members of Ashland Lodge No. 604, assisted by a number of visiting brethren, who took charge of the remains at the conclusion of a brief service led by Rev. A. T. Goodloe, one of his old friends and a comrade in arms, and his body was tenderly laid to rest in the cemetery with Masonic burial honors. [From sketch by P. H. Duke, Esq., Ashland City, Tenn.]

TENNESSEE WOMAN'S HISTORICAL SOCIETY

In August, 1907, this Association requested Mrs. Anna Irwin Woods to prepare a paper on the "Old City Cemetery" at Nashville, Tenn. This paper brought vividly to mind the deplorable condition of this old landmark, the resting place of many pioneers of Tennessee and the South.

The city of Nashville, through its Park Commission, has agreed to take charge of and keep in condition the walks and driveways, and now the Woman's Historical Society desires to erect a handsome memorial gate at the main entrance and, if practicable, refence the cemetery.

They are asking a contribution, large or small, from publicspirited citizens who are proud of "this grand old State" and who realize how much the State owes the men and women whose mortal remains rest in this sacred soil the men who Mazed the way in the wilderness and stemmed the tide of the revolution.

WOODMEN OF AMERICA AND TUBERCULOSIS

Most worthy work of Modern Woodmen of America is being undertaken for the care of those who suffer from tuberculosis. At the December meeting of the Executive Council of the Modern Woodmen Society, held at the headquarters of the Society in Rock Island, Ill., it was decided to conduct that Society's sanatorium, located at Colorado Springs, Colo., for the treatment of members afflicted with tuberculosis free of charge to members.

The Modern Woodmen Society has acquired 1,380 acres of land within seven miles of Colorado Springs, and has established thereon an up to date sanatorium on the tent colony plan. It will be ready for the reception of sixty patients on January 1, 1909.

The tents are octagonal structures, with shingle roofs, canvas sides, hard wood floors on solid cement foundations, heated by a central plant, equipped with all modern conveniences, even telephones, and each tent is for one patient. An administration building for physicians, nurses, dining hall, baths, etc., stands in the center of the colony.

Dr. J. E. White, the medical director in charge, states that only those consumptive members who are curable or whose lives may be prolonged for a considerable length of time will be admitted as patients. The wisdom of this rule is apparent.

It is expected that another colony of sixty tents will beready by July, 1909, and that acceptable patients will be received by that time. A movement is already under way to equip the second colony plant. Each tent represents an expense of \$250, and a number of local Camps, or lodges, of the Society have decided to donate tents. There are over 13,000 Camps of Modern Woodmen and over 1,000,000 members.

Local Camps have contributed to the sanatorium fund over \$70,000, and a tax of ten cents per member was voted.

SETTLEMENT OF A CONTROVERSY

Col. and Rev. W. L. Duckworth, who has had some controversy with comrades as to his connection with his regiment in the closing days of the war, has procured a copy of the "Record" from the War Department, Washington, D. C.

Hon. Finis J. Garrett, House of Representatives, made inquiry of Adjutant General Ainsworth, who wrote to him:

Sir: In returning herewith the letter, received by your reference, of Mr. W. L. Duckworth, of Brownsville, Tenn., who desires to ascertain who commanded the 7th Tennessee Confederate Cavalry during the last twenty five days of its history and by whom it was surrendered and paroled, and in response to your request that the information be furnished, I have the honor to inform you that the Confederate archives in this office show that the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Confederate States Army, was commanded during the month of April, 1865, by Col. W. L. Duckworth, that the regiment, excepting Company F, was surrendered at Citronelle, Ala., May 4, 1865, by Lieut. Gen. Richard Taylor, C. S. A., to Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, U. S. A., and that it was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865.

Said archives also show that W. L. Duckworth was paroled at that place May 12, 1865, as colonel commanding the regiment, and that Brig. Gen. E. S. Dennis, U. S. A., was the officer who paroled the regiment. "Very respectfully,

INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA

It was Capt. John W. Morton's twenty first birthday on the 19th of September, and his entree upon man's estate was amid the roar of the tremendous battle of Chickamauga. He had just received a new suit of artillery uniform clothes, which he had packed, away nicely in a wagon but a hungry mule had taken a fancy to them and had masticated the treasures. He had three horses at dawn, and at night one had been killed, two wounded so as to be unserviceable, and, to crown his mishaps, his colored servant "Bob" had got "scared" of the battle and run off with all his rations. To add to his misfortunes, he was a long way from home with not a dollar in his pocket. 'Twas thus he stepped across the threshold of manhood. Exchange.

John Morton was the chief,
Who in the thunder of his guns
Oft sought his soul's relief.
As Pelham of the West, may he
Be hailed throughout the South
His war time eloquence, most free,
Came from his cannon's mouth.
In him our Wizard found a man
On whom he could reply,

And when his service first began,
His fame was made on high

General Forrest I have always regarded as the untrained and perhaps the most remarkable genius of our Confederate war, and you are one of the military jewels which cluster in his diadem. Charles Edgeworth Jones, Augusta, Ga.

Mrs. J. B. Game, of Cape Girardeau, Mo., seeks to establish the war record of her father, Dr. W. R. Hughes, of North Carolina, and asks that any surviving comrades will kindly write to her. He was connected with hospitals at Petersburg, Richmond, and Raleigh, N. C., where he wrote from "Fair Ground Hospital" on June 4, 1863. It is also thought that he was at one time in the Army of East Tennessee under General Irby.

William E. Anderson, Box 63, Pensacola, Fla., wishes to hear from any comrades of William Duncan Maclay, a member of the 6th Florida Regiment, who was detailed from that regiment to serve on the staff of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, Proof of his service up to the surrender is sought in order that his widow may secure a pension. Such information will be appreciated.

T. C. Kelley, Adjutant U. C. V., Hallwood, Va., wishes to hear from any one in Alabama, especially in or near Mobile, who can tell of William H. Shaw, a member of Company C, 8th Alabama Infantry, Herbert's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. N. V., and can testify that he was the son of Samuel Shaw, Sr., and brother to John Shaw and Samuel Shaw, Jr. If there is a comrade or friend who has this knowledge of William H. Shaw, Mr. Kelley will appreciate his replying to that effect. If it can be shown that he was a brother of Dr. John Shaw, of Killyleagh, County Down, Ireland, it will prove a blessing to his descendants.

B. F. Smith, of Oxford, Fla., seeks the address of any veteran who knew personally of the service of J. T. LaVeigne, a volunteer in the Armistead Rifles from Savannah, Ga., and who was detailed to special duty in the arsenal at Macon, Ga., where he was captured by Wilson's Division of Sherman's army. Information is desired to establish pension proof for surviving widow.

Rev. Waldo W. Moore, of Homewood, Scott County, Miss., writes that his father, Capt. A. M. Moore, of Company I, 40th Alabama, was captured at Noon Day Creek, Ga" in June, 1864. His captors took his sword, which had his name and company and regiment engraved on it. Any information leading to the recovery of the sword will be thankfully received.

Miss Mollie Brown, of Keyser, W. Va" wishes to hear from any one who knew of the service of her father, James E. Brown, for the Confederacy. As a woolen manufacturer at Winchester, Va" he was exempt from army service, but for about six weeks he was lieutenant of a small home company. Any survivors of that company will confer a favor by writing to Miss Brown.

J. A. Livesay, 108 S, Fulton Avenue, Baltimore, Md., needs copies of the VETERAN for January, February, March, April, May, August, October, and November, 1893, and January, 1896, to complete his file. Write him.

END

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