

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 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 correspondent 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.

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

VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1909.

No. 6

S.A.CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR

OFFICIAL ORDERS ABOUT THE REUNION

According to the long established custom, the Division Commander of the State in which the Reunion is to be held will be the chief marshal of the parade. Maj. Gen. J. H. McDowell will therefore be chief marshal at the Memphis Reunion. It is announced by Adjutant General Mickle also that a memorial service will be held for one hour beginning at noon on June 9. At that moment the Convention will suspend business for this sacred purpose without further notice and without regard to what is then taking place, and the flags will be draped in mourning as a mark of respect to the memory of the beloved and only "Daughter of the Confederacy," our commanders in chief, zealous chaplain general, and of all our comrades who have preceded us into eternity. In order to make the services more impressive and enlist the interest of all, the ladies of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will have no separate exercises, but will join with the veterans.

The number of our dead has been greatly augmented during the past year by the following distinguished leaders : Lieut. Gen. Alex P. Stewart, C. S. A., Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., Chaplain General U. C. V., Brig Gen. Fred L. Robertson, Assistant Adjutant General U. C. V., and Maj. Gen. Thomas W. Carwile, Commander South Carolina Division, U. C. V.

Sponsor for the South, Miss Varina Cook, of Batesville, Ark.

Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Caroline Dupree Steele, of Kentucky.

Associate Maid of Honor, Miss Elizabeth Donelson Lake, of Memphis, Tenn.

Matron of Honor, Mrs. R. H. Vance, of Memphis, Tenn. Honorary Matron, Mrs. L. Z. Duke, of New York City. The General commanding has selected as orator for the Memphis Reunion Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, of Norfolk, Va. As an officer on the staff of Gen. Jeb Stuart he had many trying encounters and hairbreadth escapes, and this will endear him to all Confederates. His wonderful oratorical ability has been shown on numerous occasions to the delight of thousands, and this is a guarantee that his oration at this time will hold the attention of his old comrades. This address will be made on the afternoon of the first day, Tuesday, June 8, at 3 :30 o'clock.

W. T. MICKLE, Assistant General and Chief of Staff.

C. S. M. A. MEETS JUNE 7, 1909.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its tenth annual Convention in the city of Memphis, Tenn., June 7 10, 1909. The Nineteenth Century Club will be Convention headquarters. The first meeting will be held at 2 P.M. on June 7. A reception will be held on that evening.

On June 8 at 9:30 A.M. the officers and delegates will assemble at headquarters and proceed in a body to the U. C. V. Reunion auditorium. A business meeting will be held at 2 P.M.

On June 9 at 9:30 A.M. a business meeting will be held. At 12 M. a joint memorial service will be held under the auspices of the United Confederate Veterans and the

Confederated Southern Memorial Association. At 2 P.M. there will be a business meeting.

The delegates are earnestly requested to be in Memphis for the first meeting, on June 7 at 2 P.M. This meeting has been arranged in order that the officers and delegates may attend the opening session of the United Confederate Veterans.

The foregoing is official by Mrs. W. J. Behan, President, and Mrs. George A. Williams, Corresponding Secretary.

COMMITTEE FOR CABIN JOHN BRIDGE

Official orders from U. C. V. headquarters announce with gratitude the restoration of the original inscription on Cabin John Bridge, which was erased in the bitter partisan period of the War between the States. "Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War," again appears in its proper place. Due credit is given. Order 13 recites that "the Confederated Southern Memorial Association started the work in 1907, and Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Richmond, and Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, assisted by the U. D. C. and kindred organizations, have the thanks of all Confederates for this work."

The committee having charge of this worthy object was composed of Gen. Clement A. Evans (vice Gen. Stephen D. Lee, deceased), Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone (vice Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, retired), Mr. John W. Apperson, Mrs. George S. Holmes, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Mrs. Alfred Gray, Miss M. B. Poppenheim, Senator Murphy J. Foster (vice Hon. Adolph Meyer, M. C., deceased), and Mrs. W. J. Behan (chairman). Of great importance at the Convention will be the Jefferson Davis Home Association.

STAFF TO COMMANDER IN CHIEF EVANS

The General commanding announces the appointment of the following members of his staff, with the ranks set opposite their respective names, to date from June 11, 1908:

BRIGADIER GENERALS ON STAFF OF GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS

Thomas G. Jones, of Montgomery, Ala, Inspector General. J. F. Shipp, of Chattanooga, Tenn., Quartermaster General. Thos. E. Davis, of New Orleans, La., Commissary General. T. M. Hudson, of New Orleans, La., Judge Advocate Gen. C. H. Tebault, M.D., of New Orleans, La., Surgeon General. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., Chief of Ordnance. Page M. Baker, of New Orleans, La., Paymaster General. D. R. Gurley, of Waco, Tex., Assistant Adjutant General. H. A. Newman, of Huntsville, Mo., Asst. Adjt. General. H. W. Graber, of Dallas, Tex., Asst. Adjt. General. W. C. Stubbs, of New Orleans, La., Asst. Adjt. General. E. G. Williams, of Waynesville, Mo., Asst. Adjt.

General. Chas. E. Hooker, of Jackson, Miss., Asst. Adj. General. S. W. Ferguson, of Greenville, Miss., Asst. Adj. General. E. D. Willett, of Long Beach, Miss., Asst. Quar. General.

COLONELS ON THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF'S STAFF

Robt. E. Park, of Atlanta, Ga., Asst. Inspector General. R. P. Lake, of Memphis, Tenn., Asst. Quartermaster General. J. Thompson Brown, of Richmond, Va., Asst. Quar. Gen. Henry Meyers, of Memphis, Tenn., Asst. Quar. General. B. F. Jonas, of New Orleans, La., Asst. Judge Advocate Gen. J. B. Cowan, M.D., of Tullahoma, Tenn., Asst. Surgeon Gen. C. H. Todd, M.D., of Owensboro, Ky., Asst. Surgeon Gen.

COLONELS WHO ARE THE COMMANDER'S AIDS DE CAMP

W. A. Montgomery, of Edwards, Miss., John W. Morton, of Nashville, Tenn., J. L. McCollum, of Atlanta, Ga., John W. Daniel, of Lynchburg, Va., S. H. Buck, of New York City, A. J. West, of Atlanta, Ga., Philip H. Fall, of Houston, Tex., V. Y. Cook, of Batesville, Ark., John B. Pirtle, of Louisville, Ky., John W. Faxon, of Chattanooga, Tenn., A. A. Lelong, of New Orleans, La., W. G. Coyle, of New Orleans, La., Tim E. Cooper, of Memphis, Tenn., W. J. Crawford, of Memphis, Tenn., Blayne T. Walshe, of New Orleans, La., J. A. Harral, of New Orleans, La., Paul Sanguinetti, of Montgomery, Ala., Frank A. Hervey, Sr., of Mobile, Ala., Paul A. Fusz, of Philipsburg, Mont., J. W. Reed, of Chester, S. C., W. D. Pickett, of Lexington, Ky., S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., W. B. Haldeman, of Louisville, Ky., Henry Moore, of Texarkana, Tex., Henry Moorman, of Aetnaville, Ky., N. G. Pearsall, of Covington, La., B. B. Paddock, of Fort Worth, Tex., R. G. Provine, of Coles Creek, Miss., Thomas Claiborne, of Nashville, Tenn., C. C. Slaughter, of Dallas, Tex., Abner T. Holt, of Macon, Ga., B. F. Eshleman, of New Orleans, La., E. L. Russell, of Mobile, Ala., George H. Gause, of Slidell, La., T. W. Castleman, of New Orleans, La., W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, La., Robert E. Lee, Jr., of West Point, Va., Lee S. Daniel, of Victoria, Tex., Thomas Harrison, of Columbus, Miss., E. D. Cavett, of Macon, Miss., Thomas J. Shaffer, of Franklin, La., Nicholas Weeks, of Galveston, Tex., John W. T. Leech, of New Orleans, La., James G. Holmes, of Macon, Ga., W. E. Poulson, of Chicago, Ill., H. C. Hunt, of Calhoun, Ga., Charles G. Newman, of Pine Bluff, Ark., Walter R. Daniel, of Dallas, Tex., C. Frank Gallaher, of Charleston, W. Va., J. Ogden Murray, of Winchester, Va., Frank Gaienne, of St. Louis, Mo., Robert E. Lee, Jr., of Fairfax, Va., John Sharp Williams, of Yazoo, Miss., George L. Christian, of Richmond, Va., W. McK. Evans, of Richmond, Va., James R. Crowe, of Sheffield.

FROM THE REUNION TO VICKSBURG

It is expected that a large number of those who attend the Reunion at Memphis will go to Vicksburg to witness the unveiling of the bronze statue to Gen. Stephen D. Lee. The ceremony will take place on Friday, June 11, at two o'clock. The Illinois Central (Y. & M. V.) Railroad will sell roundtrip tickets from Memphis for \$3, and the price for

intermediate points will be one cent per mile. Other railroads will give a corresponding rate. Let the attendance be large.

TESTAMENT CLAIMANT REQUESTED BOOK LOST IN THE WAR. Among the papers of Mrs. Charles Farnsworth, of Memphis, Tenn., was found a small Testament, bound in black cloth, which was given to me at the General Convention U. D. C. held in Norfolk, Va., by Miss Nellie White, of Hernando, Mis s. I write this notice in the hope that some relative of the Confederate soldier who owned it may be found. From the inscription on the fly leaf, which is almost illegible, it would seem that the name "I. A. Dutton, Texas Regiment," was written by the owner. Beneath this, apparently by another is written: "Second lot, grave 293, Elmwood Cemetery." Reading between these lines, the thought occurs to me that this Texas soldier died in Memphis, and Mr. Farnsworth may have made this record of the place of his burial, intending to try to find his relatives. If this should meet the eye of any relative who is interested in the recovery of the Testament, it can be had by addressing Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General U. D. C., 1421 Ave. E, Galveston.

MONUMENT ORDERED FOR MONTICELLO, GA.

At a meeting of the monument committee at Monticello, Ga., the design for the Confederate monument was selected and an order given for its erection. The monument is said to be a very handsome one of hammered granite in shaft design with two life size statues of Confederate soldiers in Italian marble and will stand thirty two feet high. It will be built by the McNeil Marble Company, of Marietta. The officers are: Mrs. A. S. Florence, President, Mrs. Monroe Phillips, Vice President, Mrs. Oscar Phillips, Secretary, Mrs. Green F. Johnson, Treasurer. The Chapter is flourishing, and it is achieving much of importance.

J. L. Griffin, of Cusseta, Tex., wishes the address of any surviving comrades. He was in Company C, 1st Georgia Volunteers, Smith's Brigade, Pat Cleburne's Division.

FLORIDA DAUGHTERS DON'T LIKE MONUMENT BY LUCIA M. ALVAREZ, COR. SEC. FLA. DIV., STARK, FLA.

The Florida Division, U. D. C., recently assembled in St. Augustine, carefully examined the design for the proposed monument to the women of the Southern Confederacy, and while we appreciate the honor you wish to pay us and would rejoice in this recognition of the loyalty of Southern women, we most seriously disapprove of the committee's design, as it is in no wise typical of the women of the sixties.

We trust that our criticism will be received in the spirit that we give it in all kindness and with a desire that the coming generations may have a correct idea of what the women of the Confederacy really were.

D. M. Spence, Chancery Court Clerk, Dallas, Tex., offers his services free in looking up war records for old Confederates or their widows who seek a pension in that State. He has a list of all who attended the Reunion at Dallas, in 1902, and in several instances has been the means of bringing together members of the same company and regiment who had been living in Dallas without the knowledge of the other. By inclosing postage he will answer all communications.

WIRZ MONUMENT DEDICATED IN KIND SPIRIT

A press report from Andersonville, Ga., May 12 states: "Under the stars and stripes and the Confederate stars and bars there was dedicated here to day the monument to Capt. Henry Wirz, commander of Andersonville Prison, and executed at Washington at the end of the war on order of a military commission which tried him for murder and flagrant cruelty martyred, not executed, said the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy, who unveiled the monument to day in the hope that it will stand to see Wirz's memory sometime considered everywhere in a friendly light.

The national significance of these exercises was not lost upon the throng which crowded about the monument, so great in numbers that not all of them could hear the speakers' voices distinctly. A blazing South Georgia sun looked down upon the scene, the sleepy little village of Andersonville lay in the background, and the national cemetery and prison park, where thirteen thousand 'boys in blue' laid down their lives, stood in impressive silence near by. Over the hushed throng scarcely a sound rippled, and tears sprang to hundreds of eyes as Mrs. Perrin, of Natchez, Miss., daughter of the dead commander, loosed the veil from the tall, straight white monolith.

Springtime flowers were heaped upon the monument and speakers who loved and respected the Confederate cause stood near its base under the once rival flags and told many incidents in the career of Wirz, stories of kindness to Northern prisoners and of attempts to secure for them food and shelter which he could not get.

President A. Stovall, editor of the Savannah Press, said that the dedication was not intended to reopen questions long since settled, but to do an act of justice too long delayed. Of the difficulties under which Wirz worked he said, Wirz was commanding many desperate men, some of them brave and good, but others were recent arrivals from abroad, who barely spoke the English language, who were without understanding of the causes of the war merely mercenaries. He was hampered by the exigencies of his own government.

Dr. J. C. Olmstead, of Atlanta, related an instance of Wirz going personally to Macon, Ga" to solicit food and medicine for the prisoners at Andersonville.

It was learned that a report had been spread through many sections of this State that the national cemetery and the prison park would be closed to day. Both these places were open as usual, and there was no foundation for the report.

Scattered among the three thousand or more Southerners, mostly Georgians, from near by towns, was a sprinkling of men and women of the North, some of whom have relatives at rest in the national cemetery near by. There was not a single incident to mar the exercises, those from beyond Mason and Dixon's line looking on in silence, while those who gathered to pay tribute to the memory of the prison commander performed that service with enthusiasm and a spirit of marked devotion.

The invocation at the opening of the exercises was delivered by Rev. Father McMahan, of Albany, Ga. The singing of 'Maryland, My Maryland,' by the large chorus, the firing of a salute by the military company of Americus, Ga., and the sounding of taps brought the exercises to a close.

Captain Wirz was a native of Switzerland, born in 1822. After the close of the Civil War he was tried by a military commission at Washington, D. C., on charges of murder and flagrant cruelty to prisoners in his care contrary to the customs and laws of civilized warfare, was convicted, condemned to death, and executed at Washington November 10, 1865.

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.

So great is the press for space in this issue that an additional sixteen pages would have been given except that the first forms were sent to press before such demand was realized. They will be added in the next issue. Correspondents are urged to rewrite their articles when it is possible by so doing to abridge them, telling the facts only in the briefest way. In the July issue may be expected the list of subscriptions to the Jefferson Davis Home Association and also the supplemental list of contributions to the Sam Davis monument.

HONOR THE SOUTH'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE

The most important enterprise yet undertaken to all Confederates of all ages and to all friends of the South in her heroic struggle to defend the principles upon which the Union of States was founded is that of holding and maintaining the birthplace of the only President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, located in Fairview, Ky. The place was originally called Davisburg in honor of Samuel Davis, the father. He was evidently the most prominent citizen of that section of country, but after he removed to Mississippi, the beautiful surroundings induced the change of name to that which is so appropriate "Fairview."

This land has been purchased and deeded to the Jefferson Davis Home Association. It has several houses upon it, which are rented and protected by insurance. A note has been signed by S. A. Cunningham, Vice President of the Association, for \$4,600 to Bennett H. Young, who furnished the money to make all the payments beyond what the Association had collected. Upon this sum the Association is to pay five per cent interest. The list of subscriptions is soon to be published. The money must be paid, and the VETERAN appeals to all persons interested, also to every Camp and every Chapter, to do their part promptly.

THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT

People grow tired of almost any topic, and the worthier the theme the more considerably it should be treated. Two exceptions are mentioned in this connection. Good people never grow tired of praise to Gen. Robert E. Lee. It is good company to study his character as boy, soldier, and man.

In so great a presence the world can afford to study the marvelous short life of Samuel Davis. Only a little is known of him except in the tragedy. Just a word illustrative of his sense of justice and fair play as a boy is given in the notable fact that he was a defender of the weak. A large boy who would take advantage of a little fellow before being aware of it would have to consider Sam Davis if present. Doubtless it would be well if the minute life of this young man were known. Without other knowledge we may assume that his sense of honor was the keenest. Well may the spirit of his mother and grandmother for the mother trains her son be considered as having had predominance in his disposition.

Whether he had been known before, the scene of his presence under guard of a powerful enemy, when every characteristic of honor gleamed as the light of heaven upon the best that earth gives, is enough. That scene was matchless in all annals among men of all the nations of the earth. It has been surpassed only by Deity.

When the first tribute to Sam Davis was submitted for publication in the VETERAN, it was not accepted in appreciative spirit. It seemed that we had so many heroes that to laud one above the others would show partiality that would be unfair. The real condition as to Sam Davis was not comprehended until, returning on a steamboat journey from a Reunion at Shiloh, down the Tennessee, one of the Union soldiers at Pulaski when the execution occurred told the story in detail, concluding with the remark that "the Federal army was in grief about it." That remark induced the editor of the VETERAN to let his comrades know about it, with what success thousands know.

When it was resolved to accept subscriptions for a monument, the statement was made that "if only enough be contributed to carve his name on a curbstone it will do some good." The figure in bronze it will be remembered is ideal. The sculptor as no picture of the hero martyr could be found was obliged to depend upon the statue as it was made. He had the benefit of pictures of brothers, and a sister who was said to have features much

like him posed graciously, but her modesty was so excessive that she could not be induced to have a photograph made. Now, however, in response to an appeal as a duty, she has reluctantly consented. It was made under circumstances whereby thorough satisfaction could not be expected. Such as it is the VETERAN herewith presents.

The family of which Sam Davis was a son was large, and there are still living three sons and three daughters. The other daughters than Mrs. Winstead reside in Texas, while the sons and she reside in Tennessee.

TALKS WITH THE BOYS

Letter by Dr. H. M. Hamill from Richmond, Va., in March: "I greatly wish you could have been with me to day. I wanted the bright sunshine and pure air, and I put aside brain work, which pained me, and wandered around among the old scenes that make Richmond so dear to the ex Confederate heart. I sat on a bench in Capitol Park under the old tree beneath which I slept my first night in Richmond en route to the front in '64, just such a day as to day. I had but one ambition then to get something to eat. I was so strong and happy as a soldier boy that not even hunger and scanty clothing and constant hardship could dim the brightness and glory of my youth. It all came back to me in the sunshine and under the old trees of the park, with Washington's statue and the Confederate Capitol building overshadowing me as I sat and dreamed my boyhood over.

Then I could hear the booming cannon and at times the quick tramp of hurried soldiery swinging by on the way to the front. There were pale young fellows then hobbling by on crutches and wagons loaded with the dead from the hospitals. It was grim, fierce war.

It came back to me, the old sullen roar of the guns, the tramp of the soldiery in gray. I saw Marse Robert on old Traveler and little Billy Mahone dragging his long sword and hurrying us into the charge. My old comrades rose up out of their quiet graves from Richmond on to the Wilderness and back, and I took them by the hand, and then, as I did in the old days when they made me orderly, I called the roll of one hundred and sixteen brave boys from Florida, only to find, as I did at the last, myself and Corporal Smith waiting as Company I to receive our paroles.

I went again to the Library and to Davis and Lee's Church and to the old forts still standing and to Hollywood's great monument to dead Confederates and to the noble statue of Lee, and last of all to read in the Library Stonewall's last little penciled dispatch written in the saddle a few short hours before he died and then I remembered you and how by and by all of us will become memories here, but, thank God, unchanging comrades in that bright land where our old boys in gray are awaiting us.

FOR WHAT A. J. MEADOWS, RIPLEY, TENN., IS THANKFUL

In the April VETERAN I notice some letters from comrades entitled "What Are Veterans Most Grateful for?" They are all good. Comrade John C. Baird's letter on a "Good Night's Sleep" was very good, and doubtless will provoke many hearty "amens" from the "critter companies," but I was a "webfoot," and desired above all a "square meal." The man on the horse probably enjoyed less good sleep, but he was extra as a "forager," and hence Comrade Baird settled on sleep.

I was sixty eight years old September 13, 1908. I entered the service in May, 1861, in Company G, 4th Tennessee Infantry. Later on it was Strahl's Regiment, and still later Strahl's Brigade O. F. Strahl, from Dyersburg, Tenn., the invincible soldier and prince among men. I was on furlough during the Missionary Ridge engagement, which is the only gap in my war record from Belmont to Franklin, where I was knocked "hors de combat." I received flesh wounds at Shiloh and Franklin, but "not a bone was broken." I am truly thankful that I have survived the war, enjoy good health, and have reared a large family. My second wife and one single daughter are with me now, and, best of all, we are all "marching on to Zion."

TALK WITH HIS COMRADES
BY S. A. CUNNINGHAM

In "Talks with the Boys" the editor gives a very brief account to his immediate comrades of their first camp. On Valentine day he went to Mitchellville, near the Kentucky line, where several companies arrived from their homes on October 28, 1861, forty seven years, three months, and sixteen days before. This was his second trip. Captain Hester, of Mitchellville, who had many thrilling experiences, drove along the old line of march to what was the Louisville and Nashville Turnpike, reaching that highway, as will be remembered, where a large carved stone marks the State line, and then by old Mitchellville to Camp Trousdale. The fine brick house that was near the junction of the turnpike and the branch along which the soldiers went to camp hardly seems a day older. The small grove of cedars in the yard has grown to magnificent proportions. The old drill field does not seem as large as then. Besides, there are well grown forests where then were tillable fields. That branch of crystal freestone water was muddy from rain. The old mill by which there was then a brewery at which we got still beer that looked like buttermilk and was both as delicious and as harmless is still there and well preserved. At the station where we spent the first night there is an old looking brick house that was erected after the war. How near we approach a half century since becoming soldiers of the C. S. A. and how few we be

FOR WHAT JOSEPH A. MUDD, HYATTSVILLE, MD., Is GRATEFUL

The VETERAN came last night, and I have read everything in it with undiminished interest, and with not the least "What Comrades Are Most Grateful for." I had overlooked your invitation. What Confederate soldiers as a class should be most grateful for is that they lived in a day when the most exalted plane of human feeling and human emotion, indorsed by the highest standard of human reason, impelled them to make a complete sacrifice for human liberty, and that the occasion exhibited to the world the glorious heroism of the Southern women.

Personally what I felt most grateful for in those four years, except being spared when so many of my comrades were not, was a drink of water late in the afternoon of Friday, August 2, 1861. General Price's army broke camp in Southwest Missouri at two o'clock that morning and marched in serried column eight abreast, the shoulder blades of the front rank men touching the breasts of the rear rank men, and each set of front and rear rank men four inches apart. The expectation was to strike the Federal General Lyon sometime during the day, but the latter retired, and with the exception of a part of each force meeting at Dug Springs no battle occurred. The march continued until one hour before sunset. The day was intensely hot. The road was nearly a foot deep with dust, and for a good part of the distance lay between heavily wooded hills which prevented any breezes from soothing the effect of the Misting sun. A hundred yards in advance of where we halted to go into camp, issuing from the base of a hill, was a spring a foot deep and twenty feet wide. A guard was placed before it, and men were admitted in in turn. Two thousand cavalymen were ahead of us. Near by was a stagnant pool covered by a thick sheet of green scum. It was crowded with cavalymen whose horses were slaking their thirst and adding to the foulness of the water, if such a thing were possible. I thrust my tin cup between the hind legs of a horse and drank a quart of water. It was the sweetest taste that ever touched my lips. The recollection of it I enjoy to day.

COMRADE GARDNER'S SPIRIT OF GRATITUDE

B. C. Gardner, Company F, 27th Alabama Regiment, J. E. Johnston's army, writes from Quanah, Tex.: "I saw in the VETERAN the request that we old soldiers write of what we were the most thankful for. I will answer: First, for God's protecting care over us through the war and his continuing to provide for us up to this time of old age, second, that we have such a good publication as the VETERAN to keep us posted as to our ups and downs and of the many battles fought during the war. Now, comrades, let us all unite in one sentiment, that we will all endeavor to live close to the One who has kept us so long, and when the last roll is called we can joyfully answer: 'Here am I.'"

MARYLANDERS IN CONFEDERATE ARMY

How many Marylanders served in the Confederate army is an inquiry that is periodically made.

Maj. Gen. Isaac R. Trimble in a prepared address delivered before the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland on February 22, 1883, said: "Gen. S. Cooper, adjutant general of our government, told me in Richmond that over 21,000 Marylanders enlisted in the Southern armies."

General Trimble was a man of unquestioned high character and integrity. It must be remembered that the adjutant general's office contained the records of all the Confederate armies, including the nativity of all soldiers.

General Cooper was adjutant general of the United States army before the war, and, having resigned early in 1861, was given the same position in the Confederate service. This statement therefore may be regarded as official.

General Trimble further said: "General Lee often told me that he had much at heart the separate organization of the Marylanders. 'They are,' he said, 'unrivaled soldiers, and if brought together, we may get many other Marylanders to join us.' "

This was attempted in 1863, but it was then too late, as the Marylanders who were serving in other organizations were unwilling to leave their comrades and the associations formed through the ties of many campaigns and battles.

They were found in every army and every organization, and were specially noted for their refusal to desert, although home and comfort awaited them.

Of the 1st Regiment, General Trimble said that they "were the dandies of the army, better dressed, better shod, better drilled, and in gayer spirits than any in the whole army, and never one deserter." C., in Baltimore Sun.

NUMBER OF NEGROES IN FEDERAL ARMY
BY JAMES BEESON, HYTOP, ALA.

A mistake in Civil War history has been repeated so often in print and from the rostrum that otherwise well informed people North and South take it as accurate without taking the trouble to investigate for themselves.

In C. G. Lee's computation of the relative forces of the Federal and Confederate armies in the March VETERAN he says there were 186,017 negroes, whereas there were 382 organizations of negro troops in the Federal army, and they averaged about 1,000 to the organization. My knowledge comes from my practice as a pension attorney, and can't be far from correct. There are Confederate soldiers in Congress who have access to the army rolls, and I wish some of them would take the trouble to examine and correct this common error. It will to some extent strengthen the first calculation of the Federal enrollment to be 3,000,000 instead of 2,778,304, the present estimate.

VERIFYING THE LEE AND GRACIE INCIDENT

The article by G. N. Saussy in the April VETERAN calls forth the following:

Soon after General Lee returned to Petersburg from the north side he reviewed the whole line, and while on General Gracie's front he very imprudently thrust his head above the parapet and commenced inspecting the enemy's works. This was one of the most dangerous portions of the lines. A young man was killed there a few days previous while looking through a porthole. He had received a sixty day furlough on account of a severe wound, and previous to starting home he had gone out to see some of his friends on the line. He bade them all good by, and was just returning to Petersburg when he suddenly turned round and said in a jovial manner: 'I must take a look at my friends over the way before I go.' He put his eye to the porthole near by, when a bullet came through and killed him instantly.

It was near this same spot that General Lee was so imprudently exposing himself. His officers stood horrified, expecting every moment to see him killed, and several expostulated with him. Finding all entreaties to be in vain, General Gracie jumped up on the parapet and placed himself before General Lee.

General Lee said: 'General Gracie, that is very dangerous, you will be killed.' General Gracie replied: 'It is better, General, that I be killed than you. When you go down, I will.' The noble General Lee smiled and got down, followed by General Gracie.

CHILDREN AT DEDICATION OF MONUMENT
BY MRS. W. S. HUMPHREYS, PRES. MOULTRIE (GA.) CHAPTER.

A request of representatives of several Chapters I shall endeavor to tell something of the program of Children's Day observed by the Moultrie McNeill Chapter on the occasion of the completion of the erection of the Confederate monument at this place.

The monument was completed about a month before Memorial Day, which day was selected for the unveiling. Children's Day was used for raising funds as well as for other ceremonies. The "Mile of Pennies" slips were placed in the hands of all the children and the ladies and others who would use them. In fact, the raising of money and the instilling in the young hearts of the children a love for the brave Confederate heroes were the main objects of this occasion. Quite a neat sum was raised, and the ceremonies were inspiring and impressive.

The superintendent of the Moultrie public schools joined in the spirit of the occasion. He marched the entire student body of more than four hundred from the school building to the depot, where the children joined in drawing the vehicle bearing the statue to be erected on the main shaft of the monument. Seventy five veterans led the procession, the U. D. C. came next, and then the children.

At the base of the monument an appropriate program was carried out. The school sang patriotic songs, while suitable addresses were made, the main speaker of the occasion being the school superintendent, who is a loyal son of a Confederate veteran and an eloquent speaker.

The Children's Day ceremonies were both profitable to the Chapter and beneficial to the cause.

Our regular unveiling ceremonies were held on Memorial Day, Governor Smith delivering the address. We have a very handsome monument, and are proud of it. This Chapter has given 197 Southern crosses of honor.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT
TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING APRIL 30, 1909.

Receipts.

Balance on hand from last report, \$8,999.73. Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$25. Contributed by Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, No. 279, U. D. C., Frederick, Md. Mobile Chapter, No. 193, U. D. C., Mobile, Ala., \$10. Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoock, Director for Virginia, \$25. Contributed by Fredericksburg Chapter, No. 163, U. D. C., Fredericksburg, Va.

Westmoreland Chapter, No. , U. D. C., \$1. Thomas S. Ryan, New York City, \$100. School children, Bedford City, Va., \$10.84. Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$9.50. Contributed by Palmetto Chapter, No. 638, .U. D. C., Anderson, S. C., \$1, Ridge Spring Chapter, No. 1115, U. D. C., Ridge Spring, S. C., \$7, Dick Anderson Chapter, No. 75, U. D. C., Sumter, S. C., \$1, Children of Calhoun (S. C.) Rural School, 50 cents.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoock, Director for Virginia, \$11. Contributed by Hope Maury Chapter, No. 857, Norfolk, Va., \$10, a friend, \$1.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$5. Contributed by Pensacola Chapter, No. 298, U. D. C., Pensacola, Fla.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, \$40. Contributed by J. S. C. Blackburn, Governor Canal Zone, \$10, Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Wayside, Miss., \$10, Dr. T. Flournoy Worthington, Wayside, Miss., \$5, W. W. Worthington, Wayside, Miss., \$5, Miss Lucy Dancy, \$1, Dr. Gill, \$1, "Little Lillie E.," \$1, "Eugenia, Cora, Pink, and Harry" house servants of Director (each fifty cents), \$2, Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 975, U. D. C., Swan Lake, Miss., \$5.

Mrs. Florence D. Johnston, Director for California, \$53. Contributed by Los Angeles Chapter, No. 277, U. D. C., Los Angeles, Cal., \$50, Gen. John B. Gordon Chapter, No U. D. C., San Jose, Cal., \$3.

Father Ryan Chapter, No. 431, U. D. C., Bartow, Fla., \$25. Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$13. Contributed by J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., Gainesville, Fla., \$10, Mildred Lee Chapter, C. of C., Gainesville, Fla., \$3. Marianna Chapter, C. of C., Marianna, Fla., \$1.

WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

Total receipts, \$9,329.07. Expenditures, none. balance on hand, \$9,329.07. Respectfully submitted.

WORN SUIT OF GRAY TRIBUTE TO BREATHITT

In Lexington, Ky., there will soon be a representation of "The Southern Cross," a stinging drama of the war, the proceeds to go on the fund for the monument to be erected to John Morgan, the famous Confederate scout and general. In this drama will be worn a suit of gray so battered and torn that it will scarcely hold together. Through the shoulder is a hole made by a musket ball and through the trousers another torn by shrapnel.

This uniform was worn by Col. P. P. Johnson during the war, and in speaking of it Colonel Johnson told a story of wonderful coolness and bravery, in which he said:

We were fighting in front of Richmond in the Wilderness. Two roads ran almost parallel, and the two armies were marching toward Richmond on these two roads. Had there been only one army. that army would have used both roads, but we had one and the Union army had the other. In some places the roads almost touched, and there the opposing armies would fight, each side having those points guarded and protected from sudden assault. My battery was stationed on a hill, with the road, along which our men were marching, behind us. The hill, which extended up from the road, was a steep one, and from where we were the road was hidden. I had just been talking to a fellow officer and instructing him what to do in case I should fall, when suddenly the woods in front of us were alive with Union soldiers. They had formed their line of battle under cover of the woods about half a mile from us, and we had not seen them at all until they burst into view, charging us.

In battle line and yelling as they came, they swept across the field and toward us. They were pouring in volleys, and it soon became so hot where we were that we had to leave. We retreated from left to right that is, the gun on the left moved first. When orders were given, the gun on the left was limbered up and moved to the rear, while the other guns kept firing. Then the next gun moved off. My gun was third, and by that time things were getting pretty lively. The Yankees were so close to us that we could hear them cursing us, but the third gun got off safely. That was mine, and as we went to the rear a musket ball struck me. I was able to sit on my horse, although the ball had gone almost through my left shoulder.

Then happened one of the most gallant acts that were performed during the war. Major Breathitt was in command of the battery, and he had stayed with the last gun. The Union soldiers were coming on fast, and a perfect hailstorm of bullets swept over the guns. The horses, which had been stationed in the rear to avoid being wounded, were brought up, and a desperate effort was made to get out the last gun. The Yankees were trying to capture it, but Major Breathitt went to work. As the horses were brought to the gun four of them were instantly killed, and it looked like the gun certainly would be taken. Three of the gunners were wounded in as many seconds. Major Breathitt jumped off his own horse, cut loose the traces of the dead animals, sprang on the back of one of the gun horses, lashed him with his saber, and started to the rear, with hundreds of Union soldiers so close that they could have hit him with a rock. They were all shooting and shouting to him to stop, but he rode on and actually took the gun out.

He escaped without a scratch, and as he rode down the hill toward the infantry, which had halted at the firing, he was passing through a storm of bullets. How they missed him is a marvel, but he was not even scratched, and he saved the gun. The infantry in the road had begun throwing up small breastworks and were waiting for the charge. They were as cool and placid about it as though it were nothing. They showed no concern whatever, but waited until the Union soldiers were only about fifty feet away, and then they fired. They mowed down swaths of men, and the Union soldiers retreated. They formed again and charged again, and our infantry again crumpled them up, and did it a third time, when the enemy retired, having had enough. The infantry never showed any excitement, and went through it all with a bored air and expression.

I was taken to a field hospital and my wound dressed. That is where the hole in that uniform came from.

BURNING OF COLUMBIA BY CLEMENT SAUSSY, SAVANNAH, GA.

I would thank you to correct a statement I recently read in "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry," by W. C. Dodson, of Atlanta, Ga., concerning the capture of Columbia, S. C., by Sherman in February, 1865. He states on page 328 that "General Wheeler in person directed the burning of the covered bridge across Broad River when the Yankees had driven in our small forces at that point late in the afternoon of February 16."

The writer of this article was a member of Wheaton's Battery, which at that time was attached to Butler's Division of Cavalry, recently sent down from Virginia, and was at Columbia with that division. When General Butler had been ordered by General Beauregard to make a reconnaissance down the Charleston road with a part of his division and two brigades of Wheeler's command, Wheaton's Battery was not taken along, for the reason that the movement had to be made very rapidly, and our battery not being provided with horses for the cannoneers, we would be unable to keep up with the cavalry. After a sharp encounter with Sherman's forces, General Butler slowly retired toward the covered bridge covering Wheaton's Battery to cross over to Columbia, which we did before dark. Soon after, about dark, General Butler, with a detail of his division, set fire to this bridge, and some of his men and horses were scorched by the flames in passing through the bridge. Comrade William P. Lake, of Company F, Jeff Davis Legion, Butler's Division, now living at Vidalia, Ga., was one of this detail.

Again, Mr. Dodson on page 329 uses these words: "Thus fell the capital of South Carolina. Every gun fired in its defense was fired by Wheeler's Cavalry. Every soldier who fell in its defense belonged to Wheeler's brave command." When Wheaton's Battery reached Columbia, we were ordered by General Butler to proceed to Granby Heights, two miles south of the city, and to open fire on Sherman's army, then encamped just opposite and across the river. We kept up the shelling the entire night. After our third shot, every

camp fire was out, but we had the range and annoyed them all night. At daylight the next morning we saw them putting their pontoon bridges on the river, but our aim was so

accurate that they moved these pontoons higher up the river out of the range of our guns. During this time the Yankees had deployed a regiment of sharpshooters along the river, some up in the trees, and made things hot for us. Three of our men and fifteen horses were wounded in a very short time. As the Yankees had put their pontoons across and their men were then swarming in the city, General Butler sent orders to Captain Wheaton to retire, and, not knowing any route but the one by which we had gone to Granby, we went back to Columbia and found the Yankees so busy plundering and burning that they actually allowed us to escape. We marched thirty five miles by a circuitous route and joined our division late that night at Kelian's Mill, eleven miles from Columbia. General Wheeler and his brave men did great things, but Mr. Dodson should not make such grave errors, as there were others who were brave and did their full duty.

General Butler was badly wounded on June 9, 1863, in the great Brandy Station cavalry fight. A cannon shot passing through his horse took off his right foot just above the ankle. The same shot tore off the leg of Captain Farley, of Gen. Jeb Stuart's staff, as he was conferring with Butler, who was colonel of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry at the time. Farley died soon after. Butler returned to duty before his stump had healed, and with only one foot to handle himself with bravely led his gallant men until, forced by overwhelming numbers at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865, he with others of us ceased from that kind of service.

WHY MASCULINE GARB AND TITLES?

BY MRS. JEAN ROBERTSON ANDERSON, MEMPHIS, TENN.

With a heart full of love for the Southern Confederacy and all its sacred institutions, customs, traditions, and memories, may I ask a hearing along a line voiced in two recent articles in the VETERAN (in the January and March numbers) concerning "Confederate Choirs Uniforms and Titles?" I come to you with nothing but praise for the objects and purposes of the Confederate Choirs the collection, preservation, and perpetuation of the old melodies of the South. But with Mrs. Stone, the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the "certain influential Camps," United Confederate Veterans, quoted I stand "opposed to the wearing of Confederate uniforms by Southern women and their assumption of military titles" as unseemly, unwomanly, undignified, and unbecoming to Southern womanhood and Southern ideals. More than that, its inappropriateness and unpopularity with the better thought of the South will serve to weaken the real value of the laudable revival of Southern songs and melodies which they seek to preserve.

Not many of our representative women could be persuaded to don a costume or title which would place them in a ludicrous light or be willing to jeopardize Southern ideals and standards by such questionable taste. That there are a few such already in the lime light, I do not deny, but they are there for two reasons want of thought and because the dear old veterans (God bless them!) applauded the first daring venture in that direction. (But what can a Southern woman do in the name of the Confederacy that Confederate

veterans will not applaud?) What has become of the old time ideas of a woman unsexed or masquerading in man's attire or assuming titles belonging exclusively to man? What has become of the laws of the land which prohibit a woman appearing in public in man's

attire under penalty of fine or imprisonment? And what can be said to defend or to recommend the donning of military uniforms or titles ?

With all respect due the three learned gentlemen who voice their views in the aforesaid articles in the VETERAN in heir approval, applause, and praise for the Confederate Chairs, yet they advance not one logical reason or argument to prove a point in favor of military uniforms and titles for the patriotic women and girls composing these organized Confederate Choirs. Of these applauding gentlemen so generous in compliment, so meager in argument I would ask: "Is the woman militant at all in accord with the Old South? Would not the value of the organization be enhanced tenfold by suitable appareling and titles?"

Uniforms for schools, for societies, for clubs, and for Confederate Choirs are desirable and can be made attractive and imposing if chosen with taste and judgment. For the latter it might be white or gray or a combination of both following graceful lines suitable to girlhood, to womanhood, and appeal to the everlasting sense of fitness! How very effective and beautiful such a group of musicians could be made if gowned in white with over robes of soft gray Oxford gowns and gray Oxford caps, always becoming and attractive, on the band of the latter the lettered symbols of the organization! Something of this kind would be far more becoming, picturesque, and comfortable than the ones now in use. It would be less expensive, more dignified, and more impressive. The titles usual in musical organizations would be found sufficient for their direction and control. I believe the whole South would welcome and applaud the change and more heartily commend and indorse their admirable efforts for the preservation of the old war time songs and Southern melodies, and their appearance in public be more in keeping with the best ideals and traditions of the Old South.

BRIG. GEN. JOHN GREGG
BY COL. A. C. JONES, THREE CREEKS, ARK

Thanking you for your kind mention in connection with my article on the "Prize Essay," I must be allowed to correct a mistake, I was never in command of the Texas Brigade, but did command the 3d Arkansas Regiment for about eight months before the surrender.

Your mention of it affords me an opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of that chivalrous soldier and able officer, Gen. John Gregg, who succeeded Brig. Gen. J. B. Robertson (known by the soldiers as "Polly") as commander of the Texas Brigade.

General Gregg was my superior officer, and I am proud that he was my personal friend. Like General Gordon, of Georgia, he belonged to that class of younger general officers whose ability and courage were rapidly developed during the closing scenes of the conflict. But, alas! he did not survive to render his country good service in more peaceful

times, having been killed while leading his command in one of those desperate fights below Richmond. Great emergencies are liable to occur at any time in war, and in these the true mettle of a man is proved.

I shall never forget that strenuous day on the lines when by a sudden and unexpected attack the enemy captured Fort Harrison, one of the strongest and most important positions in our works, placing the city of Richmond in imminent peril, when General Gregg with the remnant of his own brigade and Benning's Georgia Brigade, in all about one thousand men, having just repulsed a heavy charge on another part of the field, was rushed to the breach, and by skillful maneuver and desperate fighting held an entire corps of the enemy at bay from early morning till four o'clock in the evening, when reinforcements arrived. He undoubtedly saved the city from capture several months before it actually occurred.

The high esteem in which General Gregg was held both by the government and his soldiers was manifested when his body was borne from the battlefield where he fell to the city and lay in state for several hours in the Capitol, and by special permit from General Lee his old brigade was allowed to leave the lines and escort his remains to Hollywood Cemetery, his last resting place.

General Gregg should ere this have had recognition in the VETERAN. Along with Gen. O. F. Strahl the editor holds his memory in gratitude and high veneration. It was General Gregg who, with his small brigade, held a large corps of the enemy in check nearly all day at Raymond, Miss. His maneuver of his small regiment in his brigade was perhaps as tactful as ever was known in military affairs. Until the news of his death as indicated by Colone] Jones, the last known of him before his death was after being wounded in the battle of Chickamauga he was taken to the rear in the ambulance, arriving in Ringgold on Sunday morning, September 20, 1863, just at sunrise.

WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, LEE. BY REV. J. W. SANDELL, MAGNOLIA, MISS.

In the VETERAN for March, page 104, I notice in connection with Miss Boyson's prize essay and President Roosevelt's address on Lincoln's birthday celebration a disposition to place these three names together in the roll of honor. If these names are to go into history as so many links in the chain that connects the parts of this great country in a constitutional republican government, let them go for the parts the men performed whose names give title to this paper. Let a descriptive word go before each name as follows: Constructive Washington, destructive Lincoln, instructive Lee. These qualifying words open the door for a study.

It could be clearly demonstrated that the true place of each of these men in the work of this government is in the word before his name. Our young people are reading and writing, and there is always danger of following the multitude to do evil. It was the father of our Robert E. Lee who wrote the famous words about Washington: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."



AN OLD PAPER

[A paper time worn and yellow, bearing date of 1861, is sent the VETERAN. On it in almost undecipherable letters are the words of a poem written by Amos N. Hall, Company F, 20th Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, and sung by that company in Fort Caswell, N. C.]

Here we are in the land of cotton,
The flag once honored is forgotten.
Fight away, fight away, fight away.
For Dixie land.
Carolina's sons are ready.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah
With heart and hand
We will by her stand
With courage true and steady.
Hurrah ! hurrah! hurrah
I suppose you have heard the news
Of Lincoln and his kangaroos?
With millions he would suppress us,
With war and bloodshed he'd oppress us.
He says we have no ships or navy,
We put mighty faith in great Jeff Davis.
Due honor too we will award
To gallant Bragg and Beauregard.
The Southern States were only seven,
But we have them now up to eleven.
From the land of flowers, hot and sandy,
From Delaware Bay to the Rio Grande.
Hold up your heads and have no fears,
For Dixie swarms with volunteers.
The Old Dominion still shows plucky,
The stars are bursting in Kentucky.
You have heard the notes of this same ditty
On the right and left of the Mississippi.
Abe's proclamation in a twinkle
Would stir the blood of Rip Van Winkle.
Our ladies cheer with heart and hand
Our men who fight for Dixie land.
The stars and bars are waving o'er us,
Independence, boys, is just before us.

LIKE A BENEDICTION FROM GEN. S. D. LEE.

[Part of a letter from Gen. Stephen D. Lee written while the controversy was high in regard to the Wirz monument. It was written when he expected to engage in a prolonged controversy with the Grand Army of the Republic.]

The belief is universal throughout the South that Captain Wirz was innocent of the charges on which he was convicted by a military commission: the charges, first, of conspiracy with Jefferson Davis, Secretary Seddon, Howell Cobb, R. B. Winder, R. R. Stevenson, and others to kill Union prisoners, and, secondly, of murder in the violation of the laws and customs of war. None of Wirz's alleged co conspirators were ever put on trial. The evidence upon which he was convicted was in part based upon mistake or downright perjury, and the circumstances under which he was tried made a fair trial practically impossible in those terrible times.

All things considered, charity requires at least that either no tablet should be erected charging the dead man with guilt or that those who believe him innocent should be accorded the privilege of expressing that conviction in equally enduring form. If evil is to be spoken of the dead, his friends can hardly be expected to remain silent. Bearing this in mind, the plan has been proposed by certain ladies of the South to erect a counter tablet bearing a proper inscription to record an enduring belief of the Southern people in his innocence.

Henry Wirz had the misfortune to be a foreigner, friendless, and ill fitted to defend himself. His very countryman, the Swiss Consul General, publicly refused to accept money for defraying the expenses of the defense. In time of peace Wirz was tried by a military commission, and all his lawyers except Mr. Schade withdrew from the case, stating that the court had predetermined the case. At the time of his conviction Wirz was broken in health from confinement and from wounds received in battle. He refused to accuse Jefferson Davis on account of the treatment of prisoners at Andersonville, although he (Wirz) was informed by persons whom he had reason to trust that such an accusation would save his life. He met his death at last like a man of courage.

Under the circumstances it seems to us that the proposed action of these ladies is not such as to call for any interference by Southern soldiers or as justly to offend the soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, who should perhaps treat the matter as the Southern people have treated the erection of a statue to John Brown at Harper's Ferry, Va., and of the many tablets at Andersonville.

In this connection I may refer to the resolution of the Grand Army of the Republic adopted at the same time requesting the Secretary of War to issue statistics as accurate as possible of the mortality of Union soldiers in Southern prisons, and may suggest that if he should do so he should at the same time issue statistics even more readily attainable of the mortality of Southern soldiers in Northern prisons. It would surely be best for the

veterans on both sides to let such controversies sleep, but if the facts on one side are to be given out, justice requires that like facts should also be given on the other.

Much of your letter is devoted to a discussion of the sad conditions at Andersonville. The real question, however, is rather whether Captain Wirz was personally able to alter these conditions and was justly executed on account of them. The destitution of the Confederate government at the time, unable to provide food or medicine for the soldiers in the field, must be taken into account. When you speak of "the sad story of unmatched suffering," it is fair to remind you not in a spirit of controversy but of impartiality that the death rate at Andersonville was 24.63 per cent. On an official tablet at Andersonville it is stated: "Prisoners at Andersonville, 52,345. Number who died, 12,883." Yet in the prisons where Confederate soldiers were confined the death rate was higher. At Elmira it was forty four per cent. As against your citation at Andersonville for August, I point you to Elmira, where in February with 8,996 prisoners there were 426 deaths, and in March with 7,102 prisoners there were 491 deaths. In March alone the death rate was more than five per cent, and combining the two months, there was a death rate of more than ten per cent. At Point Lookout the death rate was 27.77 per cent, at Rock Island, 28.33 per cent, according to the best information I have been able to obtain (Series II., Volume 8, pages 991 to 1002, "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," from the "United States Government Report of the War of the Rebellion").

The story of these prisons where Confederates were confined has never been "officially presented" like the story of Andersonville. "Unspeakable cruelty and suffering" there were in prison life, North and South, but let us be slow to believe that they were anywhere deliberately and maliciously inflicted. I forbear, therefore, to include in my reply statements similar to those in your letter accessible to us both in the published official records from surgeons in the United States army and from members of the sanitary commission showing a condition of affairs in the Northern prisons which Americans of to day would read with as much regret as the account of conditions at Andersonville. It is better to forget than to remember these things. Feelings are sensitive in the South as in the North, and agitation is likely to bring about the very result which agitators least desire.

Now that the few survivors of the great Civil War are nearing the end of their days, we had better spend the little time which remains in forgiving and being forgiven rather than in creating new occasions for the exercise of charity. Our memory will be dear to our children, and we should do nothing to cause them regret. In my judgment the real enemy of our reunited country is the man who tries to undermine the faith of Northern or Southern youth in the moral worth of their ancestors. For old men to engage in an unseemly strife over the questions and with the passions of forty years ago which our country hoped had passed away would not be an edifying spectacle. For these reasons I appeal to veteran soldiers everywhere, North and South, Union and Confederate, to avoid questions which inspire sectional divisions and angry disputes, remembering that if each soldier, North or South, knew to the utmost the heart of the other and understood to the utmost the circumstances under which he acted there would be nothing left to forgive.

The future historian will deal justly with our actions, but will deal with them kindly as well, remembering that these were the deeds of brave men who loved their country. Personally I intend to have no part in recalling matters which can do no good, but may do

much harm to the patriotism of our reunited country. The veteran organization over which I have the honor to preside and whose servant I am is entirely free to consider such questions as it seems proper, but personally I do not mean to introduce into its deliberations a matter which might be used to destroy much of the patriotic good which it has slowly but faithfully accomplished.

HISTORY OF 29TH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

J. H. Stradley, of Asheville, N. C., makes inquiry for a relative of Adj. John E. Hooey, of the 29th North Carolina Regiment, who desires to ascertain whether Adjutant Hooey left any papers that would help in making up a regimental history. He writes:

All of our field officers and most of our company officers have answered the last roll' call, but we are willing for the old 11th Tennessee and the rest of the brigade commanded by the gallant James E. Rains at Murfreesboro December 31, 1862, to speak. Our brave general fell in sight of the last broken line of the enemy's infantry.

We were changed about considerably in the service. From Murfreesboro we went with Bate's Brigade to Vicksburg, Miss., to reenforce Pemberton, but that place was surrendered before we arrived. The 29th North Carolina Regiment was left with Hoskins's Battery at Yazoo City, forty miles from Vicksburg, and we held that point till cut off by Johnston's falling back from Jackson, Miss. As soon as we realized our situation our lieutenant colonel determined to cut his way out, and we had to march about two hundred miles, living on corn and watermelons. I have often thought it strange that Uncle Sam did not set his coon dogs on us, as the sign of our passing could be seen in many a corn patch.

The 29th reported all right at Brandon, Miss. Our lieutenant colonel was promoted and the entire regiment got a furlough of thirty days. We joined Ector's Texas Brigade at Meridian, and were in the battle of Chickamauga. We were with Johnston in Georgia, Hood around Atlanta, and we charged the breastworks at Altoona, Ga., having a hand to hand fight, our colors were shot down three times. The lieutenant commanding the color company was killed with the colors in his hands. Maj. E. H. Hampton, finding his antagonist too hard for him, stepped back for a rock and brought his enemy down with that.

Our brigade was in the rest of Hood's campaign, went back to Alabama, and surrendered in the ditches at Spanish Fort, near Mobile."

JOHN HAYNIE, OF THE EIGHTH TEXAS

E. H. Alexander, of Houston, Tex., writes:

I notice in the December number of the VETERAN an article from C. W. Stone, of Hondo, Tex., asking about a Federal colonel captured by John Haynie (not Haney), of the 8th Texas Cavalry, Terry Rangers. The writer of this was a classmate with John Haynie prior to the war at La Grange, Tex., but served during the war in the Trans Mississippi Department. My brother served in the same company with Haynie (Company F) through the war, and I have heard him speak of the circumstance related by Mr. Stone, and it is my recollection that the colonel's name was Lagrange.

The death of John Haynie was a sad affair. When Johnston's army was preparing to surrender at the close of the war, the 8th Texas was near Saluda, S. C., part on the east side of Saluda River and part on the west side. John Haynie was sent with a dispatch to this last named detachment in order to concentrate the company that they could surrender together. When he delivered the dispatch, the men, after discussing the matter, determined that they would try to cross the Mississippi and not surrender, as they believed the war would continue over there. John left them to return to the regiment, but was never seen afterwards. He was not missed until the company reached home, each detachment thinking he was with the other.

His father and mother went to Saluda to try to trace him, There they learned that a man answering his description had come at about the time he should have reached there, but, finding the bridge on fire, he had plunged his horse into the river to swim across, but before he reached the other bank the horse turned over with him and he lost his hold and was drowned. John was wearing heavy boots, pistol, etc.

Those who knew John Haynie will bear me out in saying that the Confederacy never had a braver or more daring soldier than was he. He was about twenty one years old at the time of his death, had served through the whole war, and just as he had his first chance to go home lost his life."

INQUIRIES BY, FOR, AND ABOUT VETERANS

Mrs. Mary J. McClosky, of Pensacola, Fla., asks the address of some of her husband's old comrades, as she is seeking a pension and wants assistance to prove his service. James McClosky served in Captain Glackmeyer's company, 2d Alabama Cavalry. Address care T. P. McClosky's Cigar Store.

Mr. L. K. Reed, of Arch Creek, Fla., inquires of his father's company, E, 2d Battalion Alabama Light Infantry. The captains of the company were Thomas P. Gage and James H. Hill, and James H. Hallonquist was major of the battalion. Part of their service was on the right wing of defenses at Mobile. Kindly write to Mr. Reed.

W. J. Miller writes from Burlington, Iowa: "I have seen in the St. Louis Post Dispatch that you are one of a party interested in the Jefferson Davis birthplace. I would like to know if I would be too late to subscribe to the said fund. You understand that I am a Northern man and a great lover of Lincoln, but consider you of the South just as good as we of the North, and would be pleased to make a small subscription to your fund."

W. H. Edwards, who was captain of Company A, 17th South Carolina Regiment, writes: "E. T. Campbell, of Hull, Ga" desires to communicate with members of Company A, 17th Regiment Mississippi Volunteers, Colonel Featherstone's old regiment, also with any member of Company A, 35th Virginia Cavalry, Col. E. V. White. This company (A) was recruited after the fall of Harper's Ferry, in 1862. Quite a number of soldiers from Maryland served in it. Comrade Campbell belonged to Company A, 17th Regiment Mississippi Volunteers, until after the capture of Harper's Ferry, then joined Company A, 35th Virginia Cavalry, and served in that command until the close of the war." **WHO KNEW ADJUTANT BUCKMASTER?** In the desperate battle of Franklin, Tenn., on November 30, 1864, a Confederate adjutant named Buckmaster was badly wounded at the breastworks, and some time after dark was pulled over the breastworks and cared for as well as the circumstances would permit. Color Sergeant W. H. Taylor, of the 107th Ohio, although himself wounded, talked with Buckmaster and thinks he was adjutant of a Mississippi regiment, that he had been a student in the State University before entering the army. He says Buckmaster claimed to be a Mason, and that he was a very young man, not much over age. After receiving attention, Buckmaster was sent to the rear, and was doubtless left in the hospital at Franklin when the Union army retreated that night. Mr. J. A. Williams, Adjutant of Kennesaw Post, No. 77, G. A. R., 219 W. Van Buren Street, Danville, Ill., writes that Mr. Taylor is still living and is anxious to know what became of the gallant Confederate adjutant.

Mr. Charles M. Lewis, 1333 Bayard Avenue, St. Louis, desires information in regard to the death of Sergeant Jesse Gilliam, who served in the 47th North Carolina Regiment. The company is not known, but its officers were Capt. Bob Faucett and Lieut. Thomas Taylor, both of Alamance County, N. C. He was last heard from the day before the first day's battle of Gettysburg. Some one may know where he was buried.

Mrs. J. H. Biscoe, 310 Miller Street, Helena, Ark., inquires for comrades of her father, Charles Keith Bryan. He enlisted in the company under Capt. (afterwards Col.) Van Manning, of Holly Springs, Miss., and served in Virginia. Comrade Bryan died when Mrs. Biscoe was a mere child, and she knows nothing of his comrades. She desires a record of his service.

THE VETERAN FINDS A MAN IN MEXICO

In the March VETERAN appeared a brief notice of the desire of one friend to find another friend who had been lost sight of for many years. The notice said that in loving memory of this friend he had named a son for him. In far off Oaxaca, Mex., Mr. George S. dark saw the notice from his friend, Mr. J. E. Cunningham, and wrote to West Point, Miss. Thus through the agency of the VETERAN two long separated friends were brought once more into communication. Mr. dark writes that he will visit the States this summer and will seek his friend and his own namesake. Neither was a war veteran. The most remarkable feature of the VETERAN in this connection is its efficiency in ascertaining information about Union veterans. Its editor, however, has been greatly disappointed in not being able to learn of a cavalryman named Grant from Kentucky who was wounded in Hood's advance into Tennessee and whom the editor served in making his way South after the defeat at Nashville.

FEATHERSTON'S MISSISSIPPI BRIGADE TO MEET AT MEMPHIS REUNION

L. A. Fitzpatrick, of Helena, Ark., desires a reunion of Featherston's Brigade at Memphis in June. He refers to the regiments comprising the brigade in the battle of Franklin as the 22d, 31st, 33d, and 40th, and perhaps the 3d Regiment and Alcorn's Battalion. He adds: "We who are left are scattered from New York to San Francisco, but I want every one who sees this to write me at Helena, Ark. (P. O. Box 333). I was a private in Company C, 31st Mississippi. Say what you think about the rally and if you will be there. I think Col. M. D..L. Stephen, of Water Valley, Miss., is the ranking surviving officer. Colonel Stephen writes me that he heartily approves of this rally and will be there if health permits. He is quite feeble, over eighty years old. If he is the ranking officer alive, he will command, if not, let whoever is command us. We can have a hall for headquarters and other accommodations furnished if we say so. On that occasion we can shake once more and honor General Featherston ('Old Swet'), also those who have passed over 'the river' along with him and who fell at Franklin and other places. If any of General Featherston's staff are alive, they will please write me."

AN ECHO OF THE CIVIL WAR

Mrs. N. S. Donaldson, of Georgetown, Tex., writes: "I have lately been shown a relic of the War between the States which, were it endowed with power of speech, could doubtless tell many thrilling stories of the war as any other veteran, though it is only a little silver fork. Picked up by a Union soldier named Harris somewhere in the course of Sherman's march to the sea, this mute witness to the tragedy of that awful march later came into the possession of Mr. Charles S. Knowles, of Little Hocking, Ohio, who gave it to his niece, Miss May Knowles, of Llano, Tex., saying that he took that method of returning it to its native soil. The fork is solid silver, engraved with the name of W. M. Utley in script, and the name of the manufacturers, Brown and Anderson, is stamped on the stem. Any communications about it may be addressed to Miss Knowles, at Llano, who will be glad to assist the rightful owner in establishing his claim."

HISTORY OF THE FOURTH ALABAMA REGIMENT

Capt. Robert T. Coles, of Upton, Marshall County, Ala., who served as adjutant of the 4th Alabama Infantry from Bull Run to Appomattox, is writing a history of that regiment. Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York, writes that "Captain Coles would appreciate any information which would enable him to satisfactorily carry out this work. There was published in the Marion (Ala.) Commonwealth (a paper issued about 1865) a series of wartime sketches by an officer of this regiment. Captain Coles would be exceedingly obliged to any old comrade who could secure and send to him for his perusal a copy of this issue."

ERROR IN QUOTING FROM WILLIAM H. STEWART'S BOO

All the poetry in "The Spirit of the South" is quoted, and it was a mistake not to include it within quotation marks. The beautiful lines in your notice of the book on page 184 April number are not original with me. I indorse the sentiment, but it belongs to Virginia's poet laureate, James Barron Hope.

WILLIAM H. STEWART.

ERRORS IN NOTICE OF COMRADE BARRON'S BOOK

In the notice of "Lone Star Defenders," by S. B. Barron, of Rush, Tex., as published in the April VETERAN, two errors occur: one in naming the frozen Yazoo River for the Mississippi, and the other in naming the regiment several times as a "company." The interesting narrative is commended cordially.

MISS MARY CUSTIS LEE

Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee, is among the Americans, caught in Constantinople by the incursions of the "Young Turks." She has traveled for the last thirty years almost constantly, visiting every known portion of the globe. She has been abroad for the last year, and the news that she is in Constantinople comes as a surprise, as she was last heard from in Egypt.

Mrs. E. D. Hornbrook, of Kansas City, Mo., read a brilliant paper before the Kansas City Chapter, U. D. C" the topic being "Arlington Monument." After a full discussion of the subject and a comparison of the delay in this monument and the expedition with which the one for the Rough Riders and the one for the sufferers in the Maine disaster have been erected, she made so moving an appeal for the monument fund that it was moved and carried that each member of the Chapter contribute a dollar for the Arlington monument. It was suggested that if each Chapter of the General Division made a similar resolution a handsome donation would be at once assured.

Ask your friend to take the VETERAN. A word will often secure a permanent and a grateful patron.

VISITING HER OLD VICKSBURG HOME
BY MRS. ANNIE B. M'KINNEY, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

[Mrs. Sam McKinney, whose childhood home was at Vicksburg, wrote of a visit there in November which will be interesting as a diversion from stories of mule meat and living in holes like pocket gophers.]

It is good to be away down "in the land of cotton." After many years spent amid the bustle and hustle, the business and rushing progress of Knoxville, which, say what you will, is 'alf and 'alf, as much North as South, one must note and be impressed by the unhurried, leisurely life of Vicksburg. Here nobody hastens unduly, if one makes connection, all well enough, but it is no crime to be a little off. One strolls on Cherry Street past lovely old homes resting under trees that stand like world old sentinels keeping guard about the threshold, with frequent stops for handshakes and interchange of greetings and bits of news, while overhead shines the goldenest sun that ever shone, birds split their little throats in sheer rapture of living, while from each hedge and fence roses nod blithely, spilling their fragrance with Southern generosity on the soft, sweet air roses, roses white and pink and yellow, roses that are great crimson hearted things of beauty. One away for long years forgets this trick of the queen of flowers, her refusal to go into retirement at autumn's approach. Yes, one has forgotten, and so comes the joy of ever recurring surprise at each visit. Nothing short of hoary headed winter, panoplied in snow and ice or hoarfrost, can drive away the flowers here, and then at the very first faint, timid knock of spring, so faint and far below the brown old earth that mortals may not hear, the flower fairies prick up their ears and begin to preen pretty petals for their annual debut. Then follows the long afternoon stroll, and afterwards when the sun has set, blazoned in glories of radiant color, behind the swamps marking the sinuous path of the dear old Mississippi, still unhurried, one drops on the top step of the gallery in the tender gloaming to watch night come downright with her myriad voices, tree frogs and locusts and katydids, night spangled here in November with fireflies (the lightning bugs. of old plantation days), and drenched with the intoxication of sweet olive and night blooming jasmine. "O, the smell of that jasmine flower!" It is good, restful, different, and so the returned prodigal loves it.

Why, O why? Why that unholy scramble back yonder in Tennessee to make connection with seven o'clock breakfast, twelve o'clock dinner, and six o'clock supper? Is it worth while? Does it pay? And the business men why should they tear like mad to their offices and stores by 6:30 to 7 A.M. ? Do they conceive it to be classed among the virtues thus to make hay which, however, can't possibly be sold or delivered at so unholy an hour? Here, to be sure, the porters have things their own way at say seven or so, but it is understood that lawyer and doctor, merchant and banker will be visible to the naked eye on the lookout for prey at nine, and not one minute sooner. The only resemblance 'twixt

Knoxville and Vicksburg is in the banks, they do begin receiving and dispensing at the same hour.

You may say: "Behold! See what Knoxville hath done? Look upon her 80,000 people, her spreading suburbs, her smoking manufactories, her busy, tearing, rushing, auto mobilized pikes and streets. All because she's been "up and doing." And then one sighs and acknowledges the corn perhaps, but wonders all the same if that's really it whether it's Vicksburg's unhurried stride that's kept her down to 40,000. or so.

One wonders and then answers his own query thus: "Not so." On the contrary, Vicksburg's rally from the brutal devastation of that never to be forgotten siege is matter for wonderment and civic pride. She suffered, bore the burden of the conquered unflinching, then raised her battle scarred face, alert with hope and faith in the future, and is now reaping a reward in unprecedented prosperity, despite such minor tragedies as the boll weevil and cotton at half price.

The election cast a sort of gloom over the city for a brief time, but already the golden sun of ever bubbling optimism has dissipated the clouds. Vicksburg was for Billy B., not Billy T., to be sure, but the triumph of the latter's not going to upset things for this good old South, not he. "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

All, alas! but the king staple of the Southland! Cotton's mighty wrong this autumn of 1908. Plenty of it, all right enough, but the magnificent prices of last fall are being sliced in twain, and there's prospect of yet further diminishment. Then comes in his majesty the boll weevil, who, after a stately, somewhat halting progress, has at last cleared the great writhing, tawny Mississippi, and planted his loathly toes shall we say? upon the eastern shore. Everybody talks boll weevil and predicts more boll weevil. Doubtless it's pretty bad, the pesky little beast, whose utility is as dark a secret as that of the much tortured appendix, yet we predict, though it takes up its march by millions, the world, even the Mississippi Valley, will still wag along. Already the optimists are finding the silver lining, for it is very true that anything almost that can induce planters, great and small, to diversify crops will prove a blessing that will soon shed its disguise.

This is the season for letting contracts, changing tenants, etc., and the lessees are wrestling mightily with the weighty ignorance, the stolid indifference of the negro tenant, who lives merely in the present, caring naught for that future against which all men and women should store something for the inevitable rainy day. Like a certain Irishman, the black man listens respectfully, saying nothing, but he "keeps up a divil of a thinking" to the effect that he'll keep on planting cotton and little else and long staple and no other. There is a chance, it seems, of circumventing his Satanic Majesty, the boll weevil, by dropping the inferior staple seed, which, maturing early, before the weevil has roused from its sloth, may verify the old saw: "If you can't get puddin', best take pie." But the darky? not he, and, poor thing, mayhap next fall he'll wish he had. For good old Warren County to turn aside to short staple cotton is indeed a blow to her dignity, for this historic burg is famed as the greatest long staple mart in the South. But, alas! it's a case of "stoop to conquer."

THE WONDERFUL NATIONAL PARK

And now to touch briefly upon the wonderful National Park, that grim bulwark encompassing this fair old city, with its present matchless driveways and plats, and the gleam of marble carved into memorials of valor this where once the best and bravest of a nation's sons, thrilling with kindred impulses, though garbed some in blue and fewer in gray, fought like human tigers, glutted with the passion of hate, fired with the lust for blood. Each stone and monument set to perpetuate a victory for the blue tells for the gray of desperate struggle, of hopes defeated, weary falling back, closer, yet closer to the devoted city below, where women and children and old men were starving, yet undaunted, huddled like rats in grim caverns dug out of old mother earth, with spirits unbroken, hope blazing like a beacon through all until that fatal July 3, 1863, when the night sank into silence more fearsome than the crash of cannon, the flash of shells, for it meant defeat.

An Indian summer day, full of enchantment, dazzle of sunshine, breezes coy as kisses, and the radiance of a Southern sky arching like a benison, and then midway the eight miles of historic driveway we come to that exquisite memorial set by Illinois to crown the high place that commemorates a victory for the North, a tragedy for the South. One climbs the steps leading to the noble pile and, pausing to view the matchless scene outspread, holds his breath in sheer wonder of delight. Nothing grander, nothing fairer, naught more peaceful now can be found than this wonderful outstretch of hill and valley, river curving like a silver sickle, and arching sky, with the ineffable glow and balm of the South for benediction, to make one sigh and ponder that war's brutality should ever have befouled a world so fair.

On Wednesday one of the least pretentious yet most artistic and effective monuments was dedicated by the Governor of Rhode Island. This design, together with one other, Massachusetts' memorial, is full of significance. The Rhode Island monument represents in green bronze a private soldier in heat of carnage, all unkempt, rushing to the front, waving aloft the United States flag, minus all but a bit of staff, tattered and fringed in battle, but still proudly borne. The effect of swift movement, of indomitable courage as portrayed by the eager, self sacrificing, triumphant face, remains indelibly impressed. A rare commentary upon the oneness recemented between once bitter foes, this cordial reception by Mississippi's Governor and staff tendered a delegation from the far East sent to commemorate a victory over a nation and a section. Truly is peace abroad in the land. A little child listening to a discussion of the arrangements for this occasion inquired: "Is his name Mr. Governor Rhole Island? It's a pretty name."

Peace now, yet War was once here in all his hideousness. Standing within that gracious structure of exquisite workmanship, the Illinois monument, the eye falls first upon a dado of bronze set in tablets, whereon are blazoned 36,000 names. Think of it, ye prophets of peace, in this year of our Lord 1908! Illinois alone contributed 36,000 men to the subjugation of that little town of Vicksburg, 8,000 more men than were represented by General Pemberton's entire army. And reading aloud from an inscription overhead: "The

people of Illinois, free of malice, full of charity, dedicate this monument as a memorial temple to enduring harmony and peace, and as a shrine at which all may again and again

renew their consecration to loyal citizenship and gather inspiration to the most unselfish and exalted patriotism." As we read the marvelous echoes, for which this structure is famed, rose and swelled and reverberated out into the beautiful autumn morning as if the voices strangled by War's cruel fingers were rising in one grand paean: "Amen."

But as we turned somewhat wistfully and lingeringly away, descending to the superb driveway provided by a munificent government, the dazzling marble temple seemed hovering like a dove of peace above the fair green valley.

HOW "RAGGS" FOUND THE UNIFORM BY L. H. L.

That rainy day I was "rummaging" in the drawer of Confederate relics, when I found a cavalryman's glove. It was worn and soiled, but on the cuff was "G. G." carefully erased and as carefully restored with "R. D." underneath in letters evidently etched with a red hot nail. "Miss Jane [for, though a grandmother, she was still "Miss Jane" in Southern fashion of address]," I said, holding out the glove, "this looks romantic. Hasn't it a story?"

The dear old lady laid down her knitting and peered over her glasses, then she laughed heartily: "That glove? Well, it certainly has a history, and a very funny one, and this is the very sort of day for story telling.

When Mississippi seceded, father and my brother Dick both joined the 1st Volunteer Regiment, father as colonel and Dick as captain. Mother was left with us girls, and Mammy Lucy and Daddy Jim took care of us all. Dell was twenty. She had been named for mother's chum at college. I was two years younger, and ten years after me was Bessie, the greatest monkey that ever was. Bess had a mongrel puppy she was devoted to, and what mischief she did not get into her head Raggs was sure to think out and drag his little mistress into.

We managed to get on fairly well, for our little town seemed out of the line of march, and we saw few soldiers, Confederate or Federal. One day there was the cry that the Yankees were coming, and a regiment marched into town and camped by the creek at the foot of the hill. We next heard that the vacant house adjoining us had been 'requisitioned' as headquarters for the officers. Of course we peeped through the windows as the colonel and his officers rode into the next yard, but we had no idea of ever even speaking to any of them, for we were red hot Rebels.

We were just finishing supper that night when the bell rang, and Mammy Lucy came back, her eyes as big as saucers, to report to mother that 'two of dem Yankee of'cers was 'quiring for you.' Mother went to the parlor and Dell and I listened in the hall, all

excitement. After a long time mother came and called us. She said the two officers were lieutenants, the twin sons of her old schoolmate for whom Dell was named, and that one was 'Gerald' after mother's name, 'Geraldine.'

We expected just to meet and speak to the men, but 'Gerry' Gordon took possession of us at once, called mother 'Aunt Gerry,' and us girls by our own names. He was a harum scarum boy, full of life and fun, and the quieter twin, Albert, followed him everywhere. Morning, noon, and night those boys were at our house, till Mammy Lucy used to say they 'for sure cluttered around under my feet like a passel of young puppies.'

They showed grandma a new game of solitaire, petted mother, taught Dell and me rollicking college songs and glees, and filled our country ears with stories of the theaters and operas of New York. As for Bess, the child seemed to think they were her especial property, and she and Raggs were never so happy as when in a romp with them.

After a while Gerry begged mother to let him bring his captain over to call, backing his request by telling how awfully blue and homesick the poor fellow was. Captain Andrews came, and on one excuse or another all the other officers formed the habit of dropping in to see us, and we had gorgeous times with them, if they were Yankees.

We would dance (learning new dances from them), pop corn, make molasses candy, and sing. Dell and I knew lots of Rebel songs, and we sang them with a vim. We even put the hottest Rebel words we could compose to 'Yankee Doodle,' and used to sing them to our own great delight, the officers singing with us, they using their own Yankee words. Whenever we heard of a Confederate victory we illuminated by putting tallow dip candles in every window.

Once when we had heard of one of Lee's grand victories we were illuminating with the dips, when Gerry suggested that we should light a huge pile of leaves Daddy Jim had raked together and have a bonfire instead. We were all young and we forgot they were 'Yanks' and we 'Rebs' celebrating a Confederate victory. So we joined hands and danced madly around that burning pile like wild Indians, Raggs jumping and barking after us and making enough noise for a dog twice as big. O dear, I can't believe these old bones ever cut such capers. About this time mother had a letter from father telling us that their baggage train had been captured and that Dick, having lost everything, was almost naked. We talked and planned and investigated. We found that one of our neighbors would try to get the things through the lines by floating them down the creek in a dugout of corn, but where to get something to send was the question. Grandmother always had a supply of socks on hand of her own knitting. Then Dell and I cut up some of our clothes to make underwear, mother's one good dress, a gray silk with full skirt, made two shirts, and Mammy Lucy's spinning and weaving contributed some cloth, which mother dyed a fairly good imitation of gray, and a scrap of this same goods covered an old cap. Mother and Mammy Lucy made the suit, but what to do for boots and gloves two things they especially wanted we did not know.

I suppose Bess must have told Gerry of our predicament, for that night as I was brushing my hair I heard the disjointed sort of whistle by which the two boys used to call each other and then a soft, mysterious sort of knock. I ran down and opened the door, when a pair of cavalry boots fell into it apparently of their own volition. They looked like Christmas stockings, for they were stuffed to the brim, and one of these gloves stuck out of the top of each. Besides the gloves, there were several yards of gold lace, a flannel shirt, and some handkerchiefs and ties, things that Dick had been without so long that he would scarcely know how to use.

Of course we did not say anything to Gerry about his gift, for if he 'aided and abetted' a Confederate soldier he must not be caught at it, but I guess mother's kiss next time he came told our gratitude. We kept our things hidden till father wrote that he would have a man at a certain spot to receive them, so that day we brought them all down to the sitting room and hid them under the couch, for Mr. Prewitt, the neighbor who was to carry them, said he would come over in the night and hide them in his sacks of corn.

That night Captain Andrews and another officer came over to call, and we were all at the piano singing when Bess and Raggs came tearing into the room. The officers were playing with Bess, when we heard Raggs growling and tearing something, and turned to find that he had gone under the couch and pulled out everything we had hidden so well. There on the floor lay the precious uniform, the gloves and shirts, and Raggs was gnawing and tossing one of the boots. Mother gave a little cry of despair, then picked the things up and threw them desperately on the couch, all except the boots, which stood up on the floor in the most comical fashion. They were in the first dancing position and looked as if they, were rather proud of being found than otherwise. None of us said a word. The two officers turned to the piano and began to sing. Just then we heard the door bell, then Mammy Lucy's opening of the door and the colonel's voice inquiring if the ladies would let them come in to enjoy the music. In an instant Captain Andrews rushed across the room, seized mother by the shoulder, and in a quick voice of command said: 'Lie down.' He almost threw mother on the couch on top of the things, tossed the boots back of her, covered her with the lone star' quilt that always lay folded on the couch, and when the colonel and his friends came in he was turning over the music of 'Belle Brandon' for us to sing.

The officers, thinking mother sick, stayed only a little while, then all left together.

Mr. Prewitt took the things through safely, and we were very grateful to Captain Andrews for his help. Mother and I agreed that it was very, very good of him till about a week after we found the reason of his goodness. For Dell disappeared, and an orderly brought mother a note saying she had run off and married Captain Andrews. Charlie Andrews was just as nice as he could be, but it almost broke mother's heart that Dell should marry a Yankee.

Those gloves you see have Gerry Gordon's initials, and under that Dick put his own. He wore them till the surrender, then gave me one for my souvenir cabinet, and his wife has the other. Hers has the marks of Raggs's teeth where he tore and bit it that eventful night."

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE CEMETERY

The R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Columbus, Ohio, sends notice that Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Cemetery Saturday, June 5. Contributions of flowers or money are solicited by R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C. Flowers should be sent to Mrs. D. B. Ulrey, 49 Avondale Avenue, and money to Miss Louise Trabue, 124 South Washington Avenue. Mrs. D. B. Ulrey is President and Mrs. L. W. Carl Recording Secretary. [The following sketch is by Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville. It has been prepared with much care in accuracy of fact and literary cult. It is complete in essentials and will be published by the VETERAN ere long, together with all procurable data, for a history of the incomparable martyr.]

SAM DAVIS. THE STORY OF AN OLD FASHIONED BOY

Sam Davis was his name. He was born on a farm near the little town of Smyrna, Tenn. His parents were old fashioned people, God fearing, simple mannered, neither rich nor poor, and Sam grew up in the quiet ways of the Southern country boy. Just as he had passed out of his teens, and was yet a big boy in face and spirit, he died on the gallows at Pulaski, Tenn., in the presence of Gen. Dodge's Corps of Federals.

Sam spent his boyhood days in the fields and under the great trees of his father's farm, companion with mocking bird and bee and butterfly, and with the patient brutes that serve the farmer's need. There was no hint of the hero to come in the peaceful, humdrum life of the farm. True, the war clouds were gathering above and the air was becoming electric with exciting speech and prophecy, and in every village was springing up a holiday soldiery, parading in glittering uniform to the sound of fife and drum.

Out of the tenseness of these stirring years that ushered in the great war Sam's strange heroism may have been fashioned, but I prefer to trace it back to the old fashioned mother and father and the simple, sincere life of the boy of the Rutherford County farm. Somehow the old fable of Antaeus's strength coming back to him only when in contact with mother earth is often confirmed in the strength and heroism of the men who have come to greatness from the life of the farm.

When the war finally came, and drum and fife and soldier in a twinkling were transformed into the machinery of real battle, Sam put aside his schoolbooks at Nashville, and bade good by to the two teachers who, as Generals Bushrod Johnson and Edmund Kirby Smith, became distinguished soldiers of the Confederacy. He enlisted as a private in the 1st Tennessee Infantry, and soon found place of drudgery and danger in the army of General Bragg.

The life of the private soldier anywhere or at any time in real warfare is not a pathway of roses. Least of all, as the writer of his own experience can testify, was it a place of comfort in the armies of the South. The flags that flashed forth their stars and bars so bravely were soon blackened by smoke and rent by bullet. The bright uniforms soon bore the marks of the clay hills and the camp fires and grew tarnished and torn. Even the martial music changed its note from the sparkle and rush of the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and the "Girl I Left Behind Me" to the minor tones of "The Years Creep Slowly By, Lorena."

General Bragg, whatever criticism may be put upon his generalship, was an insistent fighter, and his men were used to being in the thick of battle. It was so with our boy Sam. The peace and beauty of the Smyrna farm gave place to the wearisome tramp, the pangs of hunger, the cries of the wounded, and the pale faces of the dead. Those who knew the boy speak much of his courage and faithfulness. "His record was such," writes one, "that when Bragg ordered the organization of a company of scouts by Gen. B. F. Cheatham, Sam Davis was chosen as one of the number because of his coolness and daring and power of endurance."

Capt. H. B. Shaw was given command of these scouts, and the field of their earlier endeavor was Middle Tennessee, which in 1863 was practically in the hands of the Federals.

Captain Shaw assumed a disguise within the Federal lines, posing as an itinerant doctor and bearing the name of "Dr. E. Coleman" among the Federals and of "Capt. E. Coleman, Commander of Scouts," among the Confederates, even in his official communications to General Bragg, this double deception being deemed necessary to the prosecution of his dangerous duty as a spy. Scout or spy, whatever the term applied, one who enters the lines of the enemy to secretly gather information for use of the opposing army under the rules of warfare becomes a "spy," and if caught is executed as a spy. There is no mawkish sentiment in war, and small mercy is shown one who seeks to discover the secrets of the enemy.

But, as with Major Andre of the Revolution and with many others, the occupation of scout and spy is a necessity of warfare to which any soldier is liable and upon which no just odium can be cast. No soldier of the Revolution, from Washington down, condemned the gallant young officer who, under military law, died bravely as a spy. On the contrary, one who, under the hard usage of the camp, is commissioned as a military spy is usually chosen because of superior intelligence, courage, and devotion to his army and colors. His vocation is full of deadly peril by day and by night. If caught, he usually dies by the most ignominious death under conditions that inspire contempt in the spectators, to the end that swift judgment and odious death may deter men from seeking the office of the spy. Over his supreme self sacrifice the epitaph is commonly written, "Died on the gallows as a spy," without those added words which justice demands: "Under military appointment and for his country's cause."

It fell to the lot of my Tennessee hero to be assigned to "Captain Coleman's Scouts" and given a place of peculiar difficulty and danger, soon to terminate in death. The appointing officer said it was the "boy's record" that gave prominence and promotion to one so young. He had learned as a country boy two hard lessons that few men learn in a lifetime: to fear nothing and nobody but God, and to obey orders. He had a peculiarly bright and winning way about him, an utterly fearless eye, a frank and gentle speech, and the self poise of a great soul. Next to his God, above even his tender love for his mother and home, Sam cherished that old time sense of "honor" so sacred among the traditions of the old South, when one's "word of honor" meant more than wealth or fame or life itself. Do not confuse this honor with that other folly of Southern hotspurs the dishonor of the code duello, long ago in disgrace among the sons of those who condoned its brutality, the one thing in its defense being that by sight and sound of pistol it compelled a certain class of men to be more circumspect in what they said and did. The honor which gives my hero place among the immortals was of the kind that sought not the life of another in revenge, but gave one's life in devotion to duty.

In November, 1863, the 16th Army Corps, under Gen. G. M. Dodge, was centered at Pulaski, Tenn., not far from the the Tennessee River and the Alabama line. General Dodge had started from Corinth, Miss., to Chattanooga, Tenn., to reenforce General Grant. On all roads his cavalry kept sharp lookout, especially to break to pieces the Coleman band of scouts, who were here and there, watching every movement of the Federals, and by persistent and accurate reports to General Bragg were making havoc of General Dodge's peace and plans so much so that the General put on its mettle the famous Kansas 7th Cavalry, nicknamed the "Jayhawkers," to run to earth and capture Coleman and his scouts. So active and alert was the entire corps that capture was at most a matter of a few days only.

Captain Shaw, alias Coleman, summoned Davis and committed to his care certain papers, letters, reports, and maps giving late and important news to General Bragg. In his shoes and in the saddle seat were hidden the dangerous documents, and Sam, with Coleman's pass, started southward to Decatur, thence to take the "scout line" to the headquarters of General Bragg. His last route began and ended Thursday, November 19. Run down and arrested at the Tennessee River by the "Jayhawkers," along with other prisoners he was hurried to Pulaski, and by night was in jail. Elsewhere, on the same day, Captain Shaw himself was captured and imprisoned also in the town. Davis's papers and reports were placed in the hands of General Dodge, who twice had him brought to his headquarters, urging him in strong but kindly way to disclose the name of the one who had committed to him the captured papers.

It is worth while to know who General Dodge was, and what he thought of the young fellow whose life was now in the General's hands. Dodge was born in Massachusetts, and in 1841 yet living in Iowa, to which State at twenty he removed. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was made colonel of the 4th Iowa Infantry, and later brigadier general. He was a close and trusted friend of General Grant, and was chosen grand marshal of the Grant monument parade in New York City in 1897. For many years after the war he was a resident of New York as capitalist of large affairs and citizen of distinguished ability.

As shown throughout the Davis tragedy, General Dodge was proven to have been a man of kindly spirit. Something about the Tennessee boy evidently touched the General's heart. Only recently he wrote at length to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, paying long cherished tribute to Davis's memory. He says of him that "he was a fine, soldierly looking young man, dressed in a faded Federal coat, an army soft hat, and top boots, he had a fresh, open face, which was inclined to brightness, in all things he showed himself a true soldier, it was known by all the command that I desired to save him. I appreciate fully that the people of the South and Davis's comrades understand his soldierly qualities, and propose to honor his memory. I take pleasure in contributing to a monument to his memory." And with it came the General's personal check. Of Davis's arrest and trial he further writes: "I was very anxious to capture Coleman and break up his command." (General Dodge did not know, nor did any Confederate prisoner in the Pulaski jail give the slightest hint, that the "H. B. Shaw" captured the same day as Davis, and probably prisoner in the same building with him, was the veritable "Coleman" himself.) "I had Davis brought before me.

His captors knew that he was a member of Coleman's Scouts, and I knew what was found upon him, and desired to locate Coleman and ascertain, if possible, who was furnishing information so accurate and valuable to General Bragg. Davis met me modestly. I tried to impress on him the danger he was in, and as only a messenger I held out to him the hope of lenient treatment if he would answer truthfully my questions. I informed him that he would be tried as a spy and the evidence would surely convict him, and I made a direct appeal to him to give me the information I knew he had. He very quietly but firmly refused to do it. I pleaded with him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life. I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow, with the highest character and strictest integrity. He replied: 'I know, General, that I will have to die, but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and if I have to die I shall be doing my duty to God and my country.' " There was nothing more that General Dodge could do. A military commission was convened within three days, which tried Davis and sentenced him as a spy to death on the gallows Friday, November 27, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. one week from the day of his capture. You may be sure it was a long and lonely week to the brave boy, especially those last three days that intervened between his sentence and the day of doom. Somehow, though not strangely, there sprang up in all hearts an ever increasing interest in one who by a single word could open the door of his prison, yet chose to die in place of another "for duty's sake." With "Coleman" probably in touch of his hand and sound of his voice, he gave no sign or hint of his identity, "He is worth more to the Confederacy than me," he said. I doubt it. The more I think of it after so many years have passed, the greater is the wonder that Shaw, alias Coleman, did not unmask and save the life of one who was sacrificing life for him. Hard by the light that will ever shine upon Sam's pale face is this shadow that lies heavy on the face of his Captain.

Again and again Federal soldiers sought Sam in his cell, pleading with him to disclose the informer's name and save his own life. Chaplain James Young, of the 81st Ohio Infantry, was his constant visitor and comforter, to whom the last messages and tokens were committed for delivery to his home. On the last morning, "for remembrance' sake," Sam gave him the Federal overcoat that his mother had dyed, which Mr. Young lovingly

kept until, in his seventy third year, not long before his death, he sent it to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, saying: "My promised remembrance is fulfilled. I am seventy three years old, and could not reasonably expect to care for it much longer. I have cut off a small button from the cape, which I will keep. The night before he died we sang together 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' and, as he desired, I was with him constantly, and at the end I prayed with and for him." Dear old Chaplain! He and Sam are together now under brighter skies with the Master whom they served.

Provost Marshal Armstrong, who had charge of prison and gallows, became Sam's ardent friend, and, rough soldier though he was, could scarcely perform his painful duty. Captain Chickasaw, Chief of Dodge's Scouts, also took a strong liking to the boy, and made a last effort to save him.

I have at my side a copy of a faded little war paper issued from the camp of Dodge's Corps, and it gives the Federal account of Davis's last hours on earth. "Last Friday," it reads, "the citizens and soldiery of Pulaski witnessed one of those painful executions of stern justice which make war so terrible, and though sanctioned by its usages, it is no more than brave men in their country's service expose themselves to every day." Then it goes on with its generous tribute to the young hero whom the bravest soldier might look upon with pride even upon the gallows.

I do not like to draw the last living picture of my boy. But Friday morning came all too swiftly, and at ten o'clock sharp the drums were beating, the execution guard under Marshal Armstrong was marching to the jail, while the soldiers of the 16th Corps by the thousands, with muskets in hand, were being marshaled in line about Seminary Ridge, where the gallows was upreared in waiting. A wagon, with a rough pine coffin, on which Sam Davis sat, headed the march. In sight of his fellow prisoners Sam waved his good by with a smiling face, and at the gallows dismounted and sat under a tree, unfalteringly looking above at the swinging noose and around at the sympathetic faces of the soldiers. "How long have I to live, Captain Armstrong?" he inquired. "About fifteen minutes, Sam." "What is the news from the front? And Armstrong told him of General Bragg's battle and defeat. "Thank you, Captain, but I'm sorry to hear it." And then, with one last quaver in his voice of loving remembrance of his comrades in gray: "The boys will have to fight their battles without me."

Captain Armstrong broke down. "Sam, I would rather die myself than execute sentence upon you."

Never mind, Captain, was the gentle reply. "You are doing your duty. Thank you for all your kindness."

It was then that Captain Chickasaw came swiftly on horse, and, leaping to the ground, sat himself by Sam and pleaded in that last fierce moment of youth for the word of information that would send him to his home in freedom.

Sam arose to his feet and, with flashing eye and uplifted face, made his last answer: "No, I cannot. I would rather die a thousand deaths than betray a friend or be false to duty."

A Federal officer, who was looking into Sam's face, wrote of him long after in the Omaha Bee: "The boy looked about him. Life was young and promising. Overhead hung the noose, around him were soldiers in line, at his feet was a box prepared for his body, now pulsing with young and vigorous life, in front were the steps that would lead him to disgraceful death, and that death it was in his power to so easily avoid. For just an instant he hesitated, and then put aside forever the tempting offer. Thus ended a tragedy wherein

a smooth faced boy, without counsel, in the midst of enemies, with courage of highest type, deliberately chose death to life secured by means he thought dishonorable!" The steps to the gallows were firmly mounted, and Sam's last words, "I am ready, Captain," followed the Chaplain's prayer when in a moment he had passed through the gates of death to take his place forever among the heroes of the Southland.

In his memory a costly and beautiful monument, surmounted by a bronze figure of the boy, is being erected in Capitol Park, in the heart of Nashville. From every State in the Union, from Blue and Gray, from rich and poor, the money to build the monument was contributed upon the plea of Editor S. A. Cunningham, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, whose conception it was, and many thousands will bow their heads on dedication day in loving memory of the hero of Tennessee. Sometime, when you are passing through Nashville, take a moment to look upon the noble bronze face, and then visit the old Smyrna home and in the garden see the grave of Sam as he sleeps by the side of his mother and father. And if you care to put them in your scrapbook, take the words of Ella Wheeler Wilcox from the bronze tablet on the monument.

The foregoing by Dr. Hamill is to be part of a booklet issued by the VETERAN in which will appear an account of the history of the movement to erect the monument. The people of Tennessee, and especially of Nashville, should take special pride in this tribute to the most conspicuous private soldier of the Confederate army.

PUBLISHED IN FEDERAL PAPER AT TIME OF SAM'S DEATH

[The Nashville American copies an article from the Pulaski Chanticleer of December 2, 1863. It was a paper edited by C. W. Hildreth and devoted to the interests of the left wing of the 16th Army Corps.]

Last Friday the citizens and soldiers of Pulaski witnessed one of those painful executions of stern justice which make war so horrible, and though sanctioned by the usages of war, it is no more than men in the service of their country expose themselves to every day. Samuel Davis, of Coleman's Scouts, having been found within the Federal lines with dispatches and mails destined for the enemy, was tried on the charge of being a spy, and, being found guilty, was condemned to be hanged between the hours of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. on Friday, November 27, 1863. The prisoner was apprised of his sentence by Captain Armstrong, local provost marshal, and though somewhat surprised at the sentence of death, he did not manifest any outward signs of agitation.

Chaplain Young, of the 81st Ohio Infantry, visited the prisoner and administered spiritual consolation. The prisoner expressed himself resigned to his fate and perfectly prepared to die. He exhibited firmness unusual for one of his age, and up to the last showed a lively interest in the news of the day, expressing regret when told of the defeat of General Bragg.

The scaffold for the execution of the prisoner was built upon the ridge, east side of town, near the seminary, a position which could be seen from any part of the town.

At precisely 10 A.M. the prisoner was taken from his cell, his hands tied behind him, and, accompanied by the chaplain of the 81st Ohio Volunteers, was placed in a wagon, seated upon his coffin, and conveyed to the scaffold. Provost Marshal Armstrong

conducted the proceedings. At precisely five minutes past ten o'clock the wagon containing the prisoner and the guards entered the hollow square formed by the troops, in the center of which was the scaffold. The prisoner then stepped from the wagon and seated himself upon a bench at the foot of the scaffold. He displayed great firmness, glancing casually at his coffin as it was taken from the wagon. Turning to Captain Armstrong, he inquired how long he had to live, and was told that he had just fifteen minutes. He then remarked: "We would have to fight the rest of the battles alone." [This awkward expression is evidently an error. A quotation from his associates is as follows: "The boys will have to fight the rest of the battles without me." EDITOR.]

Captain Armstrong: "I am sorry to be compelled to perform this painful duty."

Prisoner with a smile: "It does not hurt me, Captain. I am innocent, though I am prepared to die, and do not think hard of it!"

Captain Chickasaw then asked the prisoner if it would not have been better for him to have accepted the offer of life upon the disclosure of the facts in his possession, when the prisoner answered with much indignation: "Do you suppose I would betray a friend? No, sir, I would rather die a thousand times first."

He was then questioned upon other matters, but refused to give any information which would be of service.

The prisoner then mounted the scaffold, accompanied by the chaplain, James Young, whom he requested to pray with him at his execution. The prisoner then stepped upon the trap, the rope was adjusted about his neck, and the cap drawn over his head. In a moment the trap was sprung, and the prisoner fell suspended in the air. For a few moments he struggled with his hands and feet, this was succeeded by a slight quivering of the body, which ceased at three and one half minutes from the time he fell. After being suspended seventeen and one half minutes, the officiating surgeon, D. W. Voyles, of the 6th Indiana Infantry Volunteers, pronounced the prisoner dead, and he was cut down and placed in his coffin. It was supposed from the protracted animation which the prisoner exhibited that the fall had not broken his neck and that he died by strangulation, but upon subsequent examination his neck was found to be completely broken.

So fell one whom the fate of war cut down early in youth and who exhibited traits of character which under other circumstances might have made him a remarkable friend and member of society.

DEDICATION OF SAM DAVIS MONUMENT

MAJOR LEWIS DELIVERS TRUST OF MONUMENT COMMISSION.

Governor Patterson, Members of the General Assembly, Old Confederates, Fellow Citizens: The Fifty First General Assembly of Tennessee, by proper legislative enactment, appointed Joseph W. Allen, John W. Thomas, John C. Kennedy, G. H. Baskette, John M. Lea, John W. Childress, R. H. Dudley, S. A. Cunningham, and E. C. Lewis a committee to be known as the Sam Davis Monument Committee. The General Assembly authorized this committee to select a site within the Capitol grounds and erect a monument to perpetuate the memory of Sam Davis and to place thereon suitable inscriptions commemorative of the valor and deeds of this Tennessean.

The resolution was approved by Benton McMillin, Governor, who served with the committee and approved the selection of the site.

One word about this committee: The best that was in them they individually and collectively gave to this work. The result will soon stand unveiled before you. The committee was appointed ten years ago. The first to leave us was that delightfully gentle, generous, and appreciative character, Joseph W. Allen, who died in 1902. A year later the venerable John M. Lea died. In 1906 John W. Thomas died. John W. Thomas! When the committee came to vote on this site for the monument, Major Thomas walked away. The chairman followed him and asked how he voted. He pointed to his residence and said: "I cannot vote on this site." In 1908 Judge John W. Childress went the way of everything earthly, and only a few days ago John C. Kennedy, the treasurer of the committee, followed. The day after his burial Mrs. Kennedy sent to the chairman of the committee Mr. Kennedy's bank book. Every dollar he had received had been deposited in the bank the day of its receipt to the credit of the Sam Davis Monument Fund, and there it stood on the book and in the bank, drawing interest all the time, till every cent of the cost of this monument was paid in full.

Mr. Kennedy went to Pulaski in 1863 and brought the body of Sam Davis home to his people in Rutherford County. From that moment he never lost interest in the story of Sam Davis. The hope of seeing this monument erected was dear to his heart. Those left of the committee especially regret the death of Mr. Kennedy. To have attended these ceremonies would have given an added comfort to his departing soul.

Mr. S. A. Cunningham conceived the idea of a monument to Sam Davis. He has worked without falter for many years to secure what he has a worthy monument to this worthier character. Mr. Cunningham has been tireless in his labors and his devotion.

Financial Statement.

Of the total amount of moneys collected, Mr. S. A. Cunningham received through his CONFEDERATE

VETERAN from more than 2,000 subscribers.....	\$3,459 14
There came to Mr. Kennedy direct.....	1,595 79
Mrs. E. H. Hatcher as treasurer through all of the Daughters of the Confederacy.....	1,627 64

Mr. G. H. Baskette, through the Children's Chimes

Fund, brought.....	300 00
Through Mr. George Julian Zolnay, of St. Louis. .	800 00
Total receipts.....	\$7,782 57
The preliminary expenses were.....	\$ 289 41.
Foundation and preparation.....	122 95
Marble work cost.....	2,700 00
Statue	4,000 00
Erection	225 00
Tablets	200 00
Freight bills were.....	86 59
Hauling	25 00
Ceremonies	100 00
Total expenditures.....	\$7,750 15

From the beginning the desire of the committee has been to make the monument what the resolution of the General Assembly desired and what the contributors expected a presentation to the youth of all America in marble and in bronze of an everlasting example to stand in eternal evidence of what one American soul of heroic mold, even when incased in the body of a mere boy, would do and did do when the occasion demands. He gave his life. Mortal man never did more. Calmly and gently, without sound of drum or cheer of trumpet, with no flag flying, with no comrade's hand in his, surrounded only by a too impatient foe, he gave his life for his country.

The boys will have to fight the battles without me.

That was his only regret. The tablet on the front of the die bears a simple epitome of his youthful life and his heroic death. The western tablet gives a few lines from that soulful and tuneful poem of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. On the east the tablet tells how national the monument is. There are more than two thousand subscribers, the name of each of whom with the address has been placed in a copper box under the die. Contributions have been made by citizens from every State in the American Union.

The statue is by Zolnay. When love and work join, devotion leads the way and inspiration shapes the end.

Governor Patterson, the Sam Davis Monument Committee, having concluded its labors, presents to you for all our common country this monument as a tribute to Sam Davis, of Tennessee.

ACCEPTED BY THE GOVERNOR

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Commission, Fellow Citizens: When a boy in school at Nashville I witnessed the ceremonies of the dedication of another figure in bronze on the other side of this picturesque hill, and well do I recall the awe and rapture of imaginative youth as my eyes beheld for the first time a heroic figure on horseback an incarnate force of action. The man and the horse seemed born one for the other the one a master with the erect and easy grace of martial bearing and conscious power of rule, the other as if proud to bear his weight, restive for action and breathing the very fire of war.

Little did I think then, even in the daydreams of youth, that one day as Governor I would be called upon to accept in the name of the State another figure in bronze erected on this side of the grounds, not of a man on horseback, but of a young man scarcely more than a boy, who belonged to another and later age of our history, who stands without the marks and accouterments of rank, without any other sign save that of a soldier ready to fight and ready to die. The name and fame of Andrew Jackson fill the mind with wonder and admiration, the memory of Sam Davis, with infinite love and tenderness.

This tablet in front records on its enduring face the fact that Sam Davis was born on October 6, 1842, near Murfreesboro, in Rutherford County, Tenn. His life was short. It scarcely began to unfold before it ended on the scaffold at Pulaski on the morning of November 27, 1863. Sprung from a splendid race, he was of a large family of children, and grew from infancy to youth in the purest of all atmospheres, that of a Southern country home, presided over by a Southern wife and mother.

From a gentleman who knew Sam Davis well and who married one of his sisters I have this information as to his appearance and some of his characteristics. He seemed to have filled every conception of the flower and chivalry of young manhood, and his very presence was suggestive of romance and valorous deeds. His habits were pure, his affections strong, his disposition singularly quiet and reticent. In stature he was just six feet tall, slender and finely proportioned, with regular features and an expression of mingled strength and refinement. His eyes were dark and aglow with intelligence, his hair almost black, his figure erect as if it scorned the low and base, his manners gentle as becomes the brave.

After receiving some education at home and in his native county, Sam Davis was sent to the old Military Institute at Nashville, and while there he heard the sound to arms, which reverberated from every mountain side, swept over every plain, and echoed in every valley as the South called for her sons to rally in defense of home and native land. And they came. They came from the seaboard, they came from the towns, from the fields, from the hills and glades, from the churches and the schools, and they were the bravest of the brave and the truest of the true. In that great army which gathered beneath the most gallant flag that ever waved in the breeze and led by the greatest soldier who ever drew a sword was this Southern boy, the product of Southern soil and Southern environment.

He enlisted as a member of Company A, 1st Tennessee Regiment, and in 1863 was assigned for duty to the scouting party under the command of Captain Shaw, of General Cheatham's Division. Shaw as commander of the scout went by the name of Coleman.

We can well understand why Davis should have had such a duty to perform, for the scout must be Self reliant and self poised, a good horseman, intelligent, and, above all, a man to be trusted in every emergency and in every peril.

Tennessee was then within the Federal lines, and Captain Shaw intrusted to Davis certain papers and maps giving important and accurate information of the movements, strength, and fortifications of the enemy, and these were to be delivered to General Bragg, whose headquarters were at Missionary Ridge. The mission on which he was sent was full of hazard. The chances of capture and death were many, those of success were few. But the stout young heart never quailed, and boldly he entered the enemy's lines without a

thought of personal danger, with no other feeling animating his bosom save duty, and without a hope save to perform it well.

When about fifteen miles below Pulaski he was intercepted and captured by a detachment from a Kansas regiment, and upon being searched a letter to General Bragg was found in one of his boots, maps and descriptions of fortifications in his saddle seat, and other papers upon his person. These were delivered to General Dodge, commanding the Federal forces, and Davis was hurried to Pulaski and lodged in jail. The papers in possession of Davis were so accurate and the information so important that General Dodge suspected they had been given by one of his own officers, and he was very solicitous to know from Davis himself where and from whom the papers had been obtained.

He was taken to headquarters and closely questioned by the commanding general, who, failing to get the responses he wished, finally said to him: "You are a young man and do not seem to realize your situation." And to this Davis replied: "I know my danger and am willing to take the consequences." Evidently struck with the lofty and intrepid spirit and the manly bearing of one so young, and wishing if possible to save his life, General Dodge explained that he would have to be court martialled under the laws of war and that the sentence of death would certainly be inflicted, but that he would save his life if he would give the information which he asked.

Davis never hesitated, for to his knightly soul the bargain was a dishonorable one, to sell his honor for his life. With modesty, but with decision written in every lineament of his face, he answered: "I know that I will have to die, but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier and I am doing mine. If I have to die, I will do so feeling I am doing my duty to my God and my country."

General Dodge offered still another chance to save his life, but Davis made the interview final when he said: "It is useless to talk to me, I do not intend to do it. You can court martial me or do anything else you like, but I will not betray the trust reposed in me." With the inborn courtesy of a man whom promise could not betray or danger make afraid, this young knight of the South thanked General Dodge for the interest he had shown, and

was led back to the prison to await his doom. A court martial was ordered, and under its stern mandate the sentence of death was passed in the most ignominious form.

Davis had expected that he would be shot as a soldier, but the sentence was that he be hung as a spy, and the hours of the execution were fixed between the hours of ten in the morning and two in the evening. He received the sentence of the military tribunal with composure, and never once did he give way to lamentation or useless grief. His thoughts were busy, though, and they flew back to home and mother. The invisible chord was touched, whose music is sweeter than any lute touched my mortal hand, and from his soul came one last pure tone before the casket which held the jewel of an immortal life fell and was broken forever. On the night before his execution he wrote this farewell to his mother from his prison cell.

PULASKI, GILES COUNTY, TENN., Nov. 26, 1863.

Dear Mother: O, how painful it is to write you! I have got to die to morrow morning to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you good by for evermore. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all.

Your son,

SAMUEL DAVIS

This breathes the love of his heart, and is in full accord with his fine, manly nature. There is no complaint, no bravado, no fierce invective against his captors, no storm of passion against his accusers, no craven fear of death. In simple, unadorned statement the awful fate which the day will bring, in forgetfulness of self, in the last wish that there shall be no useless grief, but that he shall not be forgotten when dead, this boy seems to have been endowed with a spirit above mortality, and an angel must have come from on high to have guarded him that night, and sweet were the dreams which came to the soldier boy.

When the morning sun of an autumn day rose above the encircling hills in one of the most entrancing portions of Tennessee and light had scattered the black legions of the night, the boy rose even as a son of light, clear as its rays, beautiful as its myriad forms. Early in the morning the drumbeats are heard vexing the air with ominous and baleful sounds. Men in blue uniforms are hurrying in rank. The regiment is formed, arms are shouldered, the bugle is sounded, the march is begun. It was not necessary only a useless formality of war to send so many men against one defenseless boy, but all the soldiers who ever trod the earth could not make him afraid, for his heart was pure as Arthur's of the Round Table, his courage as high as all the legions of Julius Caesar.

A wagon was driven up to the jail. Davis was escorted from his cell and climbed upon it. Standing erect, he looked around and waved his hands to two other Confederate prisoners who had been captured and who were confined in another part of the jail. This alone would be enough to show the utter absence of fear, the cool collection of all his faculties. And when the curtain has rung down upon this act in the noblest drama the world has seen of all life's tragedies, we might dismiss the two Confederates who were left in the

prison, as they do those characters on the mimic board who, having played their small parts, are heard and seen no more. But fate has woven these two into the very texture of the story of this immortal death.

One of them was Joshua Brown, a fellow scout, who had also been captured by the Federals and who has lived to add his testimony to these stirring events, while the other was Captain Shaw, the chief of scouts, the very person who had given the papers to Davis with instructions to deliver them to General Bragg. Here again each succeeding scene heightens in human interest, the color becomes deeper, and Davis looms in heroic form greater and greater with each passing moment. It is said that Brown and Shaw knew of the terms of the offer of life to Davis, and when the salutation came, Shaw exclaimed as if answering the question which he himself had asked and upon which his life depended: "He will never tell."

General Dodge said that he did not know until after Shaw had been sent to the North as a prisoner of war that he was the person who had given the papers and information to Davis to be carried to Bragg, and that if Davis had told him his own life would surely have been saved and that Shaw would have met his fate. But why, some may ask, did not Shaw himself cry out when he saw this boy led to his death: "I alone am responsible, this young man was under my orders, he only obeyed, if any one is to die, let it be me?"

Ah, it was asking too much, for Shaw, brave as he was and willing as thousands are to meet death when it comes, like millions more, would avert it until the last hour, for his life was more precious to him than the life of another man. But if Shaw had possessed the heart and soul of Davis he would have been hung in his stead and the story of Damon and Pythias, coming down to us from the mists of antiquity, would have been repeated, but not in all respects, for in the ancient story both the friends were saved and in the modern one must surely die, for Dionysius, tyrant though he was, could spare for fidelity, but war knows neither age nor youth nor pity. Shaw acted just as others would have acted.

Davis acted as only he could act. He sat on the coffin in the wagon which was to hold his body when his spirit had fled, and no king in the robes of purple was ever more princely than this young man in his faded uniform, and none has ever lived to rule a people who had as fine a soul beneath the royal robe, for Davis gave his life, and it was all he had to give. To save it was worth to him all the domains of all the rulers of earth. It was above the price of all the jewels that ever glittered in coronets. But, precious as it was, it was not worth his honor and his sense of duty. When the scaffold is reached Davis mounts it as if he is ascending a throne. He asks with perfect composure how long he has to live, and is told that fifteen minutes is all of life that is left.

There is the dangling rope that is to strangle the fair young throat and stop the parting breath. Davis asks for news of the war, and is told of the reverses of the Confederates at Missionary Ridge. He expresses his regret, and then with a tinge of sadness says: "The boys will have to fight their battles without me."

The hearts of his executioners were melted with pity that one so young had to die, and the duty which stern war had imposed upon them could not prevent the signs from being manifested. The executioner even apologized for his cruel work, when Davis assured him that he did not blame him, that he knew he was only doing his duty. A courier was sent from the headquarters of General Dodge, and again his life was offered to him for his secret, but he again refused to divulge it, and finally said: "I would die a thousand deaths before I would betray a friend."

How sweet it is to live! how hard it is to die! What efforts do we make to ward off the end! How we struggle with brain and hand for existence, for the world's triumphs and its joys! How we ply the oar blades in those frail barks which hold mortality and resist as long as we can the onward sweep of the waters of that strange river which poets call the river of life! But whether we will or not, our boats sail out on the mystic sea, vanish from sight, and from out of the darkness never a light is seen. Did this young man want to live

as he stood there like a day god and saw the dangling noose, the mark of infamy and civilization's badge of barbarism? His mind was clear, the blood of youth was coursing and leaping in his veins. He had built his castles in the air. Life was before him and earth around him, with its untasted joys, its unknown sorrows, mother and home and loved ones were not far away. But this boy gave them all for his honor, and looked death in the face without a murmur and without a tremor. The minutes flew, the clock struck, the noose is adjusted, the black cap is drawn, and the slender figure, unspotted with sin, is writhing and twisting between earth and heaven. The bells ceased ringing, the red currents stopped and congealed in their courses, all motion ceased, death had come, the bark was out at sea, and the "breathing miracle into silence passed."

How can I speak of this man and his death? What power can come to me to tell of the pathos, the deep meaning of it all? It is above and beyond the power of words. It rises from the earth and reaches heaven. As looking upon the restless billows of the ocean or the blue of the sky, the mind cannot formulate its musings or express the thoughts which are stirred, but falls back weary, dejected, mystified, and all the philosophers of the world, all of the cults, all our faith cannot help us to understand. But the sea and the sky are so familiar that only once and anon do their mysteries come upon us with profound and conscious force, accentuating our smallness in the divine plan, leaving us like children in the dark, without a hand to guide.

So it is with the life and death of Davis. They are familiar to every schoolboy in Tennessee, the theme of orators and the subject of verse. But at last when the mind, chased of all fugitive thoughts and purged of all grossness, views the scaffold and the rope, we see at our very doors a scene which for human grandeur and sublimity reaches the ultimate of human conception, and in the sweep of years will grow to yet more splendid proportions. No one with brush or chisel or pen, with thought or tongue of eloquence is able to reach the heights which this boy trod when he gave his innocent life that day. Blind Homer, who sang the story of Troy, Milton, who told of the loss of Paradise, Shakespeare, who sounded every depth and touched every shore of humanity, nor all the other masters can nothing add and nothing take from the simple majesty which clothes the death of Davis.

On Calvary the Son of God died with cruel nails driven through his quivering flesh, the crown of thorns pressing down upon his agonized brow, and since then the cross has been the Christian's sign in every land, and which of us has the right to say that He who created the earth and the sky and every living thing on sea and land, whose mysteries baffle, but whose providence is over all, could give the son of Mary to teach men how to live could not also give this son of Tennessee to teach men how to die?

Before concluding I wish to invite your attention to what seems to me a beautiful and most appropriate conception of the committee who have had charge of this work and who have so unselfishly and patriotically performed their labors. The figure of Sam Davis when the veil is lifted will reveal the genius of the sculptor and will stand, as will be observed, on a pedestal and surrounded by marble quarried from the hills of Tennessee in the center of a heart shaped inclosure, suggesting at once the thought that his name and memory live in the great heart of his native State, from whose dust he came and to whose dust he has returned.

This spot will be sacred evermore to those who love the pure, the true, the brave, for it is dedicated to the knightly tenants of the soul. Let mothers bring their children here to learn the story of his young life and triumphant death, to know that brave men never really die, that truth is worth more than gold, that honor is more precious than life. Let those of us who have put on the armor, met in the shock of life's conflicts, dealt and received wounds, now gather at this shrine, forget the petty rivalries which gnaw at the soul and fetter the pinions of noble aspiration, and at the feet of Sam Davis remember that we too are Tennesseans, that here we meet on common ground, and from this holy precinct let us go to forgive and forget. With his memory and its pervading inspiration let us face the future and bring to the service of our State and our country a higher measure of responsibility, deeper and truer conceptions of duty. In the name of Tennessee, illustrious in peace and war, whose star has shone resplendently in the glorious canopy of the Union for more than a century of time, and whose luster is undimmed by the passing years, I receive this statue of her soldier boy.

I speak for every living man who wore the gray, whose sands of life are running swift and low, on whose ears soon the last command will come to pitch their white tents on the silent fields and wait for the resurrection morn, for the dead who sleep and molder in unknown graves from the Potomac to the Southern Seas, whose names may be forgotten, but whose deeds will live in song and story until the waves of time shall break upon the deathless shores, for the South, the shades of whose immortals roam the earth in high procession stronger for every danger she has passed, richer for every son whose blood was shed, dearer for every tear that has fallen from the eyes of love, more beautiful for every scar that war has made.

But when I speak of these, let me recall, for we should never forget, those rare women of the elder day, who bore the bravest sons the world has seen, typified by the sainted mother who brought this, her firstborn, into the world, who heard his first weak cry, who nourished him breast and crooned the lullaby which hushed him to slumberland, whose spirit long ago joined her boy in Paradise and rests with him in eternal bowers of bliss and shares with him the smile of the living God.

FLOWERS FROM THE NASHVILLE CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Two large wreaths of carnations and ferns were placed at the foot of the figure at the unveiling. One of these was presented by Nashville Chapter, No. 1, United Daughters of the Confederacy. The other was larger and more elaborate. It was presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the entire State through Nashville Chapter, No. 1. Both wreaths were very beautiful. Immediately after the enveloping flags fell from around the statue and pedestal the old flag of the 1st Tennessee was placed with the flowers. It had been brought to the unveiling by W. L. McKay, who keeps it in a tin box. The flag shows little color, having been blackened by smoke and fire and age. This is Chapter I in the great organization, United Daughters of the Confederacy, numbering nearly fifty thousand members.

UNION SOLDIER ABOUT SAM DAVIS BY REV. A. W. BILL, MENOMINEE, MICH.

I hope it will not be an intrusion if an old Presbyterian minister expresses his satisfaction that a monument has been erected to commemorate the fidelity of young Sam Davis to what he considered honor and duty.

In November, 1863, I was on duty with my regiment, the 66th Illinois Infantry, at Pulaski, Tenn. I was a private serving on special detail. The morning of November 27 broke fair and warm. We heard that a spy was to be executed and that he had been offered freedom if he would divulge the names of traitors who gave information to the enemy. He refused to do this.

Presently the assembly was sounded. Men fell into line and marched silently into town and to the brow of a hill on the left of the road. There stood a rude gallows. I went near. Over at the guardhouse a detachment of men with fixed bayonets began to move, and there was the sound of muffled rolling of drums. A horse and wagon was in the midst, a young man, his hands tied behind him

At the scaffold steps Davis got out and met a man and woman who I supposed were his father and mother. They conversed briefly, then Davis walked quietly up the steps and stood on the trap. The sergeant approached to tie his feet and blindfold him. Davis seemed to speak. The sergeant paused. Davis lifted his face and gazed long and steadily at the hills and fields and sky. Then it was that I saw the noble profile, the black eyes, the close pressed lips, the white, white face of a young man only two years and a little older than myself, and who might have been earlier a playmate had I lived in Tennessee, and then my heart gave way.

Davis made a sign, the sergeant placed the cap over his face, the trap was sprung, there was a convulsive drawing up of the knees, a whirling of the body and Davis was gone.

The troops marched silently, sadly to camp, and I heard many say later: "I wish that man could have gotten away." So did I wish in my heart, and to this day, after all these years, the tears come to my eyes when I think of young Sam Davis. I am glad he has a monument.

What an ordeal our torn nation went through! I suppose it had to be. The God of your fathers and mine decided, brave men thrashed out the issue at the bayonet point, and we abide the decision, but the memorials, South and North, attest to an old soldier some sorrows that no one knows who was not there. You know all this, but it does my old heart good to write it.

Dr. A. W. Bill writes in reply to a letter from the VETERAN : "I wish to thank you for your kind letter and also the sketch by Dr. Hamill. I am particularly glad to get the sketch, as it gives me some details I did not know, and as I may have mistaken the ones whom I thought to be a man and woman at the scaffold, I am glad to learn otherwise. Probably they were some of the persons mentioned in the sketch, but my memory strongly clings to the vision of a man and woman at the foot of the scaffold talking with Mr. Davis. I inclose herewith \$g which I will ask you to place to my credit as a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN , and if there is a little balance, I would be pleased if with it you could lay a little bouquet of flowers on the monument of Sam Davis."

FAVORS DESIGN FOR WOMAN'S MONUMENT
BY WALLACE STREATER (TREASURER OF THE ARLINGTON MONUMENT, C.
S. A.), WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the April issue of the VETERAN I noticed the picture of the principal figure selected for the woman's monument and read your criticism of the accepted design with a great deal of interest.

It is unfortunate that no photograph accurately represents a piece of sculpture. However true the lines of a picture may be, they cannot portray the action, the spirit, the atmosphere which surround a sculptured figure. It is likewise unfortunate that the picture published is that of the sculptor's final sketch or working model, that from which the heroic figure of the completed model was fashioned. The working model is not perfect, it was not expected to be. It simply illustrates the idea of the sculptor, while the completed model shows his ideal.

I have visited the studio of Mr. Amateis several times since first he was selected to design the woman's monument, and have seen the evolution of the accepted model. In my judgment the committee has acted wisely in deciding on the present design. It is an expressive work of art, one which does credit alike to the sculptor, the committee, the subject, and the South.

The beautiful allegorical figure is full of spirit and action. The face and head are singularly attractive. No inscription or legend is needed to translate the idea which the sculptor is trying to convey. The figure admirably expresses the unconquerable spirit, the dauntless courage, the unflinching devotion which animated the women of the Confederacy.

There are two bas reliefs which form a part of the monument, and in these as in the dominant figure the sculptor has risen to the occasion. One shows the Confederate woman at home, the other as a nurse on the field of battle. Both conceptions are well executed.

In conclusion, it may be said that Mr. Amateis, although foreign born, is an American citizen who has pursued his profession in this city and in New York for nearly thirty years, in which time he has contributed materially to the art of our country. In Galveston the stately monument to the heroes of the Texas revolution and in Houston the remarkable conception, "The Spirit of the Confederacy," show that his ability has been appreciated in the South, while the bronze doors which he has designed for the Senate wing of the National Capitol demonstrate that his genius has more than local appreciation. I know that in his work on the design for the woman's monument Mr. Amateis has given the best of which he is capable, and his creation is not only a work of art, but an accurate presentment of the spirit and the people of the time.

The VETERAN and other objectors to the design of the woman's monument have not questioned the work of the sculptor, but the design itself is most objectionable. Even with General Walker's idea to put the sword in scabbard to prevent its cutting the woman's hand the conception is gravely objectionable to many Southern people. Surely such a statue will not be placed before the public of the Southern States as representing the Southern woman of the sixties.

THE LAST ROLL

CAPT. J. L. NEEL

Capt. Joseph L. Neel was born in Jefferson County, Ala., on September 22, 1826, and died at his home, in Cartersville, Ga., March 9, 1909. He moved in early manhood to Georgia, where he resided almost continuously afterwards.

Captain Neel organized a company at Adairsville, Ga., which formed a part of the 40th Georgia Regiment, which regiment went to the front in the spring of 1862 under the command of Col. Abda Johnson. The regiment participated in the Kentucky campaign under General Bragg, the siege of Vicksburg, the Atlanta campaign and the battles leading to it, Franklin, Nashville, and the last fight at Bentonville, N. C. Captain Neel was badly wounded in the battle of Atlanta and also in the battle of Bentonville, N. C.

Captain Neel was a brave, true soldier who always did his duty. He was honored and beloved by his men, whom he often affectionately called "his boys." He was frank, generous, noble, and brave. He was a great student of nature, loved children, and had a pleasant word for every one he met. He had a remarkable constitution, and retained his mental faculties to a wonderful degree.

In politics Captain Neel was a Jeffersonian Democrat. He served his county for two terms in the State Legislature.

The end came quietly. He had often expressed a wish to go as he did. "He fell asleep." In creed he was a Cumberland Presbyterian. He died in the hope of the dawn of a "new day." The funeral was largely attended. P. M. B. Young Camp Confederate Veterans attended in a body.

JAMES A. WALKER

James A. Walker was born in Jones County, Ga., and died at Rome, Ga. From his earliest childhood he evinced the bravery that was later to give him so brilliant a career as a soldier.

In the spring of 1861 a company was formed in Jones County under P. T. Pitts as captain, and on the list of privates J. A. Walker was enrolled. The company on reaching Virginia was attached to the gallant 12th Georgia Regiment as Company B. At the time of his enlistment young Walker was in the full glow of early manhood, a typical Georgia soldier, with all ambitions of her men to "wrest fame from the cannon's mouth."

His regiment was placed under Stonewall Jackson, and was with his command in every battle fought by this famous general. His regiment's battle record is a notable one, consisting of Battle Green River, October 5, 1862, Fort Royal, May 23, 1862, Winchester, May 31, 1862, Cross Keys, June 5, 1862, Port Republic, June 10, 1862, Seven Days' Battle, June 17, 1862, Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, Chantilly, September 1, 1862, Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862, Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, Chancellorsville, May 3, 1862, Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, Mine Run, November 6, 1863, Wilderness, May 5, 1864, Spottsylvania, May 10, 1864. In this last named battle he was captured and kept in prison until June, 1865.

CAPT. HOLLY POWER NICKELL

H. P. Nickell was born in Morgan County, Ky., March 6, 1842, and died at Lee's Summit, Mo., March 10, 1909, having just passed his sixty seventh year. At the breaking out of the war Comrade Nickell helped to organize the 5th Kentucky Volunteers, of which he was chosen captain. He was in many engagements, and displayed the heroism of the true soldier. He was captured and sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained until exchanged, when he in that true spirit of devotion returned to his regiment and served to the close of the war. After the war he removed to Kansas, then to Missouri, finally locating in Jackson County, where he died. He is survived by his wife and six children. Comrade Nickell was a Mason and a consistent Christian gentleman.

W. N. L. Dunlap died in Humboldt, Tenn., February 12, 1909. He was Commander of Camp No. 974. Bivouac No. 35, U. C. V., and was so devoted to the Confederate cause that he never missed one of the Reunions of his old comrades.

At the age of eighteen he enlisted in Company G, 47th Regiment Tennessee Infantry, and no braver soldier ever fought for his country. He was severely wounded in the battles of Franklin and Murfreesboro, and received a slighter wound during the Georgia campaign.

His life as a soldier was typical of his life as a private citizen, for he gave his State and fellow men the same warm devotion and clear minded service that he did his regiment. He was Master of Chancery for twenty five years in the same county (Gibson, Tenn.) in which he was born.

He was especially strong in his assistance and counsel to the Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., Humboldt, Tenn., and they unite with a wide circle of friends in sorrow over their loss.

At a meeting of the Humboldt Camp, No. 974. U. C. V., April 3, 1909, the following committee was appointed to prepare resolutions touching the death of Comrade W, N. L. Dunlap: C. H. Ferrell, L. K. Gillespie, and N. A. Senter. The committee submitted the following report: "The death of our esteemed friend and comrade, W. N. L. Dunlap, fills us with a sadness that words cannot express. In every sphere of life he was the same true friend, the same brave man, the same honorable, upright citizen, whether in the domestic circle, where he was a true husband, a tender father, and a wise counselor, or in the Church, which he loved and served from his young boyhood, loyal to his Master, true to his vows, leading a life of true piety and setting a worthy example to others. On the field of carnage he was a brave soldier and a stanch comrade, always ready to do his part. In civic life he filled many positions of honor and trust with satisfaction to his constituents and credit to himself. He was born October 5, 18431 in Gibson County, Tenn. He was the son of F. and Mary L. Dunlap."

GEORGE DELAUGHTER

George DeLaughter died in Lincoln County, Miss., May 2, 1909. aged seventy five years, and he is survived by his wife and a daughter, Mrs. John Houghton, of Philadelphia. The burial place was Fairfax C. H., Va.

Comrade DeLaughter was a member of the Confederate Veterans' Association of the District of Columbia and of the Temple Baptist Church. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia throughout the Civil War. His regiment was of Barksdale's Brigade, known as the Mississippi Riflemen, which participated in most of the sanguinary battles in Virginia, Maryland, and at Gettysburg. Many of the members were expert riflemen, and the command was selected by General Lee to hold the army of General Burnside in check at Fredericksburg while the Confederate forces were taking position on Marye's Heights and other eminences about Fredericksburg.

After being liberated from the military prison at Point Lookout, Md., at the close of the war, Mr. DeLaughter went to West Virginia, where he married. Soon afterwards he moved to Kansas. His relatives at Brookhaven, Miss., learned that he was in West Virginia and wrote to his former address, but received no reply and gave him up as dead. When the Reunion of the old ex Confederates was held at New Orleans ten years ago, he attended, and went by his old home at Brookhaven, Miss. When confronted by his brother, a prosperous planter, the latter declared he could not recognize in the gray bearded stranger his brother who went to the war with Barksdale's men nearly forty years before. The brother recalled, however, that many years ago George while splitting wood had cut his big toe in two by a stroke of the ax. He said to George: "Show me the scar on your toe." Off came the brother's boot, and there was the deep scar on the big toe.

BRODNAX

David Walker Brodnax, an old and highly esteemed citizen of Rockdale, Tex., died there on the 11th of February, 1909, aged sixty seven years. He was a Virginian by birth, but had lived in Texas since the fifties. He served through the entire war as a member of Company D, 15th Texas Cavalry, Green's Texas Brigade, and his loyalty to the cause for which he fought never wavered. He was interested in the Confederate Reunions, and at the time of his death was Commander of Sam Davis Camp, U. C. V., of Rockdale. Comrade Brodnax was never married, but leaves several brothers and sisters.

JAMES S. MEUX

James S. Meux, of Stanton, Tenn., member of Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac, Brownsville, Tenn., died at his residence October 5, 1908. While yet a very young man he enlisted in Company I, 1st Confederate Cavalry, April 15, 1862, and served faithfully and gallantly until the surrender of Wheeler's Corps at Gainesville, Ala.

He married Miss E. J. Somervell on the 29th of July, 1880. She and two children (Miss T. S. Meux, of Stanton, and Dr. George W. Meux, of Memphis, Tenn.) survive him. Mr. Meux was a devoted son to his widowed mother and an exemplary husband and father. By his earnest efforts and sound judgment he acquired a large estate. It was a great pleasure to him to talk to friends, and especially to Confederate veterans, of the battles, marches, and other incidents of the war. He was well posted in the movements of both the Army of Virginia and the Army of Tennessee. Mr. Meux was a consistent member of the M. E. Church, South, and for years a member of the official board of his Church. He was a great advocate for the education of the young, and served at great personal inconvenience as school director of his district for a number of years, and without the fact being known to the world aided young men in their college course. By his death our State has lost one of her best citizens in every respect and the Confederate soldier a true, steadfast friend.

ROBERT B. WALL

Robert Bruce Wall, a member of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac of McKenzie, Tenn., was born in Dover (Fort Donelson), Stewart County, Tenn., and died January 27, 1909. He enlisted in Gould's company D, Forrest's Regiment, in 1861.

By some mishap Gould's company failed to receive orders that General Forrest was going out, and the captain ordered his company to escape if possible and report to him in Texas. In the darkness and confusion this company had not received the order or failed to understand, and so were left behind and were being surrounded by the enemy.

Robert Wall looked about him with despair in his heart and with a prison in view. Looking to the right, he saw that the place was familiar from boyhood. He had new scenes, however. Long lines of glittering bayonets were rapidly approaching. He turned toward the river and saw the approach of the gunboats. Looking down the bank, he saw a flatboat containing Confederates pushing out into the river. With strength born of despair, he leaped far out, reached the boat, and escaped by crossing the river. At a farmhouse he found rest, food, and friends. Resting by day and traveling by night, he reached his home, in Henry County.

After a few days he mounted a splendid horse which had been presented to him by friends who knew his worth as a true soldier and started on his lonely journey to a distant Texas town to join those of his company who had escaped.

A letter written at Atchafalaya, La., and dated July, 1864, states: "I am writing by the light of the camp fire, while my comrades lie sleeping around me. The first dawn of peace will see me on my way home. The thought of that time thrills me with feelings beyond description. Yet as long as a man remains in the field I too will be there."

JOHN W. TUCKER

J. Ed Murray Camp, U. C. V., of Pine Bluff, Ark, mourns the loss of a member, Comrade John W. Tucker, whose death occurred on October 27, 1908. Comrade Tucker was a native of Morgan County, Ala., born February 22, 1845. He joined Company I, 5th Alabama Cavalry, in Col. Josiah Patterson's regiment, Roddy's Brigade, in 1862. He was then about seventeen years of age, and, full of the spirit and ardor of the Southern youth, he went to the defense of his State and country, serving bravely and gallantly to the close of the war. As a favorite scout and daring soldier, he won the admiration and confidence of his commanders and fellow soldiers. In scouts, skirmishes, and battles in the mountains of North Alabama and in forays along the Tennessee River he established a character for skill, bravery, and intrepidity equal to any of the gallant companions of his brigade. He surrendered with Forrest's Cavalry at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865.

Returning home, he helped to reestablish conditions that the enemy had left dismantled as a record of their exploits. Later on he went to Jefferson County, Ark., and began to work out the new problem of life. Devoting himself to farming and planting, by industry and economy he won his way to a strong position in the affairs of his county and in the confidence of his neighbors and fellow citizens.

A brave soldier, a loyal friend, a devoted husband and father, and an upright citizen, he has gone to the reward of the true and the just, where such as this comrade will receive recognition of the Master in his "Well done, good and faithful servant."

[Extracts from tribute by the Committee on Resolutions, O. H. Keadle, Junius Jordan, W. D. Vance.]

DR. J. H. REED

Stephen Cooper, 221 S. Kendall Street, Battle Creek of Grand Army men. The casket was draped with the American and Confederate flags, and was almost completely covered by beautiful floral offerings. The remains were carried from the church by six prominent physicians of the city. Upon leaving the church a guard of honor composed of eight Grand Army men marched beside the hearse to the cemetery. Following the burial service at the grave by Rev. Chester Woods, Comrades Cooper and Rogers rendered 'The Retreat,' a martial selection appropriate to the solemn occasion, with fife and drum over the remains of the brave soldier and loyal citizen. The boys who wore the blue turned out loyally to witness and participate in the last ceremonies paid to the departed comrade."

MILTON C. HOUSE

Comrade Milton C. House, son of John W. and Mary House, was born in Cabarrus County, N. C., in April, 1848. He volunteered in the Confederate service when but fifteen years old, enlisting in Company H, 8th North Carolina Regiment, Clingman's Brigade, Hoke's Division, then located in front of Petersburg, Va. In a battle on the Weldon Railroad, near Petersburg, he was captured three times in one engagement. He was in many other battles in Virginia and North Carolina, and surrendered near Greensboro, N. C.

After the close of the war Comrade House returned to his home, in North Carolina, and finding nothing but desolation, he went West, He spent several years in Illinois, Kansas, Texas, and other States.

He was married four times. His last wife was Miss Annie Carpenter. Three children of a former marriage and four of the last, with their mother, survive him.

MILTON C. HOUSE

Comrade House lived twenty eight years in South Bend, Lonoke County, Ark., where he had the confidence and esteem of his neighbors. He was several years school director of his district, and later was postmaster at Panola. He was a farmer, and made a comfortable support for his family. He always took great interest in public affairs and in the upbuilding of his community. In 1891 he organized Troop A, Arkansas State Guard, the only cavalry then in the service of the State. He was elected captain of this company, and afterwards promoted to major. His command wore gray uniforms, furnished at their own expense, refusing to wear the blue furnished by the State government. In 1904 he was elected sheriff of Lonoke County, and served two terms, dying just at the close of the last term.

For many years he was a consistent member of the Methodist Church. At the time of his death he was a member of Cabot Lodge, F. and A. M., and of James McIntosh Camp, U. C. V., No. 862, and was buried by these two bodies. He was interred at his request in his gray uniform in the cemetery near Jacksonville, Ark.

HENRY T. BRAGG

Henry Talbot Bragg, who died March 15, 1909, at his home, near Eads Station, in Shelby County, Tenn., was born in Florence, Ala., in August, 1839. His father, Henry A. Bragg, and his mother, Frances Armstead Bragg, were Virginians, the former a native of Norfolk and the latter born in Loudoun County. They moved in the early thirties to North Alabama, where Henry T. Bragg was born. He went with his parents in 1848 to Memphis, where he was educated in the private schools of that city.

When Henry Bragg had just attained his majority, the great Civil War broke out with intense fury. The young man was strongly attracted, being chivalrous in his nature, though quiet in his habits, but bold to the point of rashness, and quickly determined to take up arms in behalf of his country.

At that time a cavalry company, the first organized in the Southwest, was being recruited by Capt. Thomas H. Logwood and named the Memphis Light Dragoons. While it was the first company offered by Memphis to the service of the South, it was not mustered in regularly until the 16th of May, 1861, with several other commands. His company became A of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry. It was perhaps the most splendidly equipped and mounted company which entered first the State and then the Confederate service. Young Bragg himself was an ideal trooper. Tall, splendidly formed, with massive shoulders and the erectness of an Indian, he added more than a unit to the splendid aggregate of the company. And his subsequent career proved him to be a perfect type of the Confederate cavalry soldier which made Forrest famous and enabled him to accomplish such grand results.

His career was that of the Confederate private. Under the lead of W. H. (Red) Jackson, Van Dorn, and Forrest his company was in the forefront of battle throughout the war. Beginning with the initial engagement at Belmont, Mo., in November, 1861, young Bragg took part with his company in thirty seven heavy engagements and battles, and was more than two hundred times under fire, in one campaign alone with Forrest being engaged thirty three times in forty days.

In all these emergencies he was the same cool, brave, determined young soldier, never faltering when danger called and never lagging when the word was "Forward." After the war he was married to Miss Sallie S. Star, became a farmer, and accumulated a handsome estate.

MILTON C. HOUSE

Comrade House lived twenty eight years in South Bend, Lonoke County, Ark., where he had the confidence and esteem of his neighbors. He was several years school director of his district, and later was postmaster at Panola. He was a farmer, and made a comfortable support for his family. He always took great interest in public affairs and in the up building of his community. In 1891 he organized Troop A, Arkansas State Guard, the only cavalry then in the service of the State. He was elected captain of this company, and afterwards promoted to major. His command wore gray uniforms, furnished at their own expense, refusing to wear the blue furnished by the State government. In 1904 he was elected sheriff of Lonoke County, and served two terms, dying just at the close of the last term.

For many years he was a consistent member of the Methodist Church. At the time of his death he was a member of Cabot Lodge, F. and A. M., and of James McIntosh Camp, U. C. V., No. 862, and was buried by these two bodies. He was interred at his request in his gray uniform in the cemetery near Jacksonville, Ark.

HENRY T. BRAGG

Henry Talbot Bragg, who died March 15, 1909, at his home, near Eads Station, in Shelby County, Tenn., was born in Florence, Ala., in August, 1839. His father, Henry A. Bragg, and his mother, Frances Armstead Bragg, were Virginians, the former a native of Norfolk and the latter born in Loudoun County. They moved in the early thirties to North Alabama, where Henry T. Bragg was born. He went with his parents in 1848 to Memphis, where he was educated in the private schools of that city.

When Henry Bragg had just attained his majority, the great Civil War broke out with intense fury. The young man was strongly attracted, being chivalrous in his nature, though quiet in his habits, but bold to the point of rashness, and quickly determined to take up arms in behalf of his country.

At that time a cavalry company, the first organized in the Southwest, was being recruited by Capt. Thomas H. Logwood and named the Memphis Light Dragoons. While it was the first company offered by Memphis to the service of the South, it was not mustered in regularly until the 16th of May, 1861, with several other commands. His company became A of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry. It was perhaps the most splendidly equipped and mounted company which entered first the State and then the Confederate service. Young Bragg himself was an ideal trooper. Tall, splendidly formed, with massive shoulders and the erectness of an Indian, he added more than a unit to the splendid aggregate of the company. And his subsequent career proved him to be a perfect type of the Confederate cavalry soldier which made Forrest famous and enabled him to accomplish such grand results.

His career was that of the Confederate private. Under the lead of W. H. (Red) Jackson, Van Dorn, and Forrest his company was in the forefront of battle throughout the war. Beginning with the initial engagement at Belmont, Mo., in November, 1861, young Bragg took part with his company in thirty seven heavy engagements and battles, and was more than two hundred times under fire, in one campaign alone with Forrest being engaged thirty three times in forty days.

In all these emergencies he was the same cool, brave, determined young soldier, never faltering when danger called and never lagging when the word was "Forward." After the war he was married to Miss Sallie S. Star, became a farmer, and accumulated a handsome estate.

MRS. ELIZA MADDOX JOHNSON

There died in Mayesville, Ky., in March, 1909, aged eightyseven and with all her faculties clear, a most remarkable old "woman of the sixties," Mrs. Eliza Maddox Johnson, the soul of kindness, hospitality, and liberality, whose heart and hand were ever ready to help those in need. Her generosity was oftentimes prodigal, and when her friends told her that she would impoverish herself, her reply was: "The Lord will repay me. She was an uncompromising Democrat, and would always defend her principle. Equally uncompromising was her dislike for everything concerning the Yankee and his views of her beloved Southland. In the sixties she was possessed of ample means, and not only her heart and her hand but also her purse was at the service of her enemy.

The number of men she assisted to enter the Confederate army can never be known. Horses, saddles, and outfits, besides clothing and firearms, were her almost daily gifts to those who needed them. Boxes of clothing she sent to the "poor boys" in the Northern prisons whenever the opportunity occurred. She was in danger of arrest and imprisonment from those ever watchful home guards, but she always succeeded in outtalking them.

In after years she liked to think and talk over those trying days, and always rejoiced that she had been able to do as she had done. As the years went by she lost her means and became very poor, so that she could no longer give freely, but there was never any change in her devotion to Democracy and the South.

When she died a Confederate flag was placed within her coffin next to her heart and beautiful red and white flowers were laid upon it. Hers will always be one of the honored graves to be decorated on Memorial Days.

MASON

Death came suddenly to the Rev. James M. Mason on February 3, 1909, at his home, in Opelika, Ala. He was an earnest, zealous minister of the gospel, ever ready to give aid and comfort, and to know him was to love him. As a soldier he was brave and true, having enlisted in Company C, 4th Alabama Cavalry, when about fifteen years of age and served through the war. The friend who writes of him was a schoolmate, and the two ran away from home and enlisted with Capt. Frank B. Gurley's company, C. S. A.

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CAPT. W. B. JOHNSON

Report of the death of Capt. W. B. Johnson, of Matador, Tex., was received some time since, but for some cause has been delayed until now. He was born in January, 1828, and died on the 12th of March, 1907, aged seventy nine years. He was born in Alabama, but his parents removed to Mississippi when he was a child, and at the age of twenty years he enlisted in the Mississippi Rifles, commanded by Capt. W. J. Davis, which was mustered into the U. S. A. as Company F, 2d Mississippi Infantry Volunteers, commanded by Col. Jefferson Davis, General Wool's Brigade, and Gen. Zachary Taylor's Division, in the Mexican War. As for his record in that service, history has recorded what was done by the Mississippi Rifles and that regiment, with Davis as its colonel.

In the War between the States, when Mississippi seceded, Comrade Johnson was among the first to offer his services and assisted in raising a company, of which he was chosen captain, and which was mustered into the Confederate service as Company H, 3d Regiment Mississippi Infantry, and served to the end faithfully and with honor. After the war, Captain Johnson engaged in the mercantile business, and was known as one of the representative men of his community, a conscientious Christian, and an active member of the Masonic fraternity, by whom he was buried.

WILL J. WHITE

There was a brief sketch of Comrade W. J. White in the May VETERAN, page 245. Although relieved from service because of wounds, he rallied again and was paroled in North Carolina at the close.

As soldier and citizen he was of the highest type, and he passed from us old in years and rich in the love of family, friends, and old comrades. Soldier, rest, thy warfare is over."

REV. G. W. FINLEY

Rev. G. W. Finley was born in December, 1838, in Clarksville, Va., and died in April, 1909, at Staunton, Va.

In May, 1861, he entered the Confederate service as captain of the Clarksville Blues, Company E, 14th Virginia Infantry. Later he was adjutant of the same regiment. Resigning for personal reasons, he returned home, and while there was elected as lieutenant of Company K, 56th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division. He commanded his company at Gettysburg, and was one of the small number of survivors who crossed the stone wall that the Federals used as a breastwork, and he was near when General Armistead was killed at the mouth of the Federal cannon. Before his capture in this battle G. W. Finley had won an enviable reputation for bravery. He was in Fort Delaware Prison and later on Johnson's Island. He was one of the six hundred Confederate prisoners who were carried to Charleston, S. C., and exposed to the fire of the Confederate guns.

While in prison and conducting religious services he became inspired to preach the gospel. Having been educated in Hampden Sidney College, he at once entered the theological department of that institution, and held many appointments.

His wife died about four years ago, and he is survived by five sons and four daughters. Next to his religion, Rev. Dr. Finley held the Confederacy and the welfare of his comrades very near his heart.

DR. N. P. MARION

Dr. N. P. Marion was born at Cokesbury, S. C., February 19, 1820, and was a grandnephew of Gen. Francis Marion, of the Revolutionary War, who made such brilliant onslaughts on the British lines that he was called the "Swamp Fox."

Dr. Marion attended the schools of the country where he resided and then the medical college of Charleston, S. C., where he graduated in 1842. The following year he went to Florida and purchased a body of land in Hamilton County, on the Suwannee River, and moved there a large number of slaves. He resided there until his death, March 20, 1909.

After the War between the States commenced, all but the old men and the boys too young for service were mustered into the army. When General Seymour invaded the State as far as Olustee, Dr. Marion raised a company of old men and offered their service to General Finegan. However, he had raised a sufficient force to meet the enemy and advised Dr. Marion to return home and protect the women and children. General Finegan told Dr. Marion that his service at home was worth far more to the cause in getting supplies, provisions, clothing, shoes, etc., for the army than he could possibly be as a soldier in the field. Besides, he was needed to aid the women who were left with no one to direct and provide for them. He made their crops for them and also furnished bread to the destitute. He was a quiet, peaceful man, a true Southern patriot, having the respect and esteem of all who knew him. A kind parent and a good citizen has crossed over to the loved ones who preceded him.

WILLIAM LILLARD DALE

William L. Dale, whose death occurred on December 10, 1908, at his home, in Anniston, Ala., was born on March 17, 1841) near Jacksonville, Ala., but at the age of six years his parents removed to Ellijay, Ga., where he grew to manhood. He was twenty years old when he enlisted in Company D of the 11th Georgia Regiment, and was mustered into service in June, 1861. His command was ordered to Richmond, and in the Seven Days' battle he was wounded and furloughed home. Returning to Richmond, he was made ward master in the hospital, serving until March, 1864, when he returned to his old company. He was captured in April, 1864, and remained in prison at Elmira, N. Y., until the end of the war. He returned home June 1, 1865.

Soon after the war he moved back to his old home, in Calhoun County, Ala., where he was known as a good citizen and a devoted Christian. In 1870 he was married to Miss Frances Mohorn, who survives him with three daughters and a son. His comrades of Camp Pelham, U. C. V., appreciated his honorable character and will cherish his memory.

HE LATE LIEUT. P. R. BREWER

I see in the March VETERAN, page 133, a brief notice of the death of Lieut. P. R. Brewer by the Adjutant.

Comrade Brewer was a member of Company F, 4th Louisiana Infantry. He enlisted at Greensburg, La., in April, 1861, and served until the end. In the organization of the company he was elected orderly sergeant, and so served until the reorganization in May, 1862. He then became a private until September, 1863, when he was elected to a lieutenancy. He was sergeant of the company at Shiloh, was in the battle of Baton Rouge, La., and in the first siege or abandonment of Jackson, Miss., and at Port Hudson in the first attack, in March, 1862, with the Army of Tennessee.

On May 27, 1863, our regiment was put in General Quarles's Tennessee Brigade. He led the company in the night engagement on the right of the army on the 28th of May, but his most conspicuous act was when he led the company into the attack upon the Federals at Jonesboro, Ga., on August 31, 1864, where twenty four men and officers were in line, and eleven were killed and nine wounded. He was not hurt, but his brother was badly wounded. He was in Hood's Nashville campaign, and on the retreat near Hollow Tree Gap, in Tennessee, he, with the greater part of the regiment, was captured and was sent to Johnson's Island and kept a prisoner until June, 1865.

Comrade Brewer was born at Washington, Miss., on February 8, 1839, and was sixty nine years and six months old. As a youth he learned the printer's trade at Natchez, Miss.

He came to Greensburg, La., in 1859, and was publishing a paper when he left the case with a gun.

After his release from prison he returned to Greensburg and began the publication of the Journal. Early in 1866 he and his brother, A. A. Brewer, removed to Liberty, Miss., and there for twenty years he was editor and proprietor of the Southern Herald, and later he engaged in merchandising. Comrade Brewer was an upright Christian gentlemen. [Sketch by his friend and comrade, A. P. Richards.]

COL. W. B. WALKER

Col. William B. Walker died at his home, in Brandon, Miss., on August 20, 1908, in the sixty second year of his age. He was born in Canton, Miss., in 1846, his father being the Rev. Dr. J. R. Walker, a distinguished Methodist divine. At the age of seventeen years William Walker joined the 4th Mississippi Cavalry, and fought under Forrest till the close of the war as a private. He was a true and devoted soldier, never known to shirk a duty nor flinch under fire. He was an efficient soldier, besides doing the most arduous scout duty, for which he was admirably fitted.

After the war he went to New Orleans, engaging in reportorial work on the leading papers, becoming later editor in chief of the Picayune, which failing health forced him to resign, though he retained a position as correspondent for this journal up to his death. During the dark days of reconstruction his trenchant pen was a power in the land, and his influence was felt in the highest places. Here again did he render conspicuous service to his country,

In 1887 Comrade Walker married Miss Julia Jayne, of Brandon, Miss., a fitting companion for this brilliant writer. In 1889 he removed to Brandon, and had resided there since that time. He was honored and respected, and he was recognized as one of the most accomplished scholars of his State and a genial, loving gentleman "of the old school." Though possessed of a store of learning, he was not pedantic, but was modest and retiring. He was wholly unselfish, and wrought alone for his family, to whom he was devoted.

JOHNSON

The community of Bamberg, S. C., lost a good citizen with the death of S. W. Johnson, a popular citizen, who had served two terms as Mayor, and who for twentyeight years had been the hospitable proprietor of the Johnson Hotel, of which he made a great success. Comrade Johnson served in the Confederate army as a member of Company E, 1st South Carolina Volunteers, with Haygood and Jenkins's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. He was wounded several times. His death occurred on the 31st of December, 1908, and surviving him are his wife, two sons, and two daughters.

CAPT. DAVID JUDSON BURR REEVE

On January 25, 1909, in Henderson, Ky., his home for fortyone years, Capt. David J. B. Reeve, whose heart was ever faithful to the Confederate cause, answered the last roll call.

D. J. B. Reeve was born in Richmond, Va., on June 12, 1838. He was a member of Company F, 1st Virginia Infantry, before the great war. Upon organization of the 21st Infantry Company F was assigned to that regiment.

In 1862 he was elected a lieutenant in Scott's Cavalry Battalion, and served as adjutant with that command during its existence. In a brochure entitled "During the War and After the War," written a few years ago by Colonel Scott, the Colonel says: "There was a gentleman in the battalion who merits a more particular distinction. The adjutant general, Capt. D. J. Burr Reeve, of Richmond, Va., was an officer perfectly suited to that important position. He was a brave, cheerful Scotchman with untiring attention to all the duties which appertained to his office. Intuitively, it seemed, he knew every soldier in the command perfectly, and by a kind of sorcery taught them to respect and love him. Captain Reeve served subsequently as clerk in the commissary department under Maj. William H. Harvie, who was generally on duty with Captain Cole at General Lee's headquarters until the end of the war."

After the war Captain Reeve remained a few years in Virginia, but removed in 1868 to Henderson, Ky., where he and his brother, John James Reeve, embarked in the tobacco business. He was married there in 1872 to Miss Lucy H. Hopkins and lived in his Kentucky home till the day of his death, loved as a stanch friend, honored as a business man of absolute integrity, and revered for his purity of character and faithful, conscientious performance of all life's duties. He was a prominent and devoted member of the First Presbyterian Church, of which he was first elected a deacon and then an elder, and was a zealous worker in the Sunday school. He will always be remembered as a noble, dignified, Christian gentleman.

W. H. RITCHEY

Died at Carpenter, Miss., January 29, 1909, W. H. ("Tip") Ritchey, aged sixty nine years. He was one of the oldest landmarks of Northwestern Copiah. He had been a sufferer from Bright's disease for several years.

He enlisted at the beginning of the war in Company D, Wirt Adams's Regiment, and served with bravery and distinction throughout the hostilities. His comrades admit that no braver nor truer soldier wore the gray. He was in every battle that his command took part in, and came out without a scratch, though holes were shot through his clothing a number of times. In the battle of Iuka four bullets passed through his clothes. He surrendered at Selma, Ala., at the close of the war.

In 1866 Comrade Ritchey was married to Miss Agnes Strong, of Hinds, whose death preceded his more than eighteen years, leaving him with a large family of small children to care for. He was a member of Carpenter Methodist Church.

KATHRENE WILSON BURNETT

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, 1131, of Minneapolis, Minn., has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of its Secretary, Mrs. Kathrene Wilson Burnett, who entered into rest on Sunday, April 25. Mrs. Burnett had great charm of manner and personal magnetism, and was richly endowed with all the qualities of heart and intellect that mark our best womanhood.

Her married life was spent in Minnesota, but she was a native of Kentucky, and she brought with her to her Northern home intense loyalty to the South and a love for its traditions and history that was a part of her very being.

She was one of the first women in the State to become interested in the work of the U. D. C., and very largely through her efforts was a Chapter formed here a year ago. She was untiring in her work for the U. D. C., and her enthusiasm was an inspiration to her fellow workers.

Mrs. Burnett was the Minnesota director for the Arlington Monument fund, an object very close to her heart, and her last plans were for that work.

Her consideration of others, her unselfishness, and her great strength of character are shown in the fact that for more than a year she kept within her breast the knowledge that she was the victim of a fatal disease, and with a courage inherited from her Confederate ancestors faced the inevitable alone and unflinchingly. Her evident thought was to spare her loved ones as long as possible, and not till the very end did they know of the battle she had fought. She is survived by her husband, Mr. Frank L. Burnett, whose grief is shared by a host of friends.

BANKSTON

Capt. A. C. Bankston, was born in Georgia in 1828, and died at Poplar Grove, Ark., February 15, aged about eighty one years. He removed to Louisiana when a young man. He enlisted in the 11th Louisiana Cavalry as a private early in 1861, and served throughout the war. He was paroled as a captain. He removed to Phillips County, Ark., some twenty years ago, and during later years lived with his son near Poplar Grove. His U. C. V. membership was with the Camp at Helena.

DEATHS IN CAMP AT GREENSBORO, ALA.

W. G. Britton, Commander of Camp Allen C. Jones, No. 266, of Greensboro, Ala., reports the death of members during 1908: Charles E. Briggs, Thomas G. Moore, Capt. J. W. Williams, James L. Webb, of Company D, 5th Alabama Regiment, C. A. Ramsey, T. G. Rainey, of 8th Alabama Cavalry, J. J. Whitehead, B. S. Evans, of 36th Alabama Regiment, John Weeks, C. M. Calhoun, of 20th Alabama Regiment, R. W. Drake, of 13th Alabama Regiment.

JOSEPH TALIAFERRO BROWN

Joseph Taliaferro Brown died at St. Luke's Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., of heart disease on October 16, 1908.

When the Civil War commenced Joseph T. Brown was a boy of twelve residing at his home, in Mississippi, and naturally his sympathies were with the South. He remained at home for two years, but when fourteen years of age he shouldered a gun and took his place in line to assist in repelling the famous Grierson Cavalry raid in May, 1863. On that occasion he was really captured by some Federal soldiers, but his youth and the plausible excuse he made about being out squirrelhunting saved him not only from being taken into custody but the gun as well. When but fifteen years of age he participated in the battle of Coleman's Lane with the command of Gen. Wirt Adams against four regiments of United States colored troops and a regular battery, for which action he was highly mentioned in the dispatches of Lieut. Col. Calvit Roberts, under whose immediate command he served. In February, 1865, he was regularly enlisted and mustered into the Confederate army in the 4th Mississippi Cavalry, under command of Gen. N. B. Forrest, in which command he served until the declaration of peace.

In 1886 he settled on Tongue River, in Custer County, Mont., where he was engaged in the cattle business until mustered into the United States Volunteer Cavalry May 19, 1898. He served with his troop at Chickamauga Park, Ga., until he was mustered out September 8, 1898. After leaving the volunteer service, Captain Brown returned to Montana, where he represented Custer County in the State Legislature, and was at the time of his death one of the presidential electors from that State.

CAPT. T. J. KENNEDY

Capt. T. J. Kennedy was born September 27, 1828, and died April 19, 1909, having attained the ripe age of eighty years. He was born in Tennessee, but was living in Pontotoc County, Miss., in April, 1861, when he entered the Confederate service as captain of a company which made a part of the 41st Mississippi Infantry, and which served under General Bragg. He was in the great battles of Murfreesboro and Perryville. His brother, Capt. William Kennedy, was killed in the former, while he himself was wounded in the latter. After going home to recuperate, he resigned his position in the infantry, raised another company, and again entered the service as captain of Company H, 28th Mississippi Cavalry.

Under the gallant Forrest he was in the bloody battles of Price's Crossroads, Harrisburg, and Fort Pillow.

Made penniless by the war, and thinking he could do better in a new land, in 1871 he removed to Texas and settled in Fannin County, near Red River, where he opened a new farm and prospered. He had married in 1859 while living at Pontotoc, Miss., Miss Josephine Johnson, who survives him with their six children and twenty seven grandchildren, who cherish the memory of him who has fallen asleep at the end of a long and useful life. [By Capt. J. E. Deupree, a comrade, neighbor, and friend.]

CAPT. R. E. PARK

Capt. Robert Emory Park was born at La Grange, Ga., January 13, 1844, and died in Atlanta May 7, 1909. He was the son of Maj. John Park, a teacher and officer of Georgia State troops, and his wife, Sarah T. Robertson, a native of Clarke County, Ga., and daughter of John S. Robertson, whose father was a soldier of the Revolution. Her mother, Martha Brown, of Nottoway County, Va., was a daughter of Samuel Brown, a Virginia soldier of the Revolution. One of Captain Park's ancestors was Arthur Park, of County Donegal, Ireland, who came to America in 1720 with his wife, three sons, and a daughter. He founded the town of Parkesburg, Westchester County, Pa., and was founder also of five Presbyterian Churches in Chester County. His grandson, John Park, was a lieutenant of Pennsylvania continentals and was wounded in the battle of the Blockhouse, Pa. His son John Park was mortally wounded under Gen. Daniel Morgan in the battle of Cowpens, in South Carolina, and was buried at Fair Forest Church, S. C. His son William Park moved to Georgia in 1799, and was the grandfather of Robert Emory Park.

Captain Park was reared in Greenville, Ga., and was educated at Emory College, Oxford, Ga., and at the East Alabama College, Auburn, Ala., now the Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

Leaving college, he enlisted as a private on June 12, 1861, in the Macon Confederates of Tuskegee, Ala., commanded by Capt. R. F. Ligon, afterwards Lieutenant Governor of Alabama. The Macon Confederates became Company F of the 12th Alabama Infantry, and served in Rodes's Brigade.

This company served throughout the war in the corps commanded by Stonewall Jackson and his successors, Ewell and Early. The members of this company owned more than two million dollars' worth of property, and twenty six of them became commissioned officers in the Confederate army.

At the reorganization of the company in April, 1862, Private Park, then eighteen years old, was unanimously elected second lieutenant. After Seven Pines he was promoted to first lieutenant, and continued to serve with distinction in the many great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. By his gallantry in the battle of South Mountain, Md., he was especially commended by Gen. D. H. Hill for his skillful and heroic leadership, when

with forty men deployed as skirmishers he held back for a long time many times his number. In one of the desperate engagements in which he led his company the order came to fall back. One of his men who had just received a severe wound called piteously for water. Captain Park started to his help, when a superior officer asked him if he had not heard the order to retire. He replied: "I will come as soon as I have given that wounded man some water." Though exposed to a terrific fire of Minies and shell, he went to the soldier, raised his head, gave him the water, laid him down tenderly, and then rejoined his retreating comrades.

Captain Park was in the Valley campaign of 1864 under General Early and in the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864, in which his division commander, General Rodes, was killed. He was wounded and captured. The remainder of his Confederate service was upon crutches in Federal prisons: first at the Old Capitol, Washington, D. C., then at Point Lookout, Md., and finally at Fort Delaware, Pa. His commission as captain was announced soon after his capture, a well deserved reward, for he had on many occasions acted as such where the missiles of death flew thick and fast.

Throughout the war Captain Park kept a diary, which was published in 1875 in the papers of the Southern Historical Society. Returning to Georgia after the war, Captain Park studied law and taught school in La Grange, where he was married to Miss Stella Swanson, who died in a few months. In 1872 he accepted a position with a large publishing house, and held it for twenty five years, giving also much attention to agriculture and fine stock raising at Holton, near Macon, of which city he was a resident. He served as lieutenant colonel on the staff of Governor Northern, and was for many years a member of the Board of Road Commissioners of Bibb County. He was also a member of the Executive Committee of the Georgia Agricultural Society and Vice President of the Georgia State Horticultural Society and of the Georgia State Dairymen's Association.

In 1895 he was President of the Macon Chamber of Commerce, He was for many years a trustee of Emory College, at Oxford, Ga., and of Wesleyan Female College, at Macon, Ga.

In 1900 Captain Park was elected Treasurer of the State of Georgia, and continued to hold that responsible position until his death. He had been reelected for another term.

On February 9, 1875, Captain Park was married to Miss Ella H., daughter of Gen. W. S. Holt, whose widow married Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Justice of the United States Supreme Court. This wife died in 1890, leaving two children, William Holt and Ella Henrietta. On April 27, 1892, he married Mrs. Emily Hendree Stewart at Richmond, Va.

After his election as State Treasurer, Captain Park resided at his home in Atlanta, though still holding his citizenship in Macon and Bibb County, where he had many interests, among them his farm at Holton, where several years ago he had built a handsome church of brick and granite in memory of his second wife. Here also he kept his membership. On April 26, 1909, Confederate Memorial Day, he acted as marshal of the day and introduced the orator. He looked the picture of manly vigor. On the next day he started with his wife and daughter for a pleasure trip to New York. While there he was taken ill

and all returned to Atlanta. On Friday, May 7, he was taken to Dr. McRae's sanitarium, where an operation was performed. But all efforts were unavailing, and on Friday, May 7, he breathed his last. He was laid to rest Sunday afternoon in Oakland Cemetery. The services were held at First M. E. Church, South, Gen. Clement A. Evans, Bishop Warren A. Candler, and Rev. S. R. Belk officiating. In the funeral procession were Gov. Hoke Smith, the Statehouse officers, the judges of the Superior Court, State, county, and city officials, the boards of trustees of Emory and Wesleyan Female Colleges, and the Confederate veterans. The members of Atlanta Camp, 159, U. C. V., of which Captain Park was a member, formed in a hollow square around the hearse and served as a special escort from the house to the church. One beautiful and impressive feature was that each one of the large escort of veterans carried a floral tribute. A gallant veteran, a liberal hearted Christian gentleman whose charitable deeds have brought joy to many needy persons, a noble son of Georgia has gone to his reward. [Sketch by Mr. J. T. Derry, of Atlanta.] In the foregoing lengthy sketch the half is not told. While the management of the VETERAN is profoundly grateful to many comrades and friends for persistent cooperation in its every interest, no other is recalled whose unremitting zeal exceeded that of Captain Park. As, a practical businessman, he nearly always had public attention called at State Reunions to the importance of advancing the circulation of the VETERAN. Now that his work is ended in this sphere of existence active gratitude remains and his memory will not cease to have that exaltation that he so richly deserved.

DR. ANDREW JACKSON BEALE

Dr. A. J. Beale died in Cynthiana, Ky., on January 4, 1909. He was born in March, 1839, the son of Richard E. and Margaret Seaton Beale, both natives of Fauquier County, Va. His father was a soldier in the War of 1812. A. J. Beale was reared on a farm and educated in the schools of the neighborhood until 1851, when he began the study of medicine at Louisville University, graduating in 1854 from Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky. He located in Cynthiana for the practice of his profession, and there was married to Mrs. Mary A. Elliott.

In 1861 Dr. Beale enlisted as a Confederate soldier, and was made second lieutenant of Company D, 9th Kentucky Infantry, of the famous Orphan Brigade. He was promoted to first lieutenant after the battle of Shiloh. At Murfreesboro he received a dangerous wound. He was captured and sent as a prisoner to Fort Delaware, and during his imprisonment he was made captain of his company. He rejoined his command in May, 1863, but shortly after resigned on account of disabilities and was made surgeon on James Island, where he remained with his command until May, 1864. He then rejoined his company in the Virginia campaign, and was in the battles at Gaines's Mill, Drury's Bluff, and Petersburg.

In July, 1864, on account of failing health, he was again assigned to hospital duty at Harrisburg, Va. He was captured again during Sheridan's raid, and was detailed to take charge of the sick and wounded Confederate prisoners. Then after exchange he was assigned to duty in the Lynchburg (Va.) hospital, where he remained till the close of the war. He saw service in Kentucky, Louisiana, South Carolina, Virginia, and Mississippi,

and participated in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Hartsville, and Murfreesboro, besides many lesser engagements and skirmishes.

In 1865 he returned to Cynthiana and resumed the practice of medicine. In 1868 he was elected Circuit Clerk of Harrison County, and held the office for six years. In 1879-81 he was a member of the General Assembly, and from 1883 to 1889 served as sheriff of Harrison County. While a member of the City Council of Cynthiana he was the author of the ordinance which gave the city its graded schools. He removed to Oklahoma in 1889, and was the first Mayor of Oklahoma City. In 1896 he was elected delegate from Oklahoma Territory to the National Democratic Convention at Chicago. In 1899 he returned to his old Kentucky home to spend the remainder of his days in quiet retirement, and found his greatest pleasure in ministering to the wants and necessities of his old comrades. At the time of his death he was Colonel on General Evans's staff and Commander of Thomas H. Hunt Camp, U. C. V., at Cynthiana.

BUZZARD

William Buzzard, a veteran of the Stonewall Brigade, died recently at his home, on the east side of the Shenandoah River, aged seventy three years.

B. E. PRIEST

The death of B. E. (Bud) Priest occurred near Hughesville, Mo., September 13, 1908. Comrade Priest was born in Logan County, Ky., December 14, 1836. In 1838 he removed with his parents to Pettis County, Mo., where he remained.

In 1861 he enlisted in Sterling Price's command. A year later he was transferred to Company A, 10th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command. He was captured July 21, 1863, and sent to Camp Chase. Subsequently he was sent to Camp Douglas, where he was confined for twenty two months, experiencing all the horrors of a war prison. On March 7, 1865, he was sent to be exchanged, but exchange was not consummated before the surrender, and he was paroled at Nashville, Tenn.

No soldier bore the trials and the hardships with greater fortitude or with more zeal and unremitting love for the South and her cause than did Bud Priest. Though a private, he bore the crushing blow of defeat with the strength and stoicism of a Spartan. At his death no military salute was fired, no sad bugle call was sounded, no flag was furled in honor of the fallen brave, and yet never did the hand of death still a heart more true or the cold, unresponsive bosom of earth pillow a head more devoted.

As a parent and a kinsman, he was revered. As a citizen and a neighbor, he was held in universal esteem by those who knew him in every walk of life. As a soldier, none was braver, in battle he stood with the strong men of Troy. Thus sleeps a soldier whose beautiful character is still seen through a mist of tears by those who loved him.

PAT H. NOBLE

P. H. Noble was born in Abbeville District, S. C., in April, 1831, and died November 10, 1908, near Learned, Miss. He was married to Miss Bettie Brady in 1856, and removed to Hinds County, Miss., where were born to him ten P. H. NOBLE, children, of whom six sons and two daughters survive. Comrade Noble served his country in the trying times of the sixties as a member of Company K, 45th Mississippi Infantry, coming through unscathed. He was a member of P. A. Haman Camp, U. C. V., of Learned, Miss.

EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA BEFORE THE WAR

Mrs. James H. Williams, President Shenandoah Chapter, U. D. C., has an interesting article on before the war education in Virginia. She says that after the Revolutionary War schools and colleges were incorporated, but were not endowed, and occasionally glebe land was given the school near which it lay, but it was not till after the second war with England that any permanent fund for popular education was established. For a long time the populace opposed the giving of even the one cent tax to any college or school where the sons of rich men were received, as they felt that the education of these sons should come entirely from the fathers.

However, the schools, once established, rapidly grew in prosperity. In quick succession William and Mary College was followed by Hampden Sidney, the University of Virginia, Washington College (Washington and Lee College), and lastly the Virginia Military Institute, whose cadets did such noble service in the battle of New Market.

These colleges have had some brilliant graduates. Of the fifteen Presidents of the United States before the war, nine were Southern men, and seven of these nine were from Virginia and graduates of some of her colleges.

TO SURVIVORS OF THE 24TH GEORGIA REGIMENT

J. A. Jarrard, of Morrison's Bluff, Ark., asks all survivors of this regiment who can possibly attend the Reunion at Memphis to meet him there. He says: "As a boy of twenty years it fell to my lot as senior captain commanding to surrender the remnant of our regiment at Appomattox C. H. on the 9th of April, 1865. The picture below was taken just forty years later. I would be pleased to know just how many of the old 24th are left. God bless them! Write to me"

In sending a contribution to the Jefferson Davis Home Association, in which he expresses interest, James A. Pearce, of Charlestown, Md., writes: "My father, James Alfred Pearce, was a member of the United States Senate from Maryland from March 4, 1843, to

December 20, 1857, when he died. He was a warm personal friend of Mr. Davis both while the latter was in the Senate and while he was Secretary of War, and from him I learned of Mr. Davis's lofty character and charming personality when I was a boy. All men know how heroically he bore himself while President of the Confederacy and after its downfall. If this movement could be so managed as to enlist the organized . In the VETERAN for November, page 566, appeared a poem entitled "Night in the South," which was contributed by Miss Isabella Caldwell Jones, of Los Angeles, Cal. Some inquiries having been made as to the battle on which this poem was founded, she . writes that her informant, Mr. Will H. Trout, who lives in Cincinnati, mentioned it as having "occurred in Lexington, Va., June 11, 1864," and his recollection is that the Federals were in the command of General Crook, while the Confederates were under John C. Breckinridge, yet she cannot understand from his letter whether the fight was carried on by the soldiers under command or by their own volition. His information of the affair is rather vague, yet he reiterates the statement of the loss of life among the young cadets of the school, and says: "History says nothing about the affair."

This was a most mysterious affair, it appears, and any reader of the VETERAN who can throw any light on it will confer a favor to those who wish to know where such a fight could have occurred.

A POPULAR NUMBER

The December VETERAN, though it ran the full twenty one thousand edition, has been exhausted for nearly a month, and it has been impossible to meet the almost daily demand for a copy, as there are none left.

COMRADES OF COMPANY C.

J. Ed Craig, of Clackstock, S. C., writes that some of the survivors of Company C (Capt. P. W. Goodwyn), 6th South Carolina Cavalry, desire to have as many of that old company meet them at the State Reunion in Chester, S. C., June 23 and 24, 1909, as can possibly do so. In case you can't attend drop a line to Mr. Craig giving him some information of yourself since you disbanded. He inquires especially for J. R. Sanders, who was last with them in North Carolina. He was supposed to have been captured by Sherman's army. His family was in New Orleans in 1863.

THE REGIMENT CAPTURED BY SERGEANT J. S. BELL

In the unprecedented capture "single handed" of more than a regiment, as reported by Captain Maddox in the VETERAN for September, page 497, there occurred two errors which are corrected herein. The recapture of the colors was at Appomattox instead of Washington, Va., and the command that surrendered to Sergeant Bell was the 19th instead of 49th Wisconsin Regiment.

To THIRD COMPANY RICHMOND HOWITZERS

John B. Boyd, who served in the 3d Company of Richmond Howitzers under Captain Taylor, is now living in Mobile, Ala., in indigent circumstances and wishes to procure a pension. Any one who can testify as to his service in the C. S. A. will confer a favor by writing to him in care of Neil McCarron, 25 26 Bank of Mobile Building, Mobile, Ala. Don't forget to suggest to friends a trial of the VETERAN.

ABOUT A REUNION OF GRAY WITH BLUE

All honor to Union veterans who seek a joint Reunion with Confederates The more liberal of them have shown great soul in such matters for years. To such Confederates enjoy feelings of most fraternal regard. Reasons why this is not brought about may be had in the following telegraphic correspondence:
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June 1, 1909.

Editor Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.:
Judge Ell Torrance, former Commander in Chief G. A. R., to day suggests that national government provide for joint Reunion of G. A. R. and United Confederate Veterans in Washington within the next few years, Secretary of War to direct arrangements and the government to make appropriation for the entertainment of visiting veterans, idea being that Reunion will be object lesson to the world and rising generation in America that Civil War wounds have been entirely healed. Will you please wire by 10 A.M. Wednesday at the Journal's expense your opinion of this suggestion?

THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL
REPLY TO THE JOURNAL.

Your telegram to me as editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN asking for my opinion concerning Judge Torrance's suggestion that the national government provide for a joint Reunion of G. A. R. and United Confederate Veterans at Washington as guests of the government is carefully considered. Confederates favored this years ago, and the Richmond Reunion of 1896 was changed with the understanding that the Confederates go from there to New York to meet the G. A. R., and the veterans of the two armies parade on Broadway. The parade was to have been on July 4.

Confederates were stunned when the G. A. R. Commander for that year refused to cooperate. Remonstrance was made by parties seeking the parade with explanation that Confederates would not carry guns, and he said the Grand Army should not march with them if they wore Confederate uniforms. This movement was headed for Confederates by their magnetic, great hearted leader, Gen. John B. Gordon, but the Grand Army Commander was obdurate. Had Torrance been in command then, a great stride might have been made for reconciliation.

Corporal Tanner made a great speech at that Richmond gathering. Confederates have not considered that subject favorably since. All veterans of the war on battle lines have had right regard for antagonists all this time. Politicians and religious fanatics have

caused all the trouble. President Roosevelt in his speech on the centenary of Lincoln's birth never mentioned the South's Chief Executive during the period that Lincoln's fame was made, although he was born in Kentucky, also within a year of the same time. To morrow thousands will pay tribute to the memory of Jefferson Davis at the place of his birth, Fairview, Ky. President Taft at the dedication of the soldiers' monument at Gettysburg last Monday extolled Union soldiers, but never mentioned Confederates, his fellow countrymen, who caused the glory to Union arms. Then our devoted Southerner, J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, while praising Confederates took occasion to tell how much better the country is under one government. He gave them only merited credit.

Confederates knew that all the while. They fought not for policy, but for principle. Many of our people, gratified with the expressions indicated by President Taft, have been hopeful that no opposition would be made in the next national contest. Recently a Northern Church, after years of litigation, criticising the Supreme Court of this State, in which the Confederate General Reunion is to be held next week, has aroused antagonistic feelings which would deter liberal response to Comrade Torrance's suggestion.

Confederates gladly greet veterans of the Union Army. They believe that those men would have come back South to their rescue had they realized the outrages of reconstruction. The South wants peace and prosperity, but it must come, if at all, with thorough recognition of such motives as they would have in facing the judgment.

A TRIBUTE BY PRESIDENT GENERAL D. A. R. TO SAM DAVIS.

In a personal letter from Mrs. Julia G. Scott, the President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to the editor of the VETERAN, she states: "I could not permit a stenographer to tell you how much I appreciate your letter. * * * But what touched me most and brought hot tears to my eyes was the little leaflet, 'Sam Davis,' by Dr. Hamill. I have read nothing more touching than the pathetic story of this heroic boy."

A "MONUMENT" TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN BY R. C. MAY, MIAMI, FLA.

As much has been said about monuments to the Confederate women, I suggest that each of us who receives a pension apply one tenth of that pension as an endowment fund for a training school for the girls and boys who are our lineal descendants wherein the principles for which we fought can be perpetuated. This would insure our posterity being taught correctly and these schools, if managed by the U. D. C., would be a living monument to those women of the Confederacy whom we desire to honor. If we could consummate this, then our victory would be complete and none of us need fear for the perpetuity of our republican institutions.

UNION VETERAN'S OPINION OF THE MONUMENT

Mr. Fitz Edward Culver, writing from Ingleside, Lake County, Ill., to Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville, states:

My Dear Sir and Comrade,

I have just read your description of that proposed women's monument, and what you say strikes my fancy forcibly. Also from it I have decided to subscribe for two years to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, although I was a Union soldier of the Army of the Potomac (44th New York Volunteer Infantry, Company A) from wooden guns at Centerville to Appomattox. I can get a better insight of you brave men I so often met, which alone I prize and enjoy, as I am, like you, marching to our last roll call.

THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE OF GENERAL LEE

[Prof. George S. Bryant to U. D. C., Independence, Mo.]

Tapestry is woven from the underneath. The artist designs, but the worker knows not his figures. When the work is finished, the weaver is surprised at the beauty brought out above. His colors have disappeared in their blending. And as with tapestry so in history we work on the underside. Unconsciously the beautiful figure is developing above. We work ignorantly, but ideals gradually take shape and remain as the permanent possession of the race,

The history of every great movement is summed up in the name of one man. Alexander stands for the Macedonian Empire, Copernicus for the discovery of the solar system, and John Milton is an epitome of the Puritan Revolution, representing every phase of thought from Satan in rebellion to God overruling. Nowhere is this thought better illustrated than wherein George Washington was one mighty compendium of the American struggle for independence.

THE HISTORY OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

In writing this history of Fredericksburg G. J. Quinn has practically divided his work into three subheads. First, he tells of the days of the first settlers, when Pocahontas roamed free with Powhatan, her father, and the fair hills and valleys of Virginia were an unknown land, but John Smith's exploration of the Rappahannock is followed fast by many other explorers eager to see the marvels of this new world and to grasp its richness. Quinn gives a graphic account of the expedition of Governor Spottswood and his party over the Blue Ridge Mountains, an expedition which became world famous.

John Fontaine, one of the gentlemen in the party, kept a diary of its daily happenings, which diary Quinn gives entire, and this alone would well repay a careful reading of the book. Quinn follows Fredericksburg from its naming for the Prince of Wales through all its vicissitudes into growth in strength and importance. And clustering around this statistical structure he has given much rare insight into the manners and customs of the

times, its employments and amusements, its modes of punishment and its awards of merit.

Of course the heart of the book is the account of the bloody days of the sixties, when all of Virginia was a battle ground and Fredericksburg the fulcrum of the great lever of the armies. Quinn's story of the march and countermarch, fierce onslaught and rapid retreat seems to reek with the smoke of battle, so vivid is the impression it conveys, and every Confederate heart will beat faster at reading of these deathless deed's of valor.

Last comes Fredericksburg after the war in two pictures: a city torn by shot and shell, devastated by two armies, twice laid low by fire, and dragging a debt seemingly too heavy to lift, then Fredericksburg as it is now, a city of perfect sanitation, fine churches and public buildings, good roads, and excellent schools, a city whose government is by the people and for the people.

The book is excellently printed by the Hermitage Press, Richmond, is beautifully illustrated, and will form an excellent addition to any library, public or private.

LIFE OF GEN. WILLIAM B. BATE.

The VETERAN has on sale the "Life of William B. Bate. Citizen, Soldier, and Statesman," written by Park Marshall, Esq., of Nashville, Term. The VETERAN offers this interesting book at \$1.25. It also offers the book and one year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$2 for the two.

General Bate was a lieutenant in the Mexican War, and held the ranks of colonel, brigadier general, and major general in the Civil War, commanding troops from Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. He served before the war as a member of the Legislature and as District Attorney General, and after the war he was Governor four years, and was elected to the United States Senate in 1887, 1893, 1899, and 1905. He died March 9, 1905. He thus held high public positions longer than almost any one else in the State's history.

Mr. Marshall's book is very interesting and accurate, and is especially valuable to the old soldiers and their children in the States named. It is divided into six chapters and an appendix.

Chapter I. is a sketch of General Bate's "Early Life," and runs from 1826 to 1861, and among other things treats of the pioneer times of the early settlement of Sumner County, Tenn. Chapter II. treats of the "Civil War," and traces the movements of the Army of Tennessee and their causes and objects.

The battles of Franklin and Nashville are specially described, though somewhat briefly so as to comport with the limits of the book.

Chapter III. is "After the War," and describes that period, including General Bate's unsuccessful races for the Senate.

Chapter IV., "As Governor," gives the situation up to 1882, and embraces an accurate history of the State debt and the manner of its settlement under General Bate during his two terms as Governor, from 1883 to 1887.

Chapter V. shows General Bate's election to and service in the United States Senate, 1887 to 1905.

Chapter VI. is the "Conclusion," describing his death and funeral.

The Appendix consists of memorial addresses by Senator Carmack, General Grosvenor, and Mr. Stanley, also General Bate's oration of May 7, 1870, at Elmwood Confederate Cemetery, Memphis, and his speech of September 20, 1895, at Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park.

The original matter of the book covers two hundred and fifty eight pages. Including the Appendix, there are three hundred and sixty three pages, making a compact and handy volume. There are two pictures of General Bate. Libraries, public and private, should contain this volume.

BELLES, BEAUX, AND BRAINS OF THE SIXTIES

T. C. De Leon's book of the above title is from the press of G. W. Dillingham, New York, and it's most attractive in its dress of type, with elegant binding and with a hundred and fifty half tone portraits of the men, women, and girls that made up the select circle of society in the Confederate capital and other cities.

Mr. De Leon is a native South Carolinian, but has lived in many cities, and has had exceptional advantages in gathering the social data necessary to his work, the illustrations being entirely from pictures given him by the originals or from photographs loaned him by their families. The facts, names, genealogies, and incidents are so delightfully woven together by the author's choice language that the book presents all the charm of a prose poem.

Though the principal incidents occurred in the capitals, Washington, Montgomery, and Richmond, the book is by no means confined to these, some of its best word painting finding its studies in New Orleans, Mobile, and Charleston. The text of the book embraces every range, from the formation of cabinets to amateur theatricals and the whirl of cotillions. Price of the book, three dollars, supplied by the VETERAN.

FOR CONFEDERATES AT THE ALASKA YUKON EXPOSITION

The committee on invitations, composed of W. L. Gazzam, Dr. A. Jordan, A. J. Park, and E. W. Blackwood, sends from Seattle, Wash., the following to "comrades and Daughters:" "The John B. Gordon Camp of Confederate Veterans, the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., and the Robert E. Lee Camp, U. S. C. V., all of this city, unite in extending to your Camp a most cordial invitation to attend the Alaska Yukon Pacific Exposition to be held here from June 1 to October 16, 1909. We shall endeavor to see that you are well housed, that you will be protected against exorbitant prices, and that your visit will be both pleasant and instructive. Suitable Southern headquarters will be established on the Fair Grounds, where all Southerners may not only find a resting place but a true Southern congenial atmosphere. Information relating to the Fair will be cheerfully furnished upon application to Comrade M. F. Gilmer, Secretary, 45 Maynard Building, Seattle, Wash.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF AMERICAN HISTORY

Possibly the best criticism of this very remarkable book that can be given is to quote a personal letter to the editor of the VETERAN by its author, Mr. Leon C. Prince, a member of the Pennsylvania bar and of the faculty of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. Mr. Prince writes: "I am taking the liberty to send you a copy of my book, 'Bird's Eye View of American History,' in the hope that the rather unusual view taken of the Civil War, reconstruction, and the race question by a Northern man may commend the book to your own heart and judgment and to the great constituency you represent.

The manuscript was declined by one publishing house in Philadelphia because of its strictures on the methods of Thad Stevens and its alleged 'pro Southern' character, and it has been turned down generally by Northern school boards for the same reason. My motive in writing the book was simply to tell the truth, to present without bias or partiality the true issues of the war, and the naked reality of all that followed it. If I have made out a better case for the South than the North can indorse, the fault is not mine. I was not born till ten years after the war closed. Perhaps that is the reason I can see without prejudice, though I have two hundred and fifty years of New England ancestry."

The title, "Bird's Eye View," shows the book not to be an exhaustive historical treatise. Mr. Prince has taken all the salient points of history and all the prominent questions and treated them in such a manner as to convey a clear and definite knowledge of everything he writes about. He touches the principal points of interest from the date of the discovery of America through its colonizations, its early wars, its rise in prosperity, the influence of other nations upon its advancement, and the Revolution and the establishment of the republic. Even here he begins gathering up the threads that showed the inevitable outcome of the burning questions that led to the Civil War.

In the history of this war Mr. Prince has showed a thorough comprehension of the South and her people, and gives unstinted praise to the noble heroes and generals that the Southland delights to honor. In speaking of Lee he says: "General Johnston was wounded and for a time was forced to leave the service. He was succeeded in the command of the Army of Northern Virginia by Robert E. Lee, the greatest of all the Confederate generals and the most chivalrous figure in the history of the South, a character of transcendent purity and worth, in whom neither friend nor foe has ever found a flaw."

Mr. Prince has one chapter on "Reconstruction" that alone would sell the book to Southern people, for it shows with such perfect truth the situations that marked those days, and his treatment of the negro question is a full justification of his claims of an "unbiased history." Rarely has any book treated the questions of the Civil War more correctly, and certainly never before has such justice been given by a Northern writer.

SERVICE AFLOAT

By Admiral Raphael Semmes. A new edition of this standard work on operations of the Confederate navy and giving the history of the Confederate cruiser Alabama has been issued, and is offered at \$4, cloth, postpaid.

MESSAGES AND PAPERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson, of Tennessee. In two volumes, per set, half morocco, \$10, cloth, \$5.

MILITARY ANNALS OF TENNESSEE.

By Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley, D.D. Half morocco, \$5, full morocco, \$7.50.

MORGAN'S CAVALRY. By Gen. Basil Duke.

The history of this most remarkable command by one who participated in its many adventures under dashing John Morgan and succeeded him. Cloth. Price, \$2.

PICKETT AND HIS MEN. By Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett.

An entertaining and charmingly written history of the gallant commander and the men he led up the heights of Gettysburg to fame. Cloth. Price, \$2.50.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THIRTEEN PRESIDENTS.

By Col. John Wise, of Virginia. "Every one of them," he says, "possessed individuality, strength of character, commanding personality, and dominating force." Bound in cloth and illustrated with pictures of the Presidents from Tyler to Roosevelt. Price, \$2.50.

CONFEDERATE OPERATIONS IN CANADA AND NEW YORK. By Capt. John W. Headley. Cloth. Price, \$2.

SOUTHERN STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION. By Dr. J. L. M. Curry. Price, \$1.50.

STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES. By Prof Joseph T. Derry. Price, \$2.

NORTHERN REBELLION AND SOUTHERN SECESSION. By Maj. E. W. R. Ewing. Price, \$1.

FOUR YEARS UNDER MARS ROBERT. By Maj. Robert Stiles. Price, \$2.

WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Rev. J. L. Underwood. Price, \$2.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFETIME. By John Goode, of Virginia. Price, \$2.

SONGS OF DIXIE. A collection of the songs so popular during the war, both words and music. Paper cover, 75 cents.

SOUTHERN MARATHON RACES

During the last days of May or the first week in June a Marathon race will be held in Atlanta, Ga., open only to Atlanta Athletic Club, and is to be strictly amateur, and representatives of colleges, schools, athletic clubs, Young Men's Christian Associations, and any strictly Southern organization may enter to compete.

Atlanta is an ideal place for such a race, for it has splendid roads. If the Marathon distance, twenty six miles, is accepted as the test, the run will either be from the Roswell bridge over the Chattahoochee River into the city or a sufficient detour around the city and through the parks will be made to make the desired distance. In either case the race will end where thousands can assemble to see the finish.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEN. R. E. LEE

By Dr. J. William Jones, D.D.

A personal friendship between General Lee and the author gave valuable material in the preparation of this work, which is a revised edition and contains many letters of General Lee not heretofore published. Cloth. Price, \$2.

LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON

By Col. G. F. R. Henderson.

C.B. The best biography of the great general ever written, presenting clearly the science of military strategy so successfully followed. Published in two volumes. Six hundred memorial edition in half morocco, \$4.

NEW EDITION "LIFE OF FORREST."

The "Life of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest," by John Allan Wyeth, is out in a delightful new dress, and with additions that add much to its value. Dr. Wyeth adds a voluminous postscript to his book containing much information that reached him after the original volume was published. This book, which would be an ornament to any library and is a necessity to all Confederates, is furnished by the VETERAN office. Price, four dollars.

END

Confederate Veterans Magazine June 1909

Compiled by Margie Glover Daniels