

**PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF
CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS**

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

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

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

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

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS,

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

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

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

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1909.

No. 7. S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

CONCERNING MEMBERSHIP IN THE U. C. V.

In a report of Adjutant General W. E. Mickle he states that during the past year there were chartered thirty two new Camps, as follows: Oklahoma, 10, Texas, 8, Pacific, 3, Arkansas, 2, Mississippi, 2, Georgia, 2, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, North Carolina, and West Virginia, 1 each.

He reports a summary of Camps by Divisions: Texas, 212, Georgia, 118, South Carolina, 85, Mississippi, 84, Alabama, 82, Arkansas, 71, North Carolina, 70, Virginia, 69, Tennessee, 65, Kentucky, 61, Louisiana, 58, Oklahoma, 57, Florida, 48, Missouri, 47, West Virginia, 19, Pacific, 16, Northwest, 15, Maryland, 8.

The total number of chartered Camps is 1,703. This shows a falling off of 518 Camps, or about thirty per cent, since the organization.

THE MOUNT VERNON OF KENTUCKY

[This title originated with the editor of the VETERAN.]

Most important of all matters with the U. C. V. Convention at Memphis was that of the Jefferson Davis Home Association. As the vice president and general manager of the undertaking the editor of the VETERAN had printed three thousand booklets of thirty two pages each for distribution at the Convention among the Veterans, Daughters, Sons, and friends. Shipment was made by express on Monday night, and the package was therefore due at Memphis on the opening day. But it could not be found. The editor devoted nearly every hour each day using the wire for tracing, but in vain. There was a kind of prostration in the disappointment, and prevented the writer's attention to the business of the VETERAN. There was comfort, however, in the fact that he did all he could to procure the package. Announcement was made to the Convention that the booklets would be distributed in the lobby of the Peabody Hotel, where, through the cordial courtesy of the Manager, Mr. Parker, the headquarters of the VETERAN had been established.

The fruitless effort was pursued almost to the ending of the parade on Thursday. One last determined effort was made then by the wrier to get to the post office, working his way through the mass of people from one express office to another across Court Square, and then getting to the line of march in the densest part of the crowd. With the herculean task performed of reaching the parade line, he was halted by a large officer on foot, who said, "You can't cross here," al though the line was standing with ample space between the files. "But it is an emergency," was pleaded, with the further remark, "Do you know who

I am?" "Yes, I know you,*' was the response. "My name is Brown, and this is the R. E. Lee Camp marching in honor of President Davis." That settled it. The Appomattox of defeat had come.

The man whose name stands officially on a note for forty six hundred dollars to Gen. Bennett H. Young, who so generously advanced that amount of money to procure the lands purchased for a memorial to President Jefferson Davis at the place of his birth, was cut off from the very important effort to disseminate the knowledge it was so important to make known to the thousands of loyal patriots there. That U. C. V. officer Brown will never know how impressed the writer was by his action. The Commander in Chief would have stopped the parade in the interest of distributing the information. If a little "Puck" had been there to comment upon the situation, he might have commented upon mortals to Officer Brown's disgust.

The worry and disappointment caused by delivering the package to the wrong person came near causing an illness. It occasions more space in this issue than would have been given otherwise, and it is the greater reason for action on the part of all Confederates to make this cause special. (See the list of contributors.)

SUBSCRIPTION OF \$100 FROM INDIANA

The project of properly marking the birthplace of Jefferson Davis in Fairview, Todd County, Ky., created an intense interest among the Confederate veterans at Memphis, and a the request of General Evans and all concerned Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander of the Kentucky Division, was asked to make a statement in regard to the enterprise both as to what had been done and the plans for the future.

When General Young asked if the South was disposed to do less for the birthplace of Mr. Davis than the nation had done for the birthplace of Mr. Lincoln, more than a thousand Confederates arose to their feet and cried out: "No, no, no!" Amid the enthusiastic applause with which General Young's address was received Capt. Thomas Hanlon, who is. on the staff of General Young, arose at the rear of the hall and said: "My comrades, this enterprise must not fail. I am from Indiana, but I hereby subscribe one hundred dollars to the fund of building this memorial to President Davis. " Deafening applause resounded through the building, I and everybody was delighted to shake the hand of Captain Hanlon and thank him for this splendid response. He had served in a Louisiana regiment for a while during the war. For a long time he has lived in New Albany, Ind., and has held some of the most responsible offices within the gift of the people of Floyd County, Ind.

Captain Hanlon was a close personal friend and political adviser of Thomas A. Hendricks and Daniel W. Voorhees, and when Cleveland was elected, they had him appointed collector for one of the Indiana districts. He was an ardent Democrat partisan, and of course had political enemies. The Republicans aroused opposition and his confirmation failed by a tie vote, and Gen. Benjamin Harrison cast the vote that lost Hanlon the place. Captain Hanlon has never failed of election to any office to which he has aspired, and for many years he has been an earnest leader of his party in Southern Indiana.

General Young tells an amusing incident in connection with Captain Hanlon's service on the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago Railroad, where he was conductor when General Young was president of the road. When President Arthur came to visit the Southern Exposition in Louisville in the early eighties, Captain Hanlon was in charge of the train which carried the President from Louisville to Chicago. In the presidential party were W. P. Gresham, Robert T. Lincoln, Senator Folger, and others. President Arthur was General Young's guest. Indiana friends were not showing due consideration to the chief magistrate of the nation, so General Young wired ahead to have flowers ready to be presented to the President at suitable places. He had the train slowed up at these selected towns along the way and a carriage in waiting, so when the President arrived he would receive a fitting reception.

Captain Hanlon is a typical Irishman, and enlisted a great deal of interest among his Hoosier friends toward President Arthur, who was one of the most courteous and agreeable of men. He sent for Captain Hanlon, who had the political history of Southern Indiana at his tongue's end, and for more than an hour the President inquired about people and things. As they neared Chicago the President invited Captain Hanlon and General Young into his private stateroom, when he expressed the great pleasure his trip through Indiana had given him, and concluded by saying to Captain Hanlon that there were several good offices in Indiana which he could bestow, naming them, and if the Captain desired any one of these he would be glad to appoint him. With great dignity but courteously the Captain said: "Mr. President Arthur, I greatly appreciate what you have said to me, but you must not forget that I am a Democrat." There was no office that he as a Democrat was willing to receive from a Republican President.

Captain Hanlon attends all Confederate Reunions, and the veterans will be glad to know something of the man who has given this handsome contribution to help on the cause and erect this memorial at the birthplace of Mr. Davis.

MONUMENT TO GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE

Early June was replete with events of Confederate importance. The Reunion at Memphis was of national interest, and only second to this was the unveiling of the beautiful monument to Gen. Stephen D. Lee in the National Park at Vicksburg. This was consummated June 11 in the presence of a large and appreciative assembly. The monument stands upon the spot on which General Lee stood as he directed his troops at the siege of Vicksburg, and is a place of which he was peculiarly fond.

Vicksburg was elaborately decorated in flags and bunting, and at the appointed time every business house in the city was closed, most of the businessmen taking part in the great parade which formed at the Carrol Hotel and marched out to the park. All the contingent counties sent in large deputations, and both the State and national military took part, adding a fitting martial air to the occasion. Con. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier Journal, was master of ceremonies. He first called upon Rev. H. F. Sproles, who was a chaplain in the Confederate army, for an invocation, and the prayer was earnest and deeply touching in its nature, after which the choir of the Vicksburg school children sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." Colonel Watterson made a short but appropriate address preliminary to the introduction of the other speakers, the general trend of his words being the great need of closer bonds between the reunited States and the fast growing brotherhood of North and South.

The monument was then unveiled by the two little grandsons of the dead hero, Master John Glessner Lee, son of Mr. Blewett Lee, of Chicago, and Master Lee Harrison, of Columbus, Miss.

Gen. Clement Evans was then introduced and made an eloquent address with a eulogium on the character and life of General Lee that was a glowing tribute. Of Lee the man he said: "Not a cloud lowers around his name. He was brave, since he fought without malice, his courtesy had the charm of chivalry. He was generous to the opinions of others. His tongue did not falter in his praise when merited even by a foe. He will take his place in the biography of Americans as the type of the true citizen and noble soldier, the ardent Confederate, the affectionate husband and father, and the humble Christian gentleman." Of Lee the soldier he quoted from President Davis: "Stephen D. Lee was one of the best all round soldiers we ever had. I tried him at the artillery, and he handled the guns so superbly that I thought we could never spare him from that arm of the service. I tried him at cavalry, and I thought he was born for that branch alone, and when I put him to command infantry, he was equally able in that position." General Evans then presented the monument to the nation.

Gen. Frederick D. Grant's speech of acceptance was eagerly watched for, and was enthusiastically applauded. General Grant said that he "felt himself honored in being selected to represent J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, upon this occasion, and still more honored in the service from the warm personal friendship and admiration that he had always felt for General Lee." He ably gave a sketch of the life of the gallant leader from his birth in Charleston September 22, 1833, to his death from apoplexy in Vicksburg May 28, 1908. He touched lightly on his youth and young manhood, but paid noble tribute to his genius as a soldier and leader, and under his admiring words the picture of Lee the educator and Lee the noble gentleman was beautifully revealed. With courteous art Gen. Frederick Grant then received the beautiful statue in the name of the nation and the National Park. Col. George R. Peck in flowery but well chosen words made in address dealing with the life and character of General Lee. Incidentally he dwelt upon the fact that the statue they were presenting had been erected by almost equal contributions from North and South, also that on the spot where the two fathers, Lee and Grant, had fought so noble a fight the two sons, Blewett Lee and Frederick Grant, were standing side by side united in bonds of friendship.

As that bond spanned the chasm between them, so may the rainbow of reunion cross the void from the mist of war to the sunlight of peace.

SOUTH CAROLINA U. C. V. REUNION

The South Carolina State Reunion of Veterans, Sons, and Daughters at Chester was well attended. Chester was in gala attire, and made every effort to make the meeting a success. Gen. Zimmerman Davis, Commander of South Carolina, made a brief but earnest speech, which was followed by the splendid address of Hon. George Bell Timmerman, Commander of the Sons of Veterans. Miss Janie Ford, an attractive daughter of that State, representing the Daughters of the Confederacy, read a poem beautifully. Senator Weston and Dr. Mitchel made eloquent appeals to the patriotism of their State.

In the annual election of officers General Zimmerman Davis was again chosen as Commander. Proposed changes in the pension law were referred to a committee with authority to act. The band from the battle ship Texas played during the Reunion, and it was one of the attractions of the grand parade which marked the closing of the Convention.

The Louisiana Historical Society is endeavoring to procure the ordinance of secession of that State. Hon. R. C. Wickliffe, M. C., and Senator Foster have the matter in hand. It is in the archives of the War Department, Washington.

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On Tuesday, June 8, no meetings were held, the delegates attending the opening of the U. C. V. Reunion, where seats had been provided for them on the platform. After the Commander in Chief, General Evans, had concluded his address, he presented in turn to the veterans Miss Lucy Hayes and Mr. Billie Hayes, grandchildren of Jefferson Davis, Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association (the "Women of the Confederacy"), Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General of the U. D. C., Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate of the C. S. M. A., and other women prominent in Confederate work.

On Wednesday, June 9, at the morning meeting reports were read, and at 12 M. the meeting adjourned to attend the memorial service at the U. C. V. auditorium. This service, which was held as usual under the joint auspices of the United Confederate Veterans and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, was most impressive. Rev. James R. Winchester delivered the principal address and Mrs. Virginia Boyle read an original ode, "To Jefferson Davis," which is one of the finest of all the compositions of this gifted daughter of the South. The double quartet of the Ladies' Memorial Association rendered the hymn "Day unto Day," written by Mrs. Boyle and set to music by Mrs. Randolph. The entire Confederate Choir and the audience united in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and the benediction.

At the afternoon meeting greetings were read from Mrs. J. Addison Hayes, who regretted that illness prevented her from attending. She thanked Mrs. Behan for all she had done for her dear father's memory, and said: "To you I feel is due the restoration of my father's name to its rightful place." New business was then considered. Among other matters was the adoption of a badge for the Junior Memorial Associations of the South. A strong plea was made for the organization of Junior Memorial Associations to assist the Women of the Confederacy on Memorial Day. The election of officers was next in order, and resulted as follows: President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, La, reelected, Recording Secretary, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, of New Orleans, reelected, Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Richmond, Va., Treasurer, Mrs. J. H. Moyston, of Memphis, Tenn., Historian, Miss Mary A. Hall, of Augusta, Va., reelected, Poet Laureate, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Memphis, Tenn., elected for life. Vice Presidents: Alabama, Mrs. J. C. Lee, Arkansas, Mrs. Julia Garside Welch, Florida,

Mrs. W. D. Chipley, Georgia, Mrs. R. L. Nesbitt, Louisiana, Mrs. Alden McLellan, Mississippi, Mrs. M. A. Stevens, Missouri, Mrs. G. K. Warner, North Carolina, Mrs. R. H. Jones, South Carolina, Mrs. W. R. Bachman, Tennessee, Mrs. Charles B. Frazer, Texas, Mrs. Sterling Robertson, Virginia, Mrs. Shelton Chieves. H. Jones, South Carolina, Mrs. W. R. Bachman, Tennessee, Mrs. Charles B. Frazer, Texas, Mrs. Sterling Robertson, Virginia, Mrs. Shelton Chieves.

RESOLUTIONS

One offered by Mrs. C. B. Bryan extending the thanks of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association to ex President Theodore Roosevelt and to ex Secretary Luke E. Wright for courtesy shown to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association in restoring the name of Jefferson Davis to "Cabin John Bridge," an act of justice which is appreciated by a united country, was approved.

Resolution offered by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle asking the Memorial Associations of the South to celebrate in a suitable manner the centennial of the birth of Admiral Raphael Semmes, which will occur on September 27, 1909.

Resolution offered by the Committee on Resolutions returning thanks to the State and city officials, the State and local Confederate officers, the Ladies' Memorial Association, the Junior Memorial Association, the Confederate Choir, the Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and all who contributed to the success of the Convention and to the pleasure and entertainment of the delegates. The quartet of the Ladies' Memorial Association sang "God Be with You till We Meet Again" and the doxology. The Convention then adjourned to meet in Mobile, Ala., next year.

THE JOHN H. MORGAN STATUE

Mrs. W. M. Bateman, chairman of the committee, writes the VETERAN from Lexington, Ky.

The work was commenced in 1906, and something over \$5,000 has been raised. The statue completed will cost \$15,000. It is located in the city of Lexington. The clay model has been accepted and pronounced by thousands to be handsome, dignified, pleasing to the eye, and artistic in design. The horse is approved as 'perfect' by one hundred horsemen of national reputation whose signed statements we hold. This statement may seem almost incredulous. The mount and military bearings were most favorably criticised by three United States generals, and the figure and features are pronounced excellent in every detail by his two brothers, other members of his family, and many friends. It gives me much pleasure to give these favorable criticisms to the work of Mr. Pompee Coppini, the sculptor.

Capt. W. T. Ellis, of Owensboro, shows lasting grit. He writes: "Recently, without any consultation with me and without my consent, I was elected Commander of the Rice E. Graves Camp at this place. Since my election I have set about to see what I could do in recruiting the thin ranks of our old comrades. But my chief ambition is to organize and recruit to a very high tide sons of Confederate veterans. We want to inspire the sons of Confederate veterans to take an active interest in organizing Camps to perpetuate the memory of their fathers when the last one of them is dead."

THE DECEASED REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

The death, which occurred recently, of Rev, Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, who was for many years preceding his death Chaplain of the United States Senate, recalls an interesting visit of the editor of the VETERAN to Boston in the early seventies. He attended the Unitarian Church on Sunday and heard Dr. Hale preach about "a city whose builder and maker is God," in which he described how the wealthy people of Boston instead of maintaining the very poor as a charity made ways for them to earn their living by industry. At the close of the service the Southerner introduced himself to the minister, who took his address and sent him several copies of the sermon.

ERROR IN DATES OF BATTLES CORRECTED

Comrade M. H. Achard, of Baton Rouge, La., a member of the Louisiana volunteer company, G, writes of errors in dates as given in the June VETERAN concerning the battles fought by the 12th Georgia Regiment under Gen, Stonewall Jackson. He states that the battle of Port Royal was fought on May 22, not May 23, 1861, the battle of Middletown on May 23, the battle of Winchester on May 24, not May 31, 1862, and the battle of Cross Keys on June 8, 1862, instead of June 5.

MONUMENT TO FRANK CHEATHAM CAMP, U. C. V., AND BIVOUAC, NASHVILLE

A monument to the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, No. 1, of the Tennessee Confederate soldiers, and Camp No. 35. U. C. V., was dedicated in Nashville June 19, 1909. It is called the "private soldiers' monument," but the tablet contains the names of major and brigadier generals, colonels, and staff officers all men, whatever their rank, who happened to be members of the two organizations. There are two military organizations, both active, under the laws of Tennessee Troop A Cavalry, under Capt. George F. Hager, and Company B, commanded by Capt. I. J. Hewlett. There are on the bronze tablet five hundred and forty names, and of the number there are three hundred and twenty eight survivors. The picture herewith presented shows prominently Troop A and Company B made on the day of the dedication. The ceremony was brief. Rev. R. Lin Cave, Chaplain

General U. C. V., made the invocation, and Judge S. F. Wilson, of the Tennessee Court of Appeals, was the orator of the occasion. Maj. B. M. Hord, chairman of the committee (since the death of Mr. Theodore Cooley, who was prominent in inaugurating the movement), was master of ceremonies, and was doubtless the most grateful member present, having had the burden of raising the money and was much depressed until the Daughters of the Confederacy became active participants and, as they always do when they undertake an enterprise, carried it through. Immediately in front of the statue are the little granddaughters of Major Hord, who, together with Master Winston Pilcher Folk, grandson of the late Capt. M. B. Pilcher, participated in the unveiling.

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.

Comrade James P. Coffin in sending a Last Roll sketch of a true and tried veteran adds: "If there be any charges, and there should be, I will remit immediately on being informed of the amount." The italics are his.

That note is used for a text to comment upon the policy of the VETERAN. No charge is ever made for anything that appears as a reading notice. Contributors often send manuscript and ask the privilege of paying for the space. The VETERAN columns are ever so crowded that the liberty is taken to condense any article. This is done generally to advantage, all material facts being given. Last Roll sketches are sometimes too long, but it can't well be avoided. The VETERAN demurs, however, to the presumption that pictures, which are very expensive to it in the aggregate, should be paid for by the publisher. Frequently gallant men who died penniless deserve this expense, and it becomes a tax upon the publication.

Some unpleasant memories are recalled in connection with engravings. A rich man died for whose family there had been several engravings made, and when it was delicately suggested that he pay the expense of a subsequent one, he demurred stoutly, claiming that the "courtesy due" by the owner of the VETERAN. A correspondent who esteemed himself as a gifted writer sent an article demanding that if printed at all it must be exactly as written. He proposed to write a series of articles, and upon the assurance that all would be printed verbatim he would "proceed to send a remittance for a year's subscription." It survived his failure to remit the one dollar.

Regard the foregoing as outlining conditions with which the VETERAN has to deal. Its policy has ever been upon the most liberal lines. It has for sixteen years and six months been published on this open, generous plan, and it must so continue.

Now with this successful career of over a sixth of a century, with the unstinted official indorsement of every general Confederate organization in existence, it is as true as are these Confederates to principle that an uprising should occur to treble its circulation, its power. A few months ago the good people of Nashville undertook to procure \$200,000 in donations for a Y. M. C. A. building, and it was overdone by a few thousand dollars, then with harness on, and without waiting to "rest up," the same organization said they would raise \$100,000 during the next week for the Y. W. C. A., and this they did with an addition of over \$10,000 to the building fund.

Why can't the friends of the VETERAN do similar work for it? They can do so by each friend taking part. Will you do so? Determine so, and you will succeed.

The June issue of the VETERAN was sent to more than a thousand postmasters in the South to which no copies were being sent with the request to serve as agents or to commend some suitable person. Very pleasing reports came from many of them, and diligent effort will be made to increase the subscription list at these places. Many seemed to estimate the prospect of additions solely to the Confederate veterans in their localities. This should not be, for not only families of Southern sympathizers, but those of intelligent, conservative sentiment should be urged to cooperate in establishing the principles that actuated their neighbors who made incomparable sacrifices in the sixties, and it can be in no other way as well as through the VETERAN.

SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MONUMENT

One of the most interesting subjects for consideration at the Reunion was that of the Southern woman's monument. The design submitted by General Walker's committee was disapproved. A sketch by Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, is described briefly: It represents Fame supporting the wounded and exhausted Confederate soldier with her left arm, while with her right hand she is placing a wreath upon the head of the Southern woman, whose every nerve is vibrating with love and sympathy for the soldier and his cause, as expressed by the palm she is trying to place upon his breast, thoroughly unconscious that as her reward a crown is being placed upon her own head. In strong contrast are the two figures—Fame in her calm expression of justice, the woman typifying the sacrifices made by Southern women in those strenuous times, having done all in every way possible to relieve the soldier.

Gen. C. I. Walker, chairman of the committee, in writing of Miss Kinney's sketch, states: "It has an artistic soul."

LET THE COTTON TAX OF MILLIONS BE RETURNED

Comrade J. D. Rinehardt, of Crowder, Okla., writes some pertinent suggestions in regard to the cotton tax of about \$15 per bale that has been held in the treasury at Washington since reconstruction times a tax on the South when in sore financial stress which was held by the Supreme Court to be an illegal requirement of the South. It is indeed strange that this large sum of money is not returned to the people from whom it was collected. Granting that the just return to individuals is impossible now, it might be proportioned back to the States to be used by them as they deem nearest right.

MEETING OF MOSBY'S MEN

The annual meeting of Mosby's men, 43d Virginia Battalion of Cavalry, will be held at Front Royal, Va., on Saturday, August 28. A full attendance of members is requested.

TERMS AS TO WHO WAS "RIGHT," ETC.

Much is being said by speakers and writers on issues of the sixties as to who was "right." Mr. S. D. Van Pelt, a Union veteran, in a published address at Danville, Ky., on last Memorial Day takes to task those who use the term, "We know we were right," and disclaims such emphatic declaration as to himself, but he states that, while believing he was right, he does not declare it. He "loves and honors" the brave Confederate, than whom "no braver soldier ever lived." In paying such tribute it is assuring that he saw the Confederates tested, and it goes without question that such testimony is proof that the author was a good soldier in his country's service.

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Please help to stop using these reproachful terms. Comrades could render invaluable aid in protesting to newspapers using them. Such a "campaign of education" should be aided by every Southern man and woman.

A GRACIOUS TRIBUTE FROM YORK, PA.

The following letter has a gracious charm all its own, and the contributions sent will be much appreciated by both the committees of the Arlington Monument and the Davis Home Association:

S. A. Cunningham: I was born in the Valley of Virginia. I love the South, its traditions, its customs, in fact, all it ever stood for. My feet are on the downward steps of the ladder, and before I too cross over the river I want to add my widow's mite to the Arlington Confederate Monument and the Davis Home Association. Will you kindly help me? Inclosed is my check for \$20 for the Arlington Monument and \$10 for the Davis Home Association.

Before closing I want to tell you how much I enjoy my VETERAN, and thank you that you have done so much for so small money returns. I will ask that my name be not made known to the public. I thank you in advance for attending to this matter for me."

TO HONOR ADMIRAL SEMMES

The Confederate Veteran Association of Savannah, Ga., sends the VETERAN a paper in regard to the appropriate observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Admiral Raphael Semmes, which occurs this year on September 27. Southern people, realizing the gallant part taken in the war of the sixties by the great naval commander, commend the idea of some special celebration in his honor at the time named.

The VETERAN suggests that each Camp of Veterans and each Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy give the matter cordial support and earnest attention.

The following is the paper received from Savannah: "The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes will occur on the 27th of September next, and it is eminently fitting that the memory of the loyal and distinguished son of the South should be adequately honored. Each Camp belonging to or affiliating with the United Confederate Veterans is urged to hold appropriate public services commemorative of the centenary of our great sea captain. The Commander in Chief is requested to issue such instructions as will insure the carrying out of these suggestions."

Widespread interest will be felt in the foregoing suggestions. The career of the Alabama in the Confederate States navy has a large place in the "War Records."

REVIEW OF THE MEMPHIS REUNION

Memphis en fete was a city beautiful. Main Street and all the artery streets that lead into it in fact, all the proposed route of the grand procession was a mass of brilliant bunting and fluttering flags. Everywhere were large pictures of war heroes enshrined in the patriotic colors they loved so well. The resident district also was in gala attire, nearly every house showing the stars and bars with masses of Chinese lanterns and bunting. It was noticeable that the star spangled banner was given almost equal place in many instances with the banner that was furled but never conquered, the mingled flags preaching their silent sermon of "peace on earth, good will to men."

Beautiful as the gala city was by day, by night it was a scene of fairylike enchantment, for myriads of electric lights lent their glow. They were on corners, on buildings, and spanned the streets in glittering archways.

EXCELLENT ARRANGEMENTS

Seldom have so elaborate preparations been made for any Reunion as were made for this, the nineteenth Convention and the second meeting of the Confederate veterans in the Bluff City. Aside from the decorations of the city, which were as elaborate as an unlimited expenditure of money and beautiful taste could make them, the general arrangements were well conceived and thoroughly carried out. The entire city seemed resolved into a ways and means committee, every third man or woman met having the little silken badge, "I live here, ask me," and the slightest show of bewilderment or hesitation on the part of a visitor would bring one of these courteous guides to his assistance.

Possibly Memphis realized that in the nature of things this probably would be the last Reunion held in that city, so made every effort to make it the Ultima Thule of perfect success. The management is to be congratulated on the wonderful smoothness with which all arrangements were carried out, and especially complimented upon the handling of the enormous and unexpected crowds.

The most conservative summing up places the number of visitors at ninety thousand, while the more correct estimate would carry it to the hundred thousand limit. They poured into the city from every State in the Union till every hotel and boarding house was crowded to its utmost capacity, hallways and parlors being filled with cots. The visitors were a jolly set, and only joked and laughed over their sardine like packing. Many people slept in the parks, and as the weather was sweltering, they felt that they had the advantage of those at the highest priced hotels.

Many veterans were given free entertainment. As near an approach to a regular barracks as could be arranged was provided, and here the beautiful Memphis ladies served their heroes with war time rations bacon, hard tack, beans, and coffee but added to these well remembered things were all the luxuries of the city market.

The Bijou Theater, which was used as the Convention hall, was most beautifully and elaborately decorated in the red and white, interspersed with palms and ferns. Grouped around the speakers' stand were gray clad officers of the old Confederacy, the gold insignia upon collar and coat sleeve gleaming as brightly as their memories of unforgotten days. Back of these sat the sponsors, maids of honor, and chaperons, all in virgin white, a field of Southland lilies sweet and beautiful, and above in tiers were the hundred lovely girls who formed the famous Confederate Choir. Gathered from all over the South, these sweet voiced young women in the uniforms of homespun gray and soft hats formed a large part of as beautiful a picture as was seen during the Reunion.

Major General McDowell called the meeting to order, and was followed by an earnest prayer from the Chaplain General of the U. S. C. V.

Governor Patterson's address of welcome was next in order, but was delayed on account of his absence from the hall. Mrs. J. G. Edwards, of Norfolk, Va., Commander in Chief of the Choir, sang "Dixie." Mrs. Edwards is a very enthusiastic Confederate, and as she stood before them in her uniform of gray with its colonel's three stars upon her shoulder, in her hands the well loved flag of the Confederacy, the audience, obeying an instinctive thrill, rose and stood at "salute." But when her voice of wondrous clearness and thrill soared in the well known battle hymn, the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. Men threw their hats in the air, hugged each other, or broke into tears they made no attempt to hide. The Convention was a mass of waving flags, and as the last sweet note sounded, an old time "Rebel yell" arose.

At the first silence Miss Bingham, wearing a military blouse and red soldier's cap, rose in the center of the Choir and on her bugle sweetly sounded the "assembly" call. The enthusiasm broke out again, and was only quieted when the Governor made his speech of welcome. He paid many noble tributes to the heroes who were gone and the heroes who were still wearing the laurels won in many a hard fought battle. Mayor Malone on behalf of Memphis told the Veterans that the city and the fullness thereof was theirs, and the more they made themselves at home the more the citizens would be pleased.

General Gordon, on behalf of the Executive Committee and Memphis Veterans, welcomed the visitors with eloquent words, and the chief marshal, General McDowell, turned the hall over to the Veterans for their convention proceedings.

Commander in Chief Gen. Clement A. Evans gave thanks in the name of the Veterans, and his patriotic address was beautiful oratory, for his words

Gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Every hearer was impressed by the deep tone of feeling that underlaid every word he uttered. In his peroration General Evans said: "We have the divine Word for saying that you may sow a field of wheat and bury the grain beneath the ground so that the external shell shall die, but the wheat is not lost, its life will hear the voices of the rain and sunshine calling it to come to the cry of hungry humanity, and it will respond to meet the need. Thus shall all the virtues of courage, truth, and fidelity to the cause of the South, though buried, rise up in a thousand fold increase at our country's every call,"

General Evans's hold upon the hearts of the Veterans was well shown later in the order of business by his reelection to the post of Commander in Chief against his protest, he having emphasized his opinion that the honor should be passed on, not held too long by any one man.

The afternoon session was marked by a thrilling address from the celebrated orator of Norfolk, Va., Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, whose glowing periods went far to win for him a reputation as the Demosthenes of the South. He was followed by Col. Lewis Guion, of New Orleans, who made a strong appeal for the Vicksburg Park and the Confederate monuments there.

BEAUTIFUL FLORAL PARADE

The floral parade was one of the finest features of the Reunion. Hundreds of automobiles, carriages, victorias, and floats gayly decorated were in line, and the rarest skill had been employed to make each more beautiful than the other. It was a riot of color, each vehicle claiming some special tint, and the four mounted escorts of each carriage bravely wearing and carrying his lady's colors in sash and banner. Beautiful as were the carriages, still more beautiful were the inmates, for here rode the sponsors, maids of honor, and chaperons of the different organizations. Southern chivalry has always claimed the palm for Southern beauty, and with this galaxy of stars to aid the claim was more than won. The whole scene was more like a poet's dream of fair women than a real happening of this workyday world, more a royal pageant than a veritable parade.

THE SONS OF VETERANS

The Sons of Veterans held several sessions. At one the question of a change of name was discussed. The U. S. of the U. S. C. V. on their badges led many outsiders to think it stood for United States, and this caused the proposed change. After careful consideration, the original name was retained by a large majority vote. The gifted and patriotic Clarence M. Owen, of Abbeville, Ala., was elected their Commander in Chief. This selection means well for the Sons.

MEMORIALS TO MR. DAVIS

Beginning exactly at noon, as usual, a solemn service in tribute to the dead chieftain, President Davis, was held, and the vast multitude of those that loved him stood with bowed heads and tear dimmed eyes to listen to the soft singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" by the Confederate Choir and the many eulogiums pronounced in honor of the chief. Among the group upon the stage were five State Governors, and back of these were the sponsors, the Choir, and the members of the Junior Memorial Association. These little boys were all in gray and carried tiny rifles, the replicas of those their grandsires bore so bravely long ago. In further honor to President Davis a tablet had been placed in the wall of the house formerly occupied by him and his family while in Memphis. This tablet was unveiled by his granddaughter, Miss Lucy White Hayes, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Addison Hayes, of Colorado Springs. Miss Hayes was in Memphis as the sponsor of Forrest's Cavalry, and was the recipient of many honors and courtesies from the veterans and the society leaders of Memphis.

FORREST'S CAVALRY

Noticeable even amid the many organizations attending the Reunion Forrest's Cavalry, acting as escort to Gen. Henry A. Tyler, was very conspicuous. Troop A from Nashville of this brigade has the distinction of being the first Confederate cavalry company to reorganize after the war. The average age of this troop is sixty seven, the average age in their first enlistment being nineteen years. The Mary Latham Chapter, U. D. C., of Memphis, dedicated the beautiful lamps surrounding the Forrest monument during the Reunion.

Among the notable events of the great Reunion was the introduction to the audience of Nathan Bedford Forrest, the great grandson of the celebrated raider. This young man of four years was dressed in the full uniform of a general, which had been made from an old uniform worn by General Forrest during the war.

IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED

The remnants of the Immortal 600, now a pitiful handful (only forty two in number), held a reunion of their own, memorial partly, for since the Reunion in Birmingham seven members have answered the last roll call. At this meeting Capt. Bender Miller was an honored guest, Captain Miller being the commander of the gunners who so successfully aimed their fire that none of the six hundred Confederates were touched, though exposed by the brutality of General Foster as protection to his men to the deadly missiles from Fort Moultrie, Castle Hickney, and James Island.

Although the bevy of beauty that honored the Reunion is said to at least equal that of any previous occasion, none were more admired nor greater social favorites than the two pretty Indian maidens from Oklahoma, Miss Juanita Johnson, daughter of the chief of the Chickasaw Nation, sponsor for the Oklahoma Veterans, and Miss Floy Muller, her beautiful maid of honor.

WOMEN'S MONUMENT

The design for the proposed monument to Southern women, having been submitted to the Reunion, was almost universally rejected, the Amazonian proportions and warlike attitude of the figure not conforming to ideals of a true Southern woman. Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, submitted a model, which in pose and expression seemed to meet with most cordial approval. The design is simple and impressive, and appeals to all as typical of Southern womanhood.

SPECIAL SOCIAL FEATURES

Besides the grand ball, with its many "dancers dancing in tune," and the great parade of veterans, who kept time to the martial music as if their feet were as young as in the sixties, there were many special features a regatta on the Mississippi, automobile races and fireworks at the Tri State Fair Grounds, a steamboat excursion, magic lantern shows, theaters, etc, The fair sponsors received many private courtesies, the social world of the Bluff City vying with each other to do them honor.

HUMOROUS HAPPENINGS

Of course there were some very amusing incidents. A man from Arkansas, fearing to lose some member of his family in the crush, roped his wife and five children together, and with the end of his rope in hand marched triumphantly through the streets, totally oblivious of the numerous upsets that followed the rope in its journey. Especially amusing was the plight of an old veteran from Georgia who, confused by the mysteries of a sleeping car, in which he had never traveled before, threw his trousers, containing sixty seven dollars in money, out of the window, thinking he was throwing them into another room. The man had no other trousers, so had to be escorted to the veterans' headquarters bundled up in bath towels

Several cities contended for the honor of the next Reunion, Nashville, Chattanooga, Mobile, and Houston making equal claim. A vote put Mobile so much in the lead that the other places withdrew, and that city was declared unanimous choice.

ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE MEMORIAL TO CONFEDERATE SOLDIER STUDENTS

At the recent Alumni Association Day of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute a magnificent bronze tablet was presented to the college by the Alumni in memory of the many students who entered the Confederate armies during the war of 1861-65.

Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville, Tenn., whose conception the beautiful memorial was, was invited to deliver the presentation address, a part of which, together with the photograph of the tablet, we give a place of honor in the VETERAN. When shown the beautiful souvenir of the occasion and a copy of the memorial, Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander of the U. C. V., expressed his sincere appreciation of this formal college commemoration of its dead and living soldier students as a precedent that in his judgment should be widely followed.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. HAMILL'S ADDRESS

Fifty years ago near this spot, encircled by a reverent multitude under the spell of a great orator, the corner stone of the East Alabama College was laid. Over it hung ominously the cloud of impending war, and amidst the hush that preceded the storm, with a noble faculty and generous patronage, the college began its brief career. Though the hearts of the people were tense with expectation and the air electric with prophecy of war, yet

among the hundreds of happy students who gathered at morning chapel there was little sign of the great tragedy at hand. Down the peaceful streets of Auburn and a thousand other villages companies of holiday soldiers were passing in glittering uniforms to the music of fife and drum, and on every train the leaders of the young Confederacy were hurrying to the new capital in Montgomery.

On a bright April day in 1861 the roar of cannon shook the college building as a signal that the bombardment of Fort Sumter had begun. War was upon us, and the trumpet began calling from the streets for our student soldiers. For a time the chapel bell continued to ring and class rooms to open for students who lingered in hope that the war would soon close, but by and by came an afternoon when the last roll was called and college days to most of us had forever ended. There were tender partings and long good bys so long to many that not yet has word of home greeting come. It seemed a great thing to be a soldier in those brave days, when the girls decked the parting ones in flowers and sang to them "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Dixie." The scarlet and gold and gray, the flashing sword and burnished musket, the bright flowers and gay song marked the beginning of the death struggle of the South. Soon the song deepened into the hush before a great battle or rose into the cry of the stricken heart over the long lists of the wounded and dead. War grew grim and fierce and relentless. The peaceful town became a drilling camp, and college and campus a great hospital.

On another April day in 1865, as a boy in Mahone's Division, I looked my last into the face of my great commander as, seated on old Traveler, he bade us good by, saying: "Never mind, you have done your best. Go home and be brave and true citizens." For a few hard years of poverty we tried to open again the college doors and relight its torch of learning, but not until the State laid its kindly hand upon it and transferred to its roll of honor the student boys of the old college who had worn the gray was the present stronger, though not nobler, educational era begun.

And now after many years, by grace of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute and in behalf of its Alumni Association, I present to this later institution, in care of its trustees, faculty, and body of students, the memorial tablet which has been unveiled before you in remembrance of those students who wore the gray and fought in the ranks of the Confederacy. Over their lowly graves that lie scattered on many battlefields and in many peaceful cemeteries I would inscribe that exquisitely pathetic epitaph that one may read upon a Confederate monument in these simple words: "To the memory of those who in giving up their love of learning and their ambition for lives of honor and usefulness gave more than life itself, who glorified a fallen cause by the simple manhood of their lives, the patient endurance of suffering, and the heroism of death, and who in the dark hours of imprisonment, the hopelessness of the hospital, and the sharp agony of the field, found support and consolation in the belief that at home they would not be forgotten."

BROAD MINDED PATRIOTISM GLIMPSES OF SOME DELIGHTFUL LETTERS

The following extracts from letters written by Col. J. M. Schumaker, a prominent railroad official of Pittsburg, Pa., to Miss Corinne, daughter of Dr. Tebault, of New Orleans, La., who represented the South as sponsor at the last Reunion in Nashville, are expressive of a broad mindedness which ignores any sectional lines. The first was dated November 26, 1906:

I am without word's, my dear Miss Tebault, to express my gratitude and thanks for yours of the 20th inst. inclosing General Lee's delightful invitation to attend the coming Reunion of Confederate veterans at Richmond, Va., next spring, and I will write him my grateful acceptance. Indeed, I have no greater happiness in store than to meet with my fellowmen who had the courage to stand up and fight for their convictions as God gave them the right to see. No one knows better than myself how they fought for it, and to actually meet and take them by the hand is an honor that I deeply appreciate.

He wrote again in reference to the gift of a St. Joseph charm, saying: "I have been so busy since my wire announcing St. Joseph's arrival as to be unable to find a moment to write more fully my happiness in his possession. I don't know whether or not he was responsible for my seeing in a dream a picture that hung on my father's home walls of two big lions and a child between them with a hand on each shaggy head and the words beneath, 'A little child shall lead them,' and as I looked the lions, child, and words faded slowly away, and as slowly came back two full length pictures of the two greatest modern soldiers, Lee and Grant, and standing between them with hand on each shoulder was a beautiful girl, and the words beneath were: 'Be ye friends on earth as we are in heaven.' Now, please don't rush off and be an angel, for we want your hands on the shoulders of the blue and the gray on earth, and if you will let them, the blues will love and crown you with the same devotion as the grays. I shall always remember the reminiscent talk with your father and never cease to admire him for his courage to stand for the right as God gave him to see it. It's all over now, as you say, and he is spared to see, as I am, the grandest majestic civilization the world has ever known, made possible only by the terrible suffering, sacrifice of lives and property, and the Again, on June 1, 1908, he writes: "I hardly know how to express my gratitude, my dear Miss Tebault, for the splendid work done for me in my tribute to General Lee's memory. It had always been my earnest desire to in some way return his kindness to me at Richmond, but never seemed able to find a way to do so, and when announcement of his death followed, I naturally turned to the dear sweet girl who put me in touch with General Lee to help me in the only way left open to pay a last tribute to the brave soldier, the great, big, good hearted man who had answered to the call of the last mustering out officer."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL FOR HARVARD
(From the Harvard Crimson.)

More than forty years of domestic peace have healed the wounds left by the Civil War. At the close of the struggle many who had left Harvard for the front returned to complete their course. Others there were who did not return, but died on the battlefield soldiers of the North and soldiers of the South. Memorial Hall was built as a tribute to the gallantry of those who fell fighting for the Union. Probably a greater number left Harvard to join Confederate ranks than fought in the war with Spain. Would it not be a fitting token of the cessation of strife and the knitting of severed bonds to establish a memorial to those sons of Harvard, no less her sons for having joined battle against the majority of their classmates ?

The university receives numerous gifts, from which a sum might be devoted to a small number of scholarships for Southern students. An appropriation for such a purpose would not only provide a lasting memorial to soldiers who died for the right as they saw it, but would tend to increase the Southern representation which the university so sadly lacks,.

VISITS OF PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.
BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, BLUE RIDGE SPRINGS, VA.

In the early part of May I attended the Conventions of three State Divisions, U. D. C., the first being that of Florida, held in the historic city of St. Augustine, the oldest in America, and with its quaint old fort and sea wall front, relics of Spanish occupancy, its wealth of bloom, beautiful old homes, and grandest and most artistic hotel, the Ponce de Leon, it made a picturesque setting for the State Convention. The meeting was in every sense a successful one, showing excellent work accomplished, particularly in the historical department, and in the organization and enthusiasm of the Children of the Confederacy. The dates of the Florida Convention conflicted with those of Louisiana and Mississippi, and my engagement having been made with Florida some weeks before receiving the invitations of the latter Divisions made me wish that I might have been able to be at three places at the same time. At St. Augustine I was the guest of the local Chapter at beautiful Resthaven, the home of Sister Esther Carlotta, who was elected State President of Florida, and upon memory's walls these two picture homes will hang "a joy forever." After spending two days in Opelika, Ala., at the charming home of the Recording Secretary General, Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, she accompanied me to Huntsville, Ala., where we attended the annual meeting of that State Division, where I was the honored guest of Mrs. Clay Clopton at the home of her friend, Mrs. Milton Humes. This beautiful old Southern home, with its stately columns, grand old trees, Italian and rose gardens so well kept, its spacious halls and high ceiled rooms, with fine old paintings and statuary, brought back the ante bellum days of matchless hospitality. The sweet, womanly kindness and thoughtfulness of Mrs. Humes and the gracious presence of Mrs. Clay Clopton gave a warmth to the welcome found there that will be

treasured by the large house party that enjoyed it during those May days. Even "Pearl," the ebony man cook, was a reminder of the domestic service of the olden time, and with the freedom of those days urged upon us a longer stay. Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn, was unanimously chosen President of the Alabama Division.

The Alabama Convention was marked for its harmony of action, its splendid reports, and excellent work done. The duties of this meeting were the same as those of the Tennessee Division.

I left Huntsville for Jackson, Tenn., to be present at the last day of that Convention, and was again the guest of the local Chapter, of which Mrs. Holland is the efficient President. Mrs. L. Z. Sansom, of Knoxville, will guide the Tennessee Division through the coming year.

The State President, Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, showed splendid work done in her Division, and the closing session was full of beauty, harmony, and good feeling.

On my return to Galveston after an absence of a little more than two weeks, having covered many miles in my journeying, there was an accumulation of official work to keep me busy until the time came to meet the dear veterans of the South, and "On to Memphis" was my watchword, for it is always a privilege to be present at the annual Reunions of these revered and honored heroes. It is a grand sight to see them assembled in Convention, a host in gray, with those fine old types of Southern manhood on whose faces are written the glorious and matchless record of their achievements not only on the field of battle, but on the no less victories of peace, in which reconstruction and rehabilitation played such conspicuous and vital part. The heat was intense, but undaunted, as in days past, none of the old soldiers would admit themselves too feeble to march in the grand parade on the last day of their meeting, and it was a notable scene long to be remembered that line of gray mounted and on foot marching to the music of many bands playing "Dixie," the "Bonny Blue Flag," "Maryland," and other strains of nearly a half century ago.

The climax of this great spectacle was had in the recognition of Gen. Fred D. Grant by the Confederate soldiers and their warm and loving greeting to the son of the great leader of the hosts that they had so often met in battle, sometimes in victory, and by which at the last were overpowered and outnumbered. The memory of the great magnanimity of Gen. U. S. Grant as the victor at Appomattox was returned a hundredfold to his son as he stood on the reviewing stand beside his wife on June 10 at Memphis, and to him it will be and must be one of the treasured incidents of his life this spontaneous tribute to his father's memory. As I took his hand when my carriage was brought up close to him the light of this new fraternal baptism was shining on his face, and there is assurance that in his heart

there is a closer tie for the people of the South, and he honors the reverence shown for her old soldiers, which is broad enough to pay tribute to all great Americans.

May God bless our dear old veterans and keep them ever in the first place in Southern hearts, that they may be ever tenderly cared for, as their great service deserves and their knightly courage demands

Memphis honored herself in the splendid entertainment she gave in such full measure to these dear "boys of the sixties." These Reunions are a love feast to the old soldiers, free from all antagonism or bitterness and full of joy and pleasure in living over the heroic days of the past, the hardships and privations so faded out by the intervening years that only pleasant memories abide in their hearts.

WORTHY WIDOW WHO DESERVES A PENSION

(From a war time newspaper, Milledgeville, Ga.)

At twelve o'clock on Friday last both branches of the General Assembly by resolution attended the funeral of the late Capt. T. George Raven, who died in this city on the 10th inst. The President of the Senate and Speaker of the House acted with the pallbearers. A discourse suited to the occasion was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Ridley at the Episcopal church, from whence the remains were followed to the cemetery.

Captain Raven was a native of Lancashire and a graduate of the military college at Addiscombe, England. He engaged in commercial pursuits, which brought him to America five years ago. Marrying in Charleston, S. C., he there remained, and in the autumn of 1860 joined the Washington Artillery, and served with that battery through the fall of Sumter, and subsequently joined the South Carolina Rangers as an independent volunteer. The prospect of active operations near Charleston being remote, he tendered his services in the spring of 1863 to Adjutant General Wayne, who took him upon his staff as a military engineer and placed him in charge of the fortifications at Etowah Bridge. He is honorably mentioned in the annual report of the Adjutant General.

The works at Etowah finished, Captain Raven joined the Adjutant General at Resaca, who, in addition to his duty as military engineer, appointed him inspector of fortifications. While on duty at Resaca he contracted a severe cold which laid the foundation of his disease. He came to Milledgeville as bearer of important information to the Executive respecting the Army of Tennessee. His journey was performed in the cold weather two weeks ago, and the day after his arrival he was prostrated with pneumonia, from which he never recovered. His young and interesting wife was present to soothe his last moments. Captain Raven was a Christian gentleman in the true sense of the word, and died in great peace in the twenty sixth year of his age. His nature was chivalrous and noble, and a bright career seemed to await him, but he died in a cause dear to his heart. Devoted in his friendships and faithful in every trust, the generous young foreigner has

passed away under circumstances which will ever endear his memory to the Southern people.

The above extract was sent the VETERAN by the Rev. Dr. Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee, who says the widow of this brave soldier is living in Memphis in the utmost poverty. He says he takes pleasure in being sponsor for this lady and that any help given her personally or in assisting her in obtaining a pension will be appreciated by him as much as by Mrs. Raven. Her address can be obtained from Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee, Memphis.

**FORTY MEN FOUGHT GRANT'S ARMY
BY W. MARION SEAY, LYNCHBURG, VA.**

Much has been written of the big battles of the sixties, but many small desperate engagements with important results have been overlooked by the historians or mentioned simply as a "skirmish with pickets" or a "brush with the cavalry." Of such character was the affair of which I write. Although it had no great effect on the general results of the war, it saved a large part of a brigade and held General Grant's entire army in check for about half a day. Only about forty men and five commissioned officers were engaged, all of whom were made prisoners save one, who escaped. They were parts of two companies C and E of the 11th Virginia Infantry with one or two odd men from other companies of the same regiment. Capt. T. A. Horton, the only member of his company (B), was the senior commissioned officer present, and assumed command, the other officers present were Capt. William H. Morgan, Company C, Lieuts. George P. Norvell and James W. Wray, Company E, and Lieut. Peter B. Akers, Company A. Of these, all except Captain Horton and Lieutenant Akers are yet living.

In early May, 1864, Kemper's Brigade of Pickett's Division, which had been operating temporarily in Eastern North Carolina, was ordered back to Virginia. Grant's large army was marching on to Richmond from the North, and Ben Butler's army and gunboats were coming up the James River and were within a few miles of Richmond and Petersburg, and all troops that could be spared from less important points were ordered to Richmond. Kemper's Brigade, commanded by Gen. William R. Terry (General Kemper being off duty on account of wounds received at Gettysburg), was detrained at Petersburg and marched to Chester, midway between Petersburg and Richmond, where they skirmished for a day or so with the enemy. On May 16 this brigade fought Butler at Drury's Bluff, capturing General Heckman and his Massachusetts brigade, after which they were ordered to Richmond, arriving there on the afternoon of the 20th of May. They stacked arms on Broad Street to await cars on the R., F. & P. Railroad to carry them to meet Grant's invading army.

The first train available consisted of a few box cars, which were quickly filled with the first men who scrambled aboard, a few from each company and regiment, probably four to five hundred or less in the entire brigade. The ranking officer was Major Norton, of the 1st Virginia Infantry, The train soon pulled out in the direction of Hanover Junction, its destination unknown perhaps to any officer on board. The rest of the brigade were left on Broad Street. The train was stopped at Milford Station (Bowling Green), about halfway between Richmond and Alexandria, and our Falstaffian army was detrained. After sending a few skirmishers or pickets across the North Anna River, the small force bivouacked on the south bank, and after our strenuous ordeal for several weeks, we gladly dropped on the ground and were soon fast asleep, hardly caring what the morning might bring forth, we were so thoroughly exhausted.

In the twilight of the following morning we were awakened by the firing of the pickets and call to arms, and we were soon in line and were double quicked to the bridge crossing the North Anna River. Captain Horton took command. Upon a hill across the river the Yankee cavalry were plainly visible. They were probably a half mile away beyond the railroad station. Our orders from Major Norton were to "charge the hill, take, and hold it at all hazards," which we thought was an easy task, as from our

On the top of this hill there had been an ice house, but the pit luckily remained. From this pit extending toward the river was a gulley three to four feet in depth and parallel with the enemy's line of battle. We utilized it as a breastwork. How providential that it was there! Otherwise we would probably have been annihilated quickly! Ensconcing ourselves in this ditch, we felt very comfortable and as if we could whip all the cavalry in the Federal army. In a very short time the enemy advanced in great numbers, but not as cavalry, they had dismounted, and were armed with modern repeating rifles as against our single shot muzzle loaders. The open field was about the distance our guns could be effective. The enemy stopped in the skirt of timber and opened fire against us in our natural breastworks. We could see the effect of our shots when the fight began, as they would fall or drop their guns and skedaddle to the rear. They kept up an incessant fire, having ammunition to spare, while we simply waited for targets among them, and we made nearly every shot count. It was exciting to the highest degree. We occasionally had a man struck, but our casualties were few, none being killed and but few wounded. The Yanks evidently did not realize our small numbers, and must have thought there were several times as many as we were. At any time during the fight had they charged many would have been killed, but we would have been compelled to give way, and I doubt if they would have lost as many men as they did.

This fighting had been kept up for a considerable time, probably two or three hours, when some one exclaimed: "Where is the bridge?" It caused every one to look around in that direction, when lo! the bridge was not to be seen. Our troops had destroyed it and withdrawn. It then dawned upon us that we had been sacrificed to save the troops across the river. Good generalship, I suppose, but "tough on the frogs." This diversion only caused an instant's hesitation in the firing. The enemy was being constantly reenforced, and their firing became more rapid, while our little army replied in kind. On our right we saw (but out of range of our guns) a line of men start from the woods in single file at first

and quite a distance apart and looking in our rear. Then we saw the same movement taking place on our left. In a short while this force quickened their march, closing up to the front, and they had a double column reaching to the river, forming a horseshoe, and we were "it."

Then Captain Horton said: "Boys, you see our position. There is no escape, we will probably all be killed, but we will make them pay a big price for our lives. Be careful with your cartridges and make every shot count. If they charge us, it will soon all be over." One of the other officers (probably Lieutenant Wray) said: "Captain, while we may yet kill many more of them, the results are plainly visible. We can probably charge them through their right wing in our rear, cutting our way out, and possibly some of us escape." Captain Horton replied: "It is not a question of what we might do, but our orders, these were to 'charge, take, and hold this position.' We have taken it and will hold it as long as possible, it will give the brigade that much more time to save themselves." No more was said, and both officers turned to the work in hand.

The enemy were getting bolder or were being reinforced in such numbers that there were not trees enough to hide them, and there was now a solid mass of them in front of us, and no occasion for us to throw away a shot unless we aimed too high, as they were evidently doing. The only way to account for our small list of casualties is that we were saved by the gully our "breastwork." We took deliberate aim and made every shot count, while the enemy fired from the hip, as was customary with cavalry, and consequently most of their shots went over our heads. When we were captured and marched to their rear, the woods in our front had many dead and wounded men. I am sure I saw many more dead and wounded than we had engaged all told during the engagement.

We had had nothing to eat that morning. Yet as for myself, I really enjoyed it, though not from any great love of fighting, as I did not boast of physical courage, but we were in for it to keep and hold our own, and in the excitement of the rapid work I believe the words "enjoyed it" express the feeling of every man engaged at that time.

However, there had to be an end, and its beginning came when some one said: "This is my last cartridge." Others examined their boxes, and one said, "I have only one more," another, "I have only two," and so on. None of us had over forty rounds to begin with. Captain Horton said: "Then, boys, we had as well end it. The balance of the brigade are probably safe by this time. Have any of you a white handkerchief?" White handkerchiefs were scarce, but some one said: "I have a towel, but it is not very white." The towel was produced and fastened to a ramrod while we were still keeping up the fire. I was loading, with a ball halfway down the barrel of my little Enfield sergeant's rifle, which had become foul from overuse, and both ball and rammer had stuck, so that I could not move it down or draw the rammer. "Cease firing" came the command, but by that time I had the gun to my shoulder and pulled the trigger. The flag of truce went up and I went down against the rear bank of the breastworks. In a moment I was up with (I thought) a shattered shoulder. I had fired my last shot for the cause I loved. I threw my gun over in

the pit of the old ice house. The Yanks were standing over us with the muzzles of their guns pointed within three feet of us. They seemed as we looked into them from that distance to have a bore about the caliber of an ordinary camp kettle, and right there what little courage I possessed left me and I became good and scared. One poor Yank immediately in front seemed to leap about two feet from the ground and fell over our heads and down into the ditch, never knowing what struck him. He was shot in the head by some one in our rear. One of their men said we had shot him after we had surrendered, and I thought sure we would now be butchered, but their officer interfered and we were spared.

We were marched out to the field headquarters of General Torbett, commanding General Grant's advance guard, where we learned for the first time what we had been "up against." In place of a little cavalry foraging party as we thought we had come across the bridge to drive off the hill we were fighting a large advance force of Grant's entire army. After surrendering we were well treated by our captors, The officers and men in, the field, sure enough soldiers, were exceedingly kind quite in contrast with those we met later. The Sunday soldiers who came out of their bombproofs at Washington crowded the wharf to see what they had not seen before i. e., a live Rebel and hurl their insults and epithets at us. Nor did we fare better when later we were carried to Point Lookout, Md., and turned over to Major Brady and Captain Barnes and their "coon" brigade of guards, who had us in their keeping for the next ten months. We were paroled at Harrison Landing, Va., in March, 1865, about two weeks before the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, and sent home living skeletons.

I wish to dwell a moment on the treatment we received from our immediate captors, officers and men. I especially have a pleasant remembrance of a Captain Hess, who, I think, was on General Torbett's staff, and was exceedingly kind and pleasant, dividing and distributing rations, tobacco, etc., among us. It must have been near midday. I should like to know if Captain Hess is still living. If he is, he may remember the incidents here related. I should like to hear of or from any old Yank who was engaged in this skirmish,

FIVE MESSMATES AT MEMPHIS REUNION

Three brothers and two cousins all named Deupree, survivors of the same mess and company, met at the Memphis Reunion and had a good time. They were royally entertained and cared for by their kind Memphis relatives. Three brothers were T. J., of Texarkana, Ark., J. L., of Mayhew, Miss., and J. W., of Brooksville, Miss. The two cousins were J. G., of Oxford, Miss., and J. E" of Ivanhoe, Tex. They served in Company G, 1st Mississippi Regiment, Armstrong's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry Corps. J. L. Deupree had a finger shot off in battle, T. J. Deupree had a horse killed under him at Shiloh, and the tail of a horse ridden by J. G. Deupree was shot off by a cannon ball in the same fight. Subsequently a horse was killed under him at Holly Springs. J. E. Deupree was captured and held for twenty three months, when he escaped from prison

after many efforts by answering at the call for a dead man's name. These veterans met for the first time after the war at the Memphis Reunion in 1901. All of them have been fortunate in peace as they were in war.

Mrs. S. L. Jordan, 705 S. Maple Street Pana, Ill., requests information in regard to her brother, W. A. Beard, who enlisted from New Orleans in the 3d Louisiana Regiment. She is a widow, and would appreciate any information that his comrades may be able to give to her.

DEDICATION OF DAVIS MEMORIAL HOME

June 3 was a memorable day at Fairview, Ky. The celebration of the birthday of Jefferson Davis after one hundred and one years was attended by many thousands of people, despite the threat of rain in the morning.

The day was really ideal, and a finer assembly of people is rarely seen. While all the roads leading to Fairview furnished a liberal quota, the magnificent highway of eleven miles from Hopkinsville exhibited a continuous scene each way of elegant people mainly in private carriages.

The assembly at Fairview was in the beautiful grove owned by the Association. The stand was elaborately decorated with banners, flags, and flowers, and photographers used a feast of scenery.

A sumptuous dinner was served to the multitude. After dinner was served, Capt. Charles F. Jarratt, of Hopkinsville, who had diligently looked after arrangements, called the assembly to order. Then was pronounced an invocation Captain Jarratt then introduced the most venerable man of the town, Dr. E. S. Stuart, who greeted the assembly with profound reverence for the occasion. He recited briefly the events of Fairview in connection with the Confederate President's career, and concluded with an appeal for perpetual zeal in making the Davis Memorial Park all that it should be.

At this point in the proceedings S. A. Cunningham, Vice President of the Association, took charge of the meeting. He read a letter from Mrs. Buckner expressing regret from General Buckner that he could not be present owing to an attack of acute rheumatism. Mr. Cunningham also read a telegram from Gen. Bennett H. Young explaining that he was detained by a lawsuit in Chicago. General Young, however, had prepared his address, and it was read by Col. W. A. Milton, of Louisville, Vice President Courier Journal Company.

ADDRESS OF GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG, OF LOUISVILLE

On the spot where we now stand, one hundred and one years ago, Jefferson Davis was born. Of the hundreds of thousands of people then living in Kentucky, we can count on our fingers all that remain, and a new generation gathers about the scenes of the nativity of this illustrious man and dedicates to his memory forever these nineteen acres purchased by the Jefferson Davis Home Association and which now become the property of the nation as a memorial to one of its truest and bravest spirits.

Two sons of Kentucky were the leaders in the most gigantic struggle mankind ever witnessed. They were born within one hundred and twenty five miles of each other Abraham Lincoln, in 1809, in Larue County, and Jefferson Davis, in 1808, in Christian County. Neither reposes in the bosom of his native commonwealth, but Lincoln sleeping in Illinois and Davis in Virginia are still the sons of Kentucky, and both in their lives magnified and glorified the history of the State that gave them birth.

A recent popular movement has secured the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, and a grateful nation is erecting a splendid memorial to his virtues and achievements. That he was a Kentuckian only makes him dearer to the Kentucky people. His triumphs over a humble birth and his victory over adversities crown him with praise, and every Kentuckian, whatever his views or position upon questions which were involved in the war, is ready to accord Mr. Lincoln a distinguished place on the scroll of the world's heroes. Stricken down by an assassin's hand at the moment when Federal success was assured and at a time when he might have rendered the noblest and grandest service to the American nation, for the men and women of the South there are none who envy Abraham Lincoln the beautiful structure at the place of his birth, and thousands of Southern men and women have willingly contributed to the fund collected from the American people to make eternal, in so far as stone and bronze can do so, the grandeur of private life and public service.

But we are here, my countrymen, this day to turn over another page of history and to write on it lines which will tell the world of the Southland's love and appreciation of the life and character of Jefferson Davis.

To my mind one of the noblest and most inspiring scenes in American history was when a little Southern girl pinned a Confederate badge upon the lapel of William McKinley, and the softest and godliest words of reconciliation and love that ever came from a statesman were those uttered by Mr. McKinley when he pleaded for the care and protection of Confederate graves by the republic. I challenge all political history to produce a parallel, and this act of him who also died by the hand of an assassin will go

sounding down the ages as the sweetest evangel of peace that ever started upon an errand of harmony.

The time has come in this nation when men may speak freely, kindly, and truly of the past. The war with its sacrifices has ceased and peace between sections, with its ennobling, refining, and uplifting influences, has come to abide forever. They who would stay its marches and delay its reign are the enemies of the nation's happiness.

Jefferson Davis, misjudged in life, disfranchised until death, is finding his true place in history, and as sons and daughters of the South we are here to day to declare this spot sacred and ever to remain sacred to Southern hearts, to declare our veneration for the memory of Jefferson Davis, to declare our love for his superb sacrifices at the call of duty and his devotion to truth, and to bedeck with fresh laurels and to glorify with renewed praise him who bore the crown of sorrow and persecution and humiliation because of his steadfastness, his loyalty, and his devotion to the people of the South in their titanic struggle.

It fell to the lot of Jefferson Davis to be the leader of his people in the combat which cost untold sacrifice of life and the expenditure of almost countless millions of treasure.

As the voice of reason speaks to the public heart, there are many sad things in the career of Jefferson Davis that the nation regrets. The cruelties inflicted upon him at Fortress Monroe, the indignities pressed upon him when his emaciated hands were manacled by force, the hardships visited upon him in his long confinement all well thinking American citizens would blot out if they could. The impartial judgment of mankind will fix the wrong of these things where it belongs. It is a memory of the past, regretful and sad. A prodigious struggle for what both sides believed an inalienable right, the greatest war ever waged between English speaking people, prolonged for four years over a wide area, was bound to bring its sacrifices, losses, anguish, ruin, and desolation, and along with these as product of passion and prejudice there ensued many things which in the light of after years compel universal regret.

Mr. Davis suffered as no other Confederate could suffer. He was refused the right of citizenship, and he steadily declined to ask it. The same boon had been refused Robert E. Lee, and with this before him there was no hope for aught he might seek. American justice, we believe, would expunge this from the unchangeable past could it be expunged, and it ought to be a boast of our common country that only here and there, widely scattered and isolated, can be found an American who does not deplore the extremity of punishment meted out to Mr. Davis after the war.

These words are not spoken to awaken a single emotion of prejudice or ill will, but to emphasize the duty of the South to the memory of Mr. Davis. In every Southern State

there should be erected an imposing monument to his memory. His life was pure and his career upright, his integrity beyond reproach, and his patriotism immeasurable. He became the leader of his people over his personal protest of unworthiness. He assumed a task at which any human being might hesitate. The South had no resources, no factories, no arsenals, it had a vulnerable seacoast six times longer than that of the other States, it had no standing army upon which even to base the conflict. Mr. Davis became the head of the Confederate States, and no responsibility so stupendous was ever laid upon human heart, no burden so great was ever placed upon human shoulders. He was moved only by a sense of duty. Mistakes he was bound to make. He was to choose generals, agents, and aides in all lines. He had the chivalry and devotion of a brave and patriotic people upon which to rely, but in his heart was pulsing a nation's life beat, and its throbs and agonies both sorrowed and strengthened his undaunted soul. Calm, a stranger to fear, responsive to every call of duty, he occupied a position never before assumed by one man since the sunrise of history.

At home he was sometimes opposed by his friends, criticized by those from whom he had a right to expect unquestioning and unqualified support, maligned, misrepresented, misunderstood, and misjudged by his enemies, he yet bore in his soul a nation's hopes, ambitions, and woes, and his magnificent spirit did not quail before the terrible solemnity of the issues involved. He never hesitated in the discharge of all that honor demanded, and he refused his countrymen nothing that his genius and his courage could give.

There are those who tell us that when near the end Mr. Lincoln said, "Write 'Union' at the top and fill in the balance as you please," but it must not be forgotten that Mr. Davis was at the head of the Confederacy, placed there by his people who had staked their lives, their liberty, and their all on success, and that the men and women of the South, who had made such tremendous sacrifices in their efforts to maintain a nation's life, would never have understood or appreciated the conditions which enforced submission. The President of the Confederacy day by day saw and felt the diminishing power of the Confederate pulse beat, but he dared not relax his efforts, and thus surrounded by circumstances he was powerless to change, he beheld his people bravely struggling on in the throes of anguish and death, while he stood with his great and loving heart unable to allay a single pang or change the course of destiny.

When the Confederacy had passed the period where success was no longer possible, when the struggle was wasting the energies and lives of a nation dearer to him than his own, he stood undismayed, but no craven spirit of fear touched his brave, brave heart, and he exhibited the highest and noblest courage that ever filled a human breast as he battled on without hope and yet without fear. In a dark cell at Fortress Monroe for twenty four weary and wasting months, with scarcely a ray of sunlight, with few to minister to his wants or cheer his spirit, he sat and thought and remembered and suffered for the Southern people. With the conditions of captivity steadily ravaging his energies and undermining his constitution, he reviewed the tragedy and realized that he had endured all this for the men and women of the South, and submitted himself to his surroundings with a dignity and a splendor of manner that at least touched with tenderness and undying

love the hearts of his countrymen. No breath of criticism dare assail the conduct of Mr. Davis during this awful ordeal of imprisonment. Threatened with prosecution for treason, denied his liberty, with limited opportunities to prepare for his defense, light was none the less slowly reaching into the cell where sat the beloved President of the Confederacy. Good and true men throughout the nation realized that his incarceration, with all its attendant circumstances, was a political crime, and that it was a discredit to the people of the greatest nation upon which the sun has ever shone. It took two years for public sentiment to right itself, for the law of love to overcome the law of hate and passion. At last the men who had opposed him became his bondsmen, and after two years of confinement he again saw the light of the sun and breathed air that did not come to him through prison bars. In these dreadful hours of confinement he became a thousand times dearer to his people, and their love and gratitude went out to him in boundless measure and with resistless force.

Twenty years have passed since he died, and the limelight of history has only brightened every spot in his pure, unsullied life. He stood in suffering, humiliation, and imprisonment for the South, its head, its chief, its representative. He bore in his body and soul the deepest anguish for his people. Now that he is gone and men may review the past and weigh and judge his life, his conduct, and his motive, slowly, but surely and irresistibly, Jefferson Davis is coming to his own. As he stood for the South, the South will stand for him and all that his life and suffering implied, and the South will see that he shall be understood and appreciated and that no shadow shall darken his fame and that no misrepresentation shall scar the splendor of his character and the glory of his transcendent heroism in the dark days of his humiliation.

We are here this day upon a holy mission, one of peace and good will, and with the eyes of our nation turned to Fairview, and all men rejoicing that the South is doing honor to Jefferson Davis. No American history will be just that does not recognize in him a great and good man. Some say that he was a misguided leader and that he judged wrongly in the conflict. Let it be answered as an eternal truth that he settled every issue and obligation of duty according to the lights before him, that he brought to the solution of every confronting problem a pure heart and an honest desire to know the truth and to do the right and a courageous willingness to follow wherever honor and fidelity pointed the way. Never did he falter, never did he hesitate when manhood and patriotism called to action. He knew that adherence to principle would entail sorrow, sacrifice, and perhaps death. But consequences had no terror for his heart, once assured of the right, he braved every storm and accepted results with courage.

A Grecian sailor out on the Aegean Sea, in the darkness and raging of a mighty storm that overshadowed his soul with fear of destruction, cried out: "O, Neptune, god of the sea, you can destroy me if you will, you can save me if you will, but I'll surely keep the rudder true." Jefferson Davis kept the rudder true, and his people can point with love and pride to his heroism and constancy under difficulties and misfortunes which were great and sweeping enough to have alarmed any soul ever confined in mortal form.

We should carry forward this work to a splendid consummation. While the North honors Lincoln's birthplace, the South will do as much for Davis. The simplest form of gratitude bids the men and women of the South go on to a complete fulfillment of this enterprise. If it is done at all, it should be done well. Here, this day, amid these sylvan scenes, made so beautiful by the generous hand and lavish bounty of nature, our hearts are softened by memories which arise around the birthplace of the only President of the Confederacy, and we pledge for all the people of the South a memorial worthy of their chieftain and their leader.

In this glorious work we feel sure that Christian and Todd Counties will lend a helping hand. We have every right to ask and expect and to know in advance that both of these counties will be liberal in their support of this holy undertaking. Kentucky, grateful mother of the illustrious dead, will see that the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, one of the most magnificent of men that ever called her mother, shall be fittingly recognized, and from every point of the South shall come prompt and magnanimous response to the call for this great cause. These people will not be slow to show the world their veneration of the spot where Jefferson Davis was born and to provide here a shrine to which in affection and gratitude the sons and daughters of the Southland in after ages may come and shed a tear and lay a flower where Jefferson Davis first saw the light of day, and which is consecrated in their hearts and memories as the home of his childhood the spot of earth which he himself with characteristic liberality donated to the cause of Almighty God. Close by us stands the church marking the place of his birth, which he gave whereon to erect a memorial to the Father of all and from which towers aloft a spire pointing always to the higher and nobler life which some day we hope to enjoy in the home above. Amidst this beautiful environment, close to the heart of nature and here under heaven's blue and upon this sacred soil, we shall build an enduring structure to honor him who honored us, who loved and served the South, and whose name is a priceless heritage. We send to day greetings of peace to all the world. The awfulness of war is past, its sacrifices and sufferings are a memory of days that are gone, and out of these and from these has come a nation the splendor of whose achievements, the grandeur of whose destiny, the glory of whose principles, the justice of whose government, and the breadth and power of whose liberty challenge the admiration of all the peoples of the world. Peace reigns where once was war, and it is that peace which guarantees the perpetuity of a people's government and which blesses all the nations of the earth. At the conclusion of General Young's address the band played "Dixie." Next followed a spirited address by Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer of the Association. Although he had not contemplated an address. Captain Leathers, who as a Virginia soldier lad under Stonewall Jackson was taught early how to meet emergencies, was so imbued with the spirit of the occasion that he electrified as large a part of the assembly as could get in hearing distance.

Hon. D. H. Kincheloe, of Madisonville, was the next chosen speaker, and in him it was demonstrated that the younger men of Kentucky are alive to the worthy cause for which the Association was formed.

The benediction was by Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Pembroke.

Aside from the disappointment in the absence of General Young and Capt. W. T. Ellis, who are of Kentucky's most eloquent orators, the event was a most gratifying success.

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Through Dr. C. C. Brown, Bowling Green, Ky..

THE MOUNT VERNON OF KENTUCKY HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MEMORIAL

The birthplace of Jefferson Davis, at Fairview, Ky., becomes historic through the patriotic zeal of Southern people who revere his memory.

Dr. C. C. Brown, of Bowling Green, conceived the idea of founding the memorial, and he has been ardent for its success. The undertaking included at first a large area of the land long ago owned by the father, Samuel C. Davis, at Davisburg (now Fairview), but the committee, after visiting the premises, concluded that a smaller area would be preferable. Upon this choice ground, including several residences, options were secured, and to save them to the committee Gen. Bennett H. Young, commanding the Kentucky Division, United Confederate Veterans, advanced the cash necessary to complete the purchase. The Davis Memorial Home is therefore established, and it is to be a Mecca, the Mount Vernon of Kentucky, a credit to the South and the country at large in proportion to the liberality of those who honor the memory of the Confederacy's only President.

There lived to an advanced age in Fairview the gentle woman who was nurse to Jefferson Davis in his infancy, the families being neighbors. Her nephew, Dr. E. S. Stuart, yet a resident of the place, recalls his aunt's frequent comment about the babe, "little Jeff," to whom she became much attached. Dr. Stuart is now venerable in years, but the fire of youth enlivens his face on any occasion whereby he can honor the memory of President Jefferson Davis. The only gift to the Association of realty in Fairview was by Dr. Stuart, who owned a corner lot, long his office location, the Only part of the land selected for memorial purposes in Christian County practically, and he not only deeded that most prominent corner to the Association, but at his own expense is having important improvements made on the property.

The citizens of Fairview generally show their deep interest in the cause, and the committee is ever delighted with their prompt service in liberally advancing the project as fully as is practicable. Hopkinsville leads in whatever tends to the advancement of the memorial cause. The committee never asks of them in vain. The people of Elkton and Pembroke, the other two accessible railroad points, show patriotic interest. If the spirit prevails throughout Christian and Todd Counties as in those towns, they will doubtless make liberal appropriations to an endowment fund for the memorial.

The Davis Memorial Home movement was inaugurated at a Reunion of the Orphan Brigade in Glasgow September 12, 1907. The original manuscript has been retained by the editor of the VETERAN, its author.

Capt. John H. Weller, Commander of the Orphan Brigade, appointed the following committeemen at the Glasgow meeting: Gen. S. B. Buckner, Capt. George C. Norton, Capt. J. T. Gaines, Thomas D. Osborne, Dr. C. C. Brown, Gen. Bennett H. Young, Gen. Basil W. Duke, W. B. Brewer, and S. A. Cunningham, editor of the VETERAN. All but Mr. C. are Kentuckians. It is sad to relate that Mr. Brewer, who resided at Fairview and who excercised the greatest diligence in securing options on the properties, died soon afterwards,

In the outset it was set forth that the work of the committee was preliminary to action to be taken by the United Confederate Veterans at the Birmingham Reunion. That Convention approved the report, and the Commander in Chief, Gen. Clement A. Evans, appointed the following members additional to the committee: North Carolina, J. S. Carr, Kentucky, W. A. Milton, South Carolina, T. W. Carwile, Virginia, T. White, Maryland, A. C. Trippe, Tennessee, George W. Gordon: Florida, F. P. Fleming, Alabama, George T. Harrison, Mississippi, Robert Lowery, Georgia, C. M. Wiley, Texas, K. M. Van Zandt, Missouri, J. Robertson, Oklahoma, W. M. Cross, Montana, Paul A. Fusz, California, Thomas L. Singleton. Of these, Robertson, Carwile, and Fleming have since died. Sketches of each are in the VETERAN.

The Executive Committee has had several meetings in Louisville. General Buckner, being unable to attend the duties of President, has been made honorary chairman of the Executive Committee. Gen. Bennett H. Young has been chosen his successor and S. A. Cunningham Vice President and General Manager of the committee. Thomas D. Osborne, of Louisville, is the Secretary and Capt. J. T. Gaines Assistant Secretary. The committee is most fortunate in the selection of Capt. John H. Leathers as Treasurer. The members are gratified with his promptness and efficiency in the performance of his duties, which are very unlike the duties generally of a treasurer, While deeds are not procurable to verify the report, it is understood that Samuel C. Davis, father of the distinguished son, owned six hundred acres of land there where he settled, having moved from Georgia in 1793.

The Memorial Park area was purchased from the following owners at prices named, all of which have been paid: J. W. Yancy, \$800, W. B. Woolsey, \$5,000, Miss Harned, \$300, a life interest and John Carroll and wife the residuary interest, \$300, J. W. Hurt, \$300, T. H. Combs, \$350. The lot on the corner of Main and Pembroke Streets, the main corner in the town located in Christian County, is added to the area selected by the committee and is Dr. Stuart's gift, as has been stated, while the other properties are in Todd County.

First praise in all this worthy memorial is due to two brothers, M. H. and Lewis dark, of Clarksville, Tenn., who with no other project in view than to memorialize the place furnished \$600 or \$800 to President Davis, who visited Fairview and participated in the dedication of a Baptist church. It is a coincidence that neither Mr. Davis nor the Clarks were Baptists. Mr. Davis in his talk at the dedication on March 10, 1886, stopped suddenly and after a pause exclaimed: "Many of you may think strangely of my participation in this service, not being a Baptist. My father was a Baptist and a better man."

We should carry forward this work to a splendid In commenting upon his birthplace while at Fairview, Mr. Davis explained that the family left the place during his infancy, but he had visited the place once before, that then and now he felt like exclaiming: "This is my own, my native land." After a tribute to the worthy purpose to which his birthplace had been consecrated, he concluded with this remark : "I come only to tender you formally the site upon which this building stands." Then, raising his face upward and extending his hands in the attitude of blessing, he said with tones of deepest solemnity: "May He who rules in heaven and on earth bless individually and collectively this whole community, and may his benedictions rest on this house always !"

Mr. Davis presented the congregation a solid silver salver and chalice for the communion service. Shortly after the dedication Mr. Davis returned to Clarksville, Tenn., and after a visit to M. H. dark, his secretary, in Richmond, he returned to Beauvoir, Miss. This was his last visit to the scene of his birth.

The log house in which Mr. Davis was born was constructed from timbers cut in the neighboring forest. It was purchased in 1897 by the Rev. J. W. Bingham and associates and removed to the Nashville Centennial Exposition, where it was placed on exhibition. Its location now is unknown.

While Jefferson Davis was born in Christian County, the place of his birth is now in Todd, the latter being formed from parts of that county and Logan. Christian is one hundred and thirteen years old and Todd but ninety. The land purchased by the Davis Home Association is in Todd County, with the exception of one lot in Christian. A few weeks ago there was a proposition which met with considerable favor to convert the Woosley residence into a home for Confederate women. As speedily as practicable the grounds secured will be cleared and the work of beautifying and adorning the park will be carried on.

Every incident in any way connected with the birthplace of Jefferson Davis is now eagerly sought. Early in October, 1875, the Christian County Agricultural and

Mechanical Association secured an address from Mr, Davis at the annual fair at Hopkinsville, Ky.

The occasion of that visit induced the citizens of Fairview to invite Mr. Davis to partake of a dinner at his natal home, and they dispatched a messenger to confer with him, who returned with his acceptance, the following Monday being designated. The evening previous (Sunday) Mr. Nelson Wade gave the committee a cane made from an old black locust which formerly stood immediately in front of the residence of Mr. Davis's father, which must have been planted by the father of Mr. Davis. The committee composed of Dr. E. S. Stuart, Rev. T. H. Shaw, and G. W. Braden, sent it to Hopkinsville with orders to have a gold head put on it for presentation to Mr. Davis. It was returned at daylight Monday morning with the cane ready for presentation.

At nine o'clock the Fairview brass band moved some three quarters of a mile to meet Mr. Davis and escort, and to the soul stirring strains of "My Old Kentucky Home" escorted him to the residence of Dr. Stuart, where he remained for some time, Mr. Davis was then conducted to the portal of his natal home, where a stage had been erected, and he at once addressed the citizens, who had assembled from miles around. His closing words were: "The noblest work of man is to do and suffer for his fellow man." When he had finished, Mr. James R. Wiles, an old Confederate soldier, stepped forward and in a few appropriate words presented the cane to Mr. Davis "as a token of esteem from the citizens of Fairview."

A good story is told by Comrade Wiles in connection with the presentation. He had gone to Hopkinsville in the stress of having the cane ready and had been up all night. Then he was timid besides, and when called upon to make the presentation said he could not possibly do it. There was by his side the little woman who was to become his wife, and did. She at once told him that it was the opportunity of his life, and that he should not miss it under any circumstances. That gave him courage, and he has ever been proud of his part in the ceremony.

A correspondent in a recent issue of the Courier Journal says: "It is not doubted that the great Southland will gladly respond to the appeal of the Association and that the memorial park will worthily honor the fame and labor of the noble chieftain whose eyes on this spot were first opened to the light of day."

There are many in the Fairview region who recall with delight the occasion of Jefferson Davis's first visit to the county and home he had left as a child. He was greeted with wild enthusiasm by thousands of people at the old fair grounds in Hopkinsville and by another large crowd at Fairview. He came on Friday, October 8, 1875, driving through the country, twenty five miles, from Clarksville. For three days he remained in the city as a guest of Mr. Hunter Wood, a Confederate veteran and prominent citizen. A newspaper

mentioned his visit to the fair grounds, when "cheer after cheer went up from the multitude and every expression of sympathy for him was manifested." Another writer represented his appearance as follows: "At sixty seven he is still strong and erect. His face is, however, a sad one, and tells the whole story of the fate of the Confederacy. His features are small and the lower portion of his face a little shrunken with age, and deep lines are written upon it. His forehead is large and broad, but it is plowed with furrows, and I could not but think how much suffering and mental agony every wrinkle could tell if it had a tongue."

There was deep pathos in the introduction of Mr. Davis's address on this occasion, and scores of people wept audibly: He said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: It is with great pleasure, and I may say with equal surprise, that I find myself received with this cordial demonstration, which speaks much for your hearts and little for my merit. Never before did a people rise up in such majesty to show their affection for a man who happened only to be identified with their misfortune and of whom they could only say: 'If he was our leader, he led to disaster.' Then I say to you, good, great, grand people, that I glory to have suffered for you.

After many a long and weary wandering, I return now to the place of my birth, and I come with those feelings which ever cling around the heart of every man who feels that he treads upon his native soil. My friends, my condition is not unlike that of some tempest tossed mariner, who, turning to his home with high hopes, is shipwrecked upon the coast and finds himself stranded and cast helpless upon the shore to which he hoped to return and bear rich treasure and gifts for his loved ones. But it would indeed be ungrateful for me to dwell on such sad thoughts when before me is presented this grand galaxy of happy, friendly faces."

In his speech he dwelt upon the needed improvement of the Mississippi River and touched briefly on political issues. His peroration follows: "Kentucky, my own, my native land, God grant that peace and plenty may ever run throughout your borders! God grant that your sons may ever rise to illustrate the fame of their fathers, and that wherever the name of Kentucky is mentioned every hand shall be lifted and every head bowed for all that is grand, all that is glorious, all that is virtuous, all that is honorable in men! When at my age I come among you, it renders it less than probable that I shall ever look upon your faces again, but if I never do, be assured that in the latest hour of my life I shall remember the kindness I have received, and in that latest hour my prayers shall ascend for all the precious gifts that kind Providence can bestow upon the people from whom I have sprung."

On Sunday Mr. Davis attended divine services at the Episcopal church in the morning and at the Baptist church at night. On Monday he went to Fairview and spent several hours in his old home. There he made an informal speech on a platform erected in front

of his birthplace. He had stood where Shakespeare was born, but he had never been on a spot that so deeply impressed him as this. Here he was surrounded by those who in childhood were his neighbors,

The last visit of Mr. Davis to Fairview was at the time the church was dedicated. That evening the writer (the founder of the VETERAN) was with him in a long wait for the train in the then dingy station at Pembroke, and was charmed with his conversation. He returned for his last visit to his friend, M. H. dark, of Clarksville, Tenn.

INFORMATION FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS

James Argo, Jr., writes from Oviedo, Fla., July 22, 1908: "My father was born in Lenora County, N. C., in the year 1796, enlisted in the War of 1812, and served only three months, as peace was made. Later he moved to Georgia, and on May 15, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate service in the 8th Georgia Regiment, served two years, resigned, and went home to straighten up his business, then he reenlisted in the 26th Georgia, and remained in that regiment until the close of the war, after which he returned home. In 1866 he was attacked with pneumonia, which ended his life. He had nine nephews, three sons in law, and an only son (myself), making fourteen in all in service, eight of whom were killed. His age was seventy years when he died. I was born in the same State and county in 1833, and was seventy five last June. I enlisted with my father on May 15, 1861. I served all the time until captured at the fall of Richmond. I was in Libby Prison when Lincoln was assassinated. From there I was carried to Newport News Prison, and remained there till the 3d of July, 1865, when I was paroled."

John Rawle, of Natchez, Miss., Box 83, writes: "As the time is approaching when I may expect to turn up my toes to the daisies, I should like to hear from some of my old comrades of the Confederate war. I enlisted as a private in Company A, Louisiana Guards, served at Pensacola and in Virginia, afterwards was made major and chief of artillery of Lieutenant General Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee, after the battle of Murfreesboro was assigned as chief of artillery to Lieutenant General Forrest at Columbia, Tenn., until after Chickamauga, when Forrest was ordered to North Mississippi, and I was assigned as chief of artillery of Lieut. Gen. Joe Wheeler, and after the Tunnel Hill battle I was, at my request, assigned to Lieutenant General Polk at Demopolis, Ala., who ordered me to the command of the artillery in the Department of East Louisiana, headquarters at Clinton, La., and from there I was made chief of staff and chief of artillery of the Department of Alabama and then came the deluge!"

W. T. Hardison, of Nashville, Tenn., writes of a rather unusual family record as survivors of the war, saying: "As a few words of something uncommon always interest the few remaining of our number, the following will doubtless have some attention. There is living near Hardison's Mills, in Maury County, Tenn., Joel Clymon, who was a member of Captain Cundiff's company, Starnes's Regiment, now eightysix years old. He served in the Confederate army to the end, and was wounded in the battle of Thompson Station. His son Monroe, sixty four years old, went out early in the same company, and was with us at the surrender. Another son, Joe H. Clymon, now sixty two years old, joined some command later, and was at the surrender. These men are all living. Another such case will hardly be found."

Mrs. M. T. McPherson, the Louisiana agent for the VETERAN, sends a very interesting letter from W. C. House, of Company F, Cobb's Legion, Georgia Cavalry. He says he reads of the scenes recounted in the VETERAN, and in dreams lives over the whole panorama of the war. He says: "In a few years the last who participated in the great struggle will be in the great beyond, and our own children and grandchildren can point with pride to the fact that they are descendants of the men who fought for four years to perpetuate the liberties of the Southland and maintain the constitutional republic in America."

Mrs. Justus Danhower, of Osceola, Ark., asks for any information of John Harding, who lived near Lucy, Tenn., and was in Forrest's Cavalry in the early part of the war. He was captured and imprisoned in the Irving Block in Memphis, Tenn., got out on bond, dressed himself in a Yankee uniform, and made his escape. He then became secret agent from the eastern division to the western division of the Army of Tennessee to that in Arkansas, and crossed the Mississippi at Fort Pillow with mail and information.

Miss Mittie Jennings, of Davenport, Ala., pays the VETERAN some very highly prized compliments. She says she is one of the "shut ins" through deafness, and reading is her chief pleasure, this magazine being her especial favorite. She thinks the Confederate Choirs should assume titles if it gives them any pleasure, but suggests instead of uniforms that they dress as did the belles of the sixties, that Southern songs would take new dignity sung by women gowned as they were when the songs were new.

C. E. Fisher writes from Port Lavaca, Tex.: "There is an old Confederate veteran in our town that has become unable to work for a living. He is entitled to a pension, but he does not know where any of his old comrades are to identify him. His name is Frank Marsh. Please ask any survivors of Company D, 1st Alabama Regiment (Capt. Julius A. Law), who knew him to write me and I will gladly pay them for their trouble. Mr. Marsh is a fine old man, and I want to do what I can for him."

ONE OF THE YOUNGEST C. S. A. VETERANS

A. C. Lake, of Memphis, Tenn. (28 N. Front Street), "was born February 21, 1849, nine miles south of Memphis. He enlisted May 9, 1864, in Dobbins's Brigade, Fagan's Division, Price's Corps. He was taken prisoner October 25, 1864, by Federal pickets two miles north of Fort Scott, Kans., and escaped from Alton, Ill., April 3, 1865. He reached Toronto, Canada, about April 27, 1865.

What is the number of Confederate monuments in the States?

has been asked several times lately, and the VETERAN would like to form a list. Will some one from each city or town in which a monument to the Confederate dead has been erected write this magazine? From the replies thus received will be made a tabulated statement which will be published as soon as possible.

S. W. Abbay, who has "An Incident" of Rock Island on page 68 of the February issue, seeks information of Garrison, whose nickname in Rock Island was "Ponty," in Barrack 47. Garrison shared the \$100 referred to in the article. He was from Pontotoc, Miss. His health was poor, and his associates did not expect him to survive prison hardships.

F. Herron, Adjutant of the U. C. V. Camp at Graham, Tex., desires information from some comrades of J. J. Johnson, who was a member of Company B, 9th Georgia Battalion Artillery, mustered into service in Fulton County, Ga., February 14, 1862. This information is important to help Comrade Johnson secure a pension.

Lieut. James McMullin, of Company E, 12th Battalion, Rucker's Tennessee Cavalry, was sought at the Memphis Reunion, but in vain. His address is sought through Lock Box 53, South Boston. Va.

MONUMENT TO J. M. FALKNER.

BY W. P. T., MOUNTAIN CREEK, ALA.

October 22, 1908, was the day set apart to dedicate a monument here to Jefferson Manly Falkner. It was the most interesting and important event in the history of Mountain Creek. The occupants of the Home bearing the honored name of J. M. Falkner Camp had anticipated the event with much concern.

At ten o'clock Captain Simpson ordered the bell sounded, summoning the people to the veiled monument, at the northeast corner of the Auditorium. Captain Falkner was the founder and manager of the Home until ill health compelled him to surrender the loved care to another. The shaft, twenty feet high, was draped with Confederate flags. The Commandant, taking charge, announced the programme. Prayer was offered by Rev. Charles Culpepper, in which he made an earnest appeal for the surviving veterans and paying high tribute to the deceased founder of the Alabama Confederate Home.

At the conclusion of the prayer "Auld Lang Syne" and several other appropriate songs, led by Comrade B. M. Washburne, of Montgomery, were rendered in an impressive manner, particularly the song, "When the roll is called up yonder." Veterans and visitors enjoyed it most heartily.

Comrade Washburne as chairman, after brief reference to the deceased and appropriate tribute to the orator of the day, Col. John W. A. Sanford, of the 60th Alabama Regiment, presented him to the assembly.

Colonel Sanford dwelt upon the many good traits of the deceased, having known Comrade Falkner for fifty years.

INSCRIPTION ON MONUMENT

Sacred to the memory of Capt. Jefferson Manly Falkner, of Company B in the 8th Confederate Regiment of Cavalry. He was the son of the Hon. Jefferson Falkner and of Samantha Breed, his wife. He was born in Randolph County, in the State of Alabama, on the 14th day of July, 1843, and died at Mountain Creek, in Chilton County, in this State, on the 18th day of May, 1907, age sixty three years, ten months, and four days. Possessing a splendid intellect, he was endowed with all the attributes that adorn a noble manhood. Among them were an ardent patriotism, an unwavering fidelity, a dauntless courage, a Christian humanity and gentleness, a stainless integrity, a broad philanthropy, whose generosity induced him to donate land and to establish thereon the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Alabama for the protection and benefit of his disabled and destitute comrades, and thereby elicited the eternal gratitude of his fellow countrymen.

Colonel Sanford continued his eulogy to the "only private citizen to whose memory the people of Alabama had ever erected a monument." The memorial fund was contributed from savings out of appropriations by economy on the part of the management from the various moneys granted by the Legislature for the maintenance and support of the institution. In this way it can truly be said that the shaft was erected by the people of Alabama.

I cannot close this letter without mentioning the brave Lieutenant Colonel Troy, who was wounded at Hatcher's Run, the gallant Major Cook, who was killed, that silent, good, and truly brave Captain dark, of old Company F, 60th Alabama, who while leading his company up the hill fronting the Appomattox Courthouse building had a foot shot off by one of the cannon belonging to a United States regular battery which Sanford's Regiment captured and turned on the enemy during the last hour and the last charge of the old 60th. I cannot forget the words of the dear dead Captain dark when he said to me and one other of Company F when we proffered help to him there with but one leg good and the other bleeding and grape and canister plentiful: "Go on, boys." Forty three years have elapsed, but I can hear that "Go on, boys," as faintly uttered by dark, to day as plain as on that morning of the memorable 9th of April, 1865, as he encouragingly urged us on to grasp that four gun battery which the old 60th Alabama, with the never flinching John A. Sanford leading, captured.

Permit me space to mention some of the Daughters present : Mrs. H. E. Jones, Mrs. J. M. Falkner, Miss Addie Beaumont, Mrs. F. H. Elmore, Mrs. Snyder, Miss Kate Lasiter, Mrs. Johnny Pat Bruno, Mrs. John W, A. Sanford, and Mrs. McMasters. A splendid barbecue was furnished, and old veterans and visitors alike were sandwiched together at the bountifully supplied tables, where all, even to the poorest and humblest backwoodsman of the surrounding country, ate until hunger was no more.

There was a business meeting of the Board of Control, consisting of those present: W. C. Ward, of Birmingham, as President pro tem, who served in the stead of the absent President, Governor Comer, J. B. Stanley, Greenville, S. T. Frazier, Union Springs, C. L. Ruth and B. M. Washburn, Montgomery, H. W. Caffey, Verbena. At this meeting the Commandant's vouchers, accounts, etc., were carefully canvassed and found to be in a highly satisfactory shape.

COMMANDANT SIMPSON'S BIRTHDAY.

Captain Simpson, Commandant of the Alabama Soldiers' Home, celebrated his seventieth birthday on November 11. Captain Simpson's seven daughters and one son were all present on the interesting occasion. The family by name and seniority is as follows:

Mrs. Wade Allen and two children, Richmond, Va.

F. Bush Simpson, hardware merchant, Birmingham, Ala.

Mrs. Carrie McMaster, Mountain Creek, Ala.

Mrs. M. J. Smollen, Birmingham, Ala.

Miss Bessie Simpson, Montgomery, Ala.

Mrs. J. Y. Brame, Jr" and daughter, Cameron, Montgomery.

Mrs. J. N. Bruner and son, Westminster, S. C.

Miss Lucy Grenville Simpson, attending school in Birmingham

Captain Simpson may well congratulate himself upon being the head of so exemplary a family. He remarked to the writer that the birthday reunion was one of the happiest days of his life. Captain Simpson is an all round favorite with the men at the Alabama Home. He is a Christian gentleman, doing all in his power for his old comrades. He served during the Civil War as captain of Company F, 13th Alabama Regiment, until April 9, 1865.

Our Adjutant, Mr. Frank Snyder, is worthy of special mention for the admirable way in which he served the barbecue for veterans and visitors at the dedication of the monument.

ON THE FIRING LINE WITH BRAGG.

BY A. H. BROWN, MEMPHIS, TENN.

As a member of that "thin gray line" now rapidly passing over to rejoin their comrades lying beneath the shades in the "silent bivouac of the dead" it is a source of much pleasure and comfort to me to read the VETERAN, We realize the fact that it has been and is a wide awake vidette on the firing line and a power for good in crystallizing and maintaining the true record of the motives that actuated the heroic deeds performed from '61 to '65 by the Confederate soldier.

While it makes me feel sad to recall those dark days, yet I like to muse upon them and to read of incidents of the war. I enlisted in Company B, 13th Regiment Tennessee Infantry, at Corinth, Miss, about May 1, 1862. The Federals were gradually advancing their lines, and about the latter part of May General Bragg withdrew his forces to Tupelo, Miss.,

where we remained until August, when we moved to Kentucky. Our regiment was commanded by Col. A. J. Vaughan, Lieut. Col. William E. Morgan, Maj. Peter Cole, and Adjutant R. M. Harwell. Our brigade was commanded by Gen. Preston Smith, of Memphis, and it belonged to Gen. B. F. Cheatham's division, General Polk's corps. Our brigade and two Arkansas brigades, commanded by Generals McNair and Reynolds, a part of Hardee's Corps, were detached from Bragg's army and sent by railroad to Knoxville, Tenn., to reenforce Gen. E. Kirby Smith. Bragg's main army went by the way of Sparta, Tenn., crossing the Cumberland Mountains farther west of us.

When we arrived at Knoxville, we rested about twenty four hours. Orders then came to cook rations and be ready to move in two hours. General Smith's object was to cross the Cumberland Mountains at Big Creek Gap and get in the rear of the Federal General Manson, who was at Cumberland Gap, with a force of about twelve thousand. " Where we crossed it was extremely rough. The road was like a worm fence all the way up, and it was impossible for our wagon train to accompany us. We managed to carry a few ambulances, the men helping at the wheels. We crossed several spurs of mountains, but it has been so long ago that I do not remember what time we were in crossing, but I do remember that we struck camp about dusk in a little valley between the spurs, and nine tenths of the men were without a bit of food and had had nothing for about twelve hours. Near by was a field of late corn of good roasting ears. Our general made a deal with the old farmer for his eight acres of corn, so we had roasting ears in abundance, but no grease and not a grain of salt to season with.

About daylight the bugle called to fall into line. Ike Carter, a sick messmate, said: "Captain Lightte, is it possible that you are going to leave me here sick? If I get well, the bushwhackers will kill me." (The bushwhackers had fired into our command the day before, wounding several. They shot from the cliffs and ledges.) Captain Lightte said: "No, Carter, we will not leave you. My company will not move until there is a way provided for you to ride." In a short while an ambulance came and Carter was placed in it.

That morning about nine or ten o'clock we were in Barboursville, Ky. The Federals had beat us to Barboursville some three or four hours, but we pressed on after them and came upon them about two miles south of Richmond. We were hungry and mad, and felt that we could put up a warm fight for food. It took only a short while to put the Federals on the run. The second and last stand was south of town at the cemetery. They fought pretty well this time for about an hour or more, then there was a complete rout, and we captured 4,500 prisoners, killed and wounded, about 1,800.

We rested there a couple of days and the prisoners were paroled. We then went to Lexington, Georgetown, Paris, Cynthiana, and up very near Covington, then dropped down to Frankfort and went to Shelbyville, where we remained two days, then again to Frankfort, thence to Harrodsburg, where we joined Bragg before the battle.

ALABAMA CONVENTION, U. D. C.

The Alabama Convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held at Huntsville May 12 14, 1909, will be pleasantly remembered for a long time by the Daughters, by the citizens and guests from the Grand Army of the Republic liberal hearted and patriotic gentlemen who went from Ohio to Alabama as bearers of flags of some of her regiments who were overpowered in battle.

That undying spirit of hospitality which has characterized the aristocratic and hospitable people of that section for generations was found as fervent as of old. The Mayor and Council gave official welcome at the Huntsville Hotel, and on Wednesday the Convention opened. Mrs. A. W. Newson gave a beautiful message of welcome from the hostess Chapter, and then Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton gave a characteristic greeting. These were responded to feelingly by Mrs. C. M. Tardy for the State, by the distinguished President General, Mrs. Cornelia B. Stone, and by the Honorary President General, Mrs. Helen Plane, of Georgia, who were present and gave advice on many points of benefit to the Division. Mrs. Tardy was especially felicitious as she reviewed the happy days of her young girlhood in the fine old town.

The afternoon session was devoted to reports of officers and committees. The President, Mrs. C. G. Brown, gave a fine report of work accomplished during the year, in which she reported the organization of eight new Chapters.

The Thursday morning session was devoted to memorial services, in which the loss of the Honorary President, Miss Sallie Jones, was recorded.

The State Director, Mrs. Mary E. Pickens, gave a good report of the efforts of the children and the great work they are accomplishing in establishing a permanent scholarship at Auburn for a worthy descendant of a veteran. In the furtherance of this auxiliary work, the President, Mrs. Brown, offered a gold medal for excellence in historical research, which was won by Annie Tardy, of the Pelham Auxiliary, Birmingham. Mrs. Brown also presented a beautiful banner, made by the same young girl, to the Chapter that had accomplished the best work financially during the year. The Emma Sansom Auxiliary, of Troy, was awarded this through its representative, Miss Wilson.

A report in the Montgomery Advertiser concludes as follows : "So the Convention of 1909 closed with deep satisfaction at the work accomplished and ardent trust in the results to come. We realize fully that much of the success of the Convention is due to

Mrs. A. W. Newson, President of our hostess Chapter, on whose shoulders so much of the preliminary burden of the Convention rested. And her sweet spirit which opened wide the doors of her stately colonial home in a gracious reception at Oak Lawn is a treasured memory. From Oak Lawn we proceeded to Mrs. F. W. Webster's, at Melrose Place, another gem in this city of colonial homes. The wealth of entertainment was added to by Miss Weeden and Miss Sarah Lowe, who opened their homes informally."

NEW PRESIDENT ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C. Mrs. Letitia Dowdell Ross, the newly elected President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., is a native of the State, and is a daughter of the late William Crawford Dowdell, of Auburn. Her mother was Elizabeth Thomas Dowdell. Mrs. Ross is a niece of the late Col. James F. Dowdell, who commanded the 37th Alabama Regiment, C. S. A., and for several years before the war was Representative in Congress from the East Alabama District. She is a first cousin of Chief Justice Dowdell, of the Supreme Court, and of the late Gov. William J. Samford, of Alabama.

Mrs. Ross possessed the best educational advantages at home and abroad, having spent a student year in Germany. For a number of years she has been actively identified with patriotic societies and federated club work. She has been President of the Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Ross has been prominently associated with U. D. C. work since the organization of the Admiral Semmes Chapter of Auburn, the third Chapter organized in the State, and for several terms was its President. She has held the positions of Recording Secretary and First Vice President in the State Division, and has frequently been a delegate to the General Convention, U. D. C. Mrs. Ross, being the wife of Prof. B. B. Ross, Professor of Chemistry in the Alabama Polytechnic Institute and State Chemist, has taken an active interest in all movements looking to the benefit of the young men of that institution. She enters with enthusiasm and interest into the social and literary life of the college town in which she resides, and is greatly admired by her many friends for her intelligence and her many amiable, womanly qualities.

MRS. ROSS ISSUES ADDRESS TO ALABAMA DAUGHTERS. At the thirteenth annual Convention of our organization, which was held May 12 14 in Huntsville, I was made your President. For this high honor you freely and unanimously conferred upon me I wish to express my deepest appreciation and to pledge the best service of which I am capable to the administration of your affairs and to the extension of this our work, so ably and successfully carried on by my worthy predecessors. It is but fitting that with the change in the administration I should as your newly elected President extend to you a greeting and ask for your loyal support and helpful cooperation. Having served for two years as your Recording Secretary and again for two years as First Vice President, I am not unacquainted with the responsible duties incident to this important office, but if the Alabama Daughters will only "keep the faith" (and I believe they do realize their

individual responsibilities), I will feel encouraged to go forward, nothing daunted. Alabama Daughters will only "keep the faith" (and I believe they do realize their individual responsibilities), I will feel encouraged to go forward, nothing daunted.

The time for active work in the Chapters is nearly passed for this season, yet I must urge the Chapters before going into summer quarters to remember their pledges to the Falkner Soldiers' Home, and especially to the tuberculosis ward in the Home. The Treasurer, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., tells me this appeal is most urgent, as the Division treasury is almost depleted. The claim of the old soldiers upon our remembrance surpasses that of all other claims. Shall we fail to remember the few that remain to us?

The funds for Gettysburg and Arlington were greatly increased by voluntary contributions from the floor of the Convention. It was decided that a special day should be set aside in each Chapter to be known as Arlington Day, in order to awaken a greater interest in the proposed monument and to secure funds for the same.

The president of the university sent a satisfactory report of the young man who has received the Division scholarship for two years. The placing of this scholarship for another year is left entirely in the hands of the committee.

Every Chapter President and all directors of Children's Chapters are urged to make the organization and strengthening of the children's auxiliaries a leading feature of this year's work, as the perpetuity of our organization depends on the children of the Confederacy. Mrs. Pickens confidently expects to have in hand before September 1 the full amount of \$1,250 with which she plans to found the Lee memorial scholarship at Auburn at the opening of the fall term of the college,

The chairman of the Blandford window fund has collected the necessary amount for purchasing the window, pledged by the Alabama Division, and at an early date she will announce through these columns the plans for placing the memorial in Old Blandford Church, Petersburg, Va.

To our list of committees, by order of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, will be added a committee on education, to foster all educational interests in the State.

From many Daughters throughout the State have come messages of loving appreciation and congratulation, I am most grateful for these expressions of confidence, and trust I may be found worthy.

AN EVENING REplete WITH HISTORY
BY MRS. C. M. TARDY, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Historical Evening has long been a most important and interesting part of the annual Convention of the Alabama U. D. C. Never, however, has there been an occasion which gathered together so many distinguished people and was so full of intense, patriotic, and historical interest as the recent meeting of the Alabama Division in Huntsville.

Less than a year ago Mrs. Charles G. Brown, President of the Alabama Division, learned of a flag in the capital of Ohio. She immediately wrote to the Governor of Ohio requesting the return of the flag. A very courteous reply was received asking that she write again the following January, when the Legislature would be in session. Promptly at the time suggested she wrote again to Governor Harmon, who had just been inaugurated. His reply was also most courteous and encouraging, but it was only after much correspondence and the official indorsement of Governor Comer, of Alabama, that Mrs. Brown received notice early in April that the flag would be returned, and the details were arranged which culminated in the beautiful program of May 12.

The exercises took place in the Elks' Theater. Every seat was filled and the aisles were crowded. Flags waved, the band played, and the very atmosphere seemed permeated with patriotism, with love and welcome for the old flag. The stage, with its bordered decorations of battle flags, shields, and drapery, made a magnificent setting. On the left of the stage, seated beneath the stars and bars, were the gentlemen of the Ohio delegation, who had come so far to honor us and the cause we hold dear. On the right were seated Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, of Alabama, and Mrs. Helen C. Plane, of Georgia, Honorary Presidents of their State Divisions, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas, President General, Mrs. Charles G. Brown, President of the Alabama Division, and her officers, also Hon. H. L. D. Mallory, of Selma, Hon. William Richardson, of Huntsville, Hon. Winston C. Garth, of Governor Comer's staff, and Hon. Paul Speake, of Huntsville.

The meeting was opened with prayer and a beautiful rendering of "Alabama" by the Children of the Confederacy, after which the orator of the evening, Hon. H. S. D. Mallory, of Selma, was introduced by Judge Paul Speake. Mr. Mallory chose for his subject "The Confederate Soldier and His Influence on History." The immense audience listened with concentrated attention to his every word, interrupting only to show their appreciation by hearty applause. "Old Kentucky Home" was then sung by the Confederate Choir of Huntsville. Many of the audience joined spontaneously.

As the last notes died away Mr. John A. Pitts and Capt. W. W. Shoemaker, of the 4th Ohio Cavalry, were introduced. As they came forward to respond the orchestra played "Yankee Doodle," and the entire Ohio delegation arose to their feet and shout after shout

blended with the "Rebel yell." Right here occurred an incident full of a strange significance. On the far left of the stage draped with the Confederate red and white was an easel bearing a portrait of Jefferson Davis. As the notes of "Yankee Doodle" filled the air a small Confederate battle flag hanging over the picture dropped so as to cover the face of the Southern chieftain. The shrill voice of a child was heard: "That's too much for Jefferson Davis, mamma."

When the audience was again seated, the dear old flag was brought forward. It was captured by the 4th Ohio Cavalry from the "Rifle Scouts" in the battle of Selma during the spring of 1865. Forty four years later it is returned to the daughters of the State whose sons gave their lives for it.

Captains Pitts and Shoemaker were very happy in their remarks, expressing true loyalty and joy in the united country which rendered their presence and their errand possible. A beautiful tribute was paid Mrs. Brown, the State President of the Daughters, who had brought about this happy incident.

Hon. Winston Garth, of Governor Comer's staff and acting for him, then presented Mrs. Brown, who in the name of the Alabama Division accepted the flag. Her words were simple and womanly, yet replete with patriotism, love, and loyalty for the Old South and the entire country.

It was a picture to be remembered long after the principal actors have passed away in its lessons of loyalty and unity.

Just before the conclusion of the exercises Colonel Mallory presented Mrs. Brown, on behalf of Camp Jones, United Confederate Veterans, of Selma, with a heavily wrought silver tray as a token of their appreciation of her untiring efforts in securing the return of the flag. Selma was the childhood home of Mrs. Brown, and her reply, in which she voiced the thanks of the "little Mary Billingsley they used to know," was full of womanly feeling. Her last words were almost drowned by the strains of "Dixie," led by the Confederate Choir. The blue and the gray clasped hands over the bitterness of years till "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" were merged into the strains of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee!"

CONCERNING THE CAPTURE OF COL. CORCORAN
BY JUDGE R. T. SIMPSON, FLORENCE, ALA.

My attention was called to a newspaper account of the capture of Colonel Corcoran, of the 69th New York Regiment, at the battle of First Manassas by some Virginia regiment. I write what we comrades understand about this capture.

Unfortunately, so many of our comrades having passed over the river, we cannot bring definite proof, but I was a private in McFarland's company of the 4th Alabama Regiment at the battle of First Manassas, and I remember that our company regarded it as a fact that William Oakley, a member of our company, had captured Colonel Corcoran, of the 69th New York Regiment. Oakley claimed it himself, and he says he turned some prisoner with his horse over to the authorities whom he understood to be Colonel Corcoran, while Oakley retained a saber, which he took from the officer and sent home to his relatives, who now have it.

Oakley is dead, and the few of us who remain have only this general recollection, but A. C. Chisholm, who was in another regiment which reached Manassas the morning after the battle, remembers meeting Oakley, who told him that he was lying in a pine thicket watching the Union forces retreating when, seeing a horseman alone, he presented his gun and demanded surrender, and Colonel Corcoran surrendered to him. We think this should be published to the credit of the gallant Alabama boy, and if there is any mistake as to the name of the officer whom he did capture, we will be glad to hear from any comrade who has a more definite recollection of the incident.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE UNDER FIRE
BY J. B. MINOR, 57 PERRY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

In the spring of 1863, when Gen. Joe Hooker made his advance on the Army of Northern Virginia at Chancellorsville, my company, 1st Richmond Howitzers, was on the line fronting Sigel's Corps. During the fight and while Stonewall Jackson was flanking our friends the enemy on the left General Lee rode up to my battery, dismounted, and stood with Major McLaws beside a medium sized pine tree. I was passing back and forth with the ammunition (being No. 5) when a 10 pound shell cut the tree square off just about a yard above their heads. I could not see that he noticed it, though General McLaws ducked a little. After a few more words with him, General Lee mounted and rode a few paces to my right and close to Capt. E. S. McCarthy, of our battery, and while there a shell burst immediately in front of old Traveler, who reared up and stood as straight as ever I saw a man. The General sat serene until he came down on his fore feet. Captain McCarthy then ran to General Lee, and I heard him say: "General, we can't spare you, go back under the

hill." He rode away, and in a few minutes there was a lull just in front of us, but there was heavy fighting some three hundred yards to our right, where the Persell Battery of Richmond lost fortythree killed and wounded in a few minutes, and whom did we see sitting on his horse calmly watching the fight but General Lee

I have seen all kinds of bravery the reckless, the bravado, the enthusiastic, and the true moral courage but for the allround article on a high plane I think General Lee possessed it to an eminent degree, God bless his memory.

MISSISSIPPIANS AT CHICKAMAUGA JUDGE W. M. HAWKINS IN PENSACOLA JOURNAL

I belonged to the 18th Mississippi, of the "Old Barksdale Brigade," as we were known throughout the war from our beloved commander in Lee's campaign in Virginia and who was slain in the battle of Gettysburg while leading his troops in a desperate charge. Colonel Humphreys, of the 21st Mississippi, was the senior colonel, and took command of the brigade on the battlefield when General Barksdale fell. Afterwards, while in winter quarters, we elected Colonel Humphreys to be our brigade commander, we having assumed the privilege of electing at the beginning our own officers, which was never denied us.

On this occasion we had been sent under Longstreet to reenforce Bragg, of the Western Army, and arrived at Ringgold Station, Ga., on Saturday night. We made a forced march that night out to the front some eight miles. Arriving on the field, we were ordered to relieve Hood, who had been fighting all day. This we did, and Hood's men marched out to the right. As they left they informed us that we were to have a tough job in the morning. "Out there is a hill with a battery of six guns on top, and you will be expected to capture it," they said.

Our position was in a skirt of woods at the foot of said hill. When Sunday morning dawned, a dark cloud of fog and smoke for a time obscured everything, but about eight or nine o'clock the sun revealed to us the hill in front, the battery crowning its crest, with three lines of breastworks between us and the battery. The question among us was: "Who will make the charge?" But soon we learned that that honor had been assigned our brigade, with Kershaw's South Carolina Brigade to support us. Kershaw's men immediately moved up in our rear, and we eagerly awaited the signal to advance. About nine o'clock suddenly three shots rang out in our rear, the signal to advance. We moved out to the open ground and, dropping down, commenced crawling up toward the first line of works. The enemy attempted to impede our advance by firing on us, but their balls went above us, and also Kershaw's sharpshooters had command of their lines, and made it very unhealthy for a Yankee to show himself above his breastworks. Thus they

invariably overshot us. Occasionally one was wounded, but I don't think we lost a single man. We advanced steadily up the hill until we reached the enemy's line of works, they remaining on the other side. Stillness reigned for a moment. Now the main struggle was about to commence, and thousands of eager eyes were watching us. Suddenly five shots in quick succession rang out on the morning air, and the noise had hardly ceased when we sprang up, and with fixed bayonets we swarmed over those works in a moment.

A feeble attempt at resistance was made by some of the enemy, but that line of Confederate steel was too much for them. They broke and fled, with us in close pursuit. Up the hill they went pellmell, and we followed them, with our bayonets punching them up to do their best running. Soon we covered the intervening space between the first and second lines, and as the fleeing Yanks broke over the works we were right there too. Necessarily this wild stampede threw the second line into confusion, and before they could rally from it we were on them like a western cyclone, and they also broke and ran. Now we had two lines of the enemy, and they were in full flight before us. From the time we routed the first line the enemy couldn't shoot us without shooting their own men. All this time we hadn't fired a gun, but when we routed the second line and they went swarming up the hill like a drove of blackbirds, we fired into them, and we covered the ground with dead and wounded Yankees. We soon reached the third and last line of breastworks. They didn't wait for us, but joined the others in their mad flight up the hill. Occasionally we poured in a volley while still in full charge, and we never failed to stop the flight of numbers of them. When we captured the third line, with the enemy in mad flight before us, the "Rebel yell" broke loose. Thousands of our men, eagerly watching our charge, knew we had them when that line was crossed, and from center to right and left and all along our battle line, together with our men, raised such a yell as I don't think I ever heard before or since.

We charged on the battery, shooting down the horses to keep the enemy from carrying off the guns, and before the Yankees could get a chance to fire on us we charged on and into the battery, firing some of their own guns at them as they got farther away. There must have been thousands killed and wounded in that charge. It was after we had made the charge and captured the battery that I remembered seeing some Kentucky troops on the field. But we were not relieved temporarily on account of exhausting our ammunition. We never quit the front until we had captured the battery.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS

Editor National Tribune: Why did our government continue to keep the Rebel prisoners well fed and clothed in comfort while our poor soldiers in their hands were so brutally treated? Was retaliation ever tried? It looks much like the government did not care for the prisoners in the Rebels' hands as they should have done. On the evacuation of Richmond Libbey Prison was found empty by the Union army. What had they done with the prisoners? I have read with great interest your account of the different campaigns, and look eagerly for what is to come C. L. Spielman, Sergeant 78th Illinois, Blondinville, Ill.

We have frequently explained the reasons for the stoppage of exchange. The Confederates insisted that all the prisoners held in our hands should be returned to them, paroling all over the number required to exchange those Union soldiers held by the Confederates. Our government stood ready to exchange man for man, but declined to parole the surplus, as this would give toward the end of 1864 approximately 200,000 well rested, well fed, well clothed men to swell the armies opposed to Grant and Sherman. The administration was perfectly right in this, as it knew from experience with the prisoners captured at Vicksburg and Port Hudson how little the Rebels would regard their parole. The Confederate government had previously ordered into the service all those captured by Grant and Banks, and they did their utmost to overwhelm Rosecrans at Chattanooga. Retaliation was beneath our government's dignity. Editor National Tribune.

The VETERAN keeps watching the course of the National Tribune, the organ of the G. A. R., hoping it may relent and try to publish the real truth about such matters as the foregoing. If General Grant were alive, he could hardly allow such statement to go uncorrected.

G. C. Ennis, of Comanche, Tex., desires to hear from survivors of Company E, Wirt Adams's Cavalry, C. S. A., with a view to establishing his record as a Confederate soldier, being in need of a pension.

EXCITEMENT ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND
BY H. W. HENRY, LAKE WEIR, FLA

Herewith I send you an incident which occurred at Johnson's Island when President Lincoln was assassinated.

It was a bright and balmy day in April, 1865. The ice had disappeared from the lake, the green grass was springing up, and everything was so peaceful and lovely that we could hardly realize that the end was drawing near to all our hopes and that our hard struggle through hunger, nakedness, privations, and dangers was all in vain.

A fellow prisoner called my attention to the morning boat coming over from Sandusky with its colors at half mast. Of course the sorrows of our enemies were our joys, and we at once began speculating as to where a battle had been fought and who of their military leaders had fallen in battle. While we all were expecting some good news for our side, we had no thought of the great tragedy that had occurred, and were gathered in groups full of expectancy.

Very soon we noticed an unusual stir and excitement outside. The blockhouses and walls around the prison were lined with soldiers, the ports opened and the guns run out, while the gunners stood by ready to sweep the streets. Of course we could not understand the meaning of it all, as we had no knowledge of any planned outbreak.

Very soon Colonel Hill, the commandant, came in. The prisoners gathered around him and he mounted a stairway. He told us that he had some very bad news to tell us, that President Lincoln had been assassinated, that the Northern people were greatly excited, and that they attributed the act either to our government in its desperation over its defeat or to some of our people wreaking their revenge upon the head of the nation in the hour of its rejoicing over its victory over us. He warned us not to make the least demonstration of rejoicing, as his men were wrought up to such a pitch of frenzy that it would be hard to restrain them from firing upon us, and that any cheering or demonstration of joy by us over the event would certainly expose us to the fire of his men.

While he was speaking a one armed officer with flushed face and blood shot eyes, either from indulgence in drink or grief, pushed his way in and said to the Colonel in a very excited manner: "Tell them plainly that if a single one of them 'cheeps' we will fire upon them." The Colonel replied: "Return to your post of duty, sir." As he was in command of the guard, of course we had no great confidence in his prudence or discretion.

The prisoners assured Colonel Hill that they could not believe that either the Confederate government, any of its officials, or any Confederate soldier had anything to do with planning or carrying out Mr. Lincoln's assassination, that we were an honorable people and fought fairly and did not stoop to assassination, and deplored the act as likely to subject us in our defeat to harder terms and conditions on account of the vindictive feeling aroused in the North against us.

Of course under the suspense of our own apprehensions and the warning of Colonel Hill we walked very carefully and refrained from anything that might have been construed by our guardians as evidence of rejoicing. Most of us accepted the event as one of the inscrutable orderings of a Providence with which we had nothing to do but submit, and looked upon it as a fit crowning of a four years' terrible tragedy in which the principal cause suffered with the rest. The next morning brought us the daily Sandusky paper giving an account of the assassination, and either in an editorial or communication calling upon the people to arm themselves, come over to the island, and join with the garrison in massacring every Rebel prisoner in retaliation for Mr. Lincoln's death.

A committee of prisoners inclosed the paper to Colonel Hill calling his attention to the article and suggesting that if there were any probability of their purpose being carried out he would at least give them an opportunity of defending themselves, and solemnly pledging themselves that if he would supply them with arms they would use them only in defense of their lives, and as soon as the exigency was over they would return the arms and again place themselves in their proper quarters. To this Colonel Hill replied that the communication was uncalled for, as he was fully able to protect them. It is needless to say that there was no love lost between the people of Sandusky and the country around and the Confederate prisoners, and had the prisoners been armed and the attack made upon them, the holocaust may have been given by the party least expecting to do so.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WYTHEVILLE RAID BY V. M. JOHNSON, MOUNTVILLE, VA.

[Formerly captain Company D, 30th Virginia Volunteer Infantry and colonel and aid to his Excellency, John Milton, War Governor of Florida, in compliment to Wythe Gray Chapter, U. D. C., of Wytheville, Va.]

The beautiful town of Wytheville, nestling in the fertile valley between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains, in the county of Wythe, was the scene of a hostile invasion in the latter part of July, 1863. I was left in Wytheville by Gen. John B. Floyd in charge of the post to furnish quartermaster and commissary supplies. There were no troops stationed at Wytheville at that time. The report came of a cavalry force of about thirteen hundred men, under the command of Colonel Toland, which had destroyed the salt works and were then approaching Wytheville to destroy the depot of supplies for the army. Maj. Joseph F. Kent, of the 4th Virginia Infantry, was at home on furlough. I went to see him to consult about the situation, for the report seemed to be well founded that the Yankees were coming. It was determined best to telegraph Gen. John B. Floyd at Glade Spring and also Gen. Sam Jones at Dublin Depot for aid, which we did.

General Floyd sent Capt. J. M. Oliver with his company with instruction to bring into action two pieces of artillery, already in Wytheville, and to check the raiders if possible. Gen. Sam Jones sent up Major Bowyer with two companies of office employees and volunteers and two pieces of artillery, but unfortunately they all came too late, arriving about 5 P.M., and at that time the battle had already been fought and won and then lost for the want of support.

Maj. Joseph F. Kent and I had gathered about one hundred and twenty men, composed of citizens and soldiers who were going through the town some going to their commands and some going home on furlough. With this small force we formed about where

Tazewell Pike enters the town, near the Methodist church. This was, as my memory serves me, in the forenoon, perhaps eleven o'clock. The men were supplied with muskets and ammunition, and all things were made ready as far as possible to receive the charge of the thirteen hundred cavalymen of the enemy. The undertaking was a desperate one and daring, but to leave the citizens of the town to the mercy of the enemy without a struggle would have been degrading and shameful. There were only two persons besides Major Kent present on that occasion whom I can now recall. One was the Rev. Mr. Wharey, stated supply to the Presbyterian Church, and the other was a one armed lieutenant whose name I cannot recall, but one of the gamest men I ever saw. I will refer to him later.

Before noon the approach of the enemy was fully realized, for the noise of so many horses on the metal road was unmistakable, and as they approached the town they increased their speed. The clatter of hoofs, the clanking of sabers, and the yelling of the men sounded like perdition turned loose. Imagine yourself seated on a keg of powder with a slow match attached to it and you can understand our position. On they came, the head of the column by fours, until it was almost upon us. Men's hearts failed, and many left us for safer places. Major Kent and our one armed lieutenant and others begged them to remain and fire one volley into the head of the column. But with all we could say our one hundred and twenty men dwindled to one half, and about sixty men met and blocked the way of thirteen hundred. Our men fired upon the head of the column. The colonel commanding the raiding party was killed, and the head of the column went down, men and horses in a confused mass. We had time to load and fire other volleys before the column could extricate itself, and this we did with much more confidence and with steadier nerves. Our execution was fearful.

The momentum of the column of cavalry carried many who were near the front over the dead and wounded men and horses. It was death to them to remain or hesitate. They spurred their horses forward over their dead and dying comrades and passed between our ranks as we opened out to the sidewalks. While they dashed by us firing their pistols we continued the use of the musket. The bugle sounded the retreat, and the column of cavalymen faced about and retired, only to re form and come at us again.

In the meantime we replenished our ammunition and looked after our wounded and the wounded of the enemy and also to the recall of some of our comrades who had taken shelter behind houses, etc., we had a cessation of hostilities for probably forty minutes. The men who had deserted us had not been idle, they were fighting the Yankees who had broken through our ranks and dashed on toward the depot. It was due to these men that many captures were made. A Yankee was shot in front of Mrs. McGavock's house and badly wounded. She sent her servant, a colored man, to bring him into her house, and when in the act of raising the soldier up, the negro was shot down by another Yankee soldier.

While these encounters were taking place in the town the men assembled to meet the second assault of the thirteen hundred, which, if anything could be worse, was more furious than the first and as terrible as an earthquake's shock or the ocean's storm. Our men were more confident, and met the charge of the enemy's cavalry with a deadly fire that mowed down the head of the column. Lieutenant Colonel Powell, of West Virginia, now in command, was among the fallen, and was supposed to be mortally wounded. To describe this assault would be to repeat the description of the first onslaught, except that more Yankees passed through our line than at first and the casualties were greater more killed and more wounded.

The Yankees, supposing that they could not force their column through our lines, sounded the retreat, and a second time turned about and marched up the Tazewell Pike. They halted about three quarters of a mile from town, dismounted their men, and deployed them on the east side of the pike and marched on the town, We were too busy to note the movements of the main column. We were trying to dispose of those who had passed by us. The one armed lieutenant and I discovered that about a dozen Yankees had taken shelter behind the Methodist church near the pike, and we got into a stable lot east of the church and found the gate leading to the street half open and supported by a gatepost of good dimensions. The crack between the gate and the post afforded us a good porthole, and we shot alternately through that crack as fast as we could load. My friend, the one armed lieutenant, had lost his ramrod, and we were obliged to load and fire alternately. There was not a horse living, and the Yankees still surviving were lying down behind their horses, using them for breastworks. When my one armed lieutenant exclaimed, "My God! look at the Yankees!" I looked in the direction indicated and saw a sea of Yankee bluecaps coming through a corn lot north of the stable lot and the Methodist church. We turned to the fence east of us, which separated an orchard from the stable lot. The lieutenant was in advance of me, and he threw his gun over the fence and bounded over. I got my gun entangled and fell over the fence. We were fired upon by what appeared to be a whole company of Yankees. They, supposing that I was shot, turned into the orchard and pursued my one armed lieutenant. I scarcely knew myself whether I was shot or not. I was stunned by the fall. High weeds next to the stable lot on the orchard side protected me from sight, and I remained in them, but I saw my lieutenant captured by the Yankees. They captured the town and burned some of the best private residences.

My classmate and friend, Capt. John M. Oliver, of the V. M. I., was killed after he had surrendered and his body left near a house which they burned, it was badly charred. A train was heard approaching the depot, and the Yankees asked of some prisoners what that meant. They replied that reenforcements were coming. The commanding officer, being informed, ordered a retreat, and the column was soon on the march again on the Tazewell Pike. This was late in the afternoon. They took off about forty prisoners) the two pieces of artillery, and such supplies as the soldiers could find. Our cavalry was in pursuit of them. The Yankees after marching all night, being hard pressed, paroled their

prisoners and abandoned the artillery. The Confederate cavalry overtook them and punished them severely.

On the following day about twelve o'clock the paroled prisoners reached Wytheville, and were heartily welcomed. I met them as they entered the town. My one armed lieutenant exclaimed as he rushed up to me and grasped my hand: "I thought you were dead, and so reported to the men here. I was sure you were shot when we jumped that lot fence and you fell." Rev. Mr. Wharey was among the prisoners.

Many of the out of town men went to Colonel Boyd's hotel at the depot and got a square meal free and then went their several ways. I have never seen my lieutenant from that day to this, nor do I know whether he is living or dead, but a cooler and braver man I have never seen in action. God grant him his reward

Major Kent and I rode out on the Tazewell Pike that morning, and when we got back to town, I turned my mare loose and got a gun. My mother had sent me a birthday cake, and I had wrapped a portion of that cake in a piece of newspaper that happened to have my name and address on it and placed it in my overcoat behind my saddle. Some of our deserters caught my mare (Comet) south of the town and thought they had a fine Yankee horse and outfit, but when they examined my overcoat and found the cake (which they ate), they examined the paper in which it was wrapped, finding my name. They returned my mare to me the next day and told me how they had identified her. I was pleased to get her back, and made no complaint about the missing cake.

I wonder if that church is still standing on the east side of the pike and if there are any bullet marks on its brick walls to tell the story of that day in July, 1863. The lot fence is of course gone, that was scarred by many bullets that were otherwise harmless.

The records of the War Department, Washington, D. C., show that this raid was made on Wytheville in the afternoon of July 18, 1863, that the Federal force, consisting of the 3d Brigade and 8th Army Corps, was composed of the 34th Ohio Mounted Infantry and the 2d West Virginia Cavalry, all commanded by Col. John T. Toland, of the 2d West Virginia Cavalry.

Rev. J. M. Wharey, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Statesville, N. C., makes the following statement:

I think your account of the Wytheville raid is quite accurate as well as I can remember. The only thing in which my recollection differs from yours is as to the interval between the charges of the enemy. I would say it was more nearly ten minutes than forty. (Colonel Franklin in his report herewith says: 'The contest of the most obstinate hand to hand fighting lasted about one and a half hours.' This evidently refers to the charges they made

and the resistance we offered. They had to reorganize after each charge, which took some time, as their commanding officer was left in our hands dead or mortally wounded.) I can see the charge, I can almost feel the thumpings of my heart at the sight, I can hear the volleys and the scattering shots afterwards. I remember pulling down on several of them, but I am happy in not knowing whether I killed any of them or not. When the firing ceased and the enemy dismounted, I went back to Main Street and found Major Kent, who told us to take care of ourselves, I emptied my musket at a Yankee in Major Kent's yard, a long way too far for that musket to do any harm, threw the gun away, and concluded I would go back to my office and finish writing my little sermon. I thought perhaps they would respect 'the cloth.' I was within ten steps of the gate when a squad of Yankees led by a lieutenant came down a lane from the back street and confronted me with muskets aimed directly at me not more than twenty feet away. I thought my time had come. I threw up my arms in token of surrender. One of them said: 'Let's shoot him, anyway, a d n bushwhacker.' The lieutenant commanded: 'Don't shoot! Here, one of you men take this man to the rear.' A little bit of a shrimp of a fellow spoke up: 'Let me take him, lieutenant, my gun won't shoot, anyway.' So I was ingloriously led away by that little picayune of a Yank that I could have picked up and thrown over the fence. I thought that when we got to the end of this lane I would show him a thing or two, especially comforted by the statement that his gun would not shoot. I had made up my mind that I would give him my fist on the side of his head with all the force I had and then take to my heels. But lo and behold! when we got to the back street, either way as far as I could see there were Yanks after Yanks. There was nothing for me to do but obediently and meekly run the gantlet of that mocking and jeering crowd at the coat tail of my little captor. I remember one fellow cried out: 'Hello, Jim, where you taking that fellow! He has not been fighting.

Yes, he has, don't you see the powder black and the mark of the musket on his shoulder?' another answered. I thought I had removed all signs of having been in the fight when I threw my musket away, but my hands and face too, I suppose, betrayed me.

On the whole, it was a good stroke for the Confederacy. If we had not given them that blow, there is no telling what damage they would have done. Had Colonel Toland lived, the lead mines, the salt works, and the railroad bridges near Wytheville would have been at their mercy. So our little battle disconcerted their plans and the raid was a complete failure.

Well, I thank God the cruel war is over, and it is well that the passions it kindled should subside, and it is time we old Confederates were thinking about and preparing for the crossing to the other side. May God guide us all to a living faith in Jesus Christ, 'the only name given under heaven whereby we must be saved!' You must allow the old preacher to preach a little."

Rev, Mr. Wharey left Wytheville soon after the raid above described and was assigned as chaplain to Poague's Battalion of Light Artillery, and served with it until the close of the war. He was in most of the big battles in Tennessee.

REPORT OF COL. F. E. FRANKLIN, U. S. A
FAYETTEVILLE, July 23, 1863

On the 18th our column arrived in the neighborhood of Wytheville. Colonel Toland immediately sent two companies to the railroad, ten miles west of the town, to destroy the track and wires. It was then his intention to divide the balance of his force one part for the bridge, the other for Wytheville but for the want of a guide he could not do that. He therefore marched his whole remaining force on Wytheville. But the town was occupied by about five hundred troops concealed in the houses, besides two pieces of artillery. The contest of the most obstinate hand to hand fighting lasted about one and a half hours. We, however, carried the town by storm and with a perfect rush. As the soldiers, citizens, and even the women fired from their houses, both public and private, we burned the town to ashes. We had three commissioned officers killed and four wounded, fourteen men killed, twenty six wounded, and thirty eight missing and prisoners.

By the time the action was over and I had rallied my men the enemy had received seven hundred reinforcements in our front and three hundred cavalry in our rear, besides which there were a regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery at the Long Bridge. We therefore concluded it would be madness to attempt anything more except the destruction of a large culvert east of the town, which we effected. The loss of the enemy in killed was estimated at seventy five, the number of wounded unknown. We took eighty six prisoners.

REPORT OF GEN. SAM JONES, C. S. A

I have information that the Federal raiders numbered twelve hundred or thirteen hundred men when they started to Wytheville. When they returned to Fayetteville, they had only five hundred men, of whom only three hundred were mounted. Our loss as reported to me was one captain and two privates killed, a lieutenant and three or four men wounded. They captured about twenty five of our men, and I believe a somewhat larger number of citizens, and carried them some ten or twelve miles and paroled them. They left the artillery they attempted to carry off on the road. They left uninjured a few boxes of muskets and a wagon load of ammunition on the street in front of the courthouse. The only damage done to the railroad was repaired by the ordinary section hands in less than an hour. A few of the best houses in Wytheville were burned. The truth is, the expedition was a complete failure.

A MEMORY OF PICKETT'S BRIGADE LA SALLE CORBELL PICKETT, IN OCTOBER LIPPINCOTT'S.

It was years after the war, and some veterans of both sides were exchanging reminiscences at a banquet given by the Board of Trade of New York. It was presided over by the first president, Col. J. J. Phillips, colonel of the 9th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division.

There is nothing else so terrifying as a night attack, said Colonel Phillips. "The imagination works with intense activity in the darkness, and even in peaceful times adds infinitely to the fear of perils, real or fancied. How much more are the horrors of warfare increased when the opposing forces are hidden from sight, when the first announcement of hostile intention is the thunder of guns, the crack of rifles, the flash through darkness, for it is the darkest possible night that is always selected

One of these night attacks in particular on the Bermuda Hundred lines in 1864 I shall never forget, not because of its startling horrors, but because of a peculiar and sacred circumstance, almost resulting in the compulsory disobedience of orders and obeying, as it were, of a higher than earthly command.

The point of attack had been carefully selected, the awaited dark night had arrived, and my command was to fire when General Pickett should signal the order. There was that dread, indescribable stillness, that weird, ominous silence that always settles over everything just before a fight. It was so thick you could cut it with a knife, so heavy it weighed you down as if worlds were piled upon you, so all pervasive that it filled creation for you. You felt that nowhere in the universe was there any voice or motion. Suddenly that awesome silence was broken by the sound of a deep, full voice rolling over the black void like the billows of a great sea, directly in line with our guns. It was singing the old hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' I have heard that grand old music many times, in circumstances which intensified its impressiveness, but never had it seemed so solemn as when it broke the stillness in which we waited for the order to fire. Just as it was given there rang through the night the words:

'Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.'

'Ready, aim, fire to the left, boys,' I said. The guns were shifted, the volley that blazed out swerved aside, and that defenseless head was covered with the shadow of His wing."

A Federal veteran who had been listening looked up suddenly and, clasping the colonel's hand, said: "I remember that night, colonel, and that midnight attack which carried off so many of my comrades. I was the singer."

There was a second of silence, then "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" rang across that banquet board as on that black night in 1864 it had rung across the lines at Bermuda Hundred.

OLD TORPEDO BOAT FROM SPANISH FORT

In the early part of 1907 Mrs. Paul Israel, member of Chapter 72, U. D. C., who was then Custodian of Relief for the Soldiers Home of Louisiana, elected by the State U. D. C. Convention, conceived the idea of getting for the Soldiers' Home the old torpedo boat which had lain abandoned for many years on the banks of Bayou St. John at Spanish Fort. She applied to Mr. W. O. Hart, who was then the Commandant of Camp Beauregard, No. 130, U. S. C. V" and enlisted his aid in the matter.

Mr. Hart interested Mr. E. H. Farrar, Jr., a member of Camp Beauregard, in obtaining the boat. Hon. E. H. Farrar, the father, is general counsel of the New Orleans Terminal Company, which owns Spanish Fort, and therefore the boat. Mr. Farrar obtained a gift of the boat from the New Orleans Terminal Company to Camp Beauregard through Mr. Hart, and at the meeting of the Camp in December, 1907, the boat was turned over to Mrs. Israel, who presented it to the Soldiers' Home. It was accepted by Mr. Charles Smith, a member of the board.

Considerable difficulty was found in moving the boat, owing to its unwieldy character, but finally through a committee of Camp Beauregard, of which Mr. Gordon S. Levy, formerly Commandant of the Camp, was chairman, aided by the Jahncke Navigation Company, the boat was moved from Spanish Fort to the Soldiers' Home, and placed on a suitable foundation.

By resolution of Camp Beauregard a plate will be placed upon the boat, giving the names of the officers of the Camp at the time it obtained the boat and of the committee which placed the boat in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home and the dates of both events.

THE BATTLE OF MINE RUN

BY H. M. BROWN (47TH VA. REGT.), CHARLESTON, VA.

In the VETERAN of March, 1909, on page 125, Elder S. E. Lookingbill, of Metropolis, Ill., gives us a short account of the battle of Mine Run, in which he says after skirmishing occasionally with cavalry and infantry they arrived on the 26th of November at Mine Run, where they met Confederate soldiers "too numerous to mention." Now my estimate of the Confederate soldiers in that battle is exactly opposite to his. Longstreet had recently been taken from us and sent to Tennessee, and the great gaps made in our ranks during the recent terrible summer's campaign had not been filled and could not be.

I was not in that part of the army which fronted Elder Lookingbill. There were at that time two roads running from Orange C. H. to Fredericksburg one the old turnpike and the other the plank road. I was a member of the 47th Virginia Regiment. We went down the plank road, and about two or three o'clock our division filed off the road to the right and formed line of battle. We had not gone more than a hundred yards or so when we came to an old field about two or three hundred yards wide and full of tall broom straw and young bushy pines scattered over it, for which I had reason to be thankful. On the opposite side of the field there was an old pine pole fence and beyond the fence thick pine woods. Just as our line reached the edge of the woods a very hot fire was poured into us. It happened that my company (B) was thrown out as skirmishers with orders to dislodge the enemy from that fence, which we did in fine shape. But for those young bushy pines I don't believe a man of us would have gotten across that field. It has always been a mystery to me why they gave back from that fence. On into the woods we went, but not a Yankee was in sight, though we couldn't see twenty steps ahead of us. Soon after that a cannon shot passed through a large pine in front of me and a piece struck me on the breast. It knocked me senseless, but fortunately I had my blanket and French fly so rolled across my breast that I was not seriously hurt. When I got up I could see neither friend nor foe, but I got a glimpse of the plank road to my left and started for that.

After going a few steps I saw a Yank standing on the far side of the plank road. I drew a bead on his belt buckle, when another man yelled out: "Don't shoot that gun, you !" Right there my career as a soldier ended. In a moment four Yanks ran up from behind, each one claiming that I was his prisoner. Finally a little Dutchman outswore the others and took possession of me. With an oath he ordered me to run. I asked him which way. I felt something pressing me between the shoulders, and looking back I saw it was a big navy pistol cocked and the man's finger on the trigger. You ought to have seen me run. It seemed to me that every tree in the woods big enough to hide a Yank had three or four behind it. After a while we passed through two lines of cavalry and three lines of infantry, and after we got out of the woods and came to the plank road again we found it crowded with cavalry, infantry, and artillery.

Well, I think I would be safe in telling Elder Lookingbill that they had at least ten men to our one, even though ours were "too numerous to mention." We were taken down the plank road about two miles to a church, where we spent the night, and until I went to sleep the road was full of men marching in quick step to the front. I think there were about two hundred of us. I don't know how many of their men we captured. I remember talking to an intelligent soldier who asked me how far it was to Gordonsville, saying they expected to be there in a few days.

They kept us moving back and forth behind their line, and one of the guard explained to me that it was to keep Mosby from getting us. It kept us from getting much to eat, but the guards fared likewise, and they were very kind to us.

Well, we finally got to the Old Capitol prison in Washington, where they fed us well and treated us well for about three months, and then they sent us to Point Lookout, where we had to submit to negro cruelty and insults, hunger and cold, with no fire except in the severest weather. Some of the tents were so bad I believe a turkey could have flown through them. [Would the comrade have stopped the turkey? ED.] Sometimes they gave us raw codfish with no way to cook it.

There is one bright spot in my memory, however. When en route for exchange the surgeon of the boat stood on the steps leading to the cabin and told the officer in command that he could take a few of the weakest of the men upstairs with him, and I was one of the lucky ones, and he treated us royally. His first act was to give us a drink of good whisky.

TEXAS, NOT ARKANSAS, REGIMENTS CONSOLIDATED

The interesting account of a "wounded Texan's trip home on crutches" in the April VETERAN contains an error. It was in the first paragraph, and refers to remnants of regiments being consolidated which the report gave as Arkansas troops when they were in fact of Texas regiments. Comrade McClure. doesn't want it understood that he was forgetful of the command in which he served.

OUR SWEET "MOCKING BIRD" STILL REMEMBERED

A war concert given at Belchertown, Ill., recently was decidedly attractive and well patronized. Mr. J. E. Anderson, of the Wilcox Post, G. A. R., made a very fine speech, and then illustrated his tonic command by whistling the "Mocking Bird," to the delight of his audience. A young man on the platform wore the drummer boy uniform of Mr. Anderson.

HAWKINSVILLE MONUMENT

The engraving below illustrates the beautiful Confederate monument recently unveiled at Hawkinsville, Ga., which is one of the handsomest in the State.

Upon a granite base 10x12 feet stand the shaft and two figures, one of Lee and one of Jackson. The shaft is a symbolic figure of a Confederate private facing east, which is life size. The figure of Jackson faces north, while that of Lee faces south. These last two statues are of three quarter size, were cut in Italy, and are of white marble. The block of granite that supports the shaft is eight tons in weight. In the eastern face of this block is cut the Confederate flag hanging from a broken shaft. On the west face are the stacked arms of the Confederacy.

The ceremony of the unveiling was very impressive. Miss Martin, daughter of Judge Martin, in well chosen words presented the monument to the veterans, paying them special tribute. Miss Nita Anderson with her thirteen beautiful assistants unveiled the monument, and the fourteen fair maids covered the base with wreaths of evergreens.

Speeches were made by Hon. George W. Jordan and H. F. Lawson on behalf of Pulaski County and the city of Hawkinsville, and Judge John H. Martin accepted the monument on behalf of the veterans in a soul stirring speech of some length, which was heard with much applause. Judge Martin is a brilliant speaker, and having his heart thoroughly in this, his words were beautiful and effective. Several original poems of great merit were read, and Mrs. D. G. Fleming sang very beautifully a song entitled "He Was Brave Enough for Lee."

SCHOOLMEN IN THE CAMP DR. A. B. JONES, IN MIDLAND METHODIST

This article, which I am sure will be of great interest to all schoolmen of the South, is not written entirely from my own observation, but is a compilation from many sources of information.

It has been said and written in papers printed in the North that the Confederate army was composed of illiterate men who were persuaded to take up arms under great excitement and stress of circumstances, and that many of them were forced into the ranks from fear

of public opinion. This is far from the truth. I enlisted in a regiment of as brave and patriotic men as ever drew bead on an enemy, and yet they were men of first class positions in the social circle. There were lawyers, farmers, merchants, preachers, schoolmen, bankers, besides men from almost every vocation in life in this regiment alone.

The proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, which definitely declared the policy of coercion by force of arms, made at once "a solid South," and all classes throughout the Southern section united for the common defense.

The farmer left his plow in the furrow, the merchant left his merchandise unsold, the mechanic left his job unfinished, the lawyer left his brief unargued, the physician left home and practice to render service in the hospital, march, and battle, the professor left his chair and the teacher his school, the preacher gave up his pulpit in the church to minister to the imperiled flock in the field, the student exchanged the "midnight lamp" for "the camp fires of the boys in gray," and all classes rallied around the "stars and bars" not necessarily, not men bought up with "bounty money," but the very flower of our Southern chivalry, the bone and sinew, the brain and brawn, the wealth, the education, social position, moral worth of our Southern manhood.

From the very large mass of material at hand a volume could not suffice to do the subject full justice.

Rev. Dr. Jenkins, father in law of Stonewall Jackson, an able and admirable man, a Northerner and a Union man, who was the President of Washington College, at Lexington, Va., called his faculty together and asked them: "What are you going to do about that rag on the dome of the college?" (alluding to a Confederate flag which the students raised as soon as they heard of the secession of Virginia). Prof. James J. White, whom Col. William Preston Johnston once characterized as "the learned head of the Greek Department who combines in one person the subtlety of Ulysses and the proportions of Ajax," at once replied: "I do not know what the other gentlemen propose to do about it, but, for myself, I say let it wave, and I propose to fight under it." Accordingly he organized that day among the students a company called "The Liberty Hall Volunteers," thus reviving and assuming the name of the company from the academy out of which Washington College sprang, that did valiant service in the Revolution of 1776. This company was afterwards attached to the famous "Stonewall Brigade," and rendered gallant service from the First Manassas to the close of the war. Hampden Sidney College also organized a company of students. In the expedition which moved on the evening of April 17, 1861, the day on which Virginia seceded, for the capture of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, there were two companies of students from the University of Virginia, and of the six hundred students, fully nine tenths of them enlisted in the Confederate armies.

The President of Howard College, at Marion, Ala., Judge Porter King, organized and led to the front a company of students of that college. The University of North Carolina, the University of Georgia, the University of Alabama, the University of Mississippi, South Carolina College (the citadel of Charleston), the University of Louisiana, and the colleges generally throughout the South sent their students and the flower of their alumni to the Confederate armies.

On the very day and at the very hour designated by the Governor a quiet professor at Lexington, Va, marched to the front the whole corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, and came not back again until he was borne to his burial in "Lexington, in the valley of Virginia," while two continents were ringing with the fame of "Stonewall" Jackson.

The famous Rockbridge Artillery was organized in Lexington, Va., and drilled by Rev. Dr. W. N. Pendleton, a graduate of West Point, but the rector of the Episcopal Church of the town. It was recruited from young men all over the South. Dr. Pendleton, Lee's chief of artillery, was made its first captain, and it won fame on nearly every battlefield from First Manassas to Appomattox. This company illustrated the hold which the Confederate cause had on the intellectual and moral classes of the South. In the Rockbridge Battery, among the private soldiers, were seven Masters of Arts of the University of Virginia, twenty eight college graduates, twenty five theological seminary students, and among the others many of the most accomplished young men of the South, including R. E. Lee, Jr., son of the great commander. This was by no means an isolated example, for many other companies of artillery, infantry, and cavalry were composed of similar splendid material. In September, 1859, there came to Washington College, at Lexington, Va., a young man who walked from near Clarksburg, in Northwestern Virginia, and, appearing before the President, said: "I want an education. I have no money, but I am willing to saw wood or do any work to meet my expenses." He was received into the college and, though imperfectly prepared, soon showed real genius, and by hard study took a high stand in all his classes. When the war broke out, he at once enlisted in an artillery company, displayed the highest qualities as a soldier, and became especially distinguished as a gunner for the quickness, accuracy, and cool courage with which he handled his piece. He was made sergeant, refusing higher promotion because he would not leave his loved gun. He carried his Greek classics and his books on higher mathematics in his haversack, and studied them around the camp fires, frequently teaching classes of his comrades when in camp. At the close of the war he went back to Washington College, of which his great chief, R. E. Lee, was now President, sustained himself at the head of his classes, won the "Cincinnati" prize for the best scholarship, was made adjunct professor and given leave of absence to go to Europe, won at a German university his degree and the highest honor ever won by an American student, was made Professor of Greek in Vanderbilt University and then in the University of Texas, also in the University of Virginia. It is conceded by scholars generally that this ex Confederate, Prof. M. W. Humphries, is one of the first Grecians and one of the most thorough scholars in this country.

There was also another private soldier, a brilliant Master of Arts, who had completed nearly the whole of his theological course and was under appointment as missionary to Japan when the war broke out, changing all his plans. During the intervals between battles or while in camp he could be found, after his duties were performed, with book in hand, which one might have thought was a volume of light literature that had been captured from the enemy, but he was amusing himself studying Arabic. After the war he spent several years in study at one of the German universities, was for many years Professor of Hebrew in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and was for some years the able and accomplished head of the Department of Oriental Languages in Harvard. When President Eliot was asked why they had put a "Rebel soldier" in a chair at Harvard, he replied: "We did not select him because he was a Rebel soldier, but because Prof. Crawford H. Toy is unquestionably the first scholar on the continent in that department."

Many other individual examples of the intellectual cast of the Confederate army might be put in evidence, but it must suffice to state that a correct list of the professors in our Southern colleges and universities that served in the Confederate armies shows that at least nine tenths of them had been Confederate soldiers, and a very large proportion of the students in universities, colleges, and theological seminaries were "men who wore the gray" during the four years of war. The witty editor of the Richmond Christian Advocate, Dr. Lafferty, said of a certain State: "They already have twelve universities, and at our latest advices they were cutting poles for another." We do not call our schools "universities," but in the log chapels and log huts of winter quarters, in the camp of summer, and even in the bivouac of active campaign there were classes taught by scholars who would have graced the chairs of university or college, and a high grade of scholarship maintained which would have astonished many of the so called "universities."

It was noted in all of our Southern colleges and universities that the classes formed just after the war were the most brilliant they ever had, and the obvious explanation is that the students were prepared for college in those army classes by their able teachers and were enabled by this preparation, added to native intellect and hard study, to take the very highest stand in their classes. These instances refute the charge of illiteracy, etc.

HOW ATLANTA OBSERVED MEMORIAL DAY

Atlanta paid beautiful tribute to Memorial Day when in its honor the busy marts of trade were closed and the rush of business set aside. The lust for gold was hushed for a time by the tender touch of sacred memories. April 26 found Atlanta happy, for there was no sadness in the honors given the Confederate veterans both of dead and the living. The streets through which the procession passed were a solid mass of people, and every window was crowded with eager spectators.

The grand marshal of the day was W. G. Obear, and he was assisted by a number of mounted aids in scarlet sashes. The procession consisted of the military, the 17th Infantry, U. S. A., with their famous band, next the brigade of the National Guards of Georgia, Battery B field artillery. Troop L second squadron of cavalry, two ambulances with medical officers, and hospital corps of Georgia National Guard.

In striking contrast to these seasoned regulars were the fresh faced cadets of the Georgia Military Academy and the boys of the high school marching to the music of their band, which was one of the best in the parade. The vortex of interest centered around the "boys in gray."

The old veterans marched with all the old time vim and enthusiasm. Every few moments the well known Rebel yell would almost drown the strains of "Dixie," and would be answered by wild applause from the crowded sidewalks. Following the veterans came the Southern Express wagons containing inmates from the Soldiers' Home and old warriors too feeble to walk so far. Closely following were ambulances with their medical corps and nurses. Next in line were the ladies of the Memorial Association, the Children of the Confederacy, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Daughters of the Revolution. These rode in gayly decorated carriages and automobiles and carried flags and wreaths of flowers. Then came the pioneer women, the Mayor and City Council, and last of all were many wagons loaded with flowers and wreaths to lay upon the graves.

Dr. Lansing Burrows was the orator of the day, and his brilliant speech was replete with gems of patriotic thought, and was a noble tribute to the gallant dead.

Mrs. E. G. McCabe, President of the Atlanta Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy, presented the crosses of honor to a number of veterans. The two especial hymns of the occasion were "In the Sweet By and By" and "God Be with You till We Meet Again."

Just as the setting sun was reddening the tree tops a salute was fired by Battery B of the Georgia National Guards, and Trumpeter S. R. Broussat, of Troop L, sounded the long roll, and then after the impressive silence came "taps," and the city of the dead, the

beautiful cemetery of Oakland, was left to its perfumed silence. Under the faint light of the rising moon and the watchful stars rose the noble shaft and the Lion of Lucerne keeping their guard over the camp where the reveille comes only with eternity. Atlanta is a model city in training the young.

The foregoing is out of season as news, but on that and other occasions Atlanta has proven a model city in maintaining the story of the glory of Confederate valor. The parade of public schools, every boy and girl carrying a flag, is a lesson that guarantees the future regard for Confederate days.

H. Huber, of Westminster, Md., writes that at the time of the visit to that place of Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg campaign (1863) a United States flag was removed from the fireproof room of the clerk's office in the courthouse and carried off by some of the men of Stuart's command. "This flag," says Mr. Huber, "was the handiwork of a number of our resident Union ladies, one of whom was my wife, now deceased. Each star bore the name of a lady engaged in the work. Lentil removed from the staff and placed in the fireproof vault, the flag had floated from the cupola of the courthouse. The surviving ladies desire to say that, as the survivors on both sides are returning captured banners to the original owners, it is no more than fair that the banner taken from the ladies of Westminster, Md., be returned to them. Any information will be gratefully appreciated."

LINCOLN'S "COUNTRYMEN" AT GETTYSBURG

Dr. C. H. Todd, of Owensboro, Ky., inquires if there is any authority for the following statement: "July 1, 1864, being the first anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, President Lincoln visited the battlefield and, pointing to Cemetery Ridge, said: I am proud to own as my countrymen the men who charged those heights.' " Dr. Todd adds: "Did President Lincoln make such or a similar statement at that time and place or at any other time and place?"

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY BY MRS. MARY A. PICKENS, DIRECTOR AND REGISTRAR ALA. DIV.

I read with much interest the article on "Children of the Confederacy" in the April number, for I do not think too much importance can be placed upon this branch of the U. D. C. work. In 1898 the first children's Chapter of Alabama, the "Sam Davis" Auxiliary of Camden, was organized by Miss Sallie Jones, the first State President of the Alabama U. D. C., now dead. She wrote me that it was the second children's Chapter in the South, the first being the Mary Custis Lee Chapter of Alexandria, Va. Alabama now has twenty odd children's Chapters and over five hundred Children of the Confederacy. The Director

of each auxiliary is a member of the Parent Chapter, and upon her interest and good work depends the success of the auxiliary.

Lovely little booklets of historic programs have been arranged for their monthly meetings by Mrs. C. M. Tardy, of Birmingham, Ala., Historian U. D. C., and Alabama's State President awards a gold medal at the State conventions each year for the most correct answers to historic questions she prepares for their instruction, and this year our State President, Mrs. Charles G. Brown, of Birmingham, will also award a beautiful silken banner to the auxiliary with the best report of the year's work, and many are working for the medal and the banner,

These children, in whose keeping the future U. D. C. cause will be intrusted, are already doing splendid work. They send money and boxes of things to the old Veterans' Home and help with memorial exercises and in every good work of the kind in their homes, but their crowning work which they hope to complete this year is the raising of twelve hundred and fifty dollars to endow a memorial scholarship in memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee to be used for educating Confederate descendants that need help, and that will be something no other Division has done.

Alabama gives no charter to her children. These children make out their application papers which are registered, and then they receive a certificate, and as they become of age the girls are merged into their Parent Chapters by right of inheritance and the boys into the Sons of Veterans. They have representation at the State Convention and a special time set apart for their reports, etc., but children are not capable of self government and should not have a "voice in State questions." Every U. D. C. Chapter in every State, if possible, should have its auxiliary, and the work and life of its auxiliary should be no small part of the Chapter work, for the success and future of the Children of the Confederacy depend upon the Daughters of the Confederacy and their guidance and interest.

For four years I have labored faithfully in this work as State Director and Registrar, receiving every help and encouragement from our State President and the blessings of our dear President General, Mrs. Stone, on my work, and I feel much encouraged as to the future, for I believe a greater interest will be taken in this branch of work from now on. Alabama compares well with any other Division in her children's work, which is growing all the time.

The writer of the article, "Children of the Confederacy," in the April number would like to say that unintentionally a wrong impression was conveyed to which the above calls attention. The children in Florida have a voice in State questions through their Directress, but do not personally vote on nor discuss questions in the convention hall. The Directress guides and directs Chapter government, but the conducting of all meetings is done by themselves, and they personally assume the Chapter work,

JOHNNIE AND "YANK" DIVIDE THE HOG
BY W. H. LEE, CO. D, 8TH IOWA CAVALRY, SHICKLEY, NEBR.

You may think it rather strange to get a letter from a Yank away up North. I met a "Johnnie" a few days ago, and we were talking about the many things we had observed during our service, and I told of experiences on the Atlanta campaign.

A short distance north of where the Confederates made the midnight charge on General Butterfield's command was a picket post of which I was sergeant in charge. One of our boys went out in front of our post prospecting. He soon returned and reported that he saw several hogs, but failed to get one, and insisted that I should go, as I was a pretty good shot with a revolver. I turned the command over to him and started. I went perhaps only a hundred yards, when I came on to Mr. Hog, and in trying to get a shot at him I was standing a straddle of a stump about knee high. Before I got a chance to shoot, "bang!" went a gun right in front of me, and the ball hit that stump and knocked it to kingdom come. I very suddenly made a right turn, but went only a few steps when a fine porker came running across my path. I shot at it while running and knocked it down, and I know that hog squealed louder and longer than any hog ever did before or since, but I ran up to it and shot it again, this time in the head, killing it instantly.

Just then I heard some one say: "Do you want all that hog?" I looked up, and there not ten steps away and coming right up to me was a "Johnnie" soldier fully armed. I told him "No," and he said, "Can I have part?" I answered, "Certainly." He laid down his gun and accoutrements, and with our pocket knives we soon divided that hog, he taking part and going one way and I the other part and going the other way. There were no questions asked and the war was not mentioned. Now if that soldier is alive nothing would please me better than to hear from him.

A WOMAN DARED DEFEND HER HOME.
BY JOHN B. MOORE, COM. CAMP TRICE, U. C. V., COL. USA, CAL.

I am well pleased and entertained by stories published in the VETERAN from the old soldiers who saw and know the things they write about. I want to contribute an interview between a Virginia lady and myself and make inquiry for the woman in question and her children, if any are living.

On the night before Jackson made his flank movement at Chancellorsville, between dusk and dark, I was ordered to take my company, deploy, and forward upon the enemy until I drew his fire. I had advanced but a short distance when I came upon a woman with a gun in her hand. Standing around her were three or four small children.

Pointing with my sword, I said: "Take your children behind the hill and you will be safe." She said: "I will not leave my home." To my right a short distance stood a log cabin. I said: "Go back, I am ordered to draw the fire of the enemy, and their bullets will come upon you." She answered: "My father taught me to defend my home with my life, and I will not go back." With my men I passed on and drew the fire of the picket line in front.

At the time I was captain of Company L, Orr's Regiment of Rines, South Carolina Volunteers, McGowan's Brigade. This regiment was at bottom of the hill on the old turnpike when Jackson was wounded and was the nearest troops to him.

AN ADVENTUROUS TRIP
BY MRS. EMILY S. LEDYARD

Memphis was in the hands of the Federals, and a cordon of pickets were around it on every side. My sister in law from Panola, Miss., had been in Memphis for some time, and was very anxious to get back to her home and family, but we did not know exactly how to manage her going. Finally it was decided that I should go with her, and the next question was our mode of conveyance. The Yankees had taken every decent carriage or horse on the place, and the only attainable thing to carry us was a dilapidated buggy with rattling wheels and holes in the top big enough to thrust your fist through. To draw this elegant equipage we had a flea bitten gray mule badly wind broken and so thin that every bone showed.

My father was a Chesterfieldian old gentleman of the true Southern school who did not believe in women going anywhere unprotected. So he would not hear of our leaving till suitable escort was provided. Our fairy chariot and fiery steed had to stand in the stable while he hunted some man going South. Finally he told us he had found us an outrider in a gentleman who was making his way to the army to see his boy, who was wounded and in the hospital.

We started next morning early, our escort, who looked like "Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance," riding a very pretty brown horse. I could not blame this gentleman much for his impatience over the delay. His horse was speedy, he was anxious to get on, and ours could only go fast enough to carry us a little over fifteen miles that first day, for our buggy broke down three times and had to be patched up with white cotton rope. I saw his impatience, and after supper I told him to go on, that we could manage alone. He then told me that he had made a mistake and had brought us on to the Hollyrood road, which was infested by jayhawkers, and that we must get off of it and on to the plank road as soon as possible.

The next morning the lady with whom we spent the night, knowing our escort had left us, suggested that we engage a soldier, who had also spent the night at her home, to take us on our way. This man said he was a member of Wheat's Division of Louisiana, and was trying to get back to his command. I did not like his looks much, and would rather have gone alone, but Jennie insisted that we should engage him. He managed pretty well till that evening we caught sight of a party of men on a distant hilltop, and our soldier told us to wait till he went to reconnoiter. He told us to stay where we were, but I did not, but drove right after him, and saw him meet the men, and it struck me that it was very queer the way they did. When the man came back, he was angry because we had not waited, and showed it so plainly that I said: "Maybe I had better tell you that I will have to pay you with Confederate money for escorting us." He demanded to know if I had no "good money," and I showed him one dollar in greenbacks and a roll of Confederate money. He snatched the dollar and turned and rode back after the men as hard as he could go. A little while after this the whole band came galloping up and surrounded the buggy and ordered us to halt. One man asked where we were from, and when I said, "Memphis," he told me he wanted some newspapers. The only one I had was wrapped around a doll baby I was taking my little niece. I gave him that, and they galloped off. Five minutes after they were back, and again halted us and asked to be told all the Memphis news. I told them everything I could think of, and off they went, only to come tearing back. This time an other man came to the buggy and said: "Here, this fooling won't do, I want to ask you if you know who we are."

I was badly frightened, but I stood up in the buggy and said as quietly as I could: "Of course I know who you are: you are Southern gentlemen and Southern soldiers, and we are Southern ladies, who expect you to take care of us."

The soldiers stood perfectly still, then the first one who had asked for the paper cried out: "By God , boys, she is right. I am a Southern gentleman if you are not, and you shall not touch them. Come away at once!"

The rest hesitated, but this one rode right among them, jerked one, turned another around till they were all riding slowly away, and he went behind them, making us a low bow with his hat in his hand as he went behind the trees.

Jennie was almost fainting, and I did all I could to revive her, when I heard the crash of thunder and found a storm was right on us. O dear! how it did rain and lighten! The water came through the holes in the buggy top till we were both drenched. It grew so dark that I could not see where I was driving at all. I just had to depend upon the mule and let him take us wherever he wanted to go. About seven o'clock we saw a light. I climbed over a fence, and after a long hunt found the gate and drove to the guiding light. It was in a cottage, but the lady living there indignantly refused to let us in, saying she had had enough of blockade runners. I begged for permission to enter, told her how wet we were

and that my sister was sick, but without effect. Jennie by this time was ill with fatigue and excitement, so I helped her from the buggy and forced my way in to the fire, whose blaze we could see through the open door, dragging my weeping sister after me. The woman stormed and abused us, but I took Jennie to the cheering blaze and began to take off her wet things. The woman flounced out of the room and left us alone, and later a beautiful little girl came in. I made friends with her and gave her a doll baby and some candy out of my carpetbag. When the mother found the child so happy in my lap, she did not say anything more, but she did not invite me to supper when the bell rang. However, I followed her out just as if she had extended a most cordial invitation, praised every good thing on the table, and took some of it to Jennie. I had been in the room only a short while when a little darky came and made up the bed in the corner, saying it was for us. I was too delighted at even this grudging hospitality to be anything but grateful,

Next morning I was just dressed when I heard a man's voice say: "I hear you have two ladies here from Memphis." "Ladies nothing," said our involuntary hostess. "They are nothing but female jayhawkers or Yankee spies." I opened the window and leaned out to find Dr. Harsdale, whom I had known all my life, sitting on his horse under a tree. The woman was very sorry for her bad treatment, and insisted on giving us a lunch to carry with us. Dr. Harsdale told us that our cousin, Gen. James Chalmers, was on the other side of the Tallahatchie River, and if we could get to him he would send us under escort home, but that a battle was expected and Chalmers had ordered every Confederate soldier and able bodied man at once to report at camp.

It rained all that day, and we missed our way trying to take a short cut, and by dark we were entirely lost. Trying to ford a little creek, our buggy wheel stuck tight. I did all I could to get it out, but could not. I then stepped on the off wheel to see if my weight would not help, but missed my footing and lay down in the creek. It was cold, and the water was filled with floating bits of ice. I called and called, then Jennie and I called together, and soon we heard a dog bark, then a crash of footsteps through the underbrush and "Who dar?" in unmistakable negro tones. I begged him to come to our aid, and he said he would go and get a light. When he returned, his wife was with him. They proved to be caretakers of a large house whose master and mistress were away. The old darkies opened the house, made a big fire, supplied us with dry clothes from the mistress's wardrobe, and prepared us a delightful supper. I never enjoyed anything more than I did that night's sleep in the four post bed, so high we had to climb into it on steps, and piled up with feather beds halfway to the ceiling, it seemed to me.

Those darkies were genuine good Samaritans. She cooked us a good breakfast and sent us on our way with many smiles and courtesies and good wishes. He said he "would go wid you past dat long hill on de road, for dar is sho some pow'ful bad places dar in it." It was well he went, for halfway up the hill crack, and our buggy broke half in two. The front part stayed on the hillside, fastened to a very much astonished mule. The back part, with Jennie and me sitting up in it, went rolling down the hill, and bumped right into a tree!

Our good Samaritan went off across the field to the house of a neighbor, who came back with him, each armed with cotton rope. By the time they finished tying up that mud splattered buggy with white rope it was a sight that would have made a sphinx laugh. Taking together the ties our first escort had made in the harness and the knots our last escort made in the buggy, there was not much of our outfit that was without its decorations except the mule's tail, which he needed to flap. This he did constantly, except when he got it over the reins, when I had to lean over the dashboard and lift it to freedom. This interesting proceeding occurred every mile or two, and effectually prevented any monotony.

That day we reached the Tallahatchie, and after riding along a short time saw a pontoon bridge with soldiers guarding it on the other side of the river. They called to us to halt and told us not to cross. "What will happen if we do?" I called. "You will be arrested," they replied. I did not say a word, but drove right on across. As soon as we reached the other side a dozen men came around us and told us we were under arrest. "Thank goodness for it," I said. "I don't know where to turn nor where to go. We are lost, and now that you have arrested us you will have to take care of us."

The sergeant sent two men to guard us with orders to carry us to General Chalmers, who was in camp in the woods about three miles off. General Chalmers (or "Bun Chalmers," as his family called him on account of his being so small) was not only our cousin but my brother's best friend, and we knew we would receive every courtesy from him. One of our guards, a bright faced young boy, said he knew me very well, as he had played often in our yard in Memphis when he was a child. He suggested that he should go to General Chalmers and report our condition and get his orders, so as to save us the long ride. He galloped off, and when he returned, he brought orders from the commander that we should be freed and that he should escort us on our way, which he did, carrying us entirely to Jennie's home, in Panola. We had been five days on the road, and were certainly glad when we heard the noisy welcome of dogs, darkies, and children when we turned into the long lane that led "home."

Thomas S. Barker, of Yuba, Okla., writes an account of the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., in which he pays many deserved compliments to the soldierly qualities of General Frost, who, under General Hindman, was in command at that battle. Mr. Barker was in this fight, and has unstinted praise for the courage and daring exhibited by both soldiers and officers in the Confederate lines.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FLORIDA HISTORY BY T. C. M'CALL.

My recollection of Florida history begins with 1861, when the men who were then prominent in State affairs generally gave place to others better fitted for the different and

more stirring events of the war, though I cannot remember very definitely as to all measures.

The State was politically divided between the Whig and Democratic parties. The Democratic party, led by John Milton, of Marianna, was in favor of secession, the Whig party was opposed to disunion. A convention was called in January, 1861, and by a large majority it was in favor of secession, making Florida, I think, the second State to secede. Milton was elected Governor, and remained in office until Lee's surrender, when, for what motive I know not, he committed suicide. By virtue of his position as Speaker of the Senate Gen. A. K. Allison, of Quincy, became Governor, but when the Federals obtained possession he was arrested and confined for several months in Fort Pulaski, near Savannah, Ga.

All the people accepted the action of the convention, and except at some points around the coast were united for State rights. Immediately the State began to arm, and as there were many volunteer companies trained beforehand, Florida soon had some fine regiments ready for service under command of men who afterwards rose to high rank in the war. Col. J. Patton Anderson, of the 1st, became major general in the Western Army. Col. George F. Ward was killed in the battle of Williamsburg, Va, while making a gallant and successful charge. Col. J. J. Finley, of the 3d Brigade, was in the Western Army, and many other of Florida's sons kept fully abreast of the bravest from other States. Florida gave at least one son of high rank and distinction whom all the South knew and honored Gen. E. Kirby Smith.

On account of Florida's twelve hundred miles of Atlantic and Gulf Coast, which was constantly menaced and raided by vessels of war, it was necessary for the State to keep many bodies of cavalry, who did arduous service in patrolling the long coast line and many rivers. Many of the sons of Florida are waiting where they fell in the West or Virginia, and there are mourners who have not forgotten them, but are trying to show by building monuments to them that they are still remembered, honored, and loved.

The great battles of the war were not fought on Florida soil, and not often, save at Olustee and Newport Bridge, were the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry heard, but the quick raid and fierce cavalry attack at unexpected times and places showed that, though on a smaller scale, the men who rode with Stewart and Hampton, with Forrest and Wheeler had worthy compeers in those who guarded the "Land of Flowers."

It would take too long to tell of Perry and Finnegan, of Lang and Lamar and Brevard, and many others who led the Florida boys to battle and death under the South's princely leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee, or of Anderson, Finley, Keenan, Stockton, Davidson, and others who loyally followed the great leaders of the Army of the West. In 1861 Florida

had many young men, but in 1865 many did not answer to roll call. In 1909 the line is nearly all gone. Just a few old men remain, in whose eyes there is a far away look as across the gulf they are looking to the future.

CAREER OF GEN. JOSEPH LANCASTER BRENT

The late Gen. Joseph Lancaster Brent was a superb soldier, a distinguished lawyer, an incorruptible legislator, a successful planter, and a peerless gentleman. He was descended from "the noble and ancient family of Brent" existing at the time of the Norman Conquest, of which Odo de Brent was then Lord of Cossington. In 1254, in the reign of Henry I., the manor of Cossington was possessed by Robert Brent, the first to assume the surname of Brent. From this ancient and noble family of Cossington in the County of Somerset came Giles to Maryland in 1637. His brother Fulke and his sisters Margaret and Mary followed in 1638. Fulke Brent, after serving in the Assembly in 1639, returned to England, and died there in 1656 without issue. Giles received the grant of the manor of Kent Fort, on Kent Island, was a member of the Assembly in 1639, commander of Kent Island in 1639-40, member of Council in 1642, and appointed in 1643 lieutenant general, admiral, chief captain, and commander of Maryland.

Gen. Joseph L. Brent was born in Charles County, Md., on November 30, 1826, while his father was in Congress. He was educated at Georgetown College, where he also studied common and civil law. He first practiced his chosen profession in the Attapapas section of Louisiana, but soon moved to Los Angeles, Cal., where he acquired a lucrative practice and considerable real estate. His popularity was attested by his election to the California Legislature, in which he served two terms.

When the tocsin of war sounded, in 1861, he turned his face to the South "to live or die in Dixie." His only route home was by ship from San Francisco via Panama to New York. He sailed in company with General Sumner and three hundred United States troops. His sentiments were well known, and on arrival in New York he and United States Senator Gwin and United States District Attorney Benham were arrested and incarcerated in Fort Lafayette on the charge of treason. Failing to confirm the charge, they were released, and General Brent made his way to Baltimore, and from there crossed the Potomac and came through the lines to Richmond, where he proffered his services to the Confederacy. He was given the position of major and assigned to the staff of Gen. John Bankhead Magruder, with whom he served in the Peninsula and Richmond campaigns. After the Seven Days' battle, he was ordered to report to Gen. Dick Taylor in Louisiana, where he served as chief of artillery and ordnance until promoted and placed in charge of a brigade. After reaching Louisiana, President Davis appointed him colonel of artillery, in which position he won fame and a brigadier's wreath. Colonel Brent participated in the battle of Mansfield and all other important engagements in this section. General Taylor in his book, "Destruction and Reconstruction," has filled many a page with the recital of his worth and deeds.

General Taylor in his concise way of writing said of General Brent: "Ruggedly built, although not a particularly large man, he looked the part of a commander of men."

Of their first meeting, General Taylor says: "Returned to Alexandria and met my chief of artillery and ordnance. Maj. J. L. Brent, just arrived from the East with some arms and munitions, which he had remained to bring with him. A lawyer by profession, Major Brent knew nothing of military affairs at the outbreak of the war, but speedily acquainted himself with the technicalities of his new duties. Devoted to work, his energy and administrative ability were felt in every direction. Batteries were equipped, disciplined, and drilled.

Leather was tanned, harness made, wagons built, and a little workshop established at New Iberia by Governor Moore became important as an arsenal of construction. The lack of paper for cartridges was embarrassing, and most of the newspapers were stopped for want of material. Brent discovered a quantity of wall paper in the shops at Franklin, New Iberia, and used it for cartridges, and a journal published at Franklin was printed on this paper."

Of the capture of the Indianola, General Taylor says: "Major Brent took command of the expedition with Captain McCloskey staff quartermaster on the Queen and Charles Pierce, a brave steamboat man, on the Webb. On February 19 Brent went down to DeRussy with the Queen, mechanics still working on repairs, and there called for volunteer crews from the garrison. These were furnished at once sixty for the Webb, under Lieutenant Handy, and seventy for the Queen, on which boat Brent remained. It was a curious feature of the war that the Southern people would cheerfully send their sons into battle, but kept their slaves out of danger. Having exhausted his powers of persuasion to no purpose, Major Brent threw some men ashore, surrounded a gang of negroes at work, captured the number necessary, and departed. A famous din was made by the planters and continued until the negroes were safely returned.

On the night of February 22 the expedition, followed by a tender, entered the Mississippi and met a steamer from Port Hudson with two hundred men sent by General Gardiner to destroy the Queen of the West, not knowing that it had been captured. Arriving in the afternoon of the 24th at a point sixty miles below Vicksburg, Brent learned that the Indianola was but a short distance ahead with a coal barge lashed on each side. He determined to attack in the night to diminish the chance of the enemy's fire. It was certain that a shell from one of the eleven or nine inch guns would destroy either of his boats.

At 10 P.M. the Indianola was seen near the western shore, some thousand yards distant, and the Queen, followed by the Webb, was driven with full head of steam directly upon her. The momentum of the Queen was so great as to cut through the coal barge and indent the iron plates of the Indianola, disabling by the shock the engine that worked her paddles. As the Queen backed out the Webb dashed in at full speed and tore away the remaining coal barge. Both the forward guns fired at the Webb, but missed her.

Returning to the charge, the Queen struck the Indianola abaft the paddle box, crushing her frame and loosening some plates of armor, but received the fire of the guns from the rear casemates. One shot carried away a dozen bales of cotton on the right side, the other, a shell, entered the forward porthole on the left and exploded, killing six men and disabling two field pieces. Again the Webb followed the Queen, struck near the same spot, pushing aside the iron plates and crushing timbers. Voices from the Indianola announced the surrender and that she was sinking. As she was near the western shore, not far below Grant's army, Major Brent towed her to the opposite side, then in our possession, where some distance from the bank she sank on a bar, her gun deck above water.

Thus we regained control of our section of the Mississippi. Succeeding events at Vicksburg and Gettysburg so obscured this one that, in justice to the officers and men engaged, it has seemed to me a duty to record it.

Brent returned to Red River with his boats much shattered by the fray, and before we could repair them Admiral Farragut with several ships of war passed Port Hudson, and the navigation of the great river was permanently lost to us,

Col. Charles Schuler, the efficient Louisiana Commissioner of Agriculture and Immigration, commanded one of the guns on the Webb, and is specially complimented for his coolness and gallantry in this fight by General Brent in his official report to General Taylor. One particular incident in this fight is not recorded by General Taylor. When the steamers went into the fight, General Brent was standing on a pile of cotton bales on the front of the Queen, and when this boat struck the Indianola, it was with such force that Brent was precipitated in the river and the cotton bales on him. He was injured by the falling cotton, but, removing his coat and shoes, swam as best he could. In the excitement prevailing no one had missed him. In the noise and confusion existing his screams for help were unheard. Several times he attempted to get into the boat from the water, but failed. Finally, as if by the special dispensation of Providence, the cook was attracted to the rear of the steamer, and looking down saw a man struggling in the water. Quickly he threw him a rope and by dexterous action drew him aboard. Reaching the deck without hat, coat, or shoes, and finding the Indianola had surrendered, he rushed forward and demanded of Lieutenant Brown, the commander of the Indianola, his sword. Brown looked with amazement upon the man before him and hesitated to deliver his sword. General Brent turned to Colonel Brand and said: "Colonel, explain to Lieutenant Brown who I am." This being done, Lieutenant Brown readily complied. General Brent

suffered for some time from this injury, but always claimed the providence of God rescued him from drowning.

In the latter part of 1864, in recognition of his splendid services, he was commissioned brigadier general of cavalry and assigned to the brigade consisting of the 2d, 5th, 7th, and 18th Louisiana Regiments. This brigade performed picket service from the Arkansas line to the Gulf and westward to Texas.

After the defeat of Banks at Mansfield, the entire Trans Mississippi army, under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, remained practically inactive. Both President Davis and Gen. R. E. Lee urged its transfer to the East, where troops were so badly needed. Vicksburg and Port Hudson had surrendered, and the entire Mississippi River from Cairo southward was filled with gunboats doing patrol duty and making the crossing of the river even in skiffs exceedingly hazardous. Many schemes were proposed for the crossing of these troops, but all were rejected. The writer has before him a paper presenting in great detail a plan by which General Brent proposed a successful crossing. Mail boats were engaged in transporting the mails up and down the river. The gunboats were about twenty miles apart, each patrolling its assigned beat. These mail boats went from gunboat to gunboat unarmed and unprotected. General Brent's plan was to capture one or more of these mail boats and, secreting a force of men aboard, approach the gunboat as usual, and on arrival to overpower the crew and capture the gunboat. By this means several gunboats might be captured. With these gunboats and already prepared pontoon boats he proposed to cross hurriedly the entire army. He asked for a careful consideration of his plan, but it was returned "not approved." Brent's experience in capturing the Indianola had convinced him that this plan would work, and he asked to be permitted to try it. Who can say now that it would have failed? Had it succeeded, twenty five thousand fresh troops could have been used in reinforcing the depleted ranks of Lee and Johnston.

When the news of the surrender of the armies of the East reached the Trans Mississippi Department, both officers and men realized that a prolongation of the war was futile. General Brent and General Bagby were appointed commissioners to visit the enemy and to secure satisfactory terms of surrender. This they successfully accomplished, and after issuing paroles to the army, General Brent returned to private life with the proud consciousness of having fully and honorably discharged every duty assigned him.

General Brent returned to the practice of law in Baltimore in partnership with his brother, Hon. Robert J. Brent. In 1870, yielding to earnest entreaties, he returned to Louisiana to take charge of large estates, which his recent marriage had given him an interest in. On his return to that State, the theater of his military achievements, he was lovingly welcomed by hundreds of his old soldiers.

In 1870 General Brent married Miss Rosella, the youngest daughter of the Hon. Duncan Farrar Kenner and his wife, Nanine Bringier, the daughter of Michel Douradon Bringier.

GEN. J. M. BRENT

The latter was possessed at his death of many large sugar plantations, an interest in which passed to his daughter, Mrs. Kenner. The management of these estates, in addition to a large estate of his own and extensive interests in New Orleans, devolved upon Mr. Kenner. Soon after the above marriage General Brent gave up his law practice and assumed control of these estates, which he successfully managed until the death of Mr. Kenner, in 1889, which required a division among his heirs, when he disposed of Hermitage, Houmas, Ashland, Bowden and Texas, and the historic residence on Melpomene Street in New Orleans.

After returning to Louisiana, General Brent served two terms in the State Legislature and had passed several laws looking to the advancement of the agricultural interests of the State. He was President of the State Agricultural Society until he left the State. It is believed that had he remained in the State he would have been placed in the gubernatorial chair and perhaps finished up his remarkable career in the United States Senate.

After returning to Maryland, he took an active interest in public affairs and occupied several positions of honor. He was deputy governor general from Maryland of the Society of Colonial Wars, and was President of the Maryland Sons of the American Revolution. On Maryland Day at the St. Louis Exposition he delivered an interesting address on the part Maryland had played in colonial history. General Brent died in Baltimore November 27, 1905, leaving his widow and two children, Duncan Kenner Brent, a lawyer in Baltimore, and Miss Nannie Brent.

He was noted for his modesty, his gentleness, his purity of character, and his devotion to principle. He published several small works, the results of his profound study, written in hours of leisure, not for general distribution, but simply to record his views.

He has bettered the world by living in it, and in the grand evolution of the human family has certainly added a decided differential to progress.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world:
'This was a man.'

CALIFORNIA CELEBRATED BIRTHDAY JUNE 3

The three Chapters of the U. D. C. located in San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley, Cal., united in celebrating the birthday of the South's gallant leader, Jefferson Davis, the place selected being Idora Park, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Pacific Slope. Under fair California skies, amid the fragrant roses and lilies of that favored land, a large crowd gathered to listen to the words in honor of the dead leader.

The commemorative program consisted of eloquent addresses from the brilliant orator, Father Callahan, and California's gifted daughter, Mrs. W. K. Hicks. Both addresses were replete with gems of thought and warm with Southern enthusiasm.

After an open air luncheon served by the ladies beneath the drooping willows of the park, a musical program was rendered. This consisted of several numbers from Conway's Band and many songs by the ladies, principally those of the Old South and the ringing songs of the army with their soul stirring choruses.

GROUP OF VETERANS IN ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON CAMP
C. S. A. BEAUMONT, TEX.

1. A. C. Bozeman, Co. I, 35th Miss. Inft.
2. L. A. Pattillo, Co. E, Speight's Bat.
3. L. K. Billingsly, Co. E, 17th Texas Inft.
4. H. H. Sanders, Co. I, 10th Mo. Inft.
5. J. A. Andrews, Co. F, 4th Ala. Cav.
6. Tom J. Russell, Co. E, Mo. State Troops.
7. T. J. Booth, Co. F, 3d Ark. Cav.
8. O. C. Herrenkind, Co. E, 18th Texas Inft.
9. W. W. Williams, Co. D, 1st Texas Inft.
10. J. K. P. Byrne, Co. I, 1st Miss. Cav.
11. Don Longnecker, Co. B, 3d Ky. Cav.
12. W. H. Pope, Terry's Scouts, Whorton's Cav.
13. L. E. Wasson, Co. K, 1st Texas Cav.
14. S. L. Townsend, Willis's Texas Bat.
15. Dr. B. F. Calhoun, Co. E, 1st S. C. Inft.
16. W. H. Albertson, Terry's Texas Rangers.
17. W. L. Thompson, Co. B, Pt. Coupe, La., Art.
18. R. N. Webber, Co. B, 7th La. Inft.
19. J. L. Cobb, Co. B, 16th Bat. N. C. Cav.
20. I. L. Tanner, Co. F, 35th Texas Cav.
21. J. A. Brickhouse, Co. C, 21st Texas Cav.
22. C. H. Crawford, Co. M, 1st Texas Leg. Inft.
23. Rev. A. J. Anderson, Co. I, 51st Tenn. Inft.
24. W. E. Rogers, Co. A, Speight's Bat. Cav.
25. C. H. McGill, Surgeon C. S. A.
26. F. C. McReynolds, Major 21st Texas Inft.
27. G. W. Kidd, Co. B, Speight's Bat. Art.
28. A. G. Virden, Co. H, 32d Ga. Inft.
29. B. F. Wortham, Co. C, 15th Texas Inft.
30. T. W. Redman, Co. B, 3d Cor., C. S. A. (Ala.).

COL. H. G. EVANS.
FACTS ABOUT "THE CLEBURNE FLAG."

W. E. Preston, of Columbus, Ga., who was of Company B, 33d Alabama Regiment, writes that the three old brigades of Cleburne's Division carried "bonny blue flags," and wants to know the reason why. He says: "The 33d Alabama Regiment, carrying a Confederate battle flag, was placed in Woods Lowrey's Brigade at Corinth, Miss., in May, 1862, and at Tupelo in June drew one of Cleburne's bonny blue flags, with about an

inch and a half of white border about it, a white new moon in the center, with "33d Alabama Regiment," drew another like it at Wartrace, Tenn., about March, 1863, with "Perryville, Murfreesboro" on it, and another at Dalton about March, 1864, with "Chickamauga" also. We sang the "Bonny Blue Flag" more than any other song, possibly "Dixie" excepted, and the division band played it more than any other. Govan's Brigade from Arkansas, Granbery's from Texas, and Woods Lowrey's 16th, 33d, and 45th Alabama, and 32d and 45th Mississippi Regiments carried these flags. Why?

The foregoing was submitted to Col. H. G. Evans, of Columbia, Tenn., who served under General Cleburne and has taken much interest in the flag. Colonel Evans received the following letter on the subject from Capt. Irving A. Buck, of Front Royal, Va., who was assistant adjutant general to Maj. Gen. P. R. Cleburne:

My Dear Colonel: In reply to yours of the 8th inst. will say that in my book, 'Cleburne and His Command,' now in the hands of the publishers, there is the following in reference to our division battle flag: At Wartrace, Tenn., new flags were ordered to be issued to the troops. When they learned that their old battle flag blue and white was to be displaced by the newly adopted regulation one, a hurricane of protests was heard, a demand that they should retain their old flags or have new facsimiles of them. Their requests were heeded, and they were allowed to retain their distinctive colors. General Hardee is authority for the statement that this was the only command in the Confederate service permitted to carry into action other than the national colors. This was a high compliment to the division, but carried with it penalties, and, like all luxuries, was costly, for the enemy soon learned to whom it belonged, and where it appeared there was concentrated the heaviest firing.

Your recollection as to the history of this flag is entirely correct. It was not designed by General Cleburne, but by General Hardee after the battle of Shiloh, in which the colors carried by various organizations caused confusion. He adopted this flag as distinctive of his old division. It was retained by General Buckner, General Hardee's successor, and by General Cleburne, who succeeded General Buckner in command of the division. The flag was between four and five feet square, the field was blue with a large white circle, or moon, in the center, and the edges were bordered with white about two inches deep. In my book will be an exact reproduction of this famous flag in colors. One of them, that of the 45th Alabama, was captured by Colonel Belknap (afterwards Secretary of War in President Grant's Cabinet), 15th Iowa Regiment, on the 22d of July, 1864, in front of Atlanta. This flag, which I have seen and handled since the close of the war, is now in the Statehouse at Des Moines, Iowa. The foregoing statement may be relied upon as absolutely correct.

Very truly yours,
IRVING A. BUCK

In a personal letter to Colonel Evans Captain Buck states: "To you more than to any single individual I am under obligations for data in regard to some special orders, etc."

JASPER'S BEAUTIFUL MONUMENT

The people of Jasper, Ala., are justly proud of the beautiful Confederate monument recently dedicated there and which is said to be one of the handsomest in the State.

From a base of ten feet square rises a central shaft of Georgia granite, culminating in a statue of white Italian marble, representing a beardless youth, a Confederate infantryman, standing at attention, his gun in hand to meet any emergency.

Beside this central shaft stand two other figures of life size sculptured in Italy and all of the finest white marble. That on the right is a typical cavalryman, the gun across his shoulder and his hand upon his saber mutely telling the story of the watchword "Duty." The other figure, again an infantryman, but of one grown old in years, has the watchful look upon the face that tells of life's lessons well learned. His ready gun in hand shows that he too stands true to the calls of his country and cause.

The inscription upon the shaft is especially attractive "Comrades!" The mere word tells of the closeness of the tie between the heroes who sleep beneath the grasses and the living heroes who gather near to do them honor a tie that is the bugle call which earth gives and heaven answers.

This monument is the outcome of the unremitting work of the Jasper Chapter, U. D. C., organized only three years ago, but which at once began those untiring efforts which crystallized this poem in granite and marble. Mrs. Musgrove, President of the Chapter, has been especially active, and in honor of her noble work the dedication of the monument was postponed last November, as she was too ill to attend at the time.

On this occasion there was gathered in Jasper the largest crowd ever seen in that place, a crowd that had assembled through the noblest motives which actuate humanity, the desire to honor man's highest attributes, bravery, and patriotism.

In loving, moving words Mrs. Musgrove presented the monument to Jasper, and the speeches of acceptance from Senator John H. Bankhead, Hon. W. C. Davis, and Gen. George P. Harrison were brilliant and appropriate. The beautiful address of Mrs. Musgrove, which she was too feeble to deliver, was read by Mrs. John A. Gravlee, and some very fine verses, composed for the occasion by Mr. Will Gunter, entitled "The Southern Dead," were effectively read by Miss Propst.

The inscriptions on the monument are: South side:

1861 1865. (Furled Banners)

Furl that Banner
True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust.
Father Ryan.

COMRADES

To Our Confederate Soldiers.
Erected by
Jasper Chapter, U. D. C., 1907.

North side:

1861 1865.
(Alabama's Great Seal)
How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest

West side:

C. S. A.
(Crossed Swords.)
Their shivered swords
Are red with dust,
Their plumed heads are bowed:
Their haughty banner,
Trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.

East side:

C. S. A.
(Crossed Guns.)
In Memory of
Our Brave Soldiers
Who Wore the Gray.
They Fought for You and Me.

CHIVALRY IN RAGS

The scene of this story was Brownwood, Tex., January 25, 1897, with the thermometer eighteen degrees below freezing and a blizzard blowing. There came to me at my office a Confederate veteran, thinly clad, a member of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Austin, Tex., with his certificate of good deportment duly signed by Gen. (Gotch) W. P. Hardeman, Superintendent of the Home. The veteran stood at a "present," every movement showing the soldier, the gentleman, the hero, and stated that he had been on a visit to his daughters, both married, at San Antonio, Tex.

He had left the Soldiers' Home with a view of remaining with them, but found their condition such that it would work a hardship upon their families for him to remain longer than a few days. So he resolved to return to the Home. He was on his way and out of funds.

I supplied him with some change, and as it was the middle of the afternoon and no train for many hours, I invited him to go to my hotel and stay till morning or until the weather cleared off. He replied that he could not think of such a thing, and would not impose upon my generosity to so great an extent, and left the office with grateful thanks for the favor bestowed and the tendered hospitality, with a hearty handshake and an earnest "God bless you, Major." Even in his destitution the man was a gentleman, and would not intrude himself upon my hospitality save as far as was absolutely necessary.

SOLDIER SONS OF EX GOVERNOR PATTON

A name beloved and revered in Alabama is that of Ex Gov. Robert M. Patton. His home was at Florence. Before the great war he supported the Union ardently, but after the ordinance of secession was passed he threw every energy into the cause.

As Confederate commissioner he collected large sums of money to clothe and feed the army. His two grown sons joined the army. The elder, J. Brahan Patton, was elected captain of the first company to leave Florence, April 1, 1861. The company was sent to Mobile, where the 7th Alabama Regiment was organized, and the regiment was sent to Fort Barrancas, Fla., to protect the Gulf Coast. It remained there ten months, when it was sent to East Tennessee to protect the people from the Tories, who were devastating the country.

At the disbanding of the 7th Alabama Captain Patton joined the 35th Alabama, and shared its hardships and fought in many battles until at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, he was wounded and off duty a few weeks. He returned to his command, and was

with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at the surrender in North Carolina. He died in Florence in June, 1905.

The second son, William, went in May, 1861, to the LaGrange Military College and took a three months' course in military tactics. After this he returned to Florence and organized a company of recruits from Lauderdale County, and kept them in camp in Florence several weeks, drilling them many hours each day. At the request of Lieutenant Patton, A. D. Coffee was made captain of this company, and it was put into the 16th Alabama Regiment, under General Zollicoffer's command. This command fought in the battle of Fishing Creek, in Tennessee, and from there went to Shiloh. On Sunday morning, April 6, at eleven o'clock, while leading his company in a charge upon a battery, he said to his men, "Follow me, boys," when his brain was pierced by a Minie ball, which killed him instantly. His body and that of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston were the only two of the slain allowed to be brought from Corinth, as orders had been given that the cars must be used for removing the wounded only. He was buried at the Sweet Water home of the family, near Florence.

Robert, the third son, at eighteen years of age was sent to the University of Alabama to prepare for service. He was among the one hundred cadets taken from there and given as escort to Gen. Gideon Pillow and later as escort to Gen. Dan Adams. He was killed in Selma, Ala., on April 6, 1865, the same day three years after his noble brother was killed at Shiloh. The bodies of the two brothers were afterwards placed side by side in the cemetery at Huntsville near those of their illustrious father and devoted mother.

Governor Patton was the first elected Governor by the people after the war. When all was in ruin and the State impoverished, by his ability and unswerving energy he again set the wheels of progress in motion. He secured financial credit for the State, and "Patton money" was above par in the affairs of the State. He served as chief executive of the State three years, when a military Governor was appointed by the President, forcing upon us Republican rule.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA BY HORATIO C. KING, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

On one face of the monument in Charleston erected to the memory of the great South Carolina Senator, John C. Calhoun, is a statement in substance that the money raised by the ladies of that State for its erection was preserved by the treasurer (I do not recall her name), who hid it in Columbia at the time Sherman burned that city.

Sherman did not burn Columbia. The conflagration was caused by the Confederate cavalry under Wade Hampton setting fire to the depots and the bales of cotton in the streets. There was a high wind blowing, the bales burst, and the burning cotton was

carried all over the city. Logan's troops were among the first, if not the first, to arrive, and set to work to save what they could of the city.

This whole matter was adjudicated by a mixed commission on American and British claims in the cases of Wood & Hyworth vs. the United States and of Cowlam Gravely vs. the United States and twenty one other cases all for cotton claimed to have been owned by British subjects and alleged to have been burned by United States troops.

The commission was composed of Count Conti, of Italy, the Hon. Russell Gurney, M.P., of London, and the Hon. James S. Fraser, of Indiana. Over three hundred pages of testimony were taken, including that of Gen. Wade Hampton and other Confederate officers and of Generals Sherman, Logan, Howard, Woods, and other Federal officers. All the commissioners agreed, and the simple issue was: "Did the United States troops burn Columbia?" And yet in spite of this adverse judicial decision by two foreign umpires of great distinction, concurred in by an American umpire of note, a majority of the Southern people still persist in believing that our troops burned the city. The error should be corrected.

SOUTH CAROLINA HER GREAT MEN BY MRS. WILLIAM HUME, SPRING HILL, TENN.

South Carolina was first called Albemarle Point. The early settlers were thoroughly imbued with the Carolina spirit. From the very beginning they took decided ground for constitutional rights of the highest order, the lords' proprietors being leaders of the Carolinas and adherents of the Stuarts.

In 1671 the first Parliament of South Carolina was held in Charleston. This meeting, together with evidence of historical works of value and repute, showed a number of scholarly and scientific persons. There was Nicholas Trott, chief justice under the proprietors, one of the most scholarly men of his time, there was also Thomas Dale, one of the early botanists in America, who was L.L.D. from a great English university. The oldest college in the South was established in Charleston in 1785. As far back as 1680 St. Phillips Church was built and had many eminent ministers, whose influence for good, education, morality was far reaching.

The charter of South Carolina was given as a Church of England province. The greatest religious freedom was allowed. The first settlement of the Huguenots was in 1670, and their influence has been handed down the ages. After the revocation of the "Edict of Nantes," great numbers of Huguenots flocked to South Carolina, and settled in Charleston, Orange quarter, and on the Santee. At each place they established a Church. The Huguenot Church situated on Queen and Church Streets is the only Church in

America which retains the liturgy, form of government, and confession of faith of the Huguenot fathers.

Coming down the ages, we find one of South Carolina's sons taking the front place in America as a statesman, John C. Calhoun.

Robert T. Hayne, the statesman (grandfather of the poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne), and William Gilmore Simms, the poet, were South Carolinians.
The eminent lawyer, Gen. Mordecai Gist, was Continental Governor.

Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, our own chivalrous Wade Hampton, and James L. Pettigrew were gallant soldiers. In 1775 Charleston, S. C., was the first city of America. The inheritance of royal commingling of Huguenot and English blood produced a people highly educated, finished in every way, courteous and refined born of gentle breeding for generation after generation.

TO THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT UNVEILED IN MAY
1908, AT THOMASTON, GA.
BY W. G. HORSLEY, GREENVILLE, TEX.

Ye spotless monumental stones,
Lift high your peerless head
As time sweeps on. In earnest tones
Proclaim your gallant dead,
Whose bones are scattered far and wide
On distant hill and plain
And deep beneath the ocean tide.
Speak of the brave in battle slain,
Raise their banner, float it high,
Voicing deeds that will not die,
Tell all strangers to your clime
These men died for their loved homes,
Tell all people in all time
Historic truths in Life's great tomes,
Tell in strains of deathless song
Sturdy heroes did no wrong,
They gave up all at Duty's call
And died like valiant men.

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

The thirteenth annual Convention of the Tennessee Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Jackson, Tenn., May 12 14, inclusive, was in every respect unusually pleasant and harmonious. The State President, Mrs, M. B. Pilcher, though in the shadow of a great sorrow, presided.

The good people of Jackson vied with each other in showing attention to the visiting delegates. Three receptions, elegant in every feature, were tendered the Daughters. The first was given by the Musidora McCorry Chapter, of Jackson, at the home of Mrs. Charles Harris, the second, given by the Jackson D. A. R., was held at the home of Mrs. B. P. Cantrell, and the third was tendered by the local Order of Elks at their handsome clubhouse. At all three there were handsomely gowned and enthusiastic women. The daily business sessions were held at the attractive Marlow Theater, and at every session the Confederate Choir rendered war songs, while little Park Balch, a gallant scion of Confederate ancestry, charmed the audience with his sweet voice and graceful acting. The historical meeting was held Thursday night. Though Bishop Gailor was prevented by sickness from delivering the historical address, the place was pleasingly filled by Mrs. Eleanor Molloy Gillespie. A paper on "Forrest at Brice's Cross Roads" was read by Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond, and the rest of the evening was given over to song, poetry, readings, and the beautiful Southern Cross Drill by Confederate veterans in their uniforms of gray and Daughters, their locks just beginning to show the frost of mature age.

Friday, the last day of the session, was a busy one. The President General, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, was present, and by her judicious rulings ably assisted the State President in the settlement of complicated matters.

The two nominees for State President were Mrs. H. E. Holland, of Jackson, and Mrs, Lulie Zollicoffer Sanson, of Knoxville, Tenn. Mrs. Sanson was elected. By an established rule she is to serve for the next two years. She was escorted to the stage by the defeated candidate, Mrs. Holland, amid much enthusiasm and applause.

Though the business was managed as expeditiously as possible, "the shades of night were falling fast" when the delegates wended their weary way homeward to get ready for the Elks' reception.

The Convention was a success in every way, partisan feeling was buried, and a love feast was the result.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.
BY MRS. E. J. ELLIS, SEC. J. M. STONE CHAPTER, WEST POINT.

The thirteenth annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the Mississippi Division was held in West Point, Miss., May 4 6, 1909. This was pronounced the most successful and delightful meeting in the history of the Division, and many words of praise were received by the John M. Stone Chapter, West Point, for the splendid manner in which she played the role of "toastess." The meetings were presided over by Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President Mississippi Division, U. D. C. She is the talented daughter of Senator A. J. McLaurin, of Mississippi, and her administration as President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., for two years has been both brilliant and successful.

Historical Evening was replete with interest. A program had been arranged with great care, and the numbers, musical and literary, delighted the audience. A paper on "The Ku klux Klan," by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Historian of the John

[Comrade Horsley is a Georgian from Upson County. He carried the first company from that county into the Confederate service. He has lived in Texas for many years and has passed four score and more.]

M. Stone Chapter, was received with great enthusiasm. The Mississippi Division, U. D. C., voted to print this paper in booklet form to be sold and the proceeds to go to erect a monument at Beauvoir, Miss., the home of Jefferson Davis, in memory of Confederate veterans.

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose is the granddaughter of Mr. Thomas Martin, of Pulaski, Tenn., the birthplace of the splendid organization, the Ku Klux Klan. Born in Giles County, where the "Knights of the Invisible Empire," shrouded in mystery, were first organized, Mrs. Rose has had exceptional opportunity to learn of the Klan, its purpose and part in the reconstruction era, and her paper is a valuable contribution to history and contains absolutely correct information in regard to the Ku Klux Klan.

There were but two changes in the roster of officers, the President and Historian having served two years, the constitutional limit. Mrs. Lucy Green Yerger, of Greenville, Miss., was elected President, and Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of West Point, Miss., Historian of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C.

The thirteenth annual Convention of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., is now a thing of the past, but its memory will remain a bright spot through the days to come.

FOOLING THE ENEMY A NARROW ESCAPE
BY HENRY GARY, M.D., BERLIN, PA.

I was a member of the 4th Mississippi Cavalry and have wished some one would write of it and of what occurred while we were at Spring Hill, Tenn. After General Van Dorn was killed by Dr. Peters, we were placed under General Jackson. Our company was detailed for picket duty. Captain Hagan sent me to where Captain Smith with his company was on picket to deliver the order to withdraw his men and return to camp.

I had just reached Captain Smith when there was an attack on the picket post on our right, and a brigade of cavalry from Nashville charged down the road at full speed, cutting us off entirely from our command. There were only about twenty of us, and to cut our way out was impossible. They were upon us so quickly that they did not realize we were Confederates. So we turned our horses and dashed along side by side with their columns. We gradually forged ahead about fifty yards in advance, and when we reached the woods through which we must go, I suggested to Captain Smith that he have his company fire in the face of their column. This we did, and they, thinking there was an ambush ahead, deployed to the right, which left us the entire woods to our left. We utilized our advantage and escaped to our command.

Another account of the occasion says: "In commemoration of the birthday anniversary of Robert E. Lee, the Robert E. Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, gave an afternoon programme at the residence of Mrs. Eugene C. Garwood, 3317 Calhoun Boulevard. The colors of the Daughters of the Confederacy, red and white, showed in large bouquets of roses against the American and the Confederate flags which were held by big bows of white and red ribbons. The memory of the Southern hero was honored in a number of papers which dealt with his life and his character. The Historian, Mrs. George W. Redmon, spoke on 'The Life of Robert Lee,' Mrs. J. H. Van Ness, the President, read a paper, 'Lee in Defeat,' Mrs. Richard Paul's paper was on 'Lee, the Southerner,' and Mrs. W. A. Christian recited one of Father Ryan's poems, 'The Sword of Lee. The programme was given in the presence of twenty five Chapter members."

Still another paper reports: "The rooms were hung with the American and Confederate flags, and red and white, the Confederate colors, were displayed through the rooms. In the dining room were bowls of red and white carnations, and in the hall and dining room red and white roses were used, while immense red and white bows were caught on the chandeliers and draperies. Miss Florence E. Greaves sang. Miss Greaves is to be a bride of the month, and she was presented by the Chapter with a volume of Father Ryan's poems, a collection of Southern poems, as a wedding gift. A group of other Southern women attended the tea. Presiding at the tea table were Mesdames W. A. Christian, G. H. Reeves, and Harry Bibb."

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT
REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE
MONTH ENDING MAY 31, 1909.

Receipts. Balance on hand, \$9,329.07.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, \$78.50. Contributed by Mississippi Division, U. D. C., \$50, Jeff Davis Chapter, No. 216, U. D. C., Yazoo, Miss., \$5, Goyer Company, Greenville, Miss., \$10, Shields & Boddie, Greenville, Miss., \$2.50, Nelms & Blum Company, Greenville, Miss., \$5, Hood & Sharkey Company, Greenville, Miss., \$2, J. A. Mann, Greenville, Miss., \$2, Mr. and Mrs. G. and Mr. H. (each \$1), \$3.

Mrs. M. Wheeler, Treasurer Texas Division, \$43.50. Contributed by Mrs. Mollie Mae Gill Rosenberg, Galveston, Tex., \$25, Mrs. W. B. Baugh, San Antonio, Tex., \$1, Mrs. Cates, Terrell, Tex., \$2.50: Mrs. Fannie Halbert, Corsicana, Tex., \$5, Navarro Chapter, No. 108, U. D. C., Corsicana, Tex., \$5, Julia Jackson Chapter, No. 141, U. D. C., Fort Worth, Tex" \$5. . Alabama Charter Chapter, No. 36, Camden, Ala., \$2.50. Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$60. Contributed by Portsmouth Chapter, No. 30, U. D. C., Portsmouth, Va., \$50, Mr. E. D. Taylor, Richmond, Va., \$10. R. E. Rodes Chapter, No. 64, U. D. C., Tuscaloosa, Ala., \$71.

Marshall Boys' Chapter, No. 1118, U. D. C., Guntersville, Ala., \$3.

Lamar Fontaine Chapter, No. 33, U. D. C., Alvin, Tex., \$10. Walter Barker Chapter, No. 242, U. D. C., Macon, Miss., \$20.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$25. Contributed by Drayton Rutherford Chapter, No. 152, U. D. C., Newberry, S. C., \$20, Greenville Chapter, No. 51, U. D. C., Greenville, S. C., \$5. George W. Keerl, Culpeper, Va., \$1.

Mrs. Florence Johnston, Director for California, \$5. Contributed by Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 79, San Francisco, Cal.

The Willie Y. Harris Chapter, No. 1110, U. D. C., Karnes City, Tex., \$9.25.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoock, Director for Virginia, \$17. Contributed by Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 176, U. D. C., Berryville, Va" \$15, Scottsville Chapter, No. 1167, U.D. C., Scottsville, Va., \$2.

R. E. Rodes Chapter, No. 64, U. D. C., Tuscaloosa, Ala., \$10.07.

Dick Dowling Chapter, No. 404, U. D. C., Beaumont, Tex., \$10.

Mrs. C. L. McGary, Beaumont, Tex., \$4. Mrs. Hal W. Greer, Beaumont, Tex., \$1. Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$5. Contributed by Lonoke Chapter, No. 408 (T. C. Hindman), Lonoke, Ark.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$25 Contributed by Chester Chapter, No. 232, U. D. C., Chester, S. C., \$15, John D. Kennedy Chapter, No. 308, Camden, S. C., \$10.

Bedford Forrest Chapter, No. 448, U. D. C., Hernando, Miss, \$10.75.

Ennis Chapter, No. 37, U. D. C., Ennis, Tex., \$10. Gen. Josiah Gorgas Chapter, No. 1134, U. D. C., Montevallo, Ala., \$10.

Hon. J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C., \$5. Total receipts', \$9,765.74.

Respectfully submitted. WALLACE STREATER, Treas.

RECONSTRUCTION HAS NOT TARNISHED.
BY MISS REBECCA G. CASTER, MIDDLESBURG, VA.

I am so disgusted with seeing in the papers how pleased we U. D. C. are at the restoring of President Jefferson Davis's name to Cabin John Bridge that I want the world to know there is one old U. D. C. who heartily disapproves of it. I don't see how Southern women ever stooped to ask such a thing. I consider it superlatively humiliating to Southern pride. The disgrace was theirs, not President Davis's. This consigns the whole transaction to oblivion and puts it out of history to all coming generations. None will stop to ask why his name is there. He was far more famous and honored in the breach than by the restoration.

If I were an official of the U. D. C. (but I am not), I should bitterly oppose raising memorials in Washington to our cause. It looks like forcing the enemy to share in our glory. There is but one spot in all Washington that I should be willing to adorn as a memorial, and that is the Pension Bureau, for it truly is a monument to the glory and prowess of our men and one which no human being can now steal from us or even take by force of arms. We paid for it with lives more precious than all the Yankee gold between heaven and earth, so that I should love to emblazon the outer walls with an epitaph telling the world how General Lee held the Yankee nation at bay for four years with 600,000 men all told against 2,850,000.

THE SOUTHERN CLUB OF CHICAGO

A number of Southern men residing in Chicago and vicinity have established a "club home" for Southerners and men of Southern affiliations in that city, a place where Southerners, whether residing there or temporarily in the city, may meet socially and enjoy club life in an atmosphere of informality and fellowship.

Sectional restrictions are placed on eligibility to membership. Men of Southern birth, or who have even one parent or grandparent of Southern birth, or who have lived five years in the South, or who are in the opinion of the Membership Committee of Southern affiliations, are eligible to membership. Commissioned officers on the active list of the army, navy, and revenue cutter service and the public health and marine hospital service are eligible for nonresident membership if otherwise eligible.

The club is not in any sense political. Men of every political faith are cordially welcomed.

The Southern Club, Philadelphia, is conducted on this line, and is having an honorable and successful career.

The Southern Club of Chicago was chartered according to the laws of Illinois on November 18, 1908. It already has a membership of about two hundred, among whom are many of the most prominent Southerners in Chicago. Clubrooms are in the Press Club building, 116 118 Dearborn Street, and will be opened June 1. The membership fee at present is \$20, annual dues, \$25, payable quarterly in advance. The nonresident membership fee is \$10, annual dues the same.

It is expected that this latest addition to the club life of Chicago will become a favorite meeting place not only for Southerners resident in Chicago, but also for the large and increasing number of Southern men who visit Chicago for pleasure and business.

On April 10 the Southern Club entertained Judge J. M. Dickinson, of Tennessee, Secretary of War, at a reception given in the Gold Room at the Auditorium Annex, to which many of the prominent men of the country were invited. William P. Dawson is Secretary.

THE LAST ROLL DEATHS REPORTED FROM KENTUCKY

There has been no report from the necrology committee this year, various obstacles preventing action, so this list is for the year and is a long one. The Secretary of the Interior reports 50,676 deaths of Union soldiers during the year, of whom 34,333 were soldiers and sailors of the Confederate war. Based on this it is estimated that 8,583 Confederate soldiers died last year, and yet it is figured that veterans will not be extinct until 1950. There will be three hundred and forty seven alive in 1930 and twenty three in 1940, the last survivor will die in 1950.

Of the thirty four generals from Kentucky in the Confederate army, all are dead save three namely, Lieut. Gen. S. B. Buckner, of Rio, Ky., Brig. Gen. B. W. Duke, of Louisville, and Brig. Gen. George B. Cosby, of Sacramento, Cal.

Those who died were: General, Albert Sidney Johnston, killed in battle, Lieutenant Generals, John B. Hood and Richard Taylor, Major Generals, John C. Breckinridge, George B. Crittenden, Edward Johnson, Thomas J. Churchill, Charles W. Field, and Gustav W. Smith, Brigadier Generals, William N. K. Beal, A. Buford, J. B. Clarke, R. M. Gano, R. L. Gibson, S. J. Gleason, J. M. Hawes, Ben Hardin Helm, George B. Hodge, Claibon F. Jackson, Joseph H. Lewis, Hyland B. Lyon, Humphrey Marshall, Sam Bell Maxey, John H. Morgan, William Preston, Joseph O. Shelby, Lloyd Tilghman, and J. S. Williams.

Among other Kentuckians who have died are the following: A. J. Gross, 9th Ky. Inf., June 17, 1908, Cloverport, Ky. H. M. Bullitt, Morgan's Com., June 17, 1908, Louisville. A. K. Gregory, Morgan's Com., June 19, 1908, Louisville. H. M. Smith, 4th Ky. Inf., July 7, 1908, Louisville. Emanuel Adler, 4th Ala., September 26, 1908, Louisville. Maj. W. H. Thomas, Gen. Kirby Smith's Staff, October 5, 1908, Louisville.

John Aubry, 2d Ky. Inf., October 9, 1908, Louisville. Lieut. Norborne G. Gray, 9th Ky. Inf., Orphan Brigade, Louisville, October 18, 1908.

Thomas McMichael, Morgan's Com., Dec. 1, 1908, Louisville. Capt. Ed F. Speer, 2d Ky. Inf., Orphan Brigade, January 4, 1909, Paris, Ky.

Gen. Fayette Hewitt, Adj. Gen. Orphan Brigade, January 26, 1909, Frankfort, Ky.

Phil B. Bate, Morgan's Com., January 27, 1909, Louisville. Richard Hays, 2d Ky. Inf., Orphan Brigade, February 12, 1909, Louisville,

Sam F. Johnson, Morgan's Com., March 23, 1909, Louisville. Capt. Frank Hagan, Marmaduke's Com., March 28, 1909, Louisville.

In connection with this report it may be of interest to note the deaths for the year at the Confederate Home. Colonel George thus reports them:

- W. L. Calmes, 1st Ky. Cav., Co. A, Jan. 27, 1908.
- Daniel Hodges, 3d Ky. Cav., Co. C, Jan. 30, 1908.
- J. W. William, 46th W. Va. Reg. Inf., Co. F, Jan. 31, 1908.
- Willis Cassity, 5th Ky., Co. E, Feb. 12, 1908.
- C. W. Perkins, 3d Ky. Inf., Co. I, April 10, 1908.
- J. W. Burnett, 9th Ky. Inf., Co. G, April 13, 1908.
- Maj. J. H. Bowman, 3d Ky. Inf., Co. B, May 14, 1908.
- Thomas Howell, 8th Ky. Cav., Co. A, May 19, 1908.
- Henry F. Coldiron, 5th Ky. Inf., Co. I, May 6, 1908.
- George W. Miller, 4th Ky. Cav., Co. A, June 19, 1908.
- George M. Rudd, 10th Ky. Cav., Co. D, June 2, 1908.
- James Lyon, 4th Ky. Cav., Co. G, July 18, 1908.
- S. O. Peyton, 9th Ky. Inf., Co. C, August 18, 1908.
- B. C. Rhodes, 6th Ky. Cav., Co. A, September 18, 1908.
- John P. Aubrey, 2d Ky. Inf., Co. I, October 8, 1908.
- O. T. Kennady, 3d Ky. Inf., Co. C, October 9, 1908.
- W. H. Miles, 9th Ky. Cav., Co. G, October 26, 1908.
- John H. Triplett, 1st Ky. Inf., Co. G, October 27, 1908.
- Mike Heady, 8th Ky. Cav., Co. C, November 4, 1908.
- Y. B. Jones, 38th Va. Reg., Co. H, November 5, 1908.
- James A. Hindman, 6th Ky. Inf., Co. C, November 26, 1908.
- A. J. Crafton, 4th Ky. Cav., Co. A, December 4, 1908.
- B. James H. Hoggins, 5th Ky. Cav., Co. D, January 1, 1909.
- C. Henry A. Pearce, 5th Ky., Co. F, January 5, 1909.
- D. Richard Hayes, 2d Ky. Inf., Co. C, February 20, 1909.
- E. Peter B. Adams,
- F. John H. Morgan's Old Squadron, Co. A, February 23, 1909.

Natt C. Offutt, 5th Ky. Cav., Co. E, March 3, 1909.
George Prunty, 9th Ky. Inf., Co. B, March 7, 1909.
J. O. Cosby, 2d Mo. Cav., Co. C, March 10, 1909.
J. G. Martin, March 15, 1909. P. F. Crook, 1st Ky. Bat., Co. A, March 21, 1909.
John Henry Spillman, 4th Ky. Cav., April 4, 1909.

There were also many other deaths of Confederate soldiers throughout Kentucky and the South:

Lieut. Gens. Stephen D. Lee and
A. P. Stewart,
Maj. Gen. Eppa Hunton, and
Brig. Gens. John R. Lane and
Ellison Capers.

Of the notable Confederate literati were

James R. Randall, writer of "Maryland, My Maryland,"
Joel Chandler Harris, author of "Uncle Remus,"
Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General and Historian,
Col. J. H. Estill, Savannah News.

It might be allowable in concluding this list to mention some of the noble Confederate women who have departed to the paradise of God since our last roll call. Among them were

Mrs. Eliza Bragg, widow of Gen. Braxton Bragg, September 29, 1908,
Mrs. Ruth Early Nash, sister of Gen. Jubal A. Early, October 12, 1908,
Miss Emily Virginia Mason, sister of John Mason, February 17, 1909,
Mrs. Mary E. Robinson, widow of Dr. Stuart Robinson, April 9, 1909.

No other army ever had such guardian angels who inspired the soldiers and who have made immortal their memories. In Kentucky alone they have built monuments in forty one localities, and will have one in every county. May God, who is love, bless them in their labor of love bless them now in every way and for evermore

Committee: Bennett H. Young, A. E. Richards, Thomas D. Osborne.

DEATHS IN HATTIESBURG CAMP, U. C. V.

Three more members of the Camp at Hattiesburg, Miss., have recently "passed over the river."

John G. Rainer was born in Sumter County, Ala., November 11, 1846, and died near Hattiesburg April 25, 1909. He served in Company C, 9th Alabama Regiment of Cavalry. He married Miss Davis, of Choctaw County, Ala. Three sons survive him.

W. L. Cook was born at Cooksville, Miss., in 1843, and died suddenly in Hattiesburg, Miss., April 25, 1909. He served under Gen. Sterling Price during the war, having been a member of Shelby's Scouts. His wife was Miss Fannie Nettles, of Choctaw County, Ala., who, with eight children, survives him.

W. A. Myers was born in Wythe, Va., December 22, 1843, and died in Hattiesburg, Miss., April 28, 1909. He served in Company I, 6th North Carolina Regiment, and was in many of the memorable battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia. He was twice married. His last wife, to whom he was married in 1880, was Miss C. L. Douthat, of Wythe County, Va., and, with ten children, survives him.

MAJ. C. J. CAMPBELL

[In a paper for the Montgomery Advertiser Col. W. W. Screws writes of Maj. C. J. Campbell, who died in that city early in April.]

In the death of Major Campbell Montgomery loses one of its most loyal and most lovable citizens. He had been in comparatively good health until stricken about four weeks ago with illness which proved fatal.

Major Campbell was born at Galena, Ill., September 27, 1836, the son of John and Catherine Campbell. They were members of the Roman Catholic Church, and he was always of the same faith, and in his last illness received the last offices of the Church.

When the troubles which led to the war in 1861 arose, Major Campbell was a warm sympathizer with the Southern cause. He had moved to Memphis, Tenn., in 1860, and was engaged in business there. Among the first to enter the Confederate service, he joined the 4th Tennessee Regiment as a private, and was promoted, becoming major on the staff of General Cheatham, who was ever his true and devoted friend. He saw much service.

After peace was concluded, Major Campbell arranged to join with a number of other Confederates under General Gordon, the great English general in Egypt, but a visit to a friend in Cairo, Ill., changed the whole current of his life. There he met Miss Mattie R. Remington, to whom he was married in Pomeroy, Ohio, January 7, 1867, and she was his devoted wife of forty two years. He selected Montgomery as his place of residence, when offered a high position with the New York Equitable Life Association, going there soon after his marriage. No one in Montgomery has been more universally esteemed during all the years of his residence here.

When the First National Bank was organized with the late Dr. W. O. Baldwin as president, he was elected cashier, and ably filled the difficult position for a number of years. During Mr. Cleveland's first term Major Campbell was appointed a bank examiner, his duties taking him over a large territory. He gave up this place after a number of years' service and entered the cotton business here, in which he continued as long as he was actively in business. He was faithful to every trust committed to his care, kind, just, and generous. He was proud of his record as a Confederate soldier, and all veterans who knew him will have a tender place in their hearts for his memory. He was devoted to his family, although the fortunes of war divided them in sentiment. He often said that he never entered an engagement without tender thoughts of a dear brother who was an officer in the Federal army. The three children of Major. Campbell died when quite young, and his wife alone survives him.

Major Campbell was a member of the Memphis Bivouac, U. C. V. He was also connected with the Knights of Honor and Knights of Pythias.

CAPT. J. W. TODD

Capt. James W. Todd died at Jefferson, N. C., January 28, 1909, aged seventy five. His death from a lingering illness had long been expected, and his five children were with him when the end came.

Captain Todd was a fine old Southern gentleman, and had held many positions of public and private trust. He was a leader in all that was good, and was greatly beloved. Of Irish descent, he was heart and soul with the South. He entered the Confederate army in the beginning of the war, and served with the famous 9th Regiment, 1st North Carolina Cavalry, till the surrender. He was in all the battles fought by this regiment, and won high commendations for his gallantry.

At the close of the war he resumed the practice of law, and held many positions of honor. Later he was elected in turn to the House of Representatives and the State Senate, serving in both with most distinguished ability.

Captain Todd was a courteous, sunny hearted Christian, living his religion in daily life, generous to the poor and thoughtful and considerate always of the rights of others.

TERRY. Another loss in the membership of J. H. Lewis Camp at Glasgow, Ky., is reported in the death of P. E. Terry, which occurred at his home, near Hiseville, on the 7th of May, in his seventieth year. He leaves a wife, two sons, and a daughter. Comrade Terry served as a member of Company K, 3d Kentucky Cavalry, under John H. Morgan, through the four years. He was laid to rest by his old comrades in the Hiseville Cemetery.

ISAAC HART

His sad death occurred late in February by the taking of an overdose of some opiate. He is reported to have served with Morgan's Cavalry. After the war he was for a time a successful cotton planter in Georgia, but was later unsuccessful and had been in ill health.

J. L. BUFKIN

J. L. Bufkin was born November 8, 1841, in Jasper County, Miss., and died at his home, in Buckatunna, Miss., March 27, 1909, after much suffering from his old wounds. He was wounded severely in the left leg at Jonesboro, Ga., in August, 1864, and as he grew older this wound gave him much trouble, until it was necessary to amputate the leg. It was hoped that this operation would prove successful, but the trouble manifested itself again after a few months, and nothing could be done for his relief, until death mercifully intervened.

Comrade Bufkin served during the war as a member of Company H, 27th Mississippi Regiment, under General Walthall, and those who stood in ranks with him know of his courage and faithfulness. He was wounded seven times in battle, and though a sufferer for nearly all the years since the war, he uttered no regret or repining. The concluding words of an inquiry he made for comrades through the VETERAN recently expressed his continued loyalty: "Though I am now nearly sixty seven years old and have suffered for these forty four years with wounds and am now maimed for life, I have never regretted having been a Confederate soldier, because I still believe that we were in the right,"

In 1841 Comrade Bufkin was married to Miss Nancy C. Heidelberg, of one of the most prominent families of Jasper County, and of their nine children eight are surviving four sons and four daughters. He was a consistent Christian, living true to his obligations.

The inquiry made by Comrade Bufkin was for three comrades who shared a thrilling experience with him near Atlanta in 1864. In command of videttes, Lieutenant Bufkin took position with three comrades by a chestnut stump in an old field, with no other trees or cover near. A hole about large enough to accommodate the four venturesome men had been dug by the stump, and in it they got. When day broke, the sight of groups of the enemy walking carelessly about in plain view presented an opportunity for fighting, which the little band eagerly accepted, not counting the odds. Their fire was promptly returned by the enemy, who used a rifled cannon to dislodge their assailants. In a few moments the chestnut stump was literally torn out of the ground, and the four daring men were forced to retire, which they did by crawling flat on the ground amidst a hail of Yankee bullets. Lieutenant Bufkin was the last to leave the position.

And now he who through four terrible years followed unfalteringly the flag of the stars and bars and for more than forty years was true to the banner of King Immanuel, his term of service ended, has been called home by the Great Commander.

CAPT. CAR FORREST

The death of Capt. Car Forrest at Waxahachie, Tex., on May 5 has removed one of Ellis County's most highly respected pioneer citizens. He was born in Marshall County, Tenn., in 1826, and removed to Texas in 1855, settling in Ellis County, near where is now the town of Forreton. The first court ever held in Ellis County was under a pecan tree on his farm, Judge John H. Reagan presiding. In 1861 he assisted in organizing Company C, of the 19th Texas Cavalry, enlisting as a private, but was soon advanced to the command. His company saw service in Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri. He was with Marmaduke in his raid through Missouri, where for six weeks the saddles were never taken from the horses, and he was also in the Red River raid after General Banks. Returning to Texas, the regiment was disbanded and all returned home.

After the war Captain Forrest turned his attention to agriculture and invested largely in real estate. His wife was Miss Virginia Sims, whose father was also a Texas pioneer. A son and a daughter of their five children survive him.

Captain Forrest had a most attractive personality, and in his death the State has lost a noble citizen. He was a cousin of Gen. N. B. Forrest.

JOHN A. NELSON

In the death of John A. Nelson, which occurred at his home, near Siloam Springs, Ark., February 10, 1909, another Confederate comrade has passed from earth. He was born in Spartanburg County, S. C., April 29, 1829. When the war broke out, he joined General Wheeler's cavalry, and was afterwards transferred to Burk's Battalion and made first lieutenant. He was twice captured, and served in all fifteen months on Johnson's Island, reaching home many months after the surrender, bankrupt in property, but rich in patriotism, ambition, and energy. Proud of his services to his country, he remained a loyal Confederate to the end. He was twice married, and is survived by his wife and five children. For over sixty years he had been a devout Church member.

ALLEN B. CROSBY

Allen B. Crosby was a native of York County, S. C., having been born at Blairsville in 1844. He died at Russellville, Ark., in January, 1909. He received his military training in the King's Mountain Military School at Yorkville, under that illustrious educator, Col. Asbury Coward, and was a cadet of that institution at the breaking out of the war, when he became a volunteer of Company B, 6th South Carolina Infantry. As he was only fifteen and a half years old when entering the service, he was discharged on account of his youth. He returned home and remained a few months, then volunteered again, entering Hampton's Cavalry of M. C. Butler's Brigade, and served to the close of the war. Upon his second enlistment his father sent a negro servant with him, and faithful was Uncle Dan to his young master, staying with him to the close. Many a nice meal he prepared for "Marse Allen," bidding him sit down and eat and "ax no questions."

Comrade Crosby engaged in different occupations after the war, finally settling down on his farm near the old home, leading a peaceful and prosperous life. He was married in 1873 to Miss Mary B. McCullough, of Georgia, daughter of the late Judge William McCullough, the well known jurist of Rome, Ga., who survives him with seven daughters, only two of whom are unmarried. He was faithful to all trusts imposed in him, and was honored and respected by all who knew him. JOSEPH HORTON.

This son of the Confederacy was born at the family home, near Nashville, just before the outbreak of the War between the States. His youth was passed within sight of the great battlefield, and his earliest recollections were of hearing tales of the great conflict of which he never tired, and thus almost from infancy he was fired with enthusiasm for the Confederate cause, and his love of country and of the beautiful Southland grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength.

Always of a studious nature, Joseph Horton made a study of the strenuous events which marked the first period of his life, and no other knew perhaps the history of the Confederacy better than he. His education was received at the University of Nashville, a sacred, historic spot, where his father and grandfather had preceded him, all bearing the same name. He graduated at the Cumberland University Law School, Lebanon, Tenn., before attaining his majority, and at the time of his decease, June 4, 1909, in Washington, D. C., he was engaged in the practice of his profession.

His earthly life was cut short, ending in the midday of his career. "His sun went down while it was yet day," for the future was to him full of daylight and promise. Succeeding a period of unusual good health, he was suddenly stricken down, and after an illness of sixteen days, attended by the loving ministrations of a devoted wife and sympathetic friends, he passed peacefully away, where in the years of eternity his uncompleted tasks may be finished, his labors rewarded, and the fulfillment of his desires accomplished. He was brought back to his beloved Tennessee, where in beautiful Mount Olivet, under a towering shaft marked with the names of loved ones gone before, he was assigned to a last resting place. Touchingly beautiful were the services at the home. A pathetic figure was that of his old nurse. Aunt Liza, now a rare relic of antebellum days, who, faithful to the end, had walked far and long to take a last look upon him who still, was to her "as a little child" and whose tender years had been entrusted to her motherly and watchful care.

To comfort those left to mourn this loss I would say that so quiet and peaceful was the transition that, as he hoped, when the call came there was no "sadness of farewell," and almost his last words, spoken steadily and bravely, were: "I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar."

The foregoing tribute is from one who dearly loved him. By his profound knowledge the VETERAN had fondly expected some articles from his gifted pen. Many of the United Daughters of the Confederacy who attended the Convention in San Francisco will recall his interested presence in their meetings and outings accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Col. George W. Polk and a niece of the bishop general who gave his life for the Confederacy.

OLIVER HAZZARD PERRY CATRON

In February of this year the VETERAN presented a sketch with picture of the four Catron brothers of Missouri, all of whom had served in the Confederate army. The picture was taken at the reunion of the brothers at the home of O. H. P. Catron at West Plains, Mo., after a separation of forty years. It is sad that the group is so soon broken by the death of O. H. P. Catron, for years an ardent friend and patron of the VETERAN. Always interested in matters pertaining to the Confederate cause and in its survivors, he was one

of the first to assist in establishing the Confederate Home of Missouri, and for years was a member of the Board of Trustees. At the time of his death he was Brigadier General commanding the Eastern Brigade, Missouri Division, U. C. V., and was also Commander of J. O. Shelby Camp, at West Plains. . He was a man of strong mind, determined will, and untiring energy, he was public spirited and charitable in dispensing that with which his efforts had been blessed.

Comrade Catron was born near Lexington, Mo., December 27, 1842, his parents having been among the first settlers of that section. He was educated in the schools of the county and Shelby College. In 1861 he enlisted in the Missouri State Guards, and in August of the following year, when nineteen years of age, he joined the Confederate army as a member of Company C, Gordon's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade, and served with that command to the close. He participated in many battles Carthage, Dug Springs, Wilson's Creek, Lexington, Newtonia, Prairie Grove, Springfield, Hartville, Cape Girardeau, Brownsville, Little Rock, Bayou Meter, Booneville, Marshall, Westport, and many battles of the Price raid into Missouri, He was lieutenant of his company when the war

CAPT. BENJAMIN CUNNINGHAM YANCEY

Benjamin C. Yancey, born in Greenville, S. C., July 30, 1836, was the son of Hon. William L. Yancey, one of the most brilliant orators of the South and a historical character in the great struggle between the North and the South. This son was reared in Montgomery, Ala., and graduated from the University of Alabama in 1856 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and later received his law degree from Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tenn., and in the same year was admitted to the bar in Montgomery. He served throughout the war as captain of artillery. At the close he removed to Brazil, where he resided fourteen years. In 1873 he was married to Miss Lucy Carnes Hall, who survives him with five sons, all fine business men of unimpeachable integrity, and one daughter, Mrs. Lucy Yancey Fuller, of Baltimore.

Returning to the United States, Captain Yancey settled in Florida, where he became a part of the best citizenship of the State. After a painful and lingering illness, he fell asleep in Jesus on the 17th of March, and was buried in Glendale Cemetery among the orange groves he had planted.

HANSELL

Capt. J. B. Hansell was born in Moulton, Ala., October 5, 1839, and died May 19, 1909, at Jakin, Ga. His aged wife survives him with two sons and four daughters. He was a faithful soldier of Company B, 9th Mississippi Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, with which he served until detailed as sergeant major of the regiment.

MOORE

Stephen J. Moore died at his home, in Crowley, La., on April 23, 1909, aged eighty years. He was a native of North Carolina, and early enlisted for the Confederate cause, being assigned to the 31st Mississippi Regiment, with which he served throughout, participating in many battles. He is survived by his wife and two children. Comrade Moore was a lifelong Church member and a Mason of fifty years, and was buried with Masonic ceremonies.

WILLIAM W. LLOYD

William W. Lloyd was born in Grainger County, Tenn., December 20, 1835, and died near Sipe Springs, Tex., May 28, 1909, in his seventy fourth year.

Comrade Lloyd was one of the first men to enter the Confederate service from his native county and the first man of his company to reenlist for the war. He was mustered into service at Mossy Creek (now Jefferson City), Tenn., with the "Peck Light Dragoons" May 26, 1861. This company became Company E of the 3d (Branner's) Battalion Tennessee Cavalry, and later Company I, 2d Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, Col. H. M. Ashby. Comrade Lloyd was elected and served as its first corporal from its organization until the surrender under Gen. J. E. Johnston, April 28, 1865, and was well known in the regiment as "The Corporal," on account of his long service in that position. He was frequently offered promotion, but his ambition was to be "the ranking corporal of the Confederate army," and it is probable that he was. No man in his company rendered more continuous or faithful service than Corporal Lloyd, and he escaped with only one wound, as now remembered by the writer.

Returning to his home after his surrender in North Carolina, he remained there but a short time, when he emigrated to Texas, settling near Sipe Springs, where he engaged in farming as his life work. On February 26, 1876, he was happily married to Miss Emily Nugent, and of this union there were born six sons, five of whom, with their mother, survive. Years ago Corporal Lloyd publicly professed his faith in Christ Jesus and united with the Presbyterian Church, in which he served many years as a ruling elder.

No truer heart ever beat in the breast of man than that of Corporal Lloyd. An obedient son, a faithful soldier, a good citizen, a loyal husband, a wise father, and a humble Christian make up the life record of Corporal Lloyd. "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." [Sketch by James P. Coffin, Batesville, Ark.]

LIEUT. PRYOR GARDNER VEAZEY

At a meeting of Alex Stephens Camp at Barnett, Ga., Hon. S. N. Chapman paid tribute to the memory of Comrade P. G. Veazey, who died on November 3, 1908. He was among the first to take up arms for the South, and faithfully served as a member of the 15th Georgia Regiment. Those who were with him can testify that he never shirked a duty or flinched in battle. In the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, and many other battles, including bloody Chickamauga, he was found in the front line, ever firm and steadfast. Duty was his watchword in civil life as well as when a Confederate soldier, and in all positions he set an example of faithfulness. As a loving and devoted husband and father, a kind friend and benevolent man he is remembered by those who knew him and profited by his kindness. He was born April 6, 1832.

CHRISTOPHER C. SANDERS

Christopher Columbus Sanders died at his home, in Gainesville, Ga., August 3, 1908. His father's people were English, his grandfather being Moses Sanders, his maternal grandfather was Thomas Smythe, a native of Dublin, Ireland, and a man distinguished for his great learning.

He was only a boy when Georgia seceded, but he at once enlisted in the Confederate service, and having received a fine military training at the Georgia Military Academy, he was made colonel of the 24th Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, and served with distinguished bravery in the many battles his regiment took part in. [From a sketch by A. W. Van Horn, of Gainesville, Ga.]

HENRY G. TINSLEY

Henry G. Tinsley, of Lauderdale, Miss., died on February 11, 1909, in his seventy third year. He was reared in Kemper County, Miss., and in 1860 was married to Miss Mary Ellen Crouther, who, with four daughters, survives him. He served in Company A, 35th Mississippi Infantry, during the four years of war. Returning home, he took up the battle of civil life again. By strict integrity and close attention to his work he succeeded, and

was of those who stood in the front rank. He was a Christian gentleman, well known at home and throughout the surrounding country. Of him it can truly be said: "He was one of nature's noblemen."

GRAVE OF JOHN C. OWENS

Near the battlefield of Gettysburg there is a little mound of earth in the center of a triangle of greensward shaded by waving trees and watered by a rippling stream. The rumbling sounds of Bream's Mill and the rustling leaves from the tall trees above are the only sounds that disturb the deathlike quiet of this sacred spot. A plain board at the head of the sleeping grave tells the passer by: "Here rests Col. John C. Owens, of the 9th Virginia Infantry, who died on July 4, 1863, of wounds received in the charge of Pickett's Division."

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Colonel Stone was in command of General Polignac's brigade, as stated, the day of the last fight with General Banks's army, and as he sat on his horse making his report to the general commanding, John A. Wharton, a Minie ball from a Federal gunboat some

distance away struck him in the head, killing him instantly. His friends found him and carried him from the field. A nice coffin was made, and he was buried in the yard of the little church on the banks of Yellowstone Bayou, about three miles from the battlefield. Colonel Stone was a lawyer, and came from Missouri just before the war.

FRANCIS E. LANIER

Francis Eugene Lanier, the son of Capt. and Mrs, W. H. Lanier, of Savannah, Ga., met his untimely death on June 12, 1907, just as he had reached his twenty second year. In this brief span of life he had filled many places of honor and responsibility with credit to himself and satisfaction to his associates. He was an enthusiastic member of Francis S. Bartow Camp, U. S. C. V., of which he was Adjutant, as also for the State Division, and Assistant Inspector General for the Southern States and Chairman of the Monumental Committee. His love for the South was deep and pure, his pride in her achievements great, while the veterans of her great war were objects of his deep affection. His grandfather, father, and three uncles served the South as Confederate soldiers.

ANNUAL MEETING OF FORREST'S ESCORT

Gen. N. B. Forrest's Escort Company will hold the annual meeting of its members in Shelbyville, Tenn., September 7, 1909. It is understood that there are surviving about thirty members, half of whom were at the Memphis Reunion. W. F. Buchanan, of Shelbyville, is President for this year.

CAMP CHASE MEMORIAL EXERCISES FROM ADDRESS OF AL G. FIELD, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

On a monument erected to the memory of those who gave up their lives for the cause of the South, located in a Southern city, is this inscription: "This monument perpetuates the memory of those who, true to the instincts of their birth, faithful to the teachings of their fathers, constant in their love for the State, died in the performance of their duty, who have glorified a fallen cause by the simple manhood of their lives, the patient endurance of suffering, and the heroism of death, and who in the dark hours of imprisonment and the hopelessness of the hospital, in the short, sharp agony of the field, found support and consolation in the belief that at home they would not be forgotten."

Was ever epitaph more appropriate or more pathetic? The significance of the last sentence, "Found support and consolation in the belief that at home they would not be forgotten," appeals to all humanity. To those who were familiar with the home life of the

people of the South in the days before the war the words convey a pathos so tender and sweet they seem sacred.

The writers of current literature pertaining to the early days of the South constantly refer to the aristocracy, attributing to them all the vices and few of the virtues of this life. They had vices, and we find that even the Puritans, who are generally referred to as perfect, had them. As Lincoln once said: "Those who have no vices have few virtues." Their vices were as peculiar to the times as ours are to day.

The latter day historian who obtained his knowledge of the South through political publications assures us that the war between the men at the North and South was inevitable. We will grant this is true and rejoice that contentions that would have perplexed this country to the end were all decided by that war. We may rejoice that we are one people, North and South, reunited as one great family under one flag.

Again we are assured by these latter day historians that the lessons and benefits which have come to us through that war are so great that they outweigh all that was endured of sorrow and suffering and financial loss. All this may be true, yet I regret that in all the benefits and blessings that have come to us we have lost the most beautiful and enchanting page in the history of this fascinating country the home life of the people of the South before the war.

To have lived that life, that simple home life, is to more fully appreciate the tender sentiment contained in the last sentence of the inscription quoted: "Found support and consolation in the belief that at home they would not be forgotten."

You can search history in vain to find a country and its people the counterpart of the Old South. The domestic, the home life, the social life of the people of the South was one of singular beauty. Arcadian in its simplicity, ideal in its hospitality, the bonds of love between men and families embraced the most charming features of ancient feudalism. Nothing but dishonor sundered them.

We will admit that there was an aristocracy in the South created by the social and trade conditions of the times. It was a natural inheritance descending from ancestor to son.

I offer no defense of feudalistic subjection of the many to the few. I do not believe in caste excepting as to respectability. I hold the respectable man or woman above all others. I do not now and never believed slavery right. I deny the right of any human being to hold another in bondage. Yet on this one theme the latter day historians generally base

their most cruel criticisms of the aristocracy of the South on the suffering of the slave and the cruelty of the slaveholder.

Senator Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, has proposed a monument symbolical of slavery days carved from a single block of Southern marble, in the center a courtly old time Southern planter high born and gentle with a kindly face, on the right the old plantation negro "uncle" and slave, and on the left the shiny faced black "mammy," the helper of every living thing in the big house of the white folks and in the cabin of the "pickaninny."

I hope the monument will take form. I should crave the privilege of inscribing it. Under the central figure, the old master, I would carve the word "honor," under the slave, the old faithful Uncle Remus, I would carve the word "homage," under the black faced, broad bosomed mammy, whose breasts often succored the children of the whites, I would carve the word "humanity."

There is nothing in the history of the South before the war more interesting than the ties of affection and respect that bound the slave to his master and master to slave. Neither prosperity nor ruin, decay nor disaster has changed this feeling. Find them where you will, they will bear witness to this statement. Hunger and want never disquieted the slaves' constant good nature. Good humor and laughter distinguished their lives. The politeness and civility of the Uncle Remus of slavery days was only outdone by his master. In those days the mind of the negro was not disturbed by Brownsville affairs nor his fears excited by the tariff on razors.

The aristocracy of the South (we must call it by that name to designate it, but do not class it with that which we associate in our minds as aristocracy to day) gave to this country men whose memories every American reveres. Washington was of this aristocracy. His sword and army gave us freedom. Chief Justice Marshall, of Virginia, who reenforced the victories of war with the laws of peace, was of that aristocracy.

For more than fifty formative years of the life of this republic the men of the so called aristocracy of the South furnished the dominating influence in the halls of Congress. The extension of the geographical limitations of this country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the acquisition of Texas and Louisiana, was brought about by those of the aristocracy of the Old South.

Fifteen Presidents, covering the period from the establishment of this government until the beginning of the Civil War, were born of this aristocracy. The first note of warning sounded to Great Britain was by the aristocracy of the South. The first Congress before the formation of this republic was presided over and guided by one of the aristocracy of the South, and that declaration that freed us from Great Britain's tyranny was conceived by the mind of one of the South's immortal sons and of her aristocracy.

That so called aristocracy was the ancestry of a race of men that has made the bravery of the American the pride of the world. If there was an aristocracy of wealth and blood in the Old South, it was theirs by right of inheritance and environment. That it was open to criticism, all will admit, that it had its virtues is a truth none can deny. There was another aristocracy in the South in those days, an aristocracy of honor born of truth, strong and noble. Extending beyond the people of wealth, regulating public matters, it became the unwritten law of the land. Honor was the supreme test of every man. It was the pride of every man, and was held as sacred as life itself. It was based upon truth.

It was bred in the bone and instilled in the mind that upon the word of him who passed it was the seal of faith, and no matter what the sacrifice, no matter what the self denial, he must make his word good even unto death. With the men of the Old South truth and respectability came first, wealth afterwards.

There were no vast fortunes in the South of those days accumulated by processes tolerated now. There were no law defying corporations. The wealth of the people was in the land, and this descended from father to son, as did the customs and habits of their domestic lives.

Piety and patriotism were the dominant traits in the makeup of the people. Their churchgoing and reverence spread an atmosphere of religion over all. Even the dusky slave felt its influence. Every Church had its black worshipers in the same church, mind you, black and white worshipping together.

This strain of religion must have come from their Huguenot or Scotch Irish ancestors. It has left its influence on the people of the South even unto this day. Nowhere, not even in puritanical New England or staid Canada, do the people show their reverence for God and his Word in a more marked manner. In no land is the Sabbath so strictly observed as in the South, and in no land is there more of religious tolerance. The Jew, the Protestant, and the Catholic vie with each other in their reverence and respect for all who worship God. But to me the chief charm of the people of the Old South was the beauty and simplicity of their home life, the genuine hospitality, their dominating love for their fellow man. The open sesame to their hospitality and homes was respectability. There were but few divorces. Marriage was sacred. There was but little personal litigation and no suits for alienation of affection. There were but few scandals in those days.

My recollection of the people who made the Southland a Utopian dream is as pleasurable as any I revive, and that I was permitted as a youth to touch the hem of their garments has ever been an inspiration to me. Would that I could but turn the hands of time back again to a particular Christmas in the Old South, yet only one of many! It was the last Christmas before the war. I have often tried to repeat the joys of that occasion, but somehow instead of increasing happiness something of sorrow creeps in and I am sad to be disturbed in the cherished recollections.

If there is one within the hearing of my voice who has not received inspiration and help from social intercourse, he has been divested of one of the chief charms of humanity. Christmas cheer comes but once a year in these prosaic days, but it was Christmas cheer all the year in the days of the Old South. Christmas began a week before the calendar date, and they forgot the date of its ending in so far as cheer was concerned.

The Christmas I refer to was in 1860, a few months before the beginning of the Civil War. We all went back to the old home to grandfather's to celebrate Christmas. That old stone house was the Mecca for all the relations of the family. Their presence brought in neighbors for a radius of miles. All who came were entertained. Well do I remember that all of us four youngsters slept in one bed, that one would not have the advantage of the other in catching the older members of the household with the salutation, "Christmas gift!" I said slept in one bed, but should have said lay awake in one bed, for none of us slept. At three o'clock in the morning we were all up, creeping stealthily along the wide hall, knocking on each door, shouting, "Christmas gift I" and were always welcomed from within. Father pretended to scold that we awakened the household. Mother got up, although pretending to protest. The entire household was up, the big dining room was crowded, the big table full of presents. Every one was remembered, white and black alike. There was no more sleep that night. Soon the neighbors began pouring in, and cannon, old shotguns, and any combustible that could add noise announced the joyful day. I can see that courtly old Southern gentleman receiving the guests, ladling out the apple toddy to the visitors. I will never get the aroma of that toddy out of my sense of smell that's as near as I got to it in those days. [And he has seldom been nearer since. EDITOR VETERAN.]

I endeavored to make some of this toddy last Christmas, but those who had acquired a taste for the beverage in the old days shook their heads dubiously when they sampled it. All agreed that it was good, but the flavor that distinguished that made in the old days was lacking. I finally made up my mind that it was the government tax that destroyed the flavor. For be it admitted that the people of those days did not feel that they were in danger of damnation because they made a little homemade brandy and wine. I do not remember that we had Keeley cures or saloons, Anti Saloon Leagues, or kindred organizations peculiar to this advanced age, but we got along without them all right. I fear I should not have mentioned this apple toddy, it might tempt some who never sampled it. The big punch bowl, with its mellow juice of apple fermented, with spices and roasted Rambo apples floating on its surface, might tempt the most ardent of temperance advocates.

I have no desire to lay temptation before any person. I have sympathy and respect for the good people who are so strenuously laboring to alleviate and eliminate the evils of intemperance, although I have no faith in their methods or the practicability of the workings of their plans. It is not the recollection of that apple toddy that inclines my

judgment, but observation and experience, therefore I would not make it harder for the advocates of temperance.

Boston has discovered a process by which you can distill brandy from sawdust. Now what chance will a prohibitory law have when people can make brandy mashes with the shingles off their houses? All the old toper will have to do is to saw the legs off the kitchen table to get delirium tremens. The farmer can take a rip saw and go out to his rail fence and get a jag that will last while his barley is growing. The boys will make pony brandies out of baseball bats. Surely we had best have a dangerous product handled legally and not tempt the illegal sale of it with its subsequent consequences.

You, Colonel Johnson, will go back to your home city on the falls of the Ohio to meet an earnest band of men who will invade your city the coming week, members of the Imperial Council of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, an institution promoted for the betterment of mankind in general. You will meet a number of its membership there in Louisville, good friends of mine, workers in the Anti Saloon League, among whom I will mention Hon. Alvah P. Clayton, Mayor of St. Joseph, Mo., Hon. George H. Green, of Texas, Judge Louis B. Windsor, of Michigan, and William Brown, of Pittsburg. He has escaped the dragnet or is out on parole. To those gentlemen please carry my regards and regrets that I cannot be with you and them.

I sincerely trust you will excuse the digression in my remarks. They come to my mind for the reason that the gentlemen mentioned should be with us here to day, for the reason that they are men who look upon life as did those of the old days in the South. They love those days when life was simpler, when men took life less seriously, when the holidays and social occasions, while permeated with piety, meant not pain but took the highest and noblest forms of pleasure.

It will be argued that in the days I speak of the new world was smaller, we had not attained the forms of education and cultivation we now enjoy, the nation was in its childhood. But I regret that we have passed that childhood. When we look back to the days before the war and compare the people and times, it seems to me that we have passed our childhood, passed our manhood, and grown prematurely old in our home life, in our social life, and our friendships, it seems to me that we have forgotten the child's smile and lost the happiness of long ago in so doing. * * *

There is no use talking about the blessings of life unless we look and act as if we really were blessed. It's no use in believing in a cloudless heaven if we live in the shadows of the world, picking up its lead and despising its gold. The home life, the love of home and family and friends, was the life of the people of the Old South. It's the kind of life that will bring happiness, and happiness is earth's heaven. It's the kind of life in which we

learn larger faith and love for man, it's the kind of life in which we feel the thrill of the broad and upward way, it's the kind of life that cements friendships and propagates love. It is in the simple life that friendships are strongest and sweetest.

It should be a source of happiness to all who have contributed to these services to feel, to know they have honored those who died for a cause in which they implicitly believed.

SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MONUMENT
BY J. E. DEUPREE, IVANHOE, TEX.

The writer saw the magic lantern exhibits of the design for our monument to the women of the Confederacy. There was great disappointment at the hasty manner in which this very important subject was disposed of. After the rejection of said model by the Convention, the whole matter was referred back to General Walker's committee, supplemented by a veteran from each Southern State, without naming any date for said committee to report. This indefinite postponement, however, affords ample time in which to mature our plans and guard against another mistake.

In the meantime we can give our views on this all absorbing subject through the VETERAN, the official representative of all Confederate organizations. But for the patriotic, kindness of Southern women the writer feels sure that he would not be alive to day, hence his active interest in this matter. While I heartily indorse the editorial and the article of Dr. H. M. Hamill on this subject in the April VETERAN, it is far from my purpose to censure General Walker or other members of that committee, but thank them for their laudable labors.

In all ages women have been noted for their devotion and zeal in times of distress and danger, but to the women of the South clearly belongs the honor of excelling those of any other age or clime in this respect. How to adorn those monuments is the question. In order to solve this problem, it is only necessary to decide in what particular respect woman was most potent and useful during our Confederate war. They did much menial service, but not for this do they most deserve immortal honors at our hands. The good Book tells us that in the hallowed arms of woman was first found the Babe of Bethlehem, the Redeemer of the world, also that she was "last at the cross and first at the sepulcher of our Lord." Did not the cause of Christianity prosper and was it not most conspicuously and constantly upheld and exalted by them? We know that every living Confederate will answer yes

O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,

A ministering angel thou

And it was in her divine, angelic nature that the Southern woman appeared in her most conspicuous refulgence, and with the Bible she was far more potent and useful than in all other ways during the war. How many, many brave boys were given Bibles on leaving home, and how many were cheered in battle, on the march, in camp, in prison, and in the hospital by knowing that they were the objects of constant prayer by Christian mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts

Mr. Editor, the most impressive picture I ever beheld was that of the "Burial of Latane," which long ago appeared in the VETERAN. In that picture a noble, lovely Christian woman, Bible in hand, filled the place of a preacher at the burial of the gallant soldier. I suggest that a plain picture of a Christian Southern woman with Bible in hand and her eyes lifted toward heaven would be a most suitable symbol for all our monuments to the women of the Confederacy. Surely no other symbol can more fully and more happily portray the divine qualities of Southern womanhood.

I hold it a religious duty To love and worship woman's beauty. She has least the taint of earthly clod, She is freshest from the hand of God. With heavenly looks she makes us sure, The heaven that made her must be pure.

On one of the sides or panels of our woman's monuments this whole picture of the burial of Latane should appear in bas relief. As our good women were so often useful as spies and guides, it would be but proper for another side of our monuments to portray that brave Southern girl riding behind General Forrest to show him the way around that invading army, while another side might show a woman in the act of bathing the brow of a sick or wounded soldier. And last, but not least, on one side of our monuments there should be engraved the exact words in which President Davis dedicated his great war history to "The Women of the Confederacy." The writing of that history was the crowning act in the eventful life of our great and glorious chieftain, and the dedication of that book honors the women of our Southland in a manner more lasting and effective than we can ever hope to achieve by the erection of monuments, be they ever so numerous and grand.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. HICKMAN PRESENTED

Lately the trustees of the Confederate Home Association were the recipients of an unusually fine portrait of Mrs. John P. Hickman, which is to be placed in one of the Kate Litton Hickman rooms of the Home. A prominent Nashville Chapter of the U. D. C. is named for this lady, who has been its President since its organization, and it is this

Chapter that supplied the portrait. The gift will be much appreciated by the old soldiers, for they are all devoted to the original. Miss Grace Handly, of Nashville, made the presentation in eloquent words and with deep feeling. She said that they believed in giving the flowers of appreciation while the recipient was living to enjoy their perfume, not in covering the cold dead with the frail blossoms. She felt that the fairest flower that could be given the old veterans was a picture of their beloved friend.

Miss Handly described the war days of old when the mother of Mrs. Hickman was driven from home by the Yankees and of the four months the family spent in an old box car. Mrs. Hickman at that time was a mere slip of a girl, yet she rode on horseback to Tennessee with the flag of the 2d Tennessee Regiment concealed beneath her skirts. This flag is now in the Nashville State Capitol.

CHARACTERISTIC OF SAM DAVIS'S FATHER

M. J. Clarke writes from Mobile, Ala.: "In reading of the capture and execution of Sam Davis in the June VETERAN I call to mind an incident that occurred near Smyrna, Tenn., during Hood's campaign which satisfies me that I saw Davis's father at his home. With a member of my company I went out on a foraging expedition, and near Smyrna we rode up to a house. An elderly gentleman came out and greeted us and told of his son being hanged by the Yankees. He seemed to be very much grieved about it. Addressing me, he said: 'Young man, you see in that lot yonder a nice young bay horse with a rope around his neck? You may have him. Go and get him. But I will pretend that I don't want you to take him, for if the negroes around the house were to know that I gave him to you, they would tell the Yanks when they came, and it would go hard with me.' I thanked him, caught the horse, and took him to camp. I am satisfied that this was the father of Sam Davis. He had a nice home and grounds."

DICKINSON COLLEGE HISTORICAL STATISTICS

The VETERAN is in receipt of a very interesting letter from Prof. Leon C. Prince, the author of the "Bird's Eye View of American History." After some much appreciated words commendatory of the VETERAN and its work, Professor Prince gives some historical statistics that are very important and interesting pertaining to the standing of Southern men in the college of which he is professor of history and economics,

Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn" in ante bellum days drew a large part of its clientele from the Southern States, and of the class of 1858 eleven men entered the Confederate army to the five that joined the Federals. President James Buchanan was a Dickinson man of the class of 1809. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Roger B. Tany, whose Dred

Scott decision is world famous, was of the class of 1795. South Carolina's secession ordinance was drawn up by her distinguished son, Supreme Judge John A. Inglis, who graduated from Dickinson College with the class of 1829. The Democratic leader in the United States Senate after the secession was Willard Saulsbury, of Delaware, a Dickinson man who gave honor to his Alma Mater. He was of the class of 1842. The United States attorney who presented the case against the so called Lincoln conspirators was also of this college.

An interesting story in the "ole mammy" dialect has been received, and only lack of space prevents publication. Miss Ewing treats of the war. days in Tennessee, giving vivid pictures of things as seen from the darky standpoint. She concludes with a glowing tribute to the faithful mummies and daddies so fast passing away.

Confederate Associations are bound to each other by the most sacred ties that ever united a patriotic people. They are united in the spirit of perfect patriotic allegiance to our own great country as the union of great States, and our aims and objects are worthy of our best and purest purposes to keep good faith with all the prime principles which distinguish our government, while we will be equally faithful to our own Confederate history, our memories, and our present obligations to the dead and the living actors in the Confederate struggle.

END
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