

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF
CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS

March 1909

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

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

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

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

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS

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

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

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

PRICI, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 GENTS.

VOL. XVII.
NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1909

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION

[At a meeting of the Jefferson Davis Home Association in Louisville on February 15, 1909, Gen. Bennett H. Young was requested to prepare an appeal.]

To the Confederate Veterans: A year since there was organized under the laws of Kentucky a corporation known as the "Jefferson Davis Home Memorial Association," the purpose of which was to secure the plot of ground in Todd and Christian Counties on which Jefferson Davis was born, and to erect thereon a memorial of some kind to commemorate the splendid heroism, patriotism, and devotion of the only President of the Confederacy to the cause of his people.

Margaret Varina, Gerald Bertram, and Robina Webb, the only daughter and only great grandchildren of President Davis.

Mr. Davis was for many years the object of widespread hatred on the part of the people of the North, and failure to restore his citizenship, in which he stood alone, demonstrates the intensity of the prejudice against him by a large part of his countrymen. He thus became a distinct and marked sacrifice of the great struggle through which the South had passed from 1861 to 1865 and the long and dreary days of reconstruction which followed the war, and upon his devoted head and loving heart fell heaviest the burdens of failure.

Every man who was engaged in the struggle for Southern independence or who sympathized with the South should feel a sense of obligation to Mr. Davis to make proper presentation to the world of his magnificent character and in some form to give recognition of the services which he rendered his people, for whatever may be the judgment of men about certain matters which, in their opinion, affected the destiny of the Confederacy, no man ever questioned the absolute devotion and loyalty of Jefferson Davis to the people of the South, and none can honestly depreciate his faithfulness and consecration in that mighty conflict.

A popular movement has been inaugurated successfully to erect at the birthplace of Mr. Lincoln, in Larue County, a splendid memorial hall. To those of us who were associated with Mr. Davis it hardly seems just that one son of Kentucky should be thus honored and the other son, the leader on the Southern side, not be equally honored.

In the furtherance of the plans to erect a memorial to Mr. Davis options have been taken on certain property covering the birthplace of Mr. Davis, and these options will terminate on the 27th of April. Prompt and vigorous action is required to make this land available for the patriotic and noble purposes proposed by the Association, and as directors of the Association we are sending this appeal to every organized Camp of Confederate Veterans and to individuals who will sympathize with the objects of the Association, and as your comrades we beg to urge upon you a prompt and generous response to this call. An average of ten dollars from every Camp and a smaller sum from individuals who honor

Mr., Davis will place the Association in such position as to promptly and thoroughly carry forward this work.

If done at all, it must be done now. Delays will endanger the acquisition of the property. Forty four years have passed since the end of the struggle which marked the greatest crisis in the life of Mr. Davis, and if those who were associated with him in the great war would enjoy any of the pleasure that would come from the erection of this memorial, it must be accomplished now.

Now that he is gone and left none of the blood upon whom the people of the South can lavish affection except one daughter, there remains only the privilege of commemorating his virtues and recording his, heroism and in some permanent form to declare the love of the South for his noble life.

We are not unmindful of the many calls now made for similar purposes upon the liberality of the South, nor do we forget what the Confederated Southern Memorial Association has done or proposes to do, but we feel that the work with which we are now charged takes such form and becomes so urgent, in view of the conditions which surround the acquisition of the property, that we are not trespassing upon the plans or efforts of others when asking that this object may be given earnest thought and quickened activity in its consummation.

TO THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

So many appeals have been made to the women of the South which demand their liberality and their labors that we are hesitant at this time in bringing to their notice another call, the conditions surrounding which demand immediate action.

A few months since the Jefferson Davis Home Memorial Association was organized with the intention of securing the land covering the birthplace of Jefferson Davis in Todd and Christian Counties, Ky., and erecting thereon a splendid memorial to the memory of this great and good man. This Association will be under the control of the Confederate organizations of the whole South, and its sole purpose is to exalt the motives and sacrifices of the people of the South in their great struggle for independence and to tell the world of how grand and noble and heroic was Jefferson Davis in his association with the people of the Confederate States.

Recently there has been a successful effort among the people of the whole country to secure the land covering the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, in Larue County, and in erecting thereon a memorial to Mr. Lincoln, and we feel that Mr. Davis should have equal recognition, and that he who stood for the South in its conflicts and its sorrows should have his birthplace maintained and held for public use, and so marked as to declare in years to come what Jefferson Davis did and what he suffered for the people of the South.

Whatever is done must be done quickly, as options on the property expire on the 27th of April, and it is not likely that they can be renewed, and we are making this appeal to every Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy for a subscription of at least ten dollars. The trouble is in the shortness of the time which intervenes between this and the expiration of the options, and we earnestly appeal to you to take this matter up and to show your interest in it by prompt and liberal response.

Confident that the people of the South will not forget to do homage to Mr. Davis, we are hoping that this work will receive such impetus that on his birthday, June 3, we will be able to commence operations and lay the corner stone for this memorial to our beloved President.

We need not say to you who have done so much to justify the conduct of the South that Mr. Davis is worthy of all that his people can ever do for him, and that, while costly monuments may be erected to his memory, there is something peculiarly touching in this consecrating to public use the birthplace of this noble patriot.

With the land secured, we will proceed more leisurely in the erection of the memorial, but if the opportunity to secure the site be lost, it is feared the success of the enterprise will at least become questionable.

May we therefore by our common love for the glorious memories which gather around the Southland and its heroic efforts to be free and in our admiration of the great leader who guided us in those dark and dreadful days hope that you will secure a subscription promptly and forward it to Maj. John H. Leathers, Chairman, Louisville, Ky. ?

THE PRIZE ESSAY, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

The annual prize of one hundred dollars offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the students of Teachers' College, Columbia University, has been awarded for two years past. The first award was made to Mr. Herbert T. Coleman, a native of Canada, the subject of his essay having been "The Status of Education in the South Prior to the War between the States," and the second was given to Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota, for an essay on "Robert E. Lee A Present Estimate." The same committee of three distinguished scholars decided upon the best essay presented in both instances. The first award gave perfect satisfaction, the essay having met all requirements as to literary quality and structure and historical accuracy and research. The essay of Miss Boyson on the "present estimate" of "Robert E. Lee" has brought forth much indignant protest from the Chapters of the organization on account of the historical inaccuracies contained therein, some of which reflect upon General Lee as a military commander and upon the character and efficiency of his subordinate officers and the intellectual condition of the South at the beginning of the War between the States. Such indignation is the natural expression of the loyalty of the Daughters of the Confederacy to their own people,

their traditions, culture, and refinement, and their achievements in the councils of State as well as on the field of battle, and particularly their devotion and self sacrifice to the principles upon which this government was founded, together with the patriotic motives which actuated the course of the people of the South in the War between the States and the honor and integrity due to their great leaders, who were scholars and statesmen as well as great military commanders.

In zealously guarding the precious heritage of glorious names and achievements let us, however, endeavor to be conservative and just to those who have served us or taken part in this matter. It is a well known truth that misconception and misunderstanding is prevalent in some sections of this country of ours as to the true attitude of the people of the South prior to the War between the States, during the conflict, and in the still more trying days of so called "reconstruction," and to induce an unbiased study of this subject in a cosmopolitan college which was fitting young men and women to go out as teachers of the truth this prize was offered by the Daughters of the Confederacy a missionary work for which time must be had for full fruition.

Considering environment, text books provided for her education, and other influences, there is much for encouragement in Miss Boyson's essay, which contains many generous and beautiful tributes to General Lee, while her objectionable statements show no "malice of forethought," simply a lack of correct information. This is largely due to the many misleading text books in use in Northern schools and largely used all over the South because of the little attention paid to the contents of schoolbooks introduced into Southern schools by publishers offering large percentage on sales if these be adopted. The Confederate organizations have striven by every means to eliminate such books, knowing the false and erroneous statements contained in them, and in many States the State Department of Education has taken up this matter, and it is important to look to it that our children do not imbibe some of Miss Boyson's impressions.

To declare that we, the Daughters of the Confederacy, are not in sympathy or accord with such statements, after our years of labor and unselfish devotion to the preservation of the truth, seems unnecessary, and it would seem strange if any mind could conceive the thought that we sanction or indorse any suggestion, however remote, of treason in the Southern people, who State by State resumed their delegated rights by seceding from the Union and established the Confederate States of America and maintained it for four long years through stress and storm with great glory and honor. This record has become a part of American history and should have truthful record.

Miss Boyson in fairness concedes that the question of secession "had been purposely left open" by the founders of this republic, and that "on the two opinions held equally sincere patriots were arrayed." Hence there could be no treason in the attitude of the people of the South, and so well was this understood by distinguished jurists of the North that after the indictment of Jefferson Davis he was never tried.

A committee was appointed by my able predecessor to select the judges to award the prize. Three scholarly men of broad mind and attainment consented to serve us in this

capacity. Two of these are of Southern birth and both descendants of those who served the Confederacy. The love and loyalty of these men for the sacred memories of the South cannot be doubted, their statements of the construction entertained by them as to the duties of their position have been fairly made, and we should be temperate and just in our judgment of their action. It would perhaps have been wiser when making a selection of what they considered the best of the essays presented if they had in making the award stated that in doing this they could not indorse some of the statements made by the writer. Yet this must have seemed unnecessary to men entertaining such different views.

In formulating the plan for the award of this prize in Teachers' College there was no provision made for submitting the essay to the final indorsement of the President General, for she is and should be responsible for the proper conduct of the affairs of the General Association. The judges selected the best offered, but whether that selection merited the prize that is, if it met the requirements of "historical accuracy and literary quality and structure" is a matter which should have final arbitrament by the organization through the President General or the committee appointed by herself on which she should pass final judgment.

In the award of the next prize, for which provision was made by the Atlanta Convention, every safeguard will be observed, the President seeing more clearly her duty in this matter.

So let us cease to attach blame to any, for it is the motive that constitutes the vital part of wrongdoing, and if censure be the keynote of life, who shall be blameless? We are engaged in a great work. Let us bring to it the memory of "the spirit of Robert E. Lee."

MRS. ENDERS ROBINSON'S GENERAL CIRCULAR

Mrs. Enders Robinson, Historian General of the U. D. C., issues a general circular to Historians of Divisions and to Chapters where there are no Divisions as follows:

In the United Daughters of the Confederacy prize essay, published in the December (1908) CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., these statements are made: 'Intellectually the South was practically dead,' 'Most of the people were densely ignorant,' 'Robert E. Lee was a traitor in that he sacrificed all to aid the enemies of his country, but [here the writer quotes C. F. Adams,

Shall Cromwell have a statue? so were George Washington, John Hampden, and William of Orange.

Such contortion of Southern history defeats the purpose for which the prize is given a truthful reference paper.

The per capita tax should not be used to encourage falsification of history.

Therefore, you are urged to use your influence to abolish the prize of one hundred dollars given by the U. D. C. annually for a historical paper.

Please repeat this 'General Circular No. 2 , to all Chapter Historians within your jurisdiction."

FROM THE JUDGES OF THAT PRIZE ESSAY

The VETERAN is in receipt of copies of letters from President C. Alphonse Smith, of the University of North Carolina, and President Edwin A. Alderman, of the University of Virginia. These are two of the three men by whom was awarded the prize to Miss Boyson for her essay on Gen. R. E. Lee. This essay, published in the December VETERAN, has been widely read and almost universally condemned in the South.

President Alderman says: "I understood the judges were to consider literary merit, structural ability, and general thoughtfulness as well as historical honesty and fairness. Insomuch as the prize was for an essay, not for a eulogy, and has been established at the most cosmopolitan American university, where it might be competed for by young men and women of every section and every nation, I supposed one would be expected to allow for differences in historical viewpoints." [Here the VETERAN calls Dr. Alderman's attention to the fact that Mrs. Schuyler's original request was for permission to establish in a leading Northern college a prize scholarship for the study of correct history "from the South's view point."]

Dr. Alderman writes: "Miss Boyson's paper impressed me as preeminently the best, though here and there were sentences of unwarranted generalization or which embodied what I thought were unsound opinions. Is it conceivable that the failure to conform entirely to the Southern view point should operate to disqualify the paper ? I did not expect scientific accuracy nor a perfect historical point of view from youthful collegians, male or female."

[Has it occurred to the judges that their award of the prize for these "unsound opinions" and "scientific" inaccuracies will go far to establish the "youthful collegian in her errors?"]

President Alderman protests against quoting detached sentences. They must be considered in their context to get the true meaning. Yet he attaches a meaning the text does not seem to justify. He quotes this paragraph with explanations.

He was a traitor insomuch as he sacrificed all to aid the enemies of his country, but so were George Washington, John Hampden, and William of Orange.

Evidently Dr. Alderman thinks this means if he was a traitor, etc. Touchstone says: "There is much virtue in an 'if.' "

Again Dr. Alderman says: "Miss Boyson's use of the phrase 'the wrong side' and 'the Civil War has since taught what is right in this regard' was infelicitous and jarring, but I came to the conclusion that the context showed that she meant 'unsuccessful' by the first quotation and 'forever settled' by the other. [Beg pardon, may the VETERAN ask what dictionary of definitions Dr. Alderman uses ?] The assertion that most of the people of the South were 'densely ignorant' was a foolish echo of an erroneous view current at one time in her section and in many Northern minds based upon unanalyzed statistics of illiteracy, and the further statement that 'the South was intellectually dead,' derived from the same misunderstood source, was as offensive to me as to my critics, but I did not think these misstatements disqualified."

Though Dr. Alderman protests against statements without the context, he gives a whole flock of detached sentences, which he seems to think proved the essay to be a glowing tribute to Lee instead of the calumny it is said to be.

President Alderman adds: "What the situation needs is more light, calmness, and justice just a touch of the splendid tolerance of Lee himself. Let Miss Boyson's essay be printed, let it be read, and I, one of the judges, will abide the public verdict with serene confidence."

It is a singular comment to suggest that the paper be printed and read when Southern women are almost universally condemning the judges who awarded the prize.

President Smith's letter is to the same purport, only less effusive, less exhaustive. It is a calm, dignified statement of why he voted for the essay, which he regarded as the best offered.

AN INQUIRY ABOUT THAT PRIZE ESSAY

The Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., of St. Joseph, Mo., sends an open letter to the VETERAN. It is addressed to the chairman of the prize essay contest, and requests Dr. Alderman to explain why Miss Boyson was chosen when her only recommendation was good English, easy diction, and rhetorical smoothness. The letter says hardly a paragraph of this prize paper but contains some false assertion against the most sacred principles cherished by the South. She has positively left us nothing as a people, and the summing up of her paper is that we were engaged in treason, the only palliative circumstance being that we "were too densely ignorant" to realize it till the "results of the Civil War showed

us what was right." The aspersions against Lee the Chapter regards as so silly as to be best met by a dignified silence.

WILMINGTON, N. C., COMMENTS

Whereas Cape Fear Chapter is one of the first of those organized in the U. D. C. and the largest Chapter in North Carolina, the native State of two of the judges, be it

Resolved:

1. That this Chapter deeply deplores and is unwilling to accept the unfortunate decision of the judges who awarded to Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota, the prize of \$100 offered by the U. D. C. for the best essay upon General Lee. This essay is chiefly notable for the author's dense ignorance of conditions and institutions of the South.

2. We desire to record our protest against the action of the judges. In order to avoid the making of false history, we give our opinion that the bestowing of prizes should be abolished or else that greater safeguards be adopted to prevent the happening of such grievous errors.

COMMENT BY WOMEN OF CHARLESTON

After explaining the history of the movement by the U. D. C. to offer a prize through Columbia College, the women of the Charleston (S. C.) Chapter, No. 4, resolve:

South Carolina has ever been justly accused of striking the first blow and sticking to her guns to the last. We hope in presenting the following conservative resolutions she will be among the first in pouring oil on the troubled waters.

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The statement that 'most of the people of the South were densely ignorant' was a false statement, for our wealthy people educated their sons and daughters in Europe, they returned home highly polished examples of the Old World's high ideals, far from being 'intellectually dead.' They were deep thinkers, cultivated musicians, and trained students who did not worship money as their god. So far as illiteracy is concerned, what caused the South to drop away down in the scale of illiterates? Was it not the emancipation of 3,000,000 negro slaves for political purposes ? These were the illiterates forced upon us, and to this day they are a burden patiently borne by the Southern people.

Condemnatory quotations she selected from prejudiced historians and refuted their statements. So many of these vilifications, always quoted, detract very materially from the article, but taken as a whole, it can be regarded in no other light than as a tribute to the South's greatest leader, more remarkable from the fact that it emanates from a daughter of the North. The New Orleans Chapter should not blindly follow action taken by others, but consider the matter sanely."

[Mrs. Friedrichs might have added another reason for the illiteracy in the South, beginning with the reconstruction period that the Southern people in their poverty were obliged to educate negro children equally with white, and the tendency was against public schools in many sections. EC. VETERAN.]

Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler addressed the U. D. C. Convention at San Francisco requesting permission to amend her motion of the year previous to the effect that the U. D. C. establish an annual prize of one hundred dollars to be paid each year on December 1, beginning with December, 1905, for white students only at Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City, for the best essay on subjects pertaining to the South's part in the War between the States, the U. D. C. to appoint the judges. She asked to amend her previous motion to read "prize" instead of "scholarship," because a scholarship would necessitate a return to the college in order to use it, while a prize was open to all. She further explained that Teachers' College was selected because it had a greater percentage of Southern professors than any college in the North, a larger percentage of Southern students, and there is a Southern club numbering over a hundred girls. Teachers' College is coeducational, and in establishing this prize we designate the college that has done most to help Southern girls in New York. The President General on motion was empowered to appoint a committee of three to select the judges for the prize essay.

At the Gulfport Convention Mrs. Schuyler reported on the prize essay of Columbia College, and moved "that the committee on the prize for the historical essay at Columbia College and the selection of judges for same be continued for this coming year." She also gave notice that at the next annual Convention she would offer an amendment to the effect that this committee be made a standing committee.

Mrs. Norman V. Randolph writes from Richmond, Va., in regard to her stand in the prize essay contest. She deploras the unintentional notoriety she has brought upon herself, but warmly renews her protests against the paper, which reflects so deeply upon the South and her people. She commends the comments of the VETERAN on that article, which it had promised to publish before reading it, and thanks the editor in her own name and that of the South that he did not let the offensive paper appear without a protest.

The Richmond Chapter of the U. D. C. held a called meeting to discuss Dr. Alderman's reply to its resolutions of censure against him and his confreres for the bestowal of the prize on Miss Boyson's essay. The Chapter unanimously indorses the part taken by the investigating committee, and passed additional resolutions of censure, stating that the Chapter makes these protests on account of the many inaccuracies and misstatements in

the essay, notably those in reference to the South's condition as a whole and the reflections cast upon her people, her private soldiers, and her officers. The Chapter also indorsed the comments of the VETERAN on the essay in the issue in which it is printed.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT
REPORT OF TREASURER FOR 1909.

Receipts

Balance on hand from last report, \$8,200.17. Interest credited on deposits, \$63.99.
Gen. LeRoy Stafford Camp, No. 3, U. C. V., Shreveport, La., \$2.50.
Neff Rice Camp, No. 1195, U. C. V., New Market, Va., \$25.
Camp Loring, No. 1126, U. C. V., Tampa, Fla., \$10. Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 222, U. C. V., Waco, Tex., \$20. Texas Division, U. D. C., \$126.
Members of Camp J. C. G. Key, No. 156, U. C. V., Gonzales, Tex., \$3.
Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$1. Contributed by Varina J. Davis Chapter, No. 252, U. D. C., Fort Smith, Ark.
Mrs. Chappell Cory, Director for Alabama, \$20. Contributed by Sophie Bibb Chapter, No. 65, U. D. C., Montgomery, Ala., \$10, James Cantey Chapter, No. 548, U. D. C., Seale, Ala., \$5, Winnie Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Montgomery, Ala., \$5.
Mrs. John J. Crawford, Director for New York, \$100. Contributed by New York Chapter, No. 103, U. D. C., New York, N. Y.
Franklin Buchanan Camp, No. 747, U. C. V., Baltimore, Md., \$10.
Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$54.01. Contributed by High School, Mauldin, S. C., \$3.30, Graded School, Kingston, S. C., \$2.85, Graded School, Laurens, S. C., \$20, Graded School, Anderson, S. C., \$16.86, citizens of Edgefield, S. C., \$6, S. D. Lee Chapter, No. 1066, U. D. C., Clinton, S. C., \$5.
Mrs. Thomas S. Boccock, Director for Virginia, \$5. Contributed by Petersburg Chapter, No. 155, U. D. C., Petersburg, Va.
Stonewall Chapter, No. 1038, U. D. C., Chicago, Ill., \$15. Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$5. Contributed by Stonewall Chapter, No. 97, U. D. C., Lake City, Fla. Total received, \$8,660.67. Expenditures.
To American Surety Company, of New York, Treasurer's bond, \$15.
Balance on hand, \$8,645.67.

WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

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.

SOUTHERN WOMEN STAND FOR PRINCIPLES

The VETERAN is gratified with the widespread indorsement of its comment upon the \$100 prize essay awarded to Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota. (One poor fellow discontinued his patronage because it was published in the VETERAN and because attention is given to "the other side" to men who want to honor Confederates and cooperate with him in verifying the truth.) It gives space to protests from all sections of the South against the essay, which compels the withholding of much from this number. There was no alternative with the VETERAN but to print the paper the promise had been made while the convention was in session without any knowledge of its contents until days after the adjournment. In all that is printed it may be seen that there is no criticism of the young lady. Under her training she evidently did well. If she will come South, a new conception will be had of the "ignorance" of the Southern people that she regarded so "dense" as to apply that qualifying term. Using so much on the subject in this issue will disappoint some who expected other articles in this issue, especially responses to "A Talk with the Boys."

CONDITIONS EXPLAINED BY MISS BOYSON

The author of the Lee essay, which has aroused so much comment and criticism of Drs. Alderman and Smith, is the present head of the English department of the University of North Dakota, and is a degree graduate of Columbia. In justification of her paper Miss Boyson writes:

Dr. Johnson, one of the professors at Columbia, advised us to limit our discussion of Lee to some aspect of his life instead of trying to write a full biography, and with this idea in mind I began to browse around the library for a theme. I soon became aware that the Lee centenary had recently been celebrated, and that one of its striking features was the warm praise of him which it had called forth in the North.

I attempted to lay in just as broad a background of facts in explanation of Lee's attitude as my space would permit, and from these facts I then tried to explain what has seemed to me of the North an idolatrous admiration for Lee on the part of the South. The more I read and wrote, the more I was surprised to find how truly great Lee was.

It is only in the more advanced schools of the North, where men of broad culture and recent training are teaching, that the thought of the justice of the South in the war is ever dwelt upon. To present this cause from the Southern standpoint to show that Lee must not only inevitably but justly have taken the place that he did, and that he was in himself a greater man than any allegiance to the one side or the other could have made him was my purpose.

My Northern friends think I have overdone the thing. It seems as if I have lost out not only with the North, but with the South as well. I am so sorry all this has come about. I submitted my essay only as one of many, and was very much surprised when the award was made in my favor. I wanted to show that the vast majority of Americans are beginning to feel that Lee is fit to stand side by side with Washington."

SAM DAVIS MONUMENT

A little unexpected delay has occurred in connection with the marble work upon the Sam Davis monumental structure through the discovery of a dark seam in the marble, which required the transfer of the quarrying machinery to a new quarry. It is believed that this misfortune will be overcome in time to dedicate it while the Legislature is in session. The heroic bronze statue is at hand, and very soon after this marble is all in hand it will be ready for the dedication.

Meanwhile the liberal spirit of contributing increases, and it is well. For the \$800 yet to be raised the committee becomes responsible, and they will pay, independent of their contributions they must pay what is lacking, since they are responsible for all contracts. All who want their names recorded as contributing to the glory of Sam Davis, the private Confederate soldier whose life was of less value than his honor, should do so now. Some new light upon his unexcelled sacrifice from both Confederate and Federal sources is to appear in the April VETERAN along with the names of recent contributors. The dollar list is popular. The monument will be a contribution from every State in the Union.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S LOST OPPORTUNITY

Reports from many addresses and specially prepared papers from esteemed sources have come to the VETERAN concerning President Lincoln, too many for practicable space at present.

Notwithstanding the South realized the great calamity caused to it by his death, in a general criticism Mr. Lincoln is over honored. The President's speech, at Lincoln Farm, his reputed birthplace, on February 12, 1909, was entertaining. He had the courage to bring Washington quite on a level with Lincoln. Very good for an American "half Northern and half Southern," but the President missed an opportunity that can never come to him again to stand in the open for complete reconciliation. Mr. Lincoln's fame rests upon his achievements in the war to perpetuate the Union as a whole. It was a conflict sharp and exact between the North, with resources and means from the whole world, and the South, depending entirely upon its own resources save from blockade, which was practically impregnable. The war had been over nearly half a century. The high courts of the United States had not dared to put the legal rights of the South to a test. The President was in the South in Kentucky in the State that gave birth within a year before Mr. Lincoln was born to the South's leader in that great and awful struggle. That

which has caused the most unrelenting criticism of President Roosevelt in his entire career is his discourtesy to that man.

This occasion was in less than a month of Mr. Roosevelt's retirement. He had preached peace and good fellowship throughout his administration, and this was the opportunity, now lost forever, for him to have honored an American citizen who from the cradle to the grave pursued with marvelous courage and fidelity every duty of man. He was not born in Lincoln's poverty, neither was Roosevelt, but his career is as worthy of praise for patriotism and Christian manhood as that of any man of the generations through which he lived. The South is as loyal to the principles for which the first revolution, under the lead of Washington, was made victorious as any people of the earth to their country, but there are principles above the love of country that connect man with God, and to these principles the line will be drawn and maintained until and even after proper recognition is shown their martyr Jefferson Davis.

FINE ARGUMENT FOR A CHRISTIAN LIFE

A beautiful illustration of the Christian life is given by Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, of New York Brooklyn. In a letter to the New York Observer he writes: "As the eighty seventh milestone of my life is heaving in sight, I approach it with a jubilant song of thanksgiving from my grateful heart. I thank God for this long lease of life in which to preach with tongue and pen the glorious gospel of redeeming love."

The first article Dr. Cuyler ever wrote for a religious paper was to that paper, the New York Observer, in 1847. The editor of the VETERAN from a delightful personal, though not extensive, acquaintance in connection with the late Rev. H. M. Field, D.D., author of the charming stories in "Bright Skies" and editor of the New York Evangelist, for which Dr. Cuyler was a leading contributor, extends greeting and joins him in gratitude that he has had the clearness of head and goodness of heart to publish over four thousand articles which have been printed in native and foreign languages to more than two hundred million readers.

JOHN M. BASS

[John M. Bass was not a Confederate soldier, but years ago he told the editor of the VETERAN that he regretted more than anything of his life that he had not been. What finer tribute to the principles than that a man in the mellow years of maturity deplored that he had not been a participant, even though the cause fought for had failed? He had deferred writing a paper for the VETERAN because he could not claim comradeship with the men who had fought for his home, although he was quite young at the time of the war. The following sketch, taken from an address by the Chancellor,

Gov. James D. Porter, will be read with much interest by the alumni of the Peabody College, Nashville. Mr., Bass was known and esteemed by the young men and young women of every Southern State who attended this college. This fact and! the splendid model of a gentleman of honor, integrity, and duty faithfully performed make its use here all the more worthy.]

John M. Bass was a native of Nashville, Tenn., born October, 1845. He bore the name of his father, long a leading citizen and business man. His mother was a daughter of Felix Grundy, and was conspicuous in the social life of the city. Mr. Bass took his degree of Bachelor of Arts at Bethany College, Virginia, then under the presidency of the distinguished Alexander Campbell. His junior year at a law school was in the University of Virginia and his senior year was at the law school of Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., where he received his diploma. He entered upon the practice of the law with encouraging prospects. A man with his high sense of honor, with his industry, good sense, intelligence, and correct habits, commands success in any department of life. But, his father requiring his services in the care of large planting interests on the Arkansas River, he abandoned the law, and spent the best years of his young manhood on the plantation and buried his ambition in the unprofitable cotton fields.

On the death of his father, who was for many years a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Nashville, Mr. Bass was elected his successor. His distinguished grandfather, Felix Grundy, had served for many years as one of its trustees, and his own devotion to the college was esteemed by him as "the best part of his inheritance." On the death of his friend and my honored kinsman, Edward D. Hicks, Secretary and Treasurer of the University Board, Mr. Bass was made his successor, and soon thereafter was assigned to the same duty with the Peabody College for Teachers. All expenditures and accounts of the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund were made through and by him. The administration of Mr. Bass embraced the financial affairs of the University of Nashville and all of its schools the Peabody College, the Medical Department, Montgomery Bell Academy, and the Winthrop Preparatory School. It was ever exact and self explanatory, every penny was accounted for, and proper vouchers were filed. He was superintendent of buildings and grounds and guardian of the young ladies and young men, and was the depository of their troubles and sorrows and always their intelligent guide and friend. In sickness the student body received his watchful care, and in its exercise it was affectionate and paternal. Who can forget his watchfulness and his tenderness? He was a student and kept in touch with scholars and literary men, and was himself a writer of taste and judgment. At the time of his death he was preparing a history of the life work of Felix Grundy. His death is a distinctive loss to the State.

Mr. Bass was a gentleman born and by education and environment. He never had an associate outside of his class, and he combined with refined qualities practical sense and judgment. My association with him during the past seven years gave me a better opinion of men. His brother was my schoolfellow here, and his father and my own were, friends and schoolfellows at Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky. His influence will be

lasting and far reaching. Every young man and young woman student has felt it, and it will be an inheritance as fadeless and enduring as his memory.

CONCERNING THE PRIZE ESSAY

The criticisms upon that \$100 prize essay awarded through Columbia College to Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota, are the subject of widespread comment. Happily, the young lady is properly exonerated from blame. With her environment she deserves well. The mystery is as to why her paper was chosen by the distinguished men who accepted the responsibility of judging the papers as "from the South's viewpoint,"

MARYLAND DAUGHTERS PROTEST AGAINST THE PRIZE ESSAY

The following protest was offered by Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, Honorary President of the Maryland Division and of the Baltimore Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy:

The Baltimore Chapter desires to enter a protest against the action of the committee who awarded the \$100 prize offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy for the best essay on the South in our War between the States to Miss Christine Boyson for her paper, Robert E. Lee A Present Estimate.

While we might be willing to acquit the writer of any intention to willfully misrepresent, and while the whole tenor of the essay necessarily manifests a desire to laud the South (as she was competing for the prize), and is, of course, intended to be a eulogy on General Lee, she utterly fails to grasp the Southern estimate of the causes that led to the war and the motives that animated us in that gigantic struggle for independence. And not only so, but in attempting to analyze the conditions existing during the war the essay is filled with inaccuracies and misstatements, of which only a few can be noted, but which serve to emphasize instead of minimizing the fact (as was probably her amiable intention) of the old 'irrepressible conflict' between the mental attitude of the North and South on the vital questions which from the beginning have been a 'casus belli' between the two sections.

A Northern schoolgirl writing an essay on the South during the War between the States, with the limited knowledge necessarily hers, with the lack of experience of the conditions which confronted us, and with her theories evolved from her Northern education and environment and her principal guide the one sided histories from which she seems to have gleaned her information, could hardly be expected to write with better knowledge of her subject or to succeed in her pose as an expert military critic of General Lee's campaigns or of the skill and competency of his generals! The essay might be excused as an immature schoolgirl's effort at composition were it not that it received the prize intended by the Daughters of the Confederacy for a different type of article.

Therefore the Baltimore Chapter protests against this award and calls attention especially to the following misstatements :

We deny absolutely Miss Boyson's statement that 'Robert E. Lee was a traitor, who sacrificed all to aid the enemies of his country.' We hold that Robert E. Lee was a patriot of the highest type, who sacrificed all to defend his home and State against the enemies of his country. The South believed then and the Daughters of the Confederacy believe now that the South truly interpreted the Constitution as granting to the States the right to secede from the Union.

If Robert E. Lee was a traitor aiding the enemies of his country in that he held his allegiance due to Virginia and drew his sword in her defense, then it must be conceded that the South was engaged in an unlawful struggle and that our cause was unrighteous. We would be traitors indeed to our sacred past did we not repudiate such a charge. That we failed to establish the right to secede and that the question was settled by the arbitrament of arms does not alter the fact to our minds of the righteousness of our cause or the pure and exalted patriotism of the men who fought or the women who suffered under the stainless flag of the Southern Confederacy ! Robert E. Lee was no traitor in any sense, technical or otherwise, but a noble patriot, true to his allegiance to his country, the State of Virginia a perfect, gentle knight without fear and without reproach

'We protest against her statement that 'intellectually the South was dead and most of the people were densely ignorant.' The negro population in the South was certainly ignorant, a small portion of her people in the mountain districts were ignorant, but the people in her villages and towns and the small farmer class, as distinguished from the planters. in the South, were men and women who well compared with the same grade in the North. Descended as they were from the Scotch, English, and Huguenot settlers, they formed a class of citizens of the best type, while the aristocracy of the South was fully the equal if not the superior of anything the North could produce in its highest civilization, which has never given to the world a Washington or a Lee

We protest against the contemptuous mention of the officers of our Confederate army under Lee as 'his ignorant and inferior assistants, often making his faith in them a cloak for their own designs.' And it would be strange indeed if the Daughters of the Confederacy should be so recreant to their trust as to sit tamely by and silently accede to a prize being: given in their name to one who so asperses the fair fame of heroes whom we hold in the deepest reverence. The luster of the fame of Stonewall Jackson, of Johnston, of Beauregard of Forrest, of Gordon, of Hampton, of Stuart, and the mighty host of other great Confederate soldiers will hardly be dimmed) by her criticism, yet under the circumstances we cannot let it pass.

It is difficult to understand how the committee of award should have so failed to comprehend the intent of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in offering this prize as to bestow it upon one who so utterly failed to attain the object for which it was offered. Whatever literary merit the essay may have possessed, her mode of dealing with her subject should have condemned it. Ordinary reflection should have shown that the United Daughters of the Confederacy would never have given a prize for an essay in which the righteousness of the Southern cause was denied, the mass of her people contemptuously

declared densely ignorant,' her leaders pronounced 'inferior, ignorant, and designing,' and Robert E. Lee called a traitor.

In her protest against the payment of the prize to the young girl of Minnesota by the committee for the U. D. C., Mrs. William H. S. Burgwyn, President of the James David Chapter at Weldon, N. C., writes:

The memory of our great and good leaders during the war for State rights and of the brave men who cheerfully and obediently followed them was the solace, the pride, and the inspiration of the Southern people in the midst of the ruin which confronted them after the war was over. Those memories, handed down to our descendants, will be the history of their ancestors, so it is our duty to preserve them faithfully and truthfully. Miss Boyson is in error when she says that 'Lee had to struggle with ignorant and inferior assistants, who often misunderstood his orders and often made his faith in them a cloak for carrying out their own designs.' A commander never had more loyal and devoted subordinate officers and soldiers than R. E. Lee. While Washington had his Arnold, his Gates, and his Charles Lee, and Napoleon his Bernadotte and his Murat, Lee had his Stonewall Jackson, his J. E. B. Stuart, his A. P. Hill, and his Jubal Early.

Robert E. Lee was so pure and noble in his nature and his life that only those who study his biographies can do him full justice. He was so far above the ordinary mortal that the successful contestant for the prize doubts the good that is told of him. It has not been her fortune to know any one equal to him, and her standard is not high enough to reach him. She tells us that Lee is fast coming to take his place side by side with Lincoln. Many of the Daughters of the Confederacy object to Lee's being taken down from the pedestal on which the world generally has placed him above any other man of his day.

Lincoln, under strong pressure, 'failed to keep faith as to Sumter, and so 'war was declared against the Confederacy.' Lee was never known to be unfaithful to his word. When General Butler was insulting women in New Orleans during the war, he was allowed to remain there until the French Emperor threatened to recognize the Confederate States unless he was removed. Lincoln then removed him. General Lee was always the protector of the weak.

Another point to be controverted is that Lee differed from Washington only in choosing 'the wrong side.' The difference between them was that Washington was rebelling against his mother country, though under just provocation. Lee's native State was a sovereign State, the peer of any of the others in the Union, whose right to secession had not been debarred by the Constitution. The result of the war has been to deprive the States of the right to secede, but it could not possibly alter the rights of the States prior to that time nor settle the moral right of the question.

Again Miss Boyson is wrong when she says: Intellectually the South was practically dead, Most of the people were densely ignorant. At the breaking out of the war Southern statesmen dominated the policies of the country. Previous to that time the South had furnished more Presidents to the United States than any other section of the Union. The two most eminent chief justices of the United States were Southern men, John Marshall

and Roger B. Taney. The most distinguished military men of the country were from the South George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Zachary Taylor, and Winfield Scott. The South needs no defense, but our children should be taught correct history.

HISTORIAN OF MISSISSIPPI DIVISION COMMENTS

[Mrs. Lucy Green Yerger, Greenville, Miss., protests against it.]

Not only as Historian of one of the Divisions of the U. D. C. but as a loyal woman of the South and a lover of truth I solemnly and earnestly protest against this article on "Gen. R. E. Lee A Present Estimate." It is full of false statements.

In answer to her monstrous charge that the South intellectually was practically dead and most of the people were densely ignorant, let a witness be heard whose authority will hardly be questioned by any one in Miss Boyson's part of the country and who would scarcely be accused of undue partiality to the South. "No man acquainted with the history of the Union," said Daniel Webster in his celebrated speech of March 7, 1850, "can deny that the general lead. in politics of the country for three fourths of the period that has elapsed since the adoption of the Constitution has been Southern lead."

I wonder if Miss Boyson knows by whose brain this Constitution was conceived and who were the framers of this Constitution, and if she knows who wrote the Declaration of Independence, who threw down the gage, "Liberty or Death," who wrote the bill of rights copied far and wide by free commonwealths ? If she would read, she would find the names of Madison, Jefferson, Henry, Marshall, Mason, and George Washington all Southern men very much associated with all of these. Many Southern people of the period of which Miss Boyson writes were descendants of these great and brainy men. Others there were whose ancestors were as illustrious. A fine order of intellect prevailed over all the South.

The South's history is grandly glorious just as it is, and so we, the loving Daughters of the South, intend it shall be given to the world. Our State and its people have no regrets to express relative to 1861-65 except that we lost. We have no apologies to make, no pardons to ask. We knew that the movement of the Southern people in 1861, led by the great Mississippian. Jefferson Davis, was within the Constitution of the United States. The whole country knew it, for while Jefferson Davis, a vicarious sufferer, lay in chains at Fortress Monroe, while the clash of arms was still fresh in the minds of men and the echo of the last "Rebel yell" had scarcely died out in the valley, and while the frantic nation, mad with rage, was rending the overburdened air with wildest imprecations against the doctrine for which the South fought State rights the Supreme Court of the United States in December, 1865, declared in favor of this doctrine. The national government possesses no powers, it decided, but such as have been delegated to it. The States have all power but such as they have surrendered.

In conclusion, I would like to tell Miss Boyson what Irwin Russell, Mississippi's talented and inimitable dialect poet, makes an old negro preacher say: "An' when you sees me risin' up to structify in meetin', I'se just clum up de knowledge tree an' done some apple eatin'.

RICHMOND (VA.) CHAPTER CONDEMNS IT.

The Richmond (Va.) Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, has indorsed the report of Mrs. Herman V. Randolph, acting for the investigation committee appointed January 13, in protesting against the essay to which the \$100 prize was awarded by the Daughters and strongly censuring Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, Dr. Alphonse Smith, of the University of North Carolina, and Dr. Finney, of New York College, the committee making the award.

The attention of the Richmond Chapter was called to the prize essay at its meeting of January 13, when a strong letter of protest was read from Capt. John E. Laughton, of Washington, D.C., who stated that the prize essay written by Miss Christine Boyson, of Columbia University, published in the December issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, abounded in misstatements and vilification of the Southern cause. At that time many of the Daughters had not seen the article in the VETERAN, and, while indorsing Captain Laughton's protest, they appointed a committee to look into the matter and report more fully on the subject.

Both Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. J. Enders Robinson spoke on the subject, expressing their great surprise that a committee composed of such eminent educators should give their approval to so incorrect a paper. Mrs. Robinson, who is Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy as well as a member of the Richmond Chapter, stated that, in view of the undoubted qualifications of the committee of educators, she could not but conclude that they had neglected their duty to the Daughters by nor reading the essay at all.

They have shown themselves grossly neglectful of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, she said, "a body of women 28,000 strong, and ungrateful to them as workers for the cause."

She then made a motion that every Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy have their attention called to the action taken by the Richmond Chapter in this regard.

Calling upon the committee for some explanation of its part in making the award to this paper, the report of the committee states: "We do not attempt to refute the charges, villainous as they have been, that were made by Northern historians everywhere within the last forty years, but when such charges are made at the present day, when every true American is using his efforts to reconcile differences, we cannot understand how a committee of such distinguished educators could have given their approval. We therefore

recommend to the United Daughters of the Confederacy that some explanation is due from these learned historians who have approved this 'historical essay.

A VETERAN'S REFUTATION OF THE "DENSE IGNORANCE"
CHARGE PROTEST BY CAPT. A. C. JONES, THREE CREEKS, ARK.

I was very much interested in the article by Mrs. Livingston Schuyler, of New York City, in which she endeavors to explain some rather offensive sentences contained in the otherwise highly creditable essay upon General Lee written by Miss Christine Boyson, of Minnesota. Her interpretation is ingenious and plausible, and I am disposed to accept her version with one exception. I quote as follows: "Intellectually the South was practically dead, most of the people were densely ignorant, hence the great religious and educational movements which in the North had built a church and schoolhouse at every crossroads had swept by them unheeded."

Now this is a question of fact to be supported by evidence, and I know of no better way of refuting the above statement than by a brief sketch of my own experience in the war, which I take to be fairly typical of a large majority of Southern soldiers.

At the time of the outbreak of hostilities I was living in South Arkansas in what is known as the pine woods or hill country. The lands were not rich, but fairly productive, and the people prosperous. When Mr. Lincoln's proclamation had been issued and the war seemed to be inevitable, I conceived the idea of raising a company in my immediate neighborhood. The young men responded freely, and in a short time we got together about ninety men, afterwards recruited to over one hundred. Now as to the character of these men: Physically they were stalwart young fellows in the very flush and vigor of their young manhood, mentally they were alert and intelligent, and with a few exceptions they were well educated in English at least sufficient for business purposes. The facilities for education had not been first class, but a good academy was located in the township, and every family had access to a school of some sort. There was but one college graduate, a young physician, who afterwards became one of the most distinguished surgeons in the Confederate army.

Nearly every occupation in life was represented, but the large majority were farmers. Newspapers were freely circulated among our people, and the men were well informed as to current events.

We elected our own officers, and by unanimous vote decided to go immediately to Virginia. We marched on foot one hundred and twenty five miles to a point on the Mississippi River, where we took a boat for Memphis and then went by rail to Lynchburg, Va. There with nine other companies that had preceded us, of about the same personnel as our own men, we were organized into the 3d Arkansas Regiment. Our company became G. This regiment was about a fair sample of similar organizations

throughout the Confederate army. In no sense of the word could these men be justly stigmatized as "densely ignorant."

The 3d Arkansas was afterwards attached to the Texas Brigade of Longstreet's Corps. We remained in Virginia during the entire four years of the war, participating in nearly all of the great battles fought by the Virginia Army, when finally at Appomattox I as senior officer in command surrendered and signed the parole papers of the little remnant of the regiment, of which there were about seventy five men. Nearly all of these men bore upon their persons the marks of the enemy's bullets, myself being severely wounded in the battle at the Wilderness. We laid down our arms, accepting in good faith the result of the unequal struggle, but with no regret whatever for our part in it.

The question as to whether the people of the South were "intellectually dead" may be better decided, perhaps, by the sequel. Not long since it was my privilege to attend a reunion of Confederate veterans at McNeal, Ark. There I met four veterans of Company G, 3d Arkansas. Grizzled old warriors they were, wearing their weight of years with the dignity and ease which betokened clear consciences and well spent lives. At the conclusion of the great tragedy they had returned to their desolated homes and taken up again the broken threads of life, bearing their full share in the rehabilitation of their homes, their fortunes, and a reunited country. And now, surrounded by their children and their grandchildren, they are living in the peaceful enjoyment of the sweet amenities which belong to domestic life. They are true and loyal citizens of the United States, and yet, so far as the principle by which they were guided or the motive that influenced them to serve as soldiers in the Confederate army is concerned, they are the same "old Rebels" as when with the Texas Brigade at the head of Longstreet's Corps they charged through the historic peach orchard across Devil's Den and up the bloody slope of the "little round top."

I wish to, say in behalf of these veterans that they hold no grudge against that young lady who writes so beautifully about their great commander, and should her eye ever be cast upon these lines, we send her greetings across the intervening space to her far away home in Minnesota. But we wish to give the assurance that General Lee, were he still alive, would accept no crown of laurels the bestowal of which implied the slightest disparagement of the men whom he led. For no one knew better than he that the principal element of strength in the Confederate army which enabled him by skillful leadership to make great strategic movements and win great victories was the fact that practically every man carried within his own bosom an intelligent appreciation of the cause for which he fought, and was in his own person the embodiment of that lofty principle, patriotism, which since the creation of man has prompted him to his noblest impulses and inspired his most heroic deeds.

[Captain Jones's modesty is worthy of mention. He raised the company and he surrendered the remnant of the regiment at Appomattox. In a letter from Gen. John Gregg dated at Russellville, Tenn., February 10, 1864, to Hon. M. D. Graham, a member of Congress from Texas, the General mentions incidentally that the brigade Hood's famous Texas Brigade was then commanded by Capt. A. C. Jones, of the 3d Arkansas Regiment.]

PROTEST FROM PINOPOLIS, S. C.,
BY MRS. M. L. MACBETH

Please give me space in the VETERAN to protest against the essay of Miss Boyson in your December issue. I am a U. D. C., an old lady, who lived her early youth during the War between the States. Looking back to those times, my soul rises in revolt that our beloved chieftain, Gen. R. E. Lee, should be "damned with faint praise" by the pen of an inexperienced girl, and she a Northerner, who knows nothing of what she attempts to write about,

The essay is absolutely foreign to what we U. D. C.'s of the South expected and desired which is a truthful word of the war, not a crying down of our leaders. Our lower classes of whites were not more ignorant than corresponding classes at the North, That our upper classes were better educated and cultivated than corresponding ones at the North is a well known fact except where in large cities they had exceptional advantages. It is true we had very few public libraries, but each home had its own library of many of the best books.

The right to secede is a question that has not yet been settled. I wonder if Miss Boyson knows that Massachusetts threatened to secede before South Carolina. That Lee was descended from Revolutionary ancestors is good reason why he should take up the cause of his State. They fought for liberty, and so did he, he failed, not because of his lack of generalship, as she says, but because of overwhelming odds against us. I would ask Miss Boyson before she puts Lee down on Lincoln's plane to read the book, "The Real Lincoln."

In conclusion, I would suggest that Mrs. Schuyler select her committee who decide upon the prize essay a little more carefully. I can say most positively that the decision does not meet the approbation of the U. D. C. here.

PROTEST FROM THE FLORIDA DIVISION, U. D. C.

I have carefully read Miss Boyson's prize essay on Lee, and in the name of the Florida Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy I should like to protest against its acceptance by the committee in charge of the contest. Such an article, with the supposed stamp of approval of the U. D. C., is calculated to do untold harm not only in the South, but in the North as well.

LULU HAYES LAWRENCE, President Florida Division, U. D. C.
MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND'S CRITICISM

Miss Kate Mason Rowland has a brilliant paper in the Confederate columns of the Richmond Times Dispatch concerning objectionable sentences in "that prize essay."

With the Ithuriel spear of truth Miss Rowland pricks the glowing bubble of Miss Boyson's essay and shows how little reality she has to back her arguments. Like a skilled surgeon, she cuts into the essay with clean, firm incisions, then raises upon her scalpel the obnoxious sentences for all to see.

She quotes the entire paragraph in Miss Boyson's essay beginning "in the country where the mass of the people accepted ready made opinions, misconceptions," etc., but dismisses it with courteous sarcasm, her only comment being "the right to secede is here stigmatized as a 'false maxim,' acted upon by an 'ignorant people' who never thought for themselves, but adopted 'ready made opinions!' "

The writer is especially clear and just in her discussion of the slave question and State rights, and she handles Miss Boyson's statement that "he was a traitor in so much as he sacrificed all to aid the enemies of his country" in a most masterly manner,

Miss Rowland takes Miss Boyson's assertion that "doubtless his fine presence and merry, genial manner cast an irresistible spell upon all who came in contact with him, but for the historians of a later day to represent him [Lee] as a man of stainless virtue is to make him ridiculous," as the text of a magnificent panegyric to Lee and almost as brilliant philippic against his assailants, who are such under the mask of friendship.

Altogether, Miss Rowland has written one of the best and most logical protests yet given against Miss Boyson's essay, and her paper will go far to show the world why the South so vehemently condemns the way the prize was bestowed.

LEARNED THROUGH THE VETERAN

Capt. W. A. Campbell, of Columbus, Miss., writes of how he found a namesake. He tells how it came about: "Sometime ago there was in the VETERAN an account of some boys attacking a Federal wagon train in Northwest Arkansas, and in the party was Walter Parks. As I had a schoolmate who went to Arkansas in the forties named John H. Parks, who had a younger brother named Walter, I wrote him and ascertained that he was my old time friend and that he had named a son for me. So much for the VETERAN putting subscribers in communication with old friends."

The VETERAN does not always succeed in finding persons sought. Much notice was given in its columns years ago of inquiry for a young Kentuckian named Grant, who was wounded near Spring Hill on Hood's advance toward Nashville. On the retreat he and the editor had a thrilling experience in crossing Duck River, but nothing has ever been heard from inquiries.

A quarter of a century or so ago Mr. J. W. Cunningham, Agent of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad at West Point, Miss., had a friend from Nashville who traveled with him much in Texas. Mr. Cunningham became so devoted to Mr. Clarke George S. Clarke that he named a son for him, but now for many years he has had no knowledge of Clarke. Mr. Cunningham, of West Point, Miss., desires to learn of his friend whom he has so honored.

Joe Turner, Erick, Okla., relates this incident: "On Sunday forenoon at Shiloh, during one of our halts, a boy about sixteen or seventeen broke ranks, ran forward about thirty yards to a large tent, pulled down a large United States flag from in front, and amid a storm of bullets waved it at the enemy, then walked quietly back to his line and handed the flag to an officer with as little concern as if he had been on camp duty." He thinks he belonged to Cheatham's Division, but wants to know who he was and to what command the flag belonged.

COL. JOHN R. LANE AND HIS REGIMENT

[From sketch by Gen. Bennett H. Young in Courier Journal January 9, 1909.]

The battle of Gettysburg, fought on July 1, 2, and 3, 1863, one of the most sanguinary and important engagements in the world's history, marked the beginning of the ebbing tide of the Confederacy, which reached the limit of decadence at Appomattox in April, 1865, in the surrender of General Lee and the immortal Army of Northern Virginia.

In the battle of Gettysburg the 26th North Carolina Regiment won imperishable glory. In that fatal conflict it suffered the highest percentage of loss of any regiment in the Civil War. This regiment had three colonels, all comparatively young men. Zebulon Vance was thirty one years of age when he assumed command. He was elected Governor of North Carolina in 1862, and resigned to enter upon the duties of his new position.

Colonel Vance was succeeded by Col. Harry G. Burgwyn, not yet twenty one years of age. General Ransom, commanding the brigade, opposed Burgwyn's promotion, saying he "wanted no boy colonel in his brigade." The regiment was transferred to another brigade, and the boy colone] was promoted to die at Gettysburg in July, 1863, a year later, with wreaths of immortality encircling his youthful brow.

Maj. John R. Lane became the lieutenant colonel. He was then only twenty six years of age.

This 26th North Carolina Regiment went into battle on July 1 eight hundred strong. Of this number, seven hundred and eight were killed and wounded over eighty eight per cent. Thirty nine officers went into the battle, and of these thirty four were killed or wounded eighty seven per cent. It was part of Pettigrew's Brigade, and its commander sixteen days later died at Bunker Hill, Va.

Capt. Romulus M. Tuttle, of Company F, afterwards a Presbyterian minister in Virginia, led into battle ninety men, all of whom were either killed or wounded. Nineteen were killed outright, twelve mortally wounded, and sixty wounded, but recovered. In the charge young Burgwyn was shot through both lungs, and died on the battlefield the glorious death of a patriot. Brilliant, handsome in person, brave and heroic as man could be, he made the greatest of all offerings, his life's blood, for the independence of his beloved Southland.

In the charge the colors up to the moment of Burgwyn's fall had been down ten times, only to be lifted up by men who knew no fear. The assistant inspector of the brigade then seized the colors and waved them aloft, and instantly he was killed. Lieutenant Wilcox seized them, he fell. Colonel Burgwyn lifted them up. When Private Honneycut pleaded to be allowed to bear them, and as Colonel Burgwyn turned to place them in his grasp,

the fatal shot struck him, and he, mortally wounded, sank to the ground. A moment later Honneycut was shot through the head.

The colors, now stained by the noblest blood heroes can shed, lay between the dying colonel and the dead gallant private. When Col. John R. Lane reached his expiring friend, "the boy colonel," he gave him a look of love and a tender grasp of the hand. These brave men parted.

Colonel Lane immediately passed along the line to make proper dispositions. Returning, he found the colors still down, and picking them up, a lieutenant cried out: "No man can take these colors and live!" Calmly the new colonel with a wave of the hand exclaimed: "It is my time totake them now. Men of the 26th, follow me." A mighty shout answered the call, and the regiment pressed forward and broke the last line which opposed its charge, now made renowned by the most remarkable death roll of the mightiest struggle of the world.

As Colonel Lane turned to see if his regiment was following Charles H, McConnell, color sergeant of the 24th Michigan Regiment, attracted by the splendid bearing of the officer, rested his musket against a tree and took a farewell shot at the advancing Confederates, and sent a ball crashing through the neck and jaw of the advancing colonel. The flag dropped from Colonel Lane's nerveless grasp, and for the fourteenth and last time the colors of the 26th North Carolina fell to the earth.

It was believed that Colonel Lane would die on the field, but he was borne away by the small remnant of his illustrious command, and recovered.

On May 5, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness, Colonel Lane was again dangerously wounded. At Yellow Tavern he suffered a third mishap, and at Reams Station, in August, 1864, he was struck by a fragment of shell, two ribs being broken and the flesh torn from his side. After recruiting continuously, the 26th North Carolina surrendered at Appomattox one hundred and twenty strong.

Colonel Lane returned to North Carolina at the end of hostilities and engaged in business most successfully and amassed a complete competence. He was loved and honored in North Carolina, and at Confederate meetings he was a distinguished as well as a beloved guest. He wore at Confederate gatherings the gray uniform in which he led the terrible charge at Gettysburg, and none who knew his history could fail to be touched with reverence for the splendid soldier thus clad as in the days of dreadful conflict, When the Confederates held their Reunion in Louisville in 1900, I thought it would be a pleasing incident to have Colonel Lane as the guest of the Louisville Confederates, and as chairman of the committee on arrangements I wrote urging him to come. Mr. James A. Shuttleworth cooperated with me in entertaining all the Confederates from the Old North State who were willing to receive rough and tumble hospitality, and seven hundred came to be our guests. Colonel Lane was assigned to the home of Mrs. Vincent Davis, and he carried with him to the hour of his death delightful memories of his stay here.

I presented him in the convention hall to all his comrades, and, standing in his worn and tattered regimentals, stained in many places with his blood, he received an ovation that is accorded to but few men. No Confederate soldier begrudged this proud old veteran one single shout of applause, and when the magnificent record behind him and his regiment were announced, no other organization and the men of no other State felt that Colonel Lane received even as much as he deserved. His reception and the recognition of his sacrifices for his people touched the innermost depths of his brave soul, and he often told me that he loved the people of Louisville with the same warmth with which he loved the men and women of his own State, and that he considered the week spent here as the happiest and pleasantest memory of his whole life.

In August, 1908, the North Carolina Confederates asked me to come and be their guest at their State Reunion, held in Winston Salem. On my arrival Colonel Lane was there to greet me, and placing his arms about me and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he told me how he loved Kentucky and the people of Louisville, and that he longed to visit the State once more. He then promised to meet the Kentucky Confederates at their Reunion in Pewee Valley on October 1, 1908.

He wrote several times telling of the joy the contemplation of this visit brought to his mind. With his valise packed and ready to leave his home, the hand of sickness was laid upon him, and he wired his disappointment that this year he could not come, but that he would surely be with us in 1909.

Last Thursday the death angel summoned him to go away and rejoin his illustrious comrades in war and glory who had passed over ahead to be with the immortals.

With a sublime physical courage and strong Christian faith he met the great Conqueror without a tremor, and with the comforting words on his lips, "I am nearing the shore," he bade adieu to this world, and amid tears his friends laid him to rest. I never knew a kinder, braver, or more knightly man.

VIVID EXPERIENCES IN PRISON

Rev. John H. Gold, a native of Montgomery County, Tenn. (born November 9, 1839), has written some reminiscences of his prison experiences to an Arkansas paper. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Lawrenceburg, Tenn., November 15, 1861, and served east of the Mississippi under Gen. Pat R. Cleburne and later in Walthall's Division. He was captured at Nashville, Tenn., December 16, 1864, and was in prison at Nashville from December 16 to the 30th, and at Camp Chase, Ohio, from January 4, 1865, to the time of the fall of the Confederacy. With this exception and about three months in the hospital Comrade Gold was continuously in the service from the date of his enlistment to the surrender. Speaking of his prison experience, he states: "I spent about a week in the State penitentiary of Tennessee, where the convicts divided rations with us. We were then sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where we suffered for every comfort, and especially from cold and hunger. A Yankee sergeant came in one day calling for volunteers to work, the reward being a square meal. I jumped into line, and with others was marched outside into the barracks. We washed dishes and swept the dining hall, placing the sweepings, scraps from plates, and dishwater in barrels in the yard to be hauled away. Some of my comrades took from these barrels bits of bread, potatoes, and pork, carried them into prison, and made the mass into what might be called 'cush,' and this they sold for one dollar per plate, such was the hunger of our men. I did not see even one rat after my arrival, and was told they had all been killed and eaten by the prisoners. We were forced to let our fires go out after nine o'clock at night till daylight and to bunk on a plank without straw, a blanket over this and two for cover, and this with the thermometer uniformly ten degrees below zero. My first bunk mate was an noble boy from Mississippi named Madison Carter, who was soon taken sick. I went daily to the physician to get medicine for him. After he had suffered for a week, I tried to get the physician to visit him, as he was very ill. The physician refused, but ordered me to bring him to his office. With the help of a comrade, I succeeded in doing so, and the case was pronounced smallpox, a cart ordered, and he was carried to the pesthouse, where he died a few days later. After this I felt that I was immune, and visited those in prison who had smallpox without fear of infection."

TEXAS HISTORIAN COMMENDS THE VETERAN BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, HISTORIAN TEXAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

I have just succeeded in securing complete the sixteen volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and am in receipt of No. 1, Volume XVII. I consider these data as the most valuable collection of literature of our great "War between the States," as aptly termed by Alexander Stephens, No other publication can, in my judgment, begin to reach your valuable work in importance not only to the present generation but to those coming on. The South has had to endure a crucifixion of truth since the war equal to that of its

sufferings under the Southern Cross, but the VETERAN during its sixteen years of existence has had neither variableness nor shadow of turning.

The plan was promulgated by Sherman at the end of the struggle to overwhelm the South by a flood of frothy untruths and to make sure of conquest of mind as well as by physical force. The Greeks stand in history as the fathers of recorded history, and their Nemesis, avenger of truth, was pictured lame because falsehood ever travels faster than fact. Slowly but surely you are weaving a web of facts that will when preserved be as seamless and intact as the inner garment of the Master,

A record in this great war from First Manassas till shot out at the bloody angle in the Peach Orchard at Gettysburg, a reenlistment in the commissary department after being exchanged as a prisoner there and service in this latter till the end of the war, though exempt by wounds of disability, a residence in Texas and Fort Worth of thirty six years, since its organization, in 1890, as Historian of the R. E. Lee Camp, Fort Worth, one of the largest in the South, and many years Historian of the Texas Division, U. C. V. this gives me authority to pay your CONFEDERATE VETERAN this deserved tribute to justice and truth.

PRISONERS ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND BY CAPT. R. C. CROUCH, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

In the May (1908) VETERAN appears an article from Capt. H. S. Smith (128th Ohio Infantry), of Cleveland, Ohio. It seems that a Confederate who was a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island gave some of his experiences there, and the Captain takes issue with him, having spent two years there in command of a company. He certainly gives a bright picture of prison life as he saw it from the outside. Peace and plenty reigned supreme inside the stockade. All that stood in the way of its being a veritable Eden was that the men didn't have their liberty. The Captain closes his article by saying: "Quarters, bedding, and rations were the same as the army had. My knowledge of prison life was gathered from the inside, I had only an occasional glimpse of the outside."

The Captain's account differs very widely from the experience of any prisoner either at Johnson's Island or elsewhere. He is not in accord with the history of the treatment of prisoners written by historians writing with Northern prejudice. Mr. James Ford Rhodes, who is considered authority from a Northern standpoint, says: "It should perhaps be mentioned that in retaliation we reduced the rations of the Confederate prisoners one fifth and deprived all but the sick of coffee, tea, and sugar, and of all supplies by gift which had previously been permitted. While the reduced ration was sufficient to preserve health and strength, the evidence is irrefragable that at some Northern prisons during the year 1864 the food was insufficient, and suffering from hunger ensued."

If Captain Smith was at Johnson's Island during 1864 and a portion of 1865, he certainly knew that the prisoners there were on reduced rations, and that no prisoner had a tub filled with such scraps of meat and bread as he describes. Every one knows that even crumbs were religiously preserved and every scrap and crumb eaten. Men accustomed at home to every luxury ate greedily the coarsest food, and it was far from satisfying their hunger. Captain Smith ought to know that the grocery in the bullpen was not allowed to sell eatables, and the prisoners were not allowed to receive them from friends on the outside. During those memorable days of retaliation the only thing that I call to mind that flourished and seemed to grow fat were the rats, and they were in abundance.

In our mess by bribing the guard we purchased some flour and bacon, and with the help of the rats we had an old fashioned "chicken" pie stuffed with rats. Hunger is a fine sauce, and I can assure the Captain that there was none of this left for the slop tub. Of course I do not know as to the water furnished United States soldiers on the outside at their quarters, but on the inside it was filthy. I know too that the houses were poor, that we were crowded, and that we suffered from cold. How can I ever forget it? From Captain Smith's article it is evident that he is a kind hearted gentleman, and I am glad to read his kind words about prisoners. He was powerless to change things and had to carry out his orders. He has '61 and '62 mixed with '64 and '65. I remember many United States officers kindly. Many of them did all in their power for the comfort of prisoners. What I have written are facts, as I experienced them.

THE PALMETTO GUARD ENTERTAINED

(From Report in Charleston News and Courier.)

A delightful occasion was the meeting of the Palmetto Guard on December 28, their regular quarterly meeting. On that evening the Camp was royally entertained by Mrs. Jennie Screven Heyward at her residence. There were of those present Commander R. Heber Screven, Chaplain Rev. John Kershaw, D.D., and Comrades R. Bentham Simons, Charles Webb, H. C. Mazyck, Dr. Joseph Winthrop, Julia A. Le Prince, Robert E. Mellichamp, and A. W. Lanneau. Gen. Zimmerman Davis, of South Carolina Division, U. C. V., Capt. N. Ingraham Hasell, of Camp Sumter, and the Rev. S. Carey Beckwith were also present as especially invited guests.

Business being disposed of, the Camp turned to pleasure, and the members adjourned, by invitation of their hostess, to the dining room, where a beautifully decorated table spread with a most tasteful and bountiful repast awaited them. At each plate was a card with a member's name upon it and a tiny Confederate flag, making a very pretty and appropriate souvenir. There was a "feast of reason" and a constant "flow of punch."

Commander Screven gave the origin of the Palmetto Guard, of which came this Camp, Palmetto Guard Camp, U. C. V., No. 315.

Our great Captain Cuthbert organized in 1851 the Palmetto Guard. Obedience has been its rule of conduct. That magnificent soldier, George B. Cuthbert, taught that obedience to the mandate of the orderly sergeant was the first and last law of the soldier. In the spirit of this obedience they responded, and in the spirit of this same obedience they battled on many a bloody field, leaving their dead from Warick Creek (where they lost their first martyr, Allison) to Averysboro and Bentonville. They went into Gettysburg with twenty seven men and returned therefrom with but six men. After that they went to Chickamauga, leaving their tribute of blood there. Later still they took part in that magnificent campaign under the glorious Lee from the Wilderness to Petersburg, which, of course, included deadly "Cold Harbor," where Captain Elliott, another great captain, fell, together with "Green," a valiant private, and on to Sailor's Creek and Appomattox, the trail of their patriotic blood marking their line along the path of glory.

A most delightful feature of the evening was the presence near the table of the gracious hostess, who, assisted by several of her young lady friends, waited upon the members of the Camp with all of that grace and charm which is the inheritance of our Charleston ladies, and their lovely, fresh young faces made a pleasant contrast to the gray heads of the veterans.

After the feast was over, the young ladies gathered at the piano and, assisted by the veterans, sang many of the old, old songs so endeared to memory, bringing back to the Confederate soldier the time when hope was bright, when faith was strong and love was young.

As each honored guest passed out into the still night air under the stars he breathed a benediction upon the heads of the fair entertainers.

T. W. Castleman, Major General in command of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., suggests a meeting in New Orleans or Alexandria on May 13 and 14. He addresses the Camps for their desire on the subject, and favors a date prior to the General Convention U. C. V. to be held in Memphis June 13. If a quorum of Camps approve his suggestion, the meeting will be held, otherwise the State Reunion will not be held until the regular time in the fall.

THE D. A. R. OF SOUTH CAROLINA ANOTHER COMMISSION TO SCULPTOR RUCKSTUHL

The central committee on the monument to be erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution on the Statehouse grounds met last Saturday at the residence of the chairman, Mrs. A. I. Robertson. It was resolved to arrange with Mr. F. Wellington Ruckstuhl for the contract for the proposed monument according to the resolution adopted by the State Convention in session at Sumter last November. A new design for the monument was submitted by Mr. Ruckstuhl and accepted by the State Convention, from which the broken column given by the General Assembly to the D. A. R. "to aid in the erection of a monument to the three partisan generals and the soldiers of the Revolution" has been eliminated. This column having been found unavailable according to the plan adopted by the State Convention, it has been resolved to sell the column and devote the proceeds to the erection of the monument proposed. The broken column, while being entirely unsuitable for a monument to the victorious soldiers of the Revolution, would be most eminently fitted for a symbol of the Confederate cause, and doubtless there are towns in the State which would be glad to have it for a Confederate monument.

Bids for the column and inquiries for information in regard to it should be addressed to the chairman, Mrs. A. I. Robertson, in Columbia. The designs for the monument will be given later, and when completed an interesting programme will be arranged. Mr. Ruckstuhl's reputation as sculptor of the Hampton monument and the Calhoun memorial statue is too well known to need comment. The Columbia State.

CONVERTED THROUGH A BIBLE PASSAGE

The Martinsburg (W. Va.) Statesman tells a story by Dr. E. A. Noble which pays excellent tribute to the spirit of John Esten Cooke's story of "The Virginia Comedians:"

The book I loved most before I was twenty was entitled 'The Virginia Comedians,' and was written by that notable Confederate soldier, John Esten Cooke. My relationship to the book was one of the most important matters in my whole life.

The book had been first issued a number of years before, but in 1882 the publishers issued a new edition. As a clerk connected with the publishing house, my attention was called to the republication of this interesting novel, dealing with social conditions in the early days of the South. I was expected to know at least a little of the books which were being published by the concern for which I worked, so I began to read The Virginia Comedians.

On the street cars and ferryboats between my home in Brooklyn and the office in New York I went through the book very quickly. It was finished on Friday, and the most impressive fact about the book was that the author quoted a passage from the book of Isaiah in a very striking and effective way. That passage of Scripture kept going through

my mind. It was as persistent as Mark Twain's famous 'Literary Nightmare.' It beat itself into consciousness at every turn. All day Saturday I was impressed and oppressed by this quotation from the Bible. On Sunday morning I went to church, and when the minister arose and announced the text for the sermon, much to my surprise and astonishment the very passage of Scripture of which I had been thinking for two days had been selected as the text.

I left the church and went to my home with a special sense of God's presence and power. That gusty March Sunday can never be forgotten. In the afternoon I went to an evangelistic meeting, and when the invitation was given to make confession of Christ, I went to the altar as a penitent and a seeker. At the close of the meeting I was reveling in the joys which belong to those who are converted to God.

One of the first things I did after my conversion was to write to Col. John Esten Cooke and tell him what had happened through his fortunate quotation of a passage of Scripture in his book, 'The Virginia Comedians.' I have a letter in reply to mine which I esteem among the treasures of my life. It is needless for me to say that I keep a copy of 'The Virginia Comedians' by me all the time, and when faith gets cold and the spirit of consecration needs renewal, I look at that singular book, which in the providence of God meant so much to me before I was twenty.

REMINISCENCE OF TWO GALLANT REGIMENTS BY JAMES L. COOPER, NASHVILLE, TENN,

Referring to the article in the VETERAN for December giving an old veteran's reminiscences of the 15th Mississippi and "Brave Bob Allison," of the 20th Tennessee, I must call attention to some errors. The 15th Mississippi was never captured at Fishing Creek and released by the 20th Tennessee, but the 20th did make a gallant charge to the right of the 15th, which was fighting the entire Federal command alone at that time, and the feeling of mutual admiration and attachment that resulted lasted during the war, and I hope yet continues among the few survivors of those famous regiments. All he says about Bob Allison's being a brave, gallant soldier is true, and no one knew him better than I, but General Smith never saw him after he was shot.

General Smith commanded a brigade in the battle of Jonesboro, and I as his aid was with him during the whole day. Bob Allison was shot down near the Federal works, and after our repulse was carried inside their lines. The shot went between the hip and knee, and his leg was amputated a few days afterwards by Dr. Deering J. Roberts, surgeon of the 20th Tennessee, who, as usual with that fearless young "Sawbones," had been pushing up too close to the front in his attentions to his "wounded boys" and had been captured with them. His captors put him and his boys in a church near Jonesboro, and everything possible was done for poor Bob, but he died in a few days. After the Federal army retired from Jonesboro, I saw his grave in the churchyard, plainly marked with his name,

company, and regiment, done, I suppose, by Dr. Roberts, who had been his lifelong friend.

Another gallant soldier from Nashville who was killed in that battle was Colonel Gracey, of the Irish loth Tennessee, "the bloody Tinth." He was a man of striking personal appearance, being considerably over six feet in height, and every inch of him a man and a soldier. I saw him soon after he received his mortal wound. I think he was shot through the bowels. He was staggering from the field, supported by a man under each shoulder. They tried to get him to take my horse, but he was unable to mount him. When I expressed my sympathy and hope that he was not badly wounded, I will never forget his despairing look as he replied: "Yes, Lieutenant, I am fatally wounded." He died that night.

There was a devoted Catholic priest attached to the loth Tennessee who was killed that same day, I think. His name, as I recall it, was Father Blemuel. Dr. Roberts or General Smith will remember him.

TUNNELING OUT OF LIBBY PRISON

John Mitchell, of Pomeroy, Wash., claiming to be the last survivor of the seven men who dug the tunnel from Libby Prison, thus providing means for the escape of one hundred and sixty five men, tells the story of the desperate struggle. Before beginning the work he said the seven men took an oath of secrecy, fixing death to be the penalty of violation, It was decided that if any of them revealed the plot while they were digging the tunnel the others were to take him to the top of the warehouse at night and throw him from the highest window. Mr. Mitchell said.

After we had spent months in that prison we conceived the idea of digging a tunnel under the warehouse, under the walls of the prison, and far enough outside to give a start to those who were willing to take the risk in the hope of gaining liberty.

It was a desperate undertaking, as we fully realized, and although believing in the loyalty of every prisoner there, we could not dare to take them into our confidence, for fear the secret would become known to the guards. There was one obstacle, the guard inside the warehouse, whom we could not expect to escape, and we bribed him. After numerous attempts we succeeded in doing this, agreeing each of us to pay him one thousand dollars after we had regained our liberty and our homes.

It was slow progress, handicapped, as we were, by the fear and danger of being discovered, and having to work with the disadvantage of no tools but our hands and the pocket knives a few had been able to retain when imprisoned. The disposal of the earth and stones as we loosened them was a hard matter. We were unable physically to do such

work, but hope sprang up in our hearts, and the prospect of freedom buoyed us up in a manner that now seems miraculous.

The days and nights grew into years, it seemed, as we toiled, but none of us became discouraged. We grew weaker as the task neared its end, and when it was all but completed, darkness came over me and I succumbed. For weeks I knew nothing. That I lived is due to the fact that I was cared for by a prisoner nurse whom I hold in grateful remembrance. He had charge of my case half the time, and frequently when coming on duty found me lying on the floor, unnoticed and uncared for, where I had fallen in delirium. He made every effort to find out my name and where my home had been, but my mind was a blank, and it was days before I could tell him anything. I remember the joy with which I learned that the plans for escape through the tunnel had been successful and that my six faithful comrades had got away, accompanied by one hundred and sixty other prisoners.

Of the men who dug that tunnel, I am the only one living. The last of the other six has been dead several years.

CAPT. J. H. LE TELLIER
BY E. LOUISE STROTHER

Capt. John H. Le Tellier was born in Charlottesville, Va., January 28, 1842. He was educated in the Albemarle Institute under Col. John B. Strange, who was killed in the 19th Virginia Infantry. Bethany College gave him training while Alexander Campbell was in charge. Captain Le Tellier volunteered in April, 1861, in the 24th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division. He entered as a private, and served through all the grades up to captain. He was in the first battle of Manassas, the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Frazier's Farm, Gainesville, Second Manassas, and Fredericksburg.

He led his company in Pickett's celebrated charge at Gettysburg in 1863 with conspicuous valor. The great confidence and affection felt for him by his men were demonstrated upon that occasion. In connection with the battle of Williamsburg Captain Le Tellier, with the assistance of two others, captured the entire company, 33d New York Regiment, May 5, 1862, under A. H. Drake, the commander.

There were three Le Tellier brothers in the War between the States, the others being Lieutenant Boshier, killed at Gettysburg, and Sergeant Joseph Carter, killed at Petersburg. Captain Le Tellier was so severely wounded in the battle of Plymouth, in April, 1864, that he was retired. After the surrender the wound was still painful, and even yet at times he is conscious that a Yankee bullet hit the mark in his body for permanent remembrance. The Captain has some interesting souvenirs. A bill for one month's provisions is amusing to the civilians. Here it is:

12 lb fresh beef	18c...	\$2 16
83 lb bacon	. 35c.....	\$29 05
37 lb flour	3 1/2c.....	\$1 30
40 lb hard bread	4c.....	\$1 60

Company K, 28th Virginia, paid to G. E. Dennis, Captain and Assistant Commissary.

All through the stormy days of marching and fighting the favorite instrument, his beloved guitar, accompanied him. He has few superiors in beauty of touch, so when the camp fires burned after the strenuous day and "the boys were fed," music tender and sweet inspired them to think of the wives and sweethearts far away, yes, and doubtless renewed their courage to fight more bravely.

A most dramatic incident is related by Captain Le Tellier as one of his war experiences. He had been four months in a hospital in North Carolina and desired to go to his home hospital in Charlottesville, Va. The surgeon put him in charge of a man and sent him on a supply train that was going as far as Petersburg. Grant's army had almost invested Petersburg, and the train from North Carolina could only come within three miles of Petersburg. It stopped in the midst of a pine forest. His assistant took him off, laid him on the ground, put a pillow under his head, and sat beside him. The train, having unloaded, stole silently away before daylight, and the assistant did likewise, leaving the wounded man alone in the woods. It was impossible to move from there, being crippled and extremely weak. Finally he thought he heard some one walking and called aloud for help. The man replied and went to him. He was very large, with long, heavy black whiskers. He was very sympathetic and volunteered to carry the sufferer on his back to Petersburg. It was three miles, and the journey had to be made with caution. This providential friend took the baggage first and then returned for the wounded man. He took Captain Le Tellier on his back, walking steadily without stopping until he put him down in the hotel in Petersburg.

The Captain was so weak that, although he procured the name, it did not remain in his memory, but he says that when his eyes are closed he can distinctly see the man with the big black whiskers and recalls vividly the kiss imprinted upon his forehead in the good by. Although he has written to a number of papers trying to find the grand man, no word has ever come from him.

After the surrender Captain Le Tellier married Miss Fannie Christian, of Charlottesville, who lived only a short time. His present wife was Miss Frank Patton Younge, daughter of a noted temperance lecturer, Rev. James Younge, of Texas. A daughter, Miss Clifford La Hache, is the only surviving child. Captain Le Tellier has been proprietor and principal of a school in Sherman, Tex., for thirty eight years. Prominent business men in different parts of the United States have been trained by the Captain's "rod." No person in the community commands greater respect and affection than Captain Le Tellier.

PENNSYLVANIA MONUMENT IN VIRGINIA

[Address delivered by A. K. McClure at Fredericksburg, Va., November 11, 1908, at the unveiling of the State monument to the Pennsylvania soldiers who fell in assaulting Marye's Heights.]

Mr. President and Union Veterans of Pennsylvania: The world has ever worshiped the heroic alike in war and in peace. It is the heroic who achieve, and only the memories of the heroic are revered. In all the histories of the varied peoples of the world the decay of heroism has dated the decay and final destruction of government. True, heroism has often been prostituted to the infamy of wanton conquest and oppression, but none the less heroism has given the world all its wonderful and beneficent progress, and it will be worshiped until the last syllable of recorded time.

Forty six years ago the sullen thunders of the Confederate artillery proclaimed the disastrous repulse of two brigades of Pennsylvania soldiers who were ordered to the hopeless task of storming Marye's Heights.

The advance charge was made by Colonel Allabach's brigade, closely followed by the 1st Brigade, under General Tyler, the whole commanded in person by General Humphreys. The aggregate number of the two brigades engaged in this assault was. about four thousand men, and fully one fourth of them were numbered among the dead and wounded, although neither was in action over thirty minutes. Hopeless as it seemed to the soldiers who made this assault with the officers in advance of the men, either to gain the heights or to hold them if gained, these Pennsylvania brigades started with hearty cheers to face the grim reaper of death. Next to Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, it was the most bloody and disastrous assault of our Civil War.

We are not here to discuss the wisdom of army commanders. Only what were accepted as supreme military necessities made Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and Humphreys's charge at Fredericksburg, but they both stand in history, and will ever so stand as high water marks of the heroism of American soldiery.

There is eminent fitness in Pennsylvania erecting a monument on this historic field to the unflinching heroism of her soldiers. Other Pennsylvania regiments were engaged in varied conflicts, notably the Pennsylvania Reserves, in command of General Meade, who attacked the Confederate right, only to be repulsed with considerable loss, but all the other Pennsylvania regiments engaged in this action whose heroism is not commemorated on this field have or will have monuments on other fields in which they had been in the flame of battle, and their omission in the ceremonies of to day is thus explained.

There is also eminent fitness in giving prominence in this lasting memorial to the heroism of Pennsylvania soldiers to Gen. A. A. Humphreys, the division commander of the

brigades which made the assault. He was one of the most heroic and respected of our Pennsylvania officers. When his division of the 5th Corps, composed chiefly or wholly of regiments with short terms of service, was discharged, he was assigned to the command of a division of the corps, commanded by General Sickles, and displayed distinguished gallantry at the battle of Gettysburg. He became chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac under General Meade, and was promoted to major generalship. He maintained his highly creditable military record in the bloody battles of 1864 under General Grant, participating in all of them from the Wilderness to Petersburg, and when General Hancock, by reason of his wounds, was compelled to relinquish the command of the second corps in the closing days of the war, General Humphreys was assigned to succeed Hancock, and continued as its commander until the war practically ended by the surrender at Appomattox.

Pennsylvania made the most lustrous record of any of the Northern States in our Civil War. Her War Governor, Andrew Gregg Curtin, stood single and alone in the very forefront of the war executives of the North, and he is crystallized in history as "The Great War Governor" and "The Soldier's Friend." I was by his side as a State Senator representing the Gettysburg district when the terrible conflict began, and was intimately connected with the State government until the broken and decimated armies of the Confederacy finally surrendered because they were compelled to choose between the surrender or dying in an utterly hopeless cause. Pennsylvania was ever in the advance in effective measures for the prosecution of the war and for the care of those who offered their lives for the unity of the republic. Although second in population, Pennsylvania organized and sent to the field for temporary and permanent service vastly more soldiers than any other State in the Union, and next to furnishing troops promptly when needed, the most important recognized duty was the systematic care of Pennsylvania soldiers in the field. These soldiers fully appreciated the devotion of their Governor, and freely communicated with him in relation to their wants, many of which were impossible of attainment, but no soldier's letter ever reached the executive chamber at Harrisburg that did not receive a direct answer from the Governor.

Pennsylvania was also the first of the Northern States to send efficient commissioners to every army in which there were Pennsylvania troops to give special attention to taking care of the sick and wounded, and the law of the State provided for the return of the body of every Pennsylvania soldier who fell in battle or died in hospital for sepulture with his kindred without cost to the family or friends of the fallen hero.

Our State was not only the first, but has been immensely the most generous, in providing for the orphans of Pennsylvania soldiers who fell in the struggle. On Thanksgiving morning of the first year of the war our Governor on his way to church was accosted by two poorly clad and evidently suffering children, whose appeal at once attracted the attention of the Governor when in trembling voice they said: "Father was killed in the war." The children were generously supplied, and on that day Governor Curtin began an earnest effort to make generous provision for the orphans of our soldiers. His message to the Legislature on this subject was not at first heartily responded to, but he gathered a hundred or more of the little orphans of our State and brought them to the capital, where,

at his suggestion, they were of course accorded a hearty welcome, and the appeals made on that occasion to the Legislature by the Governor and others cleared the way for what now stands out in the sublime history of our State as the grandest illustration of mingled patriotism and humanity. The schools were maintained in every section of the State at the expense of many millions until the orphans of our soldiers as the wards of the commonwealth were fitted by education without cost to enter hopefully into the business struggles of life.

Such is the record of Pennsylvania in providing and caring for the soldiers of our Civil War and for the children who were orphaned in the struggle. When the conflict began, our State was burdened with nearly forty millions of public debt, but with all the many additional millions paid by our people during the war Pennsylvania is to day one of the very few States of the Union that are practically free from indebtedness.

Veterans of the blue and the gray, we are here to day to unveil a monument which shall for all time commemorate the heroism and sacrifice of Pennsylvania soldiers on the memorable battlefield of Fredericksburg. The Union veterans of Pennsylvania meet the veterans who bore the stars and bars not as enemies but as friends, with equal interest and pride in a common country. When peace came after four years of bloody conflict, it left the fierce passions of fraternal war in a tidal wave throughout both sections of the country. Nearly every home in the land, North and South, and kept aflame what should have been the dying embers of sectional hate, but we are here to day with a restored Union, not merely a Union in form, but a union of hearts, of sympathy, and of patriotic fellowship, and the veterans of the blue will to day point with pride to the monuments erected to the heroes of the gray who won the victory in this bloody struggle.

It was not the soldiers of either side on the front of the firing line who hindered the restoration of our common brotherhood. Politicians played upon the prejudices and passions to serve political ends, but the veterans of both sides were the faithful advocates of generous and lasting peace. The veterans of the gray will not shudder at the monument we are here to unveil. There are like monuments on every important battlefield of the Civil War, many erected to the heroic soldiers of Lee and many erected to the heroic soldiers of Grant. They no longer stand as monuments of triumph for either the blue or the gray, but are accepted by every veteran of the North and South as monuments to the heroism of our American soldiery.

The day is not far distant when the statue of Lee, the most beloved of all Southern men, who stands in history to day abreast with the few great soldiers of the nineteenth century, will grace the streets of our national capital along with that of Grant as a tribute of the nation to the greatness of American commanders, and I hope at an early day to see Virginia and Pennsylvania unite in placing on Seminary Hill, at Gettysburg, an equestrian statue of Lee, with the right conceded to the South to embellish that memorable field with statues of her heroic leaders. A few years ago I made an earnest appeal to the Pennsylvania Legislature to inaugurate such a movement, and it was delayed rather than refused for the reason, as then given, that it was not yet the time for so pronounced a declaration from our State that peace with sectional brotherhood had reached its

consummation. We are here to day unveiling a monument to Pennsylvania's fallen heroes on one of the many Virginia battlefields, and there is welcome on every hand for the veterans who won the victory and the citizens who sympathized with the gray, and I would give equal welcome to the statues of the Confederate heroes on the Gettysburg battlefield, and thus enable the visitor to that historic ground to read by the statues and tablets on both sides the complete history of the decisive conflict of the war.

The veterans of both sides have long been teaching the country that peace and brotherhood have been restored to it. There is not a grave of a veteran of the gray in any cemetery in the North, where the graves of Union soldiers are made beautiful and fragrant on Decoration Day, that is not decorated with equal care, and the veterans of the Union thus pay equal respect and honor to the fallen on both sides of the conflict, and the veterans of the gray never fail to decorate the graves of the fallen Union veterans when that tribute is paid to their fallen brethren. A Confederate soldier was a Cabinet officer under Grant, a Confederate soldier was a Cabinet officer under Hayes, and a Confederate soldier is a Cabinet officer under Roosevelt. Surely the time has come after forty three years of a reunited nation when all the terrible asperities should be only a shadowed memory and when all the grand attributes of generous and affectionate brotherhood should be visible in every section of our great republic. Here, standing among the graves of the heroic dead of both the great armies that were engaged in deadly struggle, all will unite in the patriotic utterance of the great expounder of the Constitution when he replied to the early advocacy of secession by one of South Carolina's great statesmen: "Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable."

PENNSYLVANIA MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG

For the finest design in the competition for the \$150,000 Pennsylvania State monument at Gettysburg Samuel Murray, a sculptor of Philadelphia, and W. L. Cottrell, a New York architect, were awarded the first prize of \$500,

The design is a Renaissance composition showing a massive double triumphal arch. The monument will be eighty feet square at the base and one hundred feet high. The arches will be approached by granite steps to the terrace around the monument and will connect with stairs leading to the observation platform around the dome. Around the parapet will be bronze panels, which will bear the names of about twenty one thousand officers and privates who took part in the battle of Gettysburg.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., ERECTS A MONUMENT

The Edgefield (S. C.) Chapter, U. D. C., has completed and dedicated a splendid tribute to the unknown Confederate dead. This work has been on hand for quite a time, but Daughters of the Confederacy know no such word as fail, and, despite the smallness of numbers and the many other demands for their labor and their funds, they have dedicated

this beautiful tribute to unknown men who gave their lives to the Confederacy. It is their crowning work for the year 1908.

On the day designated a large number of people from the town and vicinity gathered in the village cemetery to witness the unveiling of the monument over the graves of the unknown Confederate dead. Rev. T. P. Burgess, master of ceremonies, opened the exercises by invoking Heaven's blessings upon the occasion. Dr. C. E. Burts had been invited to make the address, and his beautiful, patriotic utterances, delivered in his accustomed vigorous and forceful manner, measured up to the expectation of the deeply interested and responsive audience. Dr. Burts referred eloquently and feelingly to the gallant and faithful service rendered by the unknown and the hitherto unhonored Confederate dead. He commended the Daughters of the Confederacy in the highest terms for the splendid service they are rendering in preserving the traditions of our Southland and in recording its history on printed page and marble shaft. In closing his eloquent address Dr. Burts appealed to the young ladies and young gentlemen to endeavor to lead lives worthy of their fathers.

Mr. S. McG. Simkins next read in clear and measured tone the following poem to the "Unknown," by Rev. T. P. Burgess:

Unknown! A nameless slab I stand, Not one, but many, on every hand, To mark the place where heroes rest Forever on their country's breast.

Unknown! Silently I proclaim The everlasting, deathless fame Of those who gave their lives and fell Victims to canister and shell.

Unknown! Here soldiers sleep, And I their memory keep In sacred care. No name is here, But it's in the book 'over there!'

Unknown! Some mother's darling boy, Some noble father's pride and joy Slumbers here. Sacred duty mine, This spot in memory to entwine.

Unknown ! Did no one see him fall ? Yes, God's eye watches over all! And He who does the sparrows guard Will keep his country's son and ward.

Unknown! Let flowers here be spread, Let patriot's tears here be shed, Let mothers here their daughters bring And fathers their sons an offering.

Unknown! To die like this is gain, To die like this is not in vain, For he who dies for liberty Wears a crown of immortality.

Unknown! On that bright day above, That day of joy and peace and love, From 'unknown' graves will heroes come To hear their Master say: 'Well done.'

These words were peculiarly appropriate for the occasion. Next the beautiful shaft was unveiled by four very zealous and loyal members of the Edgefield Chapter, U. D. C., Mrs. Julian D. Holstein, Mrs. N. G. Evans, Mrs. C. A. Griffin, and Mrs. H. A. Smith. This honor was conferred upon these ladies because they were instrumental in raising a large portion of the monument fund. The unveiling exercises were concluded with a song, followed by the benediction by Rev. P. P. Blalock.

On the western face of the monument, which is presented in the cut on this page, a Confederate flag is carved, also the dates "1861 1865." On the northern face are the words "Erected 1908." The inscription, "Unknown Confederate Dead," appears on the eastern face, and "Erected by Edgefield Chapter, U. D. C.," on the southern face.

All honor and all praise to the members of the Edgefield Chapter, U. D. C., for their splendid achievement! In marking the graves of the unknown Confederate dead with this beautiful shaft they have honored their town and county.

SOUTH CAROLINA DAUGHTERS
EXTRACTS FROM RESPONSE TO WELCOMES AT ABBEVILLE CONVENTION
U. D. C.
BY MRS. N. G. EVANS, OF EDGEFIELD.

The names of Abbeville's men in every department of life are household gods. Her judges, her professional men, her legislators, her statesmen, her orators, her chieftains, and other heroes fill the pages of our history from Colonial and Revolutionary times to the present, and let us not forget the great rank and file of braves who as private soldiers fought and fell on the battlefield unknown to fame by name, who with dauntless courage, unspeakable endurance and sacrifices contributed the largest share to the glory and honor of the Confederate arms.

When the call to arms was made for volunteers in the cause of the Confederacy and in defense of our altars and firesides in the great Civil War, this town and county were among the first and foremost to respond, and sent countless numbers of the flower of her youth and the maturity of her manhood to the firing front, and constantly recruited their rapidly diminishing numbers as they fell on blood stained fields facing the enemy and driving back the invader of overwhelming numbers, all for the sake of home and loved ones, for manhood and constitutional freedom.

Whether known or unknown to fame, Their cause and country are the same, They died and wore the gray.

Sister Daughters of the Confederacy of Abbeville, let me in behalf of our entire State Division thank you for your whole souled welcome, and may I avail myself of this occasion with becoming modesty to say something of woman's part in this great struggle and of her holy services in building monuments to perpetuate the glory of our cause and in keeping fresh the memory and the graves of our deathless dead?

Who has or ever can record the achievements of our women in the war? Which of her many sided traits, which of her many tragic situations will seize first the imagination of a future artist or appeal strongest to the inspiration of the poet who is yet to write the South's greatest epic? Where shall her story begin? Where shall it end? Was it her unspeakable sacrifice in the beginning, when she first buckled on her loved ones the armor of that holy war and sent them away from home to fight for their country, or later her uncomplaining endurance of untold privation and loneliness and desolation or her divine fortitude and resignation when father, husband, son, brother, or lover fell on the distant battlefield and came back to her no more forever, or when she moved like an angel through the hospitals or in the rear of the firing line, watchful as a Roman Vestal ministering to her wounded soldiers, cooling their fevered lips, soothing their last hours with her gentle words and soft deft hands, or when in the darkest hours of our blessed cause, when our brave heroes in front were being crushed by overwhelming numbers, her faith, kindled by heavenly fires, kept alive the waning hopes and drooping courage of our naked, starving, and shattered armies, and she met with her smiles the ragged remnants of the returning soldiers and pledged them her eternal faith and sympathy?

We who were born since the bugle sang truce at Appomattox and the returning soldier brought home the fate of the Confederacy, reared in an era that bartered the crimson of the dripping sword for the greener blossoms of the olive branch we have come together in the spirit of the younger South, inspired by the patriotic zeal and love we have for the cause. Unmarked graves of our reposing heroes are scattered in mournful numbers over the hills and ravines of our beautiful Southland. They deserve honor at some one's hands at whose ? The women of the South accept the trust. They who laid down their lives with Johnston at Shiloh, who fell in the wild charge with Jackson at Chancellorsville, who went to God from the rocks and hills of Chickamauga all are our dead. No government gathers up their bones with paternal care and preserves the records of their glorious lives and sublime deaths. Their government is dead.

My friends, we owe it to the hero dead who fell under our flag (St. Andrew's cross, with its bar and star, that waved in triumph over many battlefields ere it became the conquered banner). We owe it to the brave survivors of the cause as well to show to the world our appreciation of their valor and patriotism by these votive offerings from the hands of the women of the South great in weakness, noble in their charity, beautiful in their patience, and whose devotion at the cross and sepulcher was but an earnest of their high and holy mission.

INQUIRIES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS

B. E. Evans, of Acorn, Ark., hopes through the VETERAN to hear from some comrade who can help him make proof to get a pension. He volunteered at Sumter, S. C., in the Palmetto Regiment. While stationed at Charleston he was detailed to work on the construction of a bridge across Ashley River under Civil Engineer Henry Haines. Later he was sent to work at the Pee Dee Navy Yard. When orders came to vacate that place, he got a furlough to go home, the first he had during the war. Before that was out Lee surrendered, and he did not get a discharge. That furlough was secured by Lieutenant Means.

John F. Adams, Gadsden, Ala.: "Company A 2d Alabama Infantry, **Lieut. T. A. Bowen**, of Atlanta, Ga., commanding detachment, 'manned' the four rifle sixty pound guns on the point mentioned in the November VETERAN.

General Villipigue commanded the post then and surrendered the last fortified place on the Mississippi above Vicksburg.

The 2d Alabama Infantry (except Company A, which reenlisted as a whole) was mustered out of service just before the evacuation of Fort Pillow.

Our brave and gallant old captain, **William H. Hames**, is still living at Jacksonville, Ala.

Our company, A, was afterwards until the close of the war of the 51st Alabama Mounted Infantry,

Col. John T. Morgan (Senator from Alabama) commanding under Gen. Joe Wheeler till the surrender at Greensboro, I should like to hear from some survivors,"

Mrs. M. A. Clark, 206 Veach Street, Orlando, Fla., seeks information concerning her husband, **Lewis Clark**, who fought throughout the entire war. He enlisted at Lake City, Fla. in a cavalry company under Capt. N. A. Hull. He returned home at the close of the war, but died soon afterwards from hardships. Mrs. Clark seeks a pension, but can't find any of his company. She is in need. Any one who can furnish proof of his service will greatly oblige her.

Judge L. G. Hopkins, of Liberty, Mo., who is a native of North Carolina and served with the "Tar Heels" in the Confederate army, says he hears so little of them nowadays that he wants to know what has become of them. He also wants somebody to write an article on the number of troops furnished by North Carolina to the Confederacy, with the per cent of casualties in that and other States compared. A very interesting article could be written on this subject.

Tobe Barham belonged to either the 4th or 6th Texas (Ector's) Brigade. We were both wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro and were taken to Camp Morton. We were exchanged the following April, and were furloughed from Petersburg, Va., to go to our

homes in Texas. Our wounds got so bad that we could not travel. We stopped near Lagrange, Ga., for two months. I never saw or heard of him afterwards. I would like very much to have any information of him. Address T. J. Johnson (Company B, 11th Texas Cavalry), care the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

**CAPTURE OF BATTERY AT NEW MARKET
BY J. W. PARSONS, CAPTAIN CO. A, 18TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY**

Capt. D. H. Bruce, of the 51st Virginia Infantry, in the December (1907) number, and Col. George H. Smith, of the 62d, in the November (1908) number, inquire as to who captured the battery in the battle of New Market. I have waited to see if the men who charged and captured that battery would respond. Captain Bruce says on his left two hundred to three hundred yards he saw Colonel Edgar's, Colonel dark's, and Derrick's battalions going toward the enemy and the Yankees running. Just in front of where he says he saw them is where the battery was captured. They fired five guns at our men, then started off with one of the guns, but after going a few steps they struck a low pine stump which turned the gun over, throwing the barrel on the ground. The gun was abandoned there.

Col. George H. Smith says Derrick's and Clark's Battalion, Echols's Brigade, was on his right, which would be in the vicinity of the Valley Pike. Colonel Smith says the Cadet Corps and the right of the 51st Regiment were much cut up by the heavy fire to which they had been subjected. Neither of them formed on our left when we advanced with Echols's Brigade, but they both promptly followed the movement, and as the line of their march naturally would pass over the position of the left of the enemy's artillery, it may be said they captured the guns left on the field. But this was after the enemy had been put to rout and the 62d and 22d had passed beyond the position that had been occupied by them.

I was with Company A, 18th Virginia Cavalry, Capt. William H. Taylor's old company, on the right bank of Smith's Creek, on our extreme right, and could see from our eminence directly over the entire line of battle. I saw the troops that charged the captured battery. When they got within perhaps ten yards of the guns, they wavered for a moment like they were going to fall back, and the line spread out or broadened, and looking over it endways it looked ten feet wide. There was just then a very heavy rain storm, and it was very dark, yet I could see the blaze of fire from the guns ten feet beyond the men. The picture is vivid in my mind to this day. Instantly they dressed up in a nice line of battle and went over and silenced the guns. The whole Federal line of battle was giving way. I could see at first a few of them going back, and soon they all ran. Therefore I feel justified in saying that the men who captured those six guns knew, it, for the guns were fired very rapidly through their ranks until the gunners were driven away.

I rode up the slope after the battle and looked the place over, and saw the ground well covered with dead men,

Our boys had a lot of prisoners near where the guns were, and among them was a Lieutenant Colonel Lincoln, of the 34th Massachusetts, who was very indignant at being a prisoner in the hands of the vile Rebels. He walked back and forth like a chained bear. He said he was a cousin of Abraham Lincoln. My company was on the skirmish line all morning before the fight. When the cadets marched past us going into the battle, they moved like clockwork. I admired them very much, but it was a shame to put them in there. I had always given them the credit of capturing that battery until I read Col. G. H. Smith's statement, but from the position they held in the line I guess Colonel Edgar's battalion did the work.

General Sigel burned the bridge at Mount Jackson that evening when he crossed the river. The next morning Captain Taylor with Company A forded the Shenandoah River where the bridge had been burned bearing a flag of truce with dispatch from Gen. John C. Breckinridge asking General Sigel to send men back and help to bury the dead, but he did not do it. I think Colonel Smith's time is too short as to the duration of the battle. Before the battle I had ridden up to where Gen. John D. Imboden and staff were on an eminence southwest of the town. Just then General Breckinridge and staff went there too. I think he was the handsomest man I ever saw. General B. looked the country over carefully, took out his watch, and said: "General, we will have to attack them. It's now eleven o'clock, and we can't wait any longer for them to attack us. Call in that cavalry skirmish line." It was certainly late in the day when the fight was over. The 18th was ordered to double quick across Smith's Creek to press their rear across Means Bottom, but they were over the river when we got on Rudes Hill.

JIM AND HIS SECRETARY BY F. A. HAMER, DARDENELLE, ARK.

A few years before the Civil War the negro Jim who was my nurse when a child became enamored of a dusky damsel belonging on a plantation some miles across the Tennessee River. My father, notwithstanding he was a very kind and humane master, considerate of the happiness and wellbeing of his negroes, didn't want to take the chances of a thousand dollar negro being eaten by fishes in the blue waters of the Tennessee, so he told Jim to call off his passion from the other side of the river, feather a new dart, and let fly at some one of the dusky beauties on his own or neighboring plantations. But this proved to be a case where love laughs at locks, rivers, and all other barriers. My father, knowing Jim to be quite shrewd, notified Mr. Hill, the owner of the dark beauty, not to permit the marriage for the reason stated above.

All this diplomacy occurred without my knowledge, yet I had often written Jim passes to cross the river and visit plantations on Sunday, all without my father's knowledge. In fact, I was so much attached to Jim, having my life interwoven with his from babyhood up to that time at least, I considered no sacrifice too great and no risk too hazardous to make for him. In fact, while I was the nominal master, Jim was the power behind the throne. Besides, Jim was a diplomat, and when some risky favor was asked, he became very assiduous in his attention to me. He would plan and assist me in my boyish pranks and

escapades. He had taken special care of the horse my father had allowed me to claim and use. It was Henry's business to look after, feed, and curry the horses. Jim would frequently in my presence accuse Henry of neglecting my horse, which more than once brought on a difficulty.

Finally Jim concluded he would go over a certain Saturday night and be married to the girl on Mr. Hill's place. He didn't know that my father had headed him off by his order. So when he made his appearance, armed with a pass with my father's name signed to it, Mr. Hill informed him of my father's order, and of course forbade the interesting ceremony. Jim returned wiser, but more determined than ever.

By this time the case had become complicated and assumed a serious aspect for Jim and his affianced, and it called for more diplomacy. After the proper preliminaries, Jim unbosomed himself to me, yet keeping me entirely ignorant of my father's opposition. The order of my father to Mr. Hill and the tangle he got into were all wisely kept from me. He jes wanted me to write him a little order to Mr. Hill and say, I'ze 'eluded to let Jim marry Viny if you'se got no 'jections to it.

So I readily complied, and Jim, armed with the order and other passports necessary, all bearing my father's name, in due time made his appearance at the mansion house of Mr. Hill, accompanied by his best man. With the politeness of a Chesterfield and the dignity of a Choate, he presented his passport and "letters of credit," and was kindly informed by Mr. Hill in his usual calm and quiet way that he was glad indeed that his master had reconsidered the matter and permitted him to have the woman of his choice. The Rev. Mr. Hamer united the two hearts that wanted to beat as one,

The next scene was at the quarters on the home plantation, situated a respectful distance from the family dwelling. One Sunday in June, all unknown to the master, extensive preparations had been made at the quarters for the coming of the bride and groom. They made their appearance sometime in the morning, attended by the proper number of the elite from the neighboring plantations, specially invited guests of both sexes, all dressed in their best Sunday clothes.

Soon after the secretary (this writer) made his appearance, just in from Sunday school with that hungry feeling that always accompanies a healthy boy. He made for the dining room, but, being run out by the girl preparing the dinner table, made his way into the kitchen to consult Aunt Sallie, the cook, who always came to his relief in such emergency. As he entered he observed that Aunt Sallie didn't wear her usual pleasant smile and greet him with the usual salutation of: "What does de white headed sarpent want now?" Noticing her troubled look, he asked in an earnest, sympathetic way: "Aunt Sallie, what's the matter?" "Deed, chile, dere's nuff de matter." "Why, what is it, Aunt Sallie?" "Dere's gwine to be trouble on dis plantation." "How, Aunt Sallie? What about?" "Dat smart Jim of yours done gone over de ribber and mar'd dat Hill gal arter old Marsar done tole him p'intedly not to and p'intedly tole Mr. Hill don't let 'em. I was passin' through de house arter dey come, and Marsar foun' what bin done. I heard him say he was gwine to make Mr. Hill smoke for lowin' that, after he p'intedly tole him not to."

For the first time Jim's secretary realized that the diplomacy had assumed a serious shape. His knees smote each other, his hunger in a manner left him, and it now dawned on him for the first time the serious consequences likely to follow. Without another word he retired from the kitchen, went through the garden, out into the plum orchard, gathered up a lot of worm eaten plums, and meditated on his doings. Not long before this he had traded for an old hammerless five or six barreled rusty pepper box pistol, ostensibly for the purpose of shooting or intimidating old Mr. Givins, his Scotch school teacher, and thereby cause him to ease up on his whippings, which came quite often and were heartily sanctioned by his father. After having made a woeful failure on that line and paying commensurate penalty, he confided his troubles and also his pistol to Jim, who was the custodian of most of his effects. Soon after Jim came in possession of this formidable weapon he had some grievance with a negro on an adjoining plantation, so he put on his war paint and, armed with the many barreled gun, went over to square matters and bring his adversary to time, which he did in fine style.

Well, considering the matter seriously, he knew there would be an investigation, so he approached the house with heavy heart. He had already atoned for several small offenses in a bunch, but here was one so serious that he could not tell what the consequences would be. He wanted to consult with Jim. He wanted if possible to learn his father's mind: but not until the next day did his father suspect his having anything to do with it. So well had Jim and he managed the affair that none of the other negroes of the quarters, not even the bride, knew the facts.

At the wedding feast joy was unbounded, and happy laughter rang out on the summer air. He knew the crisis would come that evening. He heard a conversation between his father and mother, and learned that Jim would be permitted to go home with his bride, but would be the bearer of a note to Mr. Hill asking an explanation of his conduct in permitting the marriage after he had positively refused his consent. The secretary was in deep meditation all the evening.

At the proper time Jim made his appearance at the house and informed his master that he had disobeyed him and had married Viny and wanted to know if he could accompany her to her home. The secretary was not present during this important interview, but was saving himself. His father said: "Yes, you can go, and I want you to carry a letter to Mr. Hill, and you hurry up and cross that river before night, and wait in the morning until good daylight before you recross." The secretary never knew the full contents of that note to Mr. Hill, but it dawned on him that he would soon be called on for an explanation.

Earlier than usual next morning the secretary and his sister were off to school. He fed his sister's pet lamb for her (something unusual) in order to get off before Jim arrived. At the proper time Jim arrived with this correspondence:

Rev. J. H. Hamer Dear and Reverend Sir: In answer to your passionate note, I have the honor to inclose you a copy of an order with your signature to it, reading thus:

'Mr. James Hill Dear and Honored Sir: If agreeable to your wishes and convenience, you have my permission to let my man Jim marry a woman on your place.' "

During the interview that followed it was ascertained that Jim had on various occasions roamed around to the different plantations with a permit in his pocket with his master's name signed to it, all done by the secretary at Jim's suggestion. The secretary was brought into the presence of his father and there confronted with that formidable document. It was read to him. He acknowledged to being the author of the order and that he had signed his father's name to the document without his knowledge or consent. Then it was that his father revealed to him the awful condition he had placed him in that he might land in the penitentiary, where old man Click was working out a life sentence for murder.

He had now committed a crime for which he could be sent there. The secretary imagined he could see the sheriff with handcuffs to carry him to jail and hear the groans of the convicts. He had at last placed himself beyond the reach of father and mother, and must now suffer the penalty of the law. His father, however, volunteered to see that he got a short respite, and to endeavor to keep him from prison. The secretary was so distressed that he wanted to sleep in his mother's room that night. He then and there promised his father and mother that if they would intercede with the authorities and save him he would never, never sign his father's or any one else's name to any document without proper consent. The crisis had become so great, the enormity of the crime had become so impressed on his mind, that his parents saw it was necessary to come to his relief. He ever after regarded his father's name as very sacred, especially on paper.

In after years the secretary was orderly sergeant of Company H, 49th Alabama Regiment, was made prisoner of war, and on the way to Camp Chase spent one night in the Nashville penitentiary before he was twenty one years old. Jim was never separated from Viny. The last time he saw Jim, in the seventies, he was a prosperous pastor of a Colored M. E. Church in Nashville, Tenn. He came to see me in Alabama at his old plantation home, brought me a fine shaving set, and said he and Viny had twelve children, all living.

HARD FIGHTING BY LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN BY H. H. STURGIS, COMPANY H, 44TH ALABAMA REGIMENT

The article in the December VETERAN entitled "Battle at Night by Lookout Mountain" brings vividly to mind the scene as I witnessed it.

Part of Law's Brigade had been sent as skirmishers down the Tennessee River to fire into the wagon trains passing on the other side of the river. We were in position behind the rocks and trees, and as the wagons would start down the narrow and steep mountain road we would shoot the mules. This we kept up all day, effectually preventing them from

making a single trip. The river being narrow and the bluff steep, they were forced to abandon the effort of transporting supplies by that route.

Later we were sent back to the foot of Lookout Mountain, and during the afternoon saw the enemy pass on the other side of Lookout Creek. Hood's Division was sent to attack them, three brigades, Hood's (old brigade), Jenkins's, and Anderson's, I think, crossing the railroad bridge and Benning's and Law's crossing the bridge by the dirt road. Law's and Benning's Brigades formed on the western slope of Raccoon Mountain about nine o'clock at night. They threw up a protection of logs and such other things as could be picked up. We were not allowed to cut any timber, as that would have disclosed our position.

We had little time to work, for soon we heard the battle raging on our left about a mile distant. Soon the Yankees came hurrying to reenforce their line. Our pickets fired into them, and we could hear their orders: "Halt! Left face! Forward!" Then we had a regular "Kilkenny cat fight," a very bad one. We got mixed sure enough. We were driven from our insecure breastworks, Law and Benning failing to connect with our lines. The loss on our part of the line was small, but we were greatly outnumbered. Twice we recovered our works and drove them down the hill. I was cut off, and found myself surrounded with men calling for the 109th New York. I quietly made my way around till I heard others calling for Law's Brigade. Our lieutenant colonel was twice stopped, and the cape of his overcoat torn off in an effort to stop him. Once when we recaptured our works a Federal and Confederate were seen with their left hands in each other's collar, grasping their guns with their right hands, neither being willing to surrender. A lieutenant, seeing the predicament, ordered the Yank to surrender, which he refused to do, when the deadlock was broken with a bullet.

How terrible are such memories now! I saw a man roll down the mountain side, started by a ball from my gun when only a few feet distant from its muzzle. He had the first shot at me, his ball passing through my hat. We quietly drew back with the loss of a few prisoners. The next night we crossed under the frowning brow of old Lookout by a narrow footpath and then started toward Knoxville.

SEARCH OF A HOME BY SOLDIERS AT NIGHT BY S. R. W.

Won't you please tell me a story of the great Civil War, grandmother dear?
said my oldest grandson as we sat around the brightly lighted table on which were scattered schoolbooks, magazines, letters, and other evidences of the evening's occupation. I was busy with a dainty bit of embroidery, and had been thinking how grandmothers of my young days spent their idle moments knitting warm yarn stockings for the grandchildren, whereas those of the present generation embroidered white lawn shirt waists for themselves, as I was doing, and the children ran around with bare legs. As I laid down my work at his appeal I said: "Listen to the storm, children. How the wind

and rain beat on the windows! It was on just such a night as this that the soldiers searched my house." A deeply interested crowd of youngsters at once gathered around me, so I had to continue the story which I had unwittingly begun.

It was forty odd years ago and about this time of the year that I was sitting one evening in my own pretty home. The youngest child was in bed, and Diana, the oldest, was sitting with me. The room was as bright and cheery as ours is now, with the lamp and firelight, and a similar dreadful storm of wind and rain was beating against the glass. Diana was but a little girl, and my only company that night, as my husband was in the Confederate army. Indeed, one could count on the fingers of one hand all the able bodied men who were left in Franklin. The war had been going on for over two years, and it had been more than a month since we had seen our soldiers, as the enemy in considerable force held the town. I was living just outside the town limits and just inside the picket line, and, not having any near neighbors, my position was very unsafe. It was no uncommon thing for Federal soldiers to enter houses to search for Confederates who might have slipped through the lines, also to look for firearms, and incidentally to take any articles of value they might fancy. Knowing that my turn was likely to come at any moment, I was busy that night putting my jewelry and small silver into parcels to be put in a bag fitted with strings which I could instantly tie around my waist if any search parties came, the large crinoline hoop skirt which I wore effectually concealing it.

When I finished my work, I gave it to Diana to take with her to my bedroom, and started myself to look around the house and see that it was secure for the night. When I found all was safe, I also undressed and retired, but found I could not sleep. As I lay thinking I heard the clock strike twelve, and I also noticed that the storm had abated. Suddenly I heard another sound which made me sit up in bed and hold my breath to listen. I heard it again more plainly, I was not mistaken. It was a human voice, a man's voice speaking in low tones under my bedroom window, and if he was speaking it was to a companion. There was more than one, and they were not there for any good purpose that dark and stormy night. My heart almost stopped beating with fright and dread. What did they want? and what could I do? I arose and dressed hastily, not forgetting to put on my bag of valuables and my hoop skirt.

While I was thus engaged the doorbell rang, and before I could finish dressing it rang again more impatiently. Hastening down the hall, I asked through the closed door: 'Who is there? What do you want?' 'Open the door!' came the harsh answer. I refuse to do so,' I said with some spirit, 'unless you tell me for what purpose you ask admittance.' 'If you don't open it at once, we will break it down,' was the comforting answer I got. 'Won't you please wait till I am dressed?' I pleaded. 'You won't force me to open the door till I am properly dressed.' Without waiting for the grudging assent, I ran upstairs, threw up the window of the bedroom which faced the barn, and called, 'Pickets! Pickets!' as loud as I could, though I was so excited that my voice did not seem to carry very far. At my first call I heard the tramp of many feet rushing together below me, and, looking down, I saw a crowd of soldiers sixty, at least looking up with their bayonets pointing toward me, while at least three were guarding every window and five every door on that side of the house. 'What are you calling the pickets for?' some one asked. 'To help me,' I answered. 'They told me to call them if I was ever disturbed. You do not give me any reason for

wishing to enter my house at this hour, and I can only suppose you mean no good to me. The pickets are my only help, and so I call them!' 'We want to search your house. We have been told that your husband is here,' said the one who appeared to be in command, 'and I promise that we will respect you.' In that case I will open the door,' I answered, making a virtue of necessity, for I put small faith in his promise. 'He is not here, but you can search.' So I went downstairs and let them in.

The first person to enter was a captain, and I was glad to see that the search party was in charge of a regular officer, for I had feared that it was an unorganized band of robbers such as were only too common. Following him came a file of soldiers, their muddy boots and dripping garments making a sad mess of my nice floor. 'I have orders to search the house,' said the captain briefly, 'and if you will give me the light, I will proceed with my duty.' 'I will carry the light myself and show you the way,' I responded. 'I want a house to live in after your search is over.' 'You may possibly be disappointed in your hope,' he said with a touch of sarcasm, 'but we will see what we can find first.'

I led them from room to room, and they examined carefully every press and closet in which a man could be concealed and some which were obviously too small for that purpose, often dropping into their pockets any little thing which took their fancy, with seldom a reprimand from the officer. By the time we came to the living room the captain was beginning to feel angry and baffled, and the party came to a halt before the pleasant warmth of the fire, which was now a glowing mass of embers. I still carried the light, and took care to stand before the panel of the secret hiding place in the room. They rummaged in the closet at my side and glanced around, but found nothing. 'Madam, we have trustworthy information that your husband has come inside our lines,' said the captain. 'Our informant was a negro. The guerrilla must be hiding in this house, and our orders are to find him, even if we have to burn the old fox out of his hole! You have been reported to the general as a dangerous Rebel spy, so you would only be meeting your just reward if we burned your house and turned you out in the storm. You can save yourself by confessing that your husband is here.' As he spoke he stepped directly in front of me and looked me straight in the eyes. 'Can you give me your word of honor that Captain Royce is not here?' I met his look with one as steady and direct as his own. 'I give you my word of honor that my husband is not here and that I have not seen him for more than a month, but as I am not a "negro," my word will perhaps not have much weight with you.'

I saw that the evident truthfulness of my answer impressed him. He motioned me to proceed with the light, and as I complied, the rays of the lamp fell for the first time in the recess on the other side of the chimney. Here my two girls had been playing, and before they went to bed had put their large china dolls to sleep each in its bed and tucked them in for the night. They lay there now with their stiff kid arms outside the cover and their unwinking blue china eyes staring straight up at the captain. He paused for a moment by the side of the little beds, and stood looking thoughtfully at this evidence of the blessed presence of children in the home, then followed me in silence to the next room, which

was my bedroom. He looked around and went over to the bed where my little girls were. They lay with their curly heads on their pillows, looking up at him with wide open, innocent eyes, and he stood silently by their side for some moments. His face lost its eager, alert expression, a look of deep sadness took its place, and I knew his thoughts had traveled far away to the cold, bleak North and the dear home nest in which his treasures lay. Doubtless his were sweetly sleeping undisturbed by the alarms of war, but mine lay here frightened and disturbed by him and his rough soldiers. He evidently had a father's heart, which responded to the appeal of their helpless innocence, and after this his search became perfunctory, as though he was ashamed of his errand and wished it ended.

When we entered the next room, I happened in passing a mirror to glance at my face, and was astonished to see how white it had become. All my usually fine color was gone, and it was an unfamiliar face, like the face of the dead, which mocked at me from the depths of the looking glass, although by this time all fear had left me. We now ascended to the next floor and entered my husband's library at the top of the stairs. As soon as the captain saw the books he went to them and, jerking out some, ran his arm behind those that were left. At that I laughed. It was there, but it is gone now,' I said, for I knew he was looking for a pistol.

One room I had reserved till the last for my revenge and their humiliation, and when we advanced toward it, I turned to the captain and said, 'You have me at your mercy, and I will now confess that the only prisoners you will make tonight are in this room. I entreat you to spare them for the sake of my little children,' and I pressed my handkerchief to my eyes. 'I shall do my duty,' he answered harshly, drawing his pistol and motioning the soldiers to close up. I advanced to the door and flung it open, holding the light high that all might see. The captain rushed in, with the soldiers crowding after him and peeping over each other's shoulders to see the Rebels brought to bay. What they saw was only a tiny snow white bantam hen and rooster sitting side by side on an improvised roost. They were the dearly loved pets of the children, and I kept them in this play room as the only way to save them from the soldiers, who loved poultry maybe better than they did their country,

When the captain saw how I had tricked him, he wheeled short about, angry and ashamed, and ordered the soldiers to go downstairs, following close behind them in as dignified a manner as he could command. But alas for his dignity! the rooster was very tame, but the hen was not, and now, disturbed by the noise and light, she flew wildly about, cackling loudly, and at last, making a swoop toward the light, lit on his shoulder. He was startled at being taken so unexpectedly in the rear, and struck savagely at her, making her again take wing, and in so doing she brought his cap to the floor. The rooster also became alarmed by the loud outcries of the hen, and added his note to the general confusion. The captain stooped with a muttered oath to pick up his cap which had rolled out on the hall floor, and I thought it prudent to close the door as soon as possible, leaving the bantams to settle their troubles in the dark the best way they could. As I followed the captain down the stairs I made a slight apology for their bad behavior, to which he returned no answer. When he reached the door, he marshaled out his men, also those who had been left to watch the downstairs rooms, and, turning to me, thanked me for opening the house and apologized for the inconvenience he had caused me. 'When

you again have a lady's house to search, please let it be in the daytime,' I replied, then closed and locked the door, made a round of the house to see that no doors or windows had been left open, and returned to comfort the frightened children and get what rest I could for the troubles of the coming day."

LACK OF EQUIPMENTS IN '61
BY A. F. ROLLER, WEYERS CAVE, VA.

As is known, at the beginning of the War between the States the South was almost without war material. The 28th Virginia, being made up from the counties of Roanoke, Craig, Botetourt, and Bedford, rendezvoused at Lynchburg, Va., for the purpose of equipment. On receiving our flintlock muskets (having been altered to percussion lock) we were without ammunition or cartridge boxes, but were equipped with Bowie knives about a foot long made at convenient blacksmith shops. They were of as many types as there were types of men in the command. Thus equipped, we boarded the cars and started for the front. On our way we were halted at Orange C. H. and formed in line to receive news and orders. Our major, R. C. Allen, said: "It is reported that the Yankees are already at Manassas Junction. In all probability we will have fighting to do as soon as we arrive there. The eyes of your country are upon you, and we expect you to do your whole duty and quit yourselves like men. True, you have no ammunition, but you have bayonets on your guns and Bowie knives. They will strike terror to the hearts of the Yankees. We will give them the cold steel. Right face, file right, march!"

We again boarded the cars and cautiously proceeded. As there were no Yankees at Manassas, we were agreeably surprised. We went into camp under West Point tactics, soon a thing of the past. In about ten days our ammunition camenine rounds to the man. It was distributed at dress parade, after which Colonel Preston made a speech somewhat as follows: "My men, keep your powder dry. Nine rounds will fight a great battle. If you take good aim and keep cool, victory will perch on our banner. Right face, file right by companies, to your quarters, march !"

For cartridge boxes cotton bags with a strap to go over the shoulder were supplied. Keeping the powder dry under such circumstances was a careful task, but with tents when not on the march it could be done. Thus equipped, we ventured a little closer to the enemy, perhaps eight or ten miles. We extended our picket lines to within sight of Washington City, but we hardly fired a gun until the middle of July. Then the enemy became aggressive, and we found ourselves gradually receding. We went to Centerville, where we had fortified and where we expected to fight. But we passed by those breastworks and left them in our rear. "What is the matter? Why did not Beauregard fight at Centerville?" That inquiry was on the lips of the rank and file generally. At Bull Run (Manassas) we formed line of battle and awaited the approach of the enemy. Cartridge boxes containing thirty rounds were supplied us, also canteens.

JEFFERSON DAVIS
ON CABIN JOHN BRIDGE

In the U. C. V. Convention assembled in Richmond, Va" June 1, 1907, a resolution was adopted to have the "Jefferson Davis" restored to Cabin John Bridge, Washington, D. C.

The President was authorized to appoint a committee to bring the matter to the attention of the United States authorities. This was done. The committee is composed of heads of Confederate associations.

In July, 1907, the President placed the matter in the hands of Hon. Adolph Meyer, Congressman from Louisiana, who reported by letter that he had had several conferences with Hon. W. H. Taft, Secretary of War, and was confident of success.

At the same time Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief U. C. V., indorsed the movement by giving it his support,

In March, 1908, by the death of Hon. Adolph Meyer, the President referred the matter to Hon. Murphy J. Foster, United States Senator from Louisiana.

In May, 1908, upon the death of General Lee, his successor, Gen. Clement A. Evans, took up the matter with enthusiasm, and wrote Mrs. Behan, President of the C. S. M. A., as follows : "I cannot imagine that any patriot in the Union will be offended when it is done."

Letters have been written by members of the committee and the President to the Hon. Secretary of War, Gen. Luke E. Wright, to His Excellency, President Roosevelt, and to prominent citizens in the North and South. Several newspapers North and South have published strong articles in favor of restoring the name, and thus obliterating the outrageous blunder of one man (Hon. Caleb B. Smith), who, blinded by passion and prejudice, ordered the name cut off, and to day his unauthorized act stands as a reproach against this great American people.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association does not wish to stir up strife nor to take it before Congress. We prefer to have the wrong righted in a quiet, dignified manner without any "hurrah." Our object is to preserve to future generations the true and accurate history of the great and imposing structure known as the Union Arch, which was constructed while Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War.

BUTLERISM REVIVED IN MASSACHUSETTS (From the Springfield Republican.)

Gen. B. F. Butler, of Massachusetts, occupying New Orleans and governing it under martial law in 1862, forcibly dispossessed the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana of \$215,820 and sent it to the United States treasury as spoil of war. It was very like Butler, but the money, which was in gold, silver, and United States notes, was really the private property of the bank's depositors. In effect, the government confiscated private property without compensation, with no motive save pillage, and that is contrary to the rules of modern war. Since the Forty Seventh Congress Congressional committees have favorably reported bills providing that the money should be paid back to the original claimants or their heirs through the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana, but not until last week did the bill pass both House and Senate. The President's signature is taken for granted. It has taken over forty years to provide for the restoration of the property, and the conclusion of the episode, which began forty six years ago, serves to illustrate how strange General Butler was. C. R. Grant, of Akron, Ohio, replies December 28, 1908: "Referring to an editorial article in your issue of the 22d inst., I wish you would again read the finding and order of General Butler, sent to the Citizens' Bank under date of June 13, 1862, and see whether you then think your statement that 'it was very like Butler' and the inference you want your readers to draw from it are quite just. You can find this in Volume XIV., Series I., of the 'Records of the Rebellion,' page 475. The money was sent to the Treasury Department, then presided over by Mr. Chase, and by the time it reached Washington Abraham Lincoln had in a special message to Congress approved a law by which the fund would have been the subject of confiscation as the property of Rebels even if it had not been Confederate money.

Do you think under these circumstances that in taking this now tainted money Secretary Chase and Mr. Lincoln and the Congress of the United States should be made to share in your judgment of 'pillage,' and that the transaction was 'very like' the whole Northern people as well?

Besides, as to a part of the fund, it appears from the order that it had itself been sequestered from a Kentucky bank as the property of Northern alien enemies in pursuance of a policy adopted by the Rebels before Mr. Lincoln had called for a musket to be used against them.

It is easy to abuse a dead man, and General Butler has been the peculiar subject of detraction in his own State by the men or their immediate descendants who were once glad to have his services in a cause where they were thus relieved from shouldering arms themselves since that service was ended. I was on duty near his headquarters during all the time he was in Louisiana, and the safe memory of boyhood has kept his administration there pretty clear in my mind.

The same generation which has made Abraham Lincoln the saint that in many respects he certainly never was has made Butler a fiend devoid of any good quality, and this is peculiarly true of his own State, into the Brahmanism of which he was an unwelcome intruder. This denial of any merit is in consonance with the tone of the press of to day, which in regard to the Civil War is distinctly apologetic as to the part taken by Mr. Lincoln in it.

When Judah P. Benjamin made his last public firing of the Southern heart, he showed the bitterness of the dregs his people would have to drink in the event of their subjugation by saying that in that case the Yankees would write the history of the war. Time has shown that here Mr. Benjamin's usual clear headedness had deserted him, and goes toward proving that the Southern conception of Northern character that of the shopkeeper and trafficker was just, the danger now seems to be that it is spreading beyond the Yankee limits. This deprecatory spirit is plainly not discernible in the South as to its part in the great conflict.

One great Massachusetts historian has taken considerable space in a preface of his in trying to show that he has used the word 'Rebel' as a compliment which has not been received in the same kindly spirit, I use the word because it is shorter if uglier than its substitute euphemism and, as I think, more accurate."

There is much in defense of Butler omitted from the above extracts. The Republican states in reply to Mr. Grant: "Our correspondent should now read House Report No. 620, Sixtieth Congress, first session, on the case of the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana, the seizure of whose funds by General Butler the Republican described as 'very like Butler.' We did not charge him with corruption in that case, but his performance certainly justified the word 'singular,' which was used to characterize it. Not only did various Congressional committees report that General Butler acted without warrant or right, but Justice Moody, of the United States Supreme Court, when he was Attorney General of the United States, reported to the President: 'In my opinion * * * the act of General Butler * * * was entirely unwarranted and unauthorized.' The fact that Congress has now voted to return the money in itself settles the legal and ethical aspects of the case. As for General Butler's general record, which our correspondent opens up, it is too painful a subject to explore in a critical or controversial spirit. The General performed some valuable services in the Civil War, for which he will always receive credit, but the dark side of his record must convince any one, it would seem, that his character was strange and abnormal."

Alexander Webster Robinson enlisted in 1861 in Lexington, Ga., with the first volunteers. He was taken prisoner at Gettysburg, returned home after the war, and clerked in a store for George Platt. His friends knew him as "Web." His widow, Emma Robinson, of Clifton Station, Fairfax County, Va., would like to hear from any of his comrades, as she wishes to apply for a pension.

Mother (in a very low voice) : "Tommy, your grandfather is very sick. Can't you say something nice to cheer him up a bit?" Tommy (in an earnest voice) "Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?" Lippincott's.

COURAGE OF A VIRGINIA COLOR BEARER
BY LIEUT. C. W. FAHRION, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

During the spring of 1862 our regiment, the 62d Ohio, formed a part. of General Shield's Division, and on March 23 we participated in the battle of Kernstown, Va. In the afternoon we were subjected to a lively fire from behind a stone fence in our front. We struck the wall obliquely, my company, which was on the extreme right of the regiment, being not more than thirty yards away, while most of the regiment was protected by limestone ridges. My company was exposed to the Confederate fire from the feet up. We lost about twenty five per cent in killed and wounded.

We had been fighting about half an hour when the color sergeant of the Confederate regiment which I have been told was the 5th Virginia jumped over the stone wall with his flag and dared us to come on, giving us a closer view of the stars and bars than we had yet had. So astonishing was this exhibition of nerve that my men ceased firing and sang out, "Don't shoot that man, he is too brave to die," and not a shot was fired at him for several minutes. When we thought this had gone far enough, we ordered him back. He saluted us and jumped over to his side of the stone wall, and we immediately resumed firing.

I doubt that this could have taken place later on in the war, but this was our first battle. Neither the picture of the proud young Virginian nor the chivalrous spirit of my "Buckeye Boys" will ever be effaced from my memory. I have often desired to meet him.

The time is ripe when we can glory in American manhood and chivalry without regard to sectional lines, and I hope that the patriotic spirit which prompted our youngsters to rally under "Old Glory," showing to the world that we have a united country, may grow stronger and stronger and that we may continue a free and independent nation to the end of time.

ANOTHER QUITE SIMILAR OCCURRENCE

Account by Elder S. E. Lookingbill, Metropolis, Ill.: "About November 25, 1863, my command broke camp near Brandy Station, Va., crossed over the Rappahannock River at Raccoon Ford, marched about eighteen miles, skirmishing occasionally with cavalry and infantry, until we arrived on the 26th at Mine Run, where we met Confederate soldiers too numerous to mention.. We went in on the right flank of the road about a mile and deployed as skirmishers. The next morning at daybreak we moved to the left about a quarter of a mile in the woods on a rise of ground with a cornfield right in front. The corn was standing in shocks about a hundred feet apart.

Our command advanced to a rail fence by a cornfield, where we laid down. About a quarter of a mile from us were corn shocks behind which were Confederate soldiers, and just back of the cornfield there was a battery that did us a good deal of harm. After fighting in this way perhaps half an hour, suddenly a man carrying a Confederate flag walked out in the open, waved the flag at us about seventyfive feet away, shook it at us, and then stuck it in the ground. Our captain said, 'Don't shoot that man, he is too brave to be shot,' and we ceased firing until the man walked back to the corn shock whence he had come. There was nothing between us and the soldier who planted the flag in the cornfield. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of November 27 or 28. This was the bravest act that came under my notice during the war.

ARMIES OF NORTH AND SOUTH
C. G. LEE, IN THE BALTIMORE SUN

Mr. Cassenove G. Lee, of Washington, a recognized authority on Civil War statistics, has prepared an interesting table showing the enormous numerical superiority of the Northern army over that of the South during the Civil War, Mr. Lee's figures show that the total enlistments in the Northern army were 2,778,304, as against 600,000 in the Confederate army. The foreigners and negroes in the Northern army aggregated 680,917, or 80,917 more than the total strength of the Confederate army. There were 316,424 men of Southern birth in the Northern army. Mr. Lee's figures are as follows:

NORTHERN ARMY.

Whites from the North.....	2,272,333
Whites from the South.....	316,424
Negroes	186,017
Indians	3,530
Total	2,778,304

Southern army.....	600,000
North's numerical superiority,...	2,178,304

In the Northern army there were:

Germans	176,800.
Irish	144,200
British Americans.....	53,500
English	45,500
Other nationalities.....	74,900
Negroes	186,017
 Total	 680,917
Total of Southern soldiers,	600,000.
Southern men in Northern army.	316,424
Foreigners	494,900
Negroes	186,017
Total.....	998,613

ARMIES AT THE WAR'S END

Aggregate Federal army May 1, 1865.....	1,000,516
Aggregate Confederate army May 1, 1865.....	133,433

Number in battle:

Confederates. Federals

Seven Day's Fight.....	80,835	115,249
Antietam.....	35,255	87,164
Chancellorsville.....	57,212	131,661
Fredericksburg.....	78,110	110,000
Gettysburg.....	62,000	95,000

Chickamauga.....	44,000	65,000
Wilderness.....	63,987	141,160
Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons.....	270,000	
Confederate prisoners in Federal prisons.....	220,000	
Confederates died in Federal prisons.....	26,436	
Federals died in Confederate prisons.....	22,570	

C. D. Eastland, Louisville, Miss.: "If the Federal soldier who captured the flag of the 13th Mississippi Regiment April ,6, 1865, in the battle of Harper's Farm or Sailor's Creek will write to me, I shall be glad to tell him who shot him through the right shoulder as he ran off with the flag."

Where God's orders are obeyed,
 Now the last sad taps are sounded,
 Now the Rebel shout is stayed,
 Heaven's the happy camp unbounded
 Where the Prince of Peace benignly
 Lulls to rest the soul divinely.

MEMBERS J. Z. GEORGE CAMP

At the annual meeting of Camp J. Z. George, U. C.V., near Carthage, Miss., in August, 1908, the following members were reported to have "crossed over" within the year: Eld. J. B. Langston, Co. B, 40th Miss. Regt., age 74 years. W. E. Wilbanks, Co. E, 27th Miss. Regt., age 68 years. J. L. Jordan, Co. E, 27th Miss. Regt., age 67 years. Joe F. Williams, Co. K, 5th Miss. Regt., age 63 years. Henry Collier, Co. H, 40th Miss, Regt., age 82 years. Marion Wootan, Co. F, 33d Miss. Regt., age 68 years.

CAPT. BENJAMIN C. RAWLINGS.

The congregation of Mt. Carmel Church, Augusta County, Va., was greatly shocked and distressed just at the beginning of services Sunday morning, the 18th of October, by the sudden death in his pew of Capt. Ben Rawlings. . He was born on the 9th of January, 1845, and reared in Spottsylvania County, Va. He went to Rockbridge County as a contractor on the Valley Railroad in 1872. In May, 1876, he married Miss Florence W.

Gibbs, the eldest daughter of the late James E. A. Gibbs, of Raphine. Va., and became a citizen of that community.

Captain Rawlings was distinguished as a Confederate soldier in many ways. Without his father's knowledge he left home December 24, 1860, for Charleston, S. C., and there enlisted the first week in January, 1861, in the 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, Col. Maxey Gregg commanding. From Morris's Island he saw the flash of the signal gun for opening the fire upon Fort Sumter, and he saw the white flag go up when that famous fort surrendered. When his regiment went to Richmond, in April, 1861, he was transferred, at his own request, to Company D, 30th Virginia Infantry, to serve his native State. In his eighteenth year he was lieutenant commanding his company, and was soon promoted to the captaincy on the field at the siege of Suffolk for gallant conduct. After a stay of eleven months in prison, he joined his company again in the trenches near Petersburg, and was on the retreat to Appomattox, surrendering on the 9th of April, 1865. He was the first Virginian to volunteer in the service of the Confederate States.

As a citizen, he took a deep interest in all public matters. He was a genial, high toned gentleman, and was highly esteemed in his community, Captain Rawlings joined the Baptist Church, that of his ancestors, in early life, but became a member of Mt. Carmel Presbyterian Church afterwards, and was elected deacon in 1890. As a Christian, he was consistent, as a member and officer of the Church, he was faithful.

He visited the sick and helped the poor a good man.

Brave soldier heart! Thy work is done,
Thy glorious crown is this:
Thy Master calls thee home to realms
Of everlasting bliss.
Brave soldier heart!
The fight is o'er,
Life's din and noise of strife
Are all forgot since thou art come
To everlasting life

JOHN FORD

At Plantersville, S. C., John: Ford died on March 6, 1908. He served as first sergeant of Company A (Capt. J. H. Reed), 21st South Carolina Regiment (Col. R. F. Graham), Haygood's Brigade, A. N. V.

Born January 8, 1846, John Ford was only fifteen years old when the great struggle for constitutional government began, but that did not deter him from placing his young life at the disposal of South Carolina. His first service was on James and Morris Islands, near Charleston, and in the sanguinary siege of Battery Wagner. His command was then transferred to Virginia, where he saw much service. He was wounded several times, and

very seriously on August 24, 1864, by a grapeshot, which shattered his right leg, necessitating amputation. In after years it was twice amputated to prolong his life, which suffering he bore with Christian fortitude.

He was married in 1878 to Miss Lizzie Lucas, daughter of Simon Lucas, of Florence, S. C. He was a rice planter, magistrate, and postmaster in turn.

MAJ. S. J. C. MOORE.

On December 19, 1908, at his home, in Berryville, Va., surrounded by his family, whose constant care and nursing comforted and soothed his last hours as far as it was in human power to do so, all that was mortal of Clarke County's most distinguished soldier, S. J. C. Moore, passed from earth, and his brave spirit returned to the God who gave it. As gentle as a child, with the courage of a hero and the faith of a Christian, he ran his course from youth to hoary age as a soldier, a lawyer, and a citizen, and the end found him at the ripe age of eighty three, unembittered by the stress of life, but weary of the journey and waiting for his reward.

Maj. S. J. C. Moore was the son of Mr. Thomas Moore, who was for more than half a century Clerk of the County Court of Jefferson County, W. Va. He was born in Charlestown on June 26, 1826, and was educated at the Charlestown Academy. He adopted law as his profession, moving to Berryville from his native town in 1857. He was made Judge of the County Court in 1894, serving with preeminent satisfaction to both the bar and the people until the County Court system was abolished, in 1902.

Major Moore was first married to Miss Ellen G. Scollay, of Jefferson County, W. Va., in December, 1850, and by this union had one son, Rev. S. Scollay Moore, D.D., a clergyman of the Episcopal Church at Parkersburg, W. Va. He subsequently married Miss Ellen Kownslar, a daughter of the late Dr. Randolph Kownslar, and by this latter marriage had one son, Dr. Lawson B. Moore, of Natural Bridge, Va., and five daughters.

When Major Moore went to Berryville as a young man, he identified himself with a military company there, and later as first lieutenant took part in the occupation of Harper's Ferry directly after the passage of the ordinance of secession by the Virginia Convention. When the inevitable conflict of 1861 came upon the South and Virginia called upon her sons to defend her soil, he decided that his allegiance was first due to his State.

Subsequent to the capture of Harper's Ferry his company was assigned as Company I to the brigade of Gen. T. J. Jackson, and was in the first battle of Manassas. Having been promoted captain, he led his company through the campaign of 1862 in the Shenandoah Valley, receiving wounds at Kernstown, and taking part in the battles of McDowell, Winchester, and Port Republic, and then at the engagements of Cedar Mountain and Second Manassas, In the latter battle (at Groveton) he was seriously wounded, and upon

recovery was appointed assistant adjutant general of Jackson's old division. In this capacity he participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Mine Run, and entered the Wilderness campaign of 1864, being again severely wounded in the first day's fighting. On recovery he was assigned to the staff of Gen. Jubal A. Early, and served with him in the battle of Winchester, where he was promoted to be adjutant general and chief of staff. While on General Early's staff he took part in the battles of Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, and Waynesboro.

He was the first Commander of the J. E. B. Stuart Camp of Confederate Veterans of Berryville, and the Sons of Veterans similarly honored him.

HON. J. L. MCCASKILL

Hon. J. L. McCaskill, Chancellor of the Second Chancery District of Mississippi and Adjutant General of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., died at his home, in Brandon, Miss., on December 6, in his sixty ninth year.

He enlisted in the Burt Rifles, Company K, 18th Mississippi Regiment, in 1861, and participated in the battles of Manassas, Leesburg, Lee's Mill, Seven Pines, Seven Days' Battle at Maryland Heights, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg (where he was wounded), and Fredericksburg (where he was captured). After being exchanged he was at Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Lost Mountain, Peachtree Creek, and Atlanta. In the latter battle he was again captured and taken to Johnson's Island, where he was kept till the close of the war.

Returning home, he located at Brandon and became associated with the late Hon. W. B. Shelby in the practice of law. In Cleveland's first administration he was sent as Consul to Dublin, Ireland, for four years. He was a graduate of the University of Mississippi, and was a trustee of the institution from 1877 to 1885. In 1876 he was a member of the Senate. He was appointed Chancellor by Governor Vardaman and reappointed by Governor Noel. In the U. C. V. Association he had been Adjutant of the Mississippi Division for a number of years under Maj. Gen. Robert Lowry, Commanding Division.

He was married in 1869 to Miss S. A. McLaurin, and is survived by three sons and a daughter. In the death of Judge McCaskill the State lost an able defender, the judiciary one of its best Chancellors, his community a true citizen, his family a kind and loving protector, and the U. C. V. one of its staunchest and truest comrades. He was a member of Camp Rankin at Brandon.

CAPT. E. M. HYNEMAN

Capt. E. M. Hyneman died at his home, in North Corinth, recently, aged 78 years. He was born in Owingsville, Ky., in 1830. His parents moved to Mississippi in 1833, settling a few miles east of Corinth. He had spent his entire life there except a short time in Texas and a few years in Florence and Sheffield, Ala. He united with the Christian Church in his early youth, and remained a faithful member. At the commencement of the war he joined the 26th Mississippi Regiment, and served with it until the battle of Fort Donelson, where his regiment was captured. He escaped and joined the 32d Mississippi (Gen. M. P. Lowery) Regiment, and served as lieutenant of his company until the battle of Perryville, Ky., where he was seriously wounded. After recovering from his wound, being left a cripple and unfit for further infantry service, he joined the 12th Mississippi Cavalry, and served with same until the surrender. He died as he lived, a Christian gentleman.

The funeral services were held at the residence of Captain Hyneman's niece, Mrs. Claudia Sherman, Corinth, Rev. W. O. Wagoner, of the Christian Church, officiating.

DR. I. K. FRASER

Ross Ector Camp, of Rusk, Tex., mourns the loss of one of its staunchest members, Dr. I. K. Eraser, who died November 12, 1908. Dr. Fraser grew to manhood in Cherokee County, Tex. He was a medical student at Rusk when the alarm of war went through the land, and volunteered in the first company leaving the county Company C, 3d Texas Cavalry and was assigned to duty under the surgeon of the regiment, Dr. Wallace McDougald, who had been his preceptor. In the battle of Oak Hills Comrade Fraser was so shocked by a cannon ball that his right lung was affected. Ill health followed, and he was discharged, returning to his home in Texas. Recovering partially, he again volunteered, and was assigned to duty as assistant surgeon at Tyler, Tex., where there was a large prison for Federal prisoners and a manufacturing plant for Confederate supplies, and here he served to the end of the war.

Dr. Fraser was an exemplary Christian gentleman fifty years a member of the Methodist Church, superintendent of Sunday schools, and a steward in his Church. He commanded the universal esteem of all who knew him.

CAPT. GEORGE K. CRACRAFT

One more of the "Immortal Six Hundred" leaves but forty six has answered the last roll, since Capt. George K. Cracraft, of Readland, Ark., responded at his home, in Chicot County, Ark., on November 19, 1908. He was born in Wheeling, Va, where he was educated and studied law. He practiced law later in Lake Village, Chicot County, Ark. He returned to his native State and enlisted in the Richmond Howitzers at Yorktown, Va., on December 1, 1861. He was with the company in the siege of Yorktown and at Wynns Mill, also at the battle of Williamsburg, on the Peninsula, where he was taken prisoner. Upon his exchange, and learning that a company of his associates at Lake Village, Ark., had been formed, he joined that company at Tupelo, Miss., and upon a reorganization of the regiment (23d Arkansas) he was elected captain of Company G, which he commanded throughout the Iuka and Corinth campaigns. The remnant of the regiment was sent to garrison Port Hudson, where, after a siege of over two months, it surrendered with the rest of the garrison. He was sent to Johnson's Island Prison, on Lake Erie, and was confined there for over eighteen months. He was one of the six hundred officers sent to a sand bar in front of the Confederate fortifications at Charleston, S. C., to be exposed to the fire of our batteries in retaliation for an alleged crime of the same character perpetrated by the military authorities at Charleston on six hundred of the Federal prisoners. It is a matter of historic honor that our immortal six hundred remained true to the end under the terrible exposure to shot and shell from the batteries of their comrades.

Captain Cracraft was later sent to Fort Delaware and from there exchanged. After the war he returned to his home in Arkansas and engaged in cotton planting, and he accumulated a fine property. He is survived by a devoted wife, one son (named for him) and one daughter, by whom he was idolized as husband and father. He was beloved by all who knew him. He was buried in the Little Rock Confederate cemetery. His pallbearers were Gens. B. W. Green, A. J. Snodgrass, and J. Kellogg, and Capts. William Watkins, James Colton, and C. H. Gates.

[Above data are from James McMurray, Luna Landing, Ark.]

MRS. MARY ISABELLA PITMAN

On the night of December 1, 1908, Mrs. Mary I. Pitman died at the home of her son in law. Dr. J. P. Douglas, at Arlington, Tenn. She was born in Mecklenburg County, N. C., in 1823, her father, W. T. Alexander, being one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. There were five Alexanders who signed that document. W. T. Alexander removed his family to Tennessee in 1833, and died in Fayette County some years ago. His daughter Mary became the second wife of Capt. Henry Monger Pitman, a

Mexican War veteran, who located at Withe Depot, near Arlington, in 1856, and was the first depot agent at that place. The two sons of his first marriage served gallantly as Confederate soldiers, R. W. Pitman entered the army as captain of Company H, 13th Tennessee Infantry, and became lieutenant colonel of that regiment, while his brother, Sidney Pitman, served as a private soldier. The husbands of his daughters were also soldiers of the Confederacy. Of the second marriage there were three daughters and two sons.

Mrs. Pitman was a remarkable woman, noted for her calmness, patience, and charity. In her life was exemplified the highest type of womanhood.

JAMES LUSLY

James Lusly died at the Confederate Home, Pikesville, Md., December 5, 1908, after a long illness. He was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1835, and at the beginning of the war left his home, in Baltimore, crossed the Potomac River into Virginia, and cast his fortune with the South, enlisting in Company F, 1st Maryland Infantry, J. Louis Smith captain commanding. At the end of the year for which he had enlisted he reenlisted in that celebrated battery of Stuart's Horse Artillery, commanded by Capt. James Breathed, that magnificent and peerless commander, afterwards major of Horse Artillery. With faithful and well performed service to his credit in this battery, Comrade Lusly, with others, was transferred to the Maryland Line, reporting to Capt. Aug F. Schwartz, commanding Company F, 1st Battalion of Maryland Cavalry, commanded by Lieut. Col. G. W. Dorsey, of Maryland. He remained in that command until Colonel Dorsey was ordered to disband the battalion by Gen. T. T. Munford, commanding the division, which was done at Cloverdale, Botetourt County, Va., April 28, 1865. Comrade Lusly returned to his home, in Baltimore, and there resided until compelled by reason of ill health to enter the Confederate Home at Pikesville April 1, 1890. He was laid to rest in Loudon Park Cemetery, among the comrades there resting until the great reveille shall sound.

W. C. LOVELESS

William C. Loveless was born in Campbell County, Ga., January 15, 1840. He went into the war early in the struggle, and remained until the surrender at Appomattox, serving as a member of the 7th Georgia Infantry, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. He was wounded but once, it is thought, during the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond. He was converted in a meeting held near Richmond, and afterwards lived a consistent Christian life. He returned home after the surrender, and in 1866 was married to Miss Jennie Hill, who survives him with their children. Comrade Loveless had been a resident of Union County, Miss., since 1887. He was taken sick soon after returning from the Birmingham Reunion, and lingered till October II, when he was called to join "comrades across the river."

MEXICAN WAR AND CONFEDERATE VETERAN

George Brittain, eighty years old, died at his home, near Jacksonville, Ala., in September. He was an old Mexican veteran, going West with Gen. William H. Forney and others. At the Confederate Reunion at Sulphur Springs last August he was present and enjoyed meeting old friends and comrades. Being a Confederate veteran as well as a Mexican veteran, he drew two pensions.

BUNCH. William W. Bunch, the last color bearer of Maxey Gregg's 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, died at his home, in Augusta, Ga., on November 6, 1908, aged sixty eight years.

JAMES T. TRUSSELL

James Temple Trussell was born in Loudoun County, Va., February 4, 1830, and died January 1, 1909. Mr. Trussell moved with his family from Loudoun County, Va., to Jefferson County, W. Va. (then Virginia), in 1844. During the Civil War he served from 1861 to 1862 in Company A, 2d Virginia Infantry, and from 1862 to 1865 he served in Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, under Stonewall Jackson. During his latter years he was a "retired farmer." His quiet Christian life and his sterling integrity were his characteristic traits. Very few knew him well but they were his ardent friends.

He was an intimate friend of the late Hon. William L. Wilson, Postmaster General in President Cleveland's last Cabinet. During the war he and Wilson belonged to the same company, and frequently in crossing streams or rough places Mr. Trussell carried Mr. Wilson over in his arms, as Wilson was a small, delicate man and much the younger of the two. Mr. Trussell gave delightful reminiscences of the war. They were free from egotism.

Mr. Trussell passed peacefully to his rest after a short illness, being confined to his bed but a few hours. To the last he was true to his principles, doing the right as he saw the right. Above all, he was a kindly Christian gentleman. If he could say nothing good of any one, he said nothing at all. He was laid away in Edgehill Cemetery, Charlestown, W. Va. It overlooks the beautiful Valley of Virginia, with the Blue Ridge he loved so well in the distance.

Mr. Trussell left a wife (who was a Miss Virginia Garden, of Loudoun County), two daughters (Miss Sarah J. and Miss Lynn Granthan), and one son (James E. Trussell), all of Loudoun County. As I stood beside his grave these words came to me: "Let me die the

death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" [From sketch by his friend, Charles C. Lucas. M.D.]

J. I. CANNON

J. Irvin Cannon died at his home, near Morgan Springs, Ala., September 15. He was born in the same community in 1846, and resided there continuously with the exception of a few years in Texas.

He enlisted in 1863 in Captain McCaw's company, D, 62d Alabama, at the age of eighteen, and served with this command to the close of the war as second sergeant of his company. The regiment was made up of boys of eighteen years and under, and did valiant service at Chehaw, near Tuskegee, and at Spanish Fort and Blakely, near Mobile, in a sixteen days' fight at these places, in which the regiment was continuously engaged.

Comrade Cannon was married to Miss Hopkins in 1867, and to them ten children were born, five boys and five girls. He had been a consistent Church member from boyhood, and was a gallant soldier, a kind and faithful friend and considerate neighbor, and a high minded, useful citizen.

COL. LEGH WILBER REID

Col, L. W. Reid, who had been in failing health for a long time, died at his residence, on Duke Street, Alexandria, Va., Thanksgiving morning, November 26, 1908. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Jackson, of Fredericksburg, and three children.

Colonel Reid was a son of the late James H. Reid, who for many years was Secretary and Treasurer of the Orange and Alexandria (now Southern) Railroad Company. He was born at Brentsville, Prince William County, seventy five years ago. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was superintendent of a large oil company, making oil from coal, in Kanawha County, W. Va. He had previously graduated at the Virginia Military Institute, standing second in the class of 1858. He entered the 36th Virginia Regiment as lieutenant colonel, and served gallantly throughout the four years' conflict. Colonel Reid was wounded at Fort Donelson and lost a leg in the action near Woodstock in October, 1864.

At the close of hostilities Colonel Reid resumed his residence in Alexandria, where he had lived from his sixteenth year, and at the death of his father, over forty years ago, he succeeded him as Secretary of the Orange, Alexandria, and Manassas Railroad, a position he held up to 1885, when he became Assistant Register of the Treasury under Grover

Cleveland. Previous to this he had been a member of the Board of Aldermen. He was also President of the Charlottesville and Rapidan Railroad and a director in that company, and for years past had been a vestryman of St. Paul's Church.

A few years ago failing health compelled Colonel Reid to abandon the active business life he had been following, and more recently he had been confined to his home.

Colonel Reid was the true type of the Virginia gentleman. Precise and methodical throughout life, he filled every position he had occupied in the most satisfactory manner, and enjoyed the esteem of all who were associated with him.

MASHBURN

William Mashburn was born in Polk County, Tenn., in 1840, and died at Hytop, Ala., on January 3, 1909. He served as a private in Company E, 62d Tennessee Regiment Volunteers, and was in the siege under General Pemberton at Vicksburg in July, 1863. He had been a resident of Jackson County, Ala., since the war.

MRS. MODENA WHITE

Again death has visited us, taking this time our respected and dearly loved Second Vice President, Mrs. M. A. White. She will be sadly missed. Her independent and freely spoken sentiments, her generous and loving cooperation furnished strength and courage to us. It was at her home that our first meeting was held, when a little band of women secured a charter and organized the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter. Mrs. White attended our October meeting after an absence in the South, and every one had a hearty greeting for her. A week later she became ill, and in less than a month she was gone. One of her last acts was to make some badges for our Chapter.

As Mrs. Field's gift of the Confederate flag has been displayed at every meeting since her death, I earnestly hope the badges made by Mrs. White may be similarly honored.

Mrs. White was buried beside her husband in Trenton, Ky., on November 27, the date set for our November meeting and bazaar, which out of respect to her memory was postponed.

[The foregoing sketch is by Mrs. Frank A. Owen, President of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter of Evansville, Ind. Mrs. White had lived with her son in law, Mr. J. Y. Cabaniss, for nearly a quarter of a century. Her recent visit in Florida was to her granddaughter, Mrs. James Dobbin, who as Miss Hallie Gray Cabaniss was maid of honor for the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C., at the New Orleans Convention.]

A. J. STUART

In Denver, Colo., on the 3d of November Comrade A. J. Stuart answered the final call at the age of seventy five years. He was born and reared in Tennessee, near Nashville, and served with the intrepid Forrest, bearing the colors of his command through leaden hail. He was wounded (lost one arm), but returned to the command, and sounded the bugle charge to death on many battlefields. He was a Southern patriot, true till his sun went down, and at his earnest request his body was laid in Southern soil in the cemetery at Eastland, Tex. He was a charter member of John C. Upton Camp, No. 43, faithful to its purposes, and loyal to his comrades.

STEPHEN DECATUR ELLIS

Stephen D. Ellis was born in Lincoln County, Tenn, December 26, 1833, and died at his home, near Wanda, Newton County, Mo., September 17, 1907, surrounded by his family and many lifelong friends. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. A. Patton.

He was married October 17, 1855, to Mary E. Cummings, who survives him. To this union were born five children: Mrs. Hattie Hale, Wanda, Mo., Mrs. Frances Lewis, Sweetwater, Mo., Frank D. Ellis, Tulsa, Okla., Fredoria T. Ellis, who died in infancy, Mrs. Ida White, Wanda, Mo. Besides these, he had many relatives and friends.

Comrade Ellis went to Missouri in 1857 and settled in Newton County. His convictions were strong, and he was strong for what he conceived to be right. When our country was at war, he went promptly to the front. At the close of the war he battled with depressing financial conditions, but he was never discouraged, and always looked upon the sunny side of life.

He united with the M. E. Church, South, at Wanda in 1866, and lived the consecrated Christian to the end. He was preeminently a patient man, he did not worry about the things that should be left alone with God. He accepted that God doeth all things well. He was a strong man physically and morally. We shall ever cherish his memory.

MRS. P. C. CARLTON

One who loved her writes of the wife of P. C. Carlton, member of the U. D. C. Chapter at Statesville, N. C.: "Yes, if I had known that the angels were to come so soon and bear her pure spirit to the paradise of God, I would have held her hand at parting in a warmer, tenderer clasp, and told her how dear our friendship had always been if I had known. But now it is too late, she is far above the cold white stars, while her friend of long years

weeps above a new made grave. This dear friend of mine was a gentle, refined, womanly woman, and the quiet dignity, added to many graces, gave her a charming personality that drew to her many admiring friends. The little world where she was best known, where her loyalty and love shone out like some guiding star, was in the home. Her best service was given in making that home the dearest spot on earth to her children. She believed that motherhood was the highest and most sacred trust ever committed to woman, she believed in the old fashioned idea that the successful home builder must make a surrender of self for the best interests of those given into her keeping. She lived with her children, this patient, loving little mother, and now her children rise up and call her blessed. Another conspicuous trait in the life of this dear friend was her faith in the loyalty of her friends, always believing them true until reluctantly compelled to distrust their sincerity. She could not be happy until by a heart to heart explanation all barriers were removed and their friendship cemented anew. This kind of friendship allies us to the angels. Upon the new made grave of this little mother and truest friend I beg to lay a wreath of immortelles, culled from her own sweet Christian life."

CAPT. JOHN P. BURKHART

On January 12, 1909, at the home of an old war comrade, Capt. H. H. Duff, a noble son of the South, Capt. J. P. Burkhart, C. S. A., answered the last roll call. He passed over the boundary line to join that glorious army gone before. He faced death, as he had faced other formidable foes, with, a smile on his lips.

Captain Burkhart was born in Goliad, Tex., in 1844. His early years were spent in his native State, and at the breaking out of the War between the States he enlisted with the 8th Texas Cavalry, Terry's Rangers, whose record is well known to all readers of history. He so served his country during the four years of bitter strife, and at the close of the war, in 1865, he went West, and for more than thirty years was a resident of Portland, Oregon.

His faults were few, his virtues many, a man of noble impulses, a ready friend, and a generous foe, a man of strong prejudices, but tolerant withal, his genial, kindly spirit shedding sunshine and cheer wherever he went.

Captain Burkhart was the first adjutant of the local Camp of Confederate Veterans, being instrumental in its organization in Portland. He assisted also in the organization of Oregon Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and his sympathy and commendation of their work through six years of struggle because of the unpopularity of the movement makes his death a personal loss to this organization, and the memory of his service will live.

His funeral was conducted in the chapel of the Sellwood Crematorium January 14. The beautiful and impressive burial service of the Christian Science Church was read by Miss A. Friendlich, of the First Church. This was preceded by a short service in charge of the Confederate Veterans, at which Col. L. C. Garrigus paid an appropriate tribute to the

useful and valiant life of the departed. The casket was draped with General Beauregard's battle flag, which is owned by Mrs. Preston Smith, of Portland, Oregon. A number of beautiful floral offerings were sent, conspicuous among which was the Confederate flag reproduced in red and white roses, a tribute from the Oregon Chapter, U. D. C.

[The foregoing is from a report by Miss Nannie Duff Silva, Corresponding Secretary Portland Chapter, U. D. C.]

CAPT. THOMAS J. TOWLER

Capt. Thomas J. Towler, a citizen of Canton, Tex., passed quietly away on January 21, 1909, honored and beloved by all who knew him. He had lived in Canton all his life except during the time of his active service in the war. He was a member of Company G, Texas Cavalry, and a brave and zealous soldier, bearing wounds and deprivations with soldierly fortitude. After the war, he returned to Canton, and made as good a citizen as he had a soldier, always upholding the highest interest of his city.

He was in failing health for several months, and bore his sufferings with all the quiet endurance that had marked his soldier life. He had many sympathizing friends. The last services were conducted by the Masons, and were attended by a large concourse of people.

MORRIS HARVEY, FAYETTEVILLE, W, VA.

Morris Harvey, a brave and faithful Confederate soldier and a distinguished, successful, and useful citizen, died at Fayetteville, W. Va., on April 5, 1908. Fortunate in all business ventures, the benefactor to hundreds of his fellow citizens, the proudest of all his life's record was his connection with the Confederate army. Full of honors, full of years, he was laid to rest in the cemetery at Fayetteville, where his life's work had been done.

Entering the war early in Capt. Phil Thurmond's company, he did service in Southwest Virginia and West Virginia under General Echols until the end of the struggle.

In connection with his Confederate service, on one occasion he captured three Federal soldiers alone and disarmed and carried them into the Confederate lines. He was a man of high courage, and although well advanced in years at the time of the war, he bore all its hardships and passed all its dangers without complaint and with the proud consciousness of having discharged his every duty as a soldier.

After the war he engaged in business, purchasing a large number of acres of coal lands, and became earnest and helpful in building the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad through West Virginia, Advance in his coal lands made him a man of wealth, which he used to splendid purposes. He made large contributions to Morris Harvey College, at Barboursville, and during his life gave more than \$75,000 to this institution. He organized many business enterprises, including the Fayette National Bank, all of which were successful. No Confederate soldier ever asked for his aid or assistance in vain. To the veterans his hand was open as "melting day to charity."

In the development of West Virginia, especially in the section that he lived, he was most useful and distinguished. His life was one of service and blessing to his fellow men.

Loved, honored, trusted, and respected, he was followed to his last resting place by hundreds whom he had assisted, and his memory will long remain green in the community in which he was known.

Stricken with paralysis, he lived only four days. He retained his consciousness and courage to the end.

N. B. CRISS

[By R. N. Provine, Commander of Camp 553 U. C. V. N. B.]

Criss was familiarly known as Poly Criss. I knew Poly Criss for about sixty years. He was an orphan boy, his father and mother having died when he was quite young. He had just arrived at the age of manhood when the war came on, and he enlisted in Company D, 48th Mississippi Regiment, He participated in all the battles around Richmond up to that of Chancellorsville, where he was desperately wounded by his thigh being broken, which disabled him for further military duty. He was a brave soldier and a good citizen.

He returned home penniless and severely crippled. He engaged in farming, and was successful in that occupation. He raised and educated a family of which he was very proud, and well might any father be proud of such a family. He was a fair example of the saying: "The tenderest are the bravest." He was as tender hearted as a girl and as brave as the bravest.

He was a member of the Coffeeville Camp, U. C. V., and an honorary member of our Camp at Pittsboro, and one of the most prompt in attendance at our meetings. So farewell, my boyhood playmate, soldier, comrade, and lifelong friend.

JONES

Capt. Samuel Jones, of Company A, Desha's Battalion, Arkansas Cavalry, and a member of Tom Hindman Camp, No. 318, of Newport, Ark, died at his home, in Jackson County, Ark., after a long illness, aged eighty years. He is survived by one daughter.

COLBERT

Hon. John A. Colbert, of Webster Parish, La., recently answered to the last roll, and was buried by his Masonic brethren at Homer, La. He was a gallant soldier of Company I, 9th Louisiana Regiment, Dick Taylor's Brigade, A. N. V. He was a native of Noxubee County, Miss., and came of a fine old Southern family.

OWEN KING

The Jackson (La.) News of January 22 states: "The soul of the venerable Owen King took its flight to the One who gave it birth. He had been in feeble health for several years. His native Irish tongue was always ready, and his wit caused many a one to laugh. He belonged to Scott's Cavalry, and his company, I, went into the war with one hundred men and came out with one hundred and one. His company was not on speaking terms with the Yankees, and seldom saw them. One of the lieutenants, having been captured, was returned to his company in exchange for a turkey gobbler. He belonged to Feliciana Camp, Confederate Veterans, and was presented with a cross of honor by the U. D. C.

Owen King was a saddler by trade, and is said to have served his apprenticeship with U. S. Grant at Galena, Ill. He was seventy nine years of age. He leaves two sons and three daughters.

J. D. FERGUSON

At his home, in Pelahatchie, Miss., on November 2 occurred the death of James D. Ferguson, in his seventy sixth year. He was a good citizen and a faithful Confederate soldier, having been a member of Company I, 6th Mississippi Infantry, Lowry's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. He was in the battles of Shiloh, Second Corinth, Coffeeville, Trough's Landing, Port Hudson, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, Jackson, through the Georgia campaign Under J. E. Johnston, afterwards at Acworth, Decatur, Franklin, Nashville, on the disastrous retreat of Hood out of Tennessee, and lastly in the battle of Bentonville, N. C. He was surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., under General Johnston. He was a member of Camp Rankin, U. C. V. His wife and several children survive him,

DR. T. N. PITTS

T. N. Pitts was born in Georgia in 1844, going with his father to Texas in 1854 and locating at Pittsburg, the town taking its name from the family. In 1861 he enlisted in Company H, 3d Texas Cavalry Regiment, under General Ross, whom he followed in all his campaigns until captured. He served a long term in prison. Returning home at the close of the war, he studied medicine and practiced in his home town. He married Miss Russell, who survives him with three daughters. Dr. Pitts was a consistent Church member.

DR. W. H. McKINNON

Dr. William Hugh McKinnon, a member of Camp Ryan, U. C. V., died in Fayetteville, N. C., on September 29, aged sixty five years. He was a valiant Confederate soldier, serving in Starr's Battery, Company B, 13th North Carolina Battalion of Light Infantry, After the war he practiced medicine in Cumberland and Robertson Counties. He married Miss Ella McNeill, who survives him with their six children.

BREWER

Died at Liberty, Miss., September 4, 1908, Lieut. P. R. Brewer, who was an officer in Company I, 4th Louisiana. Comrade Brewer as a soldier, a citizen, and a Christian gentleman was always faithful in the discharge of all duties, and was beloved by every one in this community. [Data supplied by George A. McGehee, Camp Adjutant.]

GEN. FRED L. ROBERTSON

Special Orders No. 8 from headquarters United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La., December 12, 1908, stated:

With a keen sense of personal bereavement the General Commanding announces the death of another great worker in the U. C. V. Gen. Fred L. Robertson was suddenly summoned to answer the last roll call on Tuesday, the 8th inst. He had just passed his sixty fourth birthday, having been born in South Carolina November 21, 1844.

At the breaking out of the war he was a cadet in the South Carolina Military School at Charleston, but at once entered the Confederate service in the Columbia Guards, 2d South Carolina Infantry. Subsequently he was made an aid on the staff of Gen. Wade Hampton. How well he followed his leader and how faithfully he served the cause is best evidenced by the fact that he was wounded ten times, twice severely.

Of late years he had been a member of the official household of the various Governors of Florida, holding positions of great trust and responsibility, and in all transactions measured up to the highest standards.

After the formation of this federation, he was a leader, occupying places of importance at headquarters and rendering most efficient service. He was Assistant Adjutant General of the Commander in Chief and Secretary of the Finance Committee. He was prominent at all Reunions, aiding in the entertainment of the sponsors and maids and giving pleasure to all by his kindly and amiable disposition and his delightful conversation. Our cause has suffered a crushing blow in being deprived of his services and these headquarters an irreparable loss.

CLEMENT A. EVANS, General Commanding.
WILLIAM E. MICKLE, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff."

It is a coincidence recalled in connection with Comrade Robertson's integrity that at the Louisville Reunion, when collections were being made for the magnificent badge as a testimonial tribute to the editor of the VETERAN, a purse belonging to one of the contributors was found, and upon inquiry as to what to do with it some one said: "Leave it with Fred Robertson.

WILLIAM SHIELDS McCLINTIC

William S. McClintic, the son of Shanklin and Margaret (Shields) McClintic, was born in Rockbridge County, Va., November 29, 1843, and died at his country home, near Monroe City, Mo., November 15, 1908.

He volunteered early in the war from the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, joining the Rockbridge Battery under Stonewall Jackson and Lee, and was an active participant in the many great battles of that command on to the surrender at Appomattox. He was wounded at Dam No. 5, on the Potomac River, in the fall of 1861. In 1862 at Cedar Mountain while working his gun he was stricken down with sunstroke, and never completely recovered from its effects, though he continued in the service.

In October, 1869, he married Miss Bettie Arnold, of Campbell County, Va. There are six living children of this union. His younger brother, J. H. McClintic, who was a gallant soldier of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, survives him. In the welfare and success of his old comrades, no matter where found, he always had a lively interest. He was President of the Board of Managers of the Confederate Home of Missouri, and felt it a pleasure and privilege to see that its members had every comfort and attention possible. Of the Confederate Association of his adopted State he was an active and honored member,

filling with great credit the position of Brigadier General of the Eastern Division Shields McClintic was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, liberal in its support, active and influential in its councils. He was a Democrat in politics, a member of the Missouri Legislature in 1888 and State Senator in 1892. In Masonry he was a Knight Templar, and the funeral services were conducted with the beautiful and impressive ceremonies of the Masonic order by Rev. P. D. Weeks. He was carried to his last resting place to "that low tent whose curtains never Outward swing" by two members of the State Confederate organization, Thomas I. Cousins, of Hannibal, and J. William Howson, of Shelbina, two members of the Masonic Fraternity, J. L. Lyon and W. R. P. Jackson, and two of his Church members, Dr. J. N. Southern and A. M. Vaughn, as pallbearers. The funeral sermon was delivered by Rev. E. McNair, his pastor, who was a Confederate comrade from the Old North State.

Thus has gone from us one who gathered about him peculiarly strong ties of friendship and love. He was manly and true, pure gold in every walk of life.

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well
Not dead, but sleepeth, not even gone, but present still
And waiting the coming hour of God's sweet will.

The Paris (Tex.) Appeal says of Comrade McClintic: "The life of this rugged, unassuming old soldier, citizen, farmer, statesman, and Christian gentleman was an inspiration to those with whom he came in contact. *In 1867 he came to Missouri to locate. With five silver dollars, a stout heart, and two willing hands as his sole capital, he at once laid the foundation of his useful, honorable, and successful career. As justice of the peace, member of the Legislature, and State Senator he proved himself worthy of political confidence. As a private citizen he demonstrated those virtues which count for integrity, progress, and prosperity.

REV. J. M. MASON, D.D.

Rev. James M. Mason, D.D., a member of Camp Lomax, U. C. V., at Montgomery, died in Opelika, Ala., on February 3, after only a few hours of illness. When but a boy Dr. Mason enlisted in the 4th Alabama Cavalry. The regiment was at an early day attached to Forrest's command, and followed that great leader to the end of the war. Young Mason shared in all the exploits of his command, and departed himself with such gallantry that he was soon promoted to a lieutenancy. He had many thrilling adventures when on detail. More than once he with a few of his comrades crossed the Tennessee River to scout in the rear of the Federal army.

After the war, being convinced that his duty lay that way, he became a Methodist minister, and was as gallant and true a soldier of the cross as he had been of the Confederacy. He rose to eminence in his Church, and filled many of her most responsible positions, among others being a member of six General Conferences. He was loved and honored in Alabama as a good citizen, a faithful and able minister, and a man without reproach.

He was for several years Chaplain General of the Alabama Division, United Confederate Veterans. Gen. George P. Harrison, who had been his intimate personal friend for many years, issued the following General Order as Circular No. 1:

HEADQUARTERS ALABAMA DIVISION, U. C. V.
OPELIKA, ALA., February 3, 1909.

It is with profound grief and heartfelt sorrow that the Commanding General announces the death of Col. J. M. Mason, the Chaplain General of this Division, which sad event occurred in this city at 6:30 this morning.

Suddenly and with little warning he was called by the God he loved and served so well to the better world above. In his departure the Confederate veterans of Alabama have lost a comrade that all loved who knew him. As a follower of the gallant Forrest he won honors that endeared him to all who served with him. He was devoted to our cause next to the service of his God, and always loved to meet with the 'boys who wore the gray.' We will all miss him at our Reunions, where his prayers and benedictions were so comforting to us. In his death the Commanding General has lost a member of his staff whom he loved like a brother and to whom he always looked for counsel and advice.

While we shall never shake his genial hand again on earth, let us try to emulate his Christian example and meet him when we too 'shall have passed over the river.' "

A delegation from Camp Lomax attended his funeral at Auburn, Ala., and with the reading of their ritual, following the solemn burial service of the Church, his body was laid to rest in the sure hope of a glorious resurrection.

[The foregoing is from. Rev. A. J. Lamar, of Smith & Lamar, Agents, Publishing House M. F. Church. South, who participated in the funeral service.]

HOW STONEWALL JACKSON "REACHED HEAVEN"
BY CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES, AUGUSTA, GA.

When Stonewall's death was earnestly discussed
By grieving Southrons and by all who must
Respect grand traits, wherever blessing earth
And lending human life a priceless worth,
A Confed member of his glorious band,
Whose fame historic will time's grasp withstand
Thus bluntly gave his views on subject dear:
When news of Jackson's death did first appear
In heaven above, two angels straight were sent
To bring him up, and so this escort went

To Yank and Confed camps, but failed to find
The man whose deathless soul they were designed
To place in Paradise. They then turned back
And empty handed sought the Shining Track,
And as they sorrowfully made report
Of fruitless quest in heaven's eternal court,
Lo! there stood Stonewall of tactician grip,
Who'd flanked them both and made the cherished trip
By rapid, stealthy marching, proving well
Without angelic aid he could excel,
And, backed by prayerful prowess, he could rise
To the sublimest summit of the skies.

LEE BANQUET BY THE C. V. CAMP OF NEW YORK

The nineteenth annual banquet of this Camp was held at the Waldorf Astoria, New York City, on January 27. The banquet hall, as usual, was elaborately decorated with bunting, the flag of the Camp occupying a conspicuous place above the table reserved for the speakers. A large proportion of those present were ladies who, with their kaleidoscopic coloring of gorgeous gowns, relieved the monotony of the conventional evening dress of the weaker sex. The principal toast of the evening, "The Army of Northern Virginia and Its Great Commander," was responded to by His Excellency, Governor Swanson, of Virginia, who for more than an hour kept his audience charmed by his rich oratory in portraying the history of that valiant body of men. The tribute that he paid to the Commander of the Camp won well merited applause. He said: "In responding to the toast, and while it is impossible to recall many individual cases of heroism and valor, it is proper that I should refer to your Commander, Maj. Edward Owen, a soldier who won his laurels on the field of battle, and as a member of that gallant organization, the Washington Artillery, he won for himself imperishable honor on the field. He is mentioned in General Orders for his bravery on the field, and was presented for his command with the guns he had wrested from the enemy in recognition of his valorous deeds. Major Owen's modesty is only equaled by his devotion to the memory of those days of glory, for it was of such that the Army of Northern Virginia was made."

Other addresses were made by the Hon. John W. Vrooman, late of the United States navy, and the "silver tongued orator from Georgia," John Temple Graves. The boxes in the galleries around the hall were filled with fair ladies in evening gowns waiting for "taps" to be sounded that they might adjourn to the ballroom, where dancing was the order until the wee sma' hours.

The great success of this dinner is but another proof that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," for Commander Owen was never more honorably mentioned for his deeds on the field than he was for his great victory in this the nineteenth anniversary in memory of Gen. R. E. Lee. Among the prominent guests other than the speakers were

Mr. Henry W. Taft, President of the Ohio Society and the brother of the President elect, Hon. John J. McCook, of the famous "fighting McCooks," Colonel Cruikshank, Commander U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., Dr. Harrison, Governor Swanson, of Virginia, Justus N. Williams, Commander Alex Hamilton Post, G. A. R., Rev. J. Nevitt Steele, President Maryland Society, Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, Mrs. Donald McLean, B. N. Duke and wife, John C. Calhoun, W. W. Fuller, Gen. O. O. Howard, Hon. William McAdoo (formerly Assistant Secretary of the Navy) and wife, F. R. Pemberton, Hon. J. Hampden Rolf, Nathan Straus, Col. W. M. H. Washington, and Jefferson M. Levy.

ASKS ABOUT A GALLANT FEDERAL MAJOR
BY W. R. ALDRIDGE, SALTILLO, MISS.

I captured a major at Kennesaw Mountain. The day after we had fallen back to Kennesaw I was on picket duty and out to the front as a vedette, when I saw this major trying to find our picket line, so he could establish his. He was crawling on his hands and knees through a very thick clump of hazel hushes. I have forgotten his name and regiment, but he was from Ohio or Iowa. He was a fine looking man, I was only sixteen years old. After he surrendered, two more of our boys came up, and one of them wanted to kill him, but I said no. Then he demanded the major's watch and spurs, but I told him the major was my prisoner and that he should not be robbed of anything he had. I had his sword, and that was all that he should give up. If that major is living, I would be glad to hear from him.

I belonged to Company F, 31st Mississippi Regiment, Featherston's Brigade, Lowrie's Division, Polk's Corps.

NATIONAL PARK AT FRANKLIN
BY MRS. N. B. DOZIER, CHAIRMAN FRANKLIN NATIONAL PARK
COMMITTEE

It is not my purpose to discuss the battle of Franklin, declared by Gen. S. D. Lee to be the bloodiest of the War between the States, but to let the men who took part in that fatal battle, both those who wore the gray and those who wore the blue, know that the members of Franklin Chapter U. D. C., Franklin, Tenn., are making an earnest effort to perpetuate the valor, courage, and true heroism displayed by them on that fated November 30, 1864. That we may do this we wish to have at Franklin a national park. At one time we desired to have included in this park a greater portion of the battlefield. We shall be happy now to have that portion on the left of the Columbia Pike on which was the old cotton gin and that part of the Federal breastworks on which Gen. John Adams fell and near which brave Pat Cleburne gave up his life and many others on both sides breathed their last.

On the right of the pike we wish the Carter place, on which still stand the Carter house and the old bullet riddled smokehouse, which were between the two lines of battle. We

wish to connect these two pieces of ground, hallowed by the blood of brave men, sons of both the North and the South, by a beautiful memorial arch, a monument to the soldiers of 1861-65. We wish not only to tell them of our plans to honor them, but also to ask their hearty cooperation in this work. Will not every living man, both Federal and Confederate, who took part in this battle write at once to the Congressmen and United States Senators of his respective State and urge them to work for and to vote for the bill asking of the government an appropriation for a national park at Franklin? The bill must be introduced soon, before more of these brave men have answered their last roll call.

There is certainly no more historic battlefield in Tennessee nay, in this country than that of Franklin, No battle was ever more grandly fought than was Franklin. Charge after charge was made, the men often in hand to hand encounter. As fast as one division was shattered and broken another went bravely forward into the very jaws of death, until six Confederate generals lay dead on or near the breastworks and many in the ranks on both sides had laid down their lives for their country.

We were pleased to see in the VETERAN for January and February letters from Federal soldiers favoring a national park at Franklin. We are assured of Mr. Cunningham's great interest in our national park and of his hearty cooperation in this work,

The VETERAN has a letter from Mr. J. W. Stallings, of Lafayette, Ala., in regard to the "Flag of the 13th Regiment," mentioned in the November issue. Mr. Stallings states that his lieutenant was shot in both legs and that the flag of the 13th Alabama Regiment was lost. Mr. Stallings would be most grateful for information in regard to the lost flag.

PRIZE ESSAY CONSIDERED IN RICHMOND REPORT SUPPLIED THROUGH RICHMOND PAPER

The Richmond Chapter entered its protest as soon as the article appeared and a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of disapproval. The committee has carefully read the essay, and while it contains much that is laudatory and truthful of the life of Gen. Robert E. Lee, it also abounds in such misstatements and even vilification of the South, her cause and her people, that it would seem impossible that any one could have regarded it just to General Lee or to them.

We do not attempt to refute the charges, villainous as they have been, that were made by Northern historians everywhere in the last forty years, but when such charges are made at the present day, when every true American is using his efforts to reconcile differences, we cannot understand how a committee of such distinguished educators could have given their approval. We therefore recommend to the United Daughters of the Confederacy

that some explanation is due from these learned historians who have approved this "historical essay,"

We call attention to only one point. These same historians in passing on last year's prize essay call attention to the fact that in 1830 of the six universities in America five were in the South. Miss Boyson in speaking of the period of '61, thirty years after, states that intellectually the South was dead and that most of her people were densely ignorant, without schools or churches. How can we reconcile these two historical essays ?

Mrs. Schuyler, in the defense of this young essayist, says she "deserves credit for expressing opinions she knew would be distasteful." Statements and even truth are often distasteful, but if correct history, we would make no objection. We therefore recommend that future essays be passed upon by the history committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. General Lee needs no eulogy, the South no vindication. Verification of her rights will come in time, as so beautifully expressed by James Barron Hope beginning:

In the future some historian shall come forth strong and wise
With a love of the republic
and the truth before his eyes,
He will show the subtle causes of the War between the States,

He will go back in his studies far beyond our modern dates,
He will trace our hostile ideas as the miner does the lodes,
He will show the different habits born of different social codes.
He will show the Union divided, and the pictures will deplore,
He will show it reunited and made stronger than before.
Slow and patient, fair and truthful must the coming teacher be
To show how the knife was sharpened that was ground to prune the tree.
He will hold the scales of justice, he will measure praise and blame,
And the South will stand the verdict, and will stand it without shame.

RICHMOND CHAPTER STILL DISPLEASED

The Richmond Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, on February 13 reaffirmed its position in regard to the much discussed Boyson essay on General Lee, claiming that neither President E. A. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, nor President C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of North

Carolina, had answered the statements made in the official protest filed by the Richmond Chapter.

The resolutions adopted were directed to be published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the official organ of the Daughters of the Confederacy. In addition to the former resolutions, the Chapter on February 12 passed paragraph by paragraph on the following:

1. That Richmond Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, holds itself responsible as a whole for the foregoing resolutions.
2. That the Chapter indorses the protest of the editor of the VETERAN when he says in its December issue that it is unfortunate that the United Daughters of the Confederacy gave out a prize to a paper eulogizing General Lee at the expense of nearly all that is true of the South and her people.
3. That no mention is made in the foregoing resolutions of the oft printed and quoted clause used by Miss Boyson when she wrote referring to General Lee: 'He was a traitor in that he sacrificed all to aid the enemies of his country, but so were George Washington and John Hampden and William of Orange.'
4. The Chapter made this protest on account of the many inaccuracies and misstatements in the essay, notably those in reference to the South's condition as a whole and the reflections cast on her people, her private soldiers and officers. Now who were these officers ? Stonewall Jackson, Beauregard, J. E. B. Stuart, Jubal A. Early, Joseph E. Johnston, Albert Sidney Johnston, Forrest, Morgan, and many others.
5. Richmond Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, feels that neither Dr. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, nor Dr. Smith, of the University of North Carolina, has answered the statements made in its official protest on January 28. It feels that a grievous mistake was made by the committee of award and the history committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy when they conferred the prize and printed the Boyson essay without protest in the official organ of the United Daughters. It considers it unfortunate that the essay did not appear in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN before the United Daughters of the Confederacy Convention in November, 1908, as the essay had been examined in May of that year.
6. Among the statements in the essay which should have elicited protest is the following paragraph: 'For neither as the exponent of a former patriotism, which the results of the war have made treason, nor as a leader of a lost cause, could he [Lee] attract anything but sentimental interest. His real worth lies. in the spirit of the man himself, the loftiness and dignity of his character, the richness and fullness of the soul.' In the next paragraph the writer sneers at Lee's biographers, of whom one was his son, the other his nephew, for endeavoring to portray him as the faultless man, and says: 'For the historian of a later day to represent him as a man of stainless virtue is to make him ridiculous.'

Had Drs. Alderman and Smith and the essay committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy protested even in the slightest way against the historical inaccuracies and the many sneers directed against the South, whilst admitting 'the literary merits and

structural ability and general thoughtfulness' of the paper, a clearer understanding might have been gained by the Richmond Daughters.

In conclusion, the Chapter requests the public to read carefully and thoughtfully the whole essay and judge of its merits as a historical paper to be placed in the archives of the United Daughters of the Confederacy."

GEORGIA U. D. C. CALLS EXTRA SESSION

Miss Alice Baxter, President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., in compliance with a request of sixty six Chapters and of the Executive Georgia Board, has called an extra session of that Division to convene in Atlanta on March 11, 1909, with the object of discussing a suitable place for the erection of the Wirz monument. Miss Baxter recites in her call the history of this monument, setting forth that several years ago the U. D. C. decided to erect a monument to the memory of this martyr to the Confederate cause. The money was collected and it was decided to place the shaft in Andersonville. However, the inscription committee put an inscription on it which was not accepted, and Andersonville was abandoned.

The rival claims of two Georgia cities, Americus and Savannah, were next considered, but Richmond was suggested and accepted. However, this did not meet universal approbation, and Mrs. Walter D. Lemar wrote to the various Chapters requesting them to open the matter again, and this called meeting of the Georgia Division is the result.

LOCATION OF THE WIRZ MONUMENT

The meeting on March 11 is a special call by the President, Miss Alice Baxter, to further consider the location of the monument to Maj. Henry Wirz, the only Confederate executed by the United States government authorities soon after the close of the war. His history has been widely published through the VETERAN. The original plan was abandoned happily to erect it at Andersonville. Americus, Macon, and other cities are applicants.

The VETERAN suggested the propriety of placing it at Fairview, Ky., the birthplace of the only Confederate President, and which is to be made the Mecca of the Confederacy, but it did not have that intelligent consideration that the plea merited. To place it at Fairview in the Memorial Park that is being provided by the Jefferson Davis Home Association as a contribution by the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy would be far more creditable to them than it could possibly be erected on Georgia soil. Fairview will evidently become the South's Mecca of the Confederacy. Major Wirz deserves a place upon the testimony of Union soldiers who were under him in the Andersonville Prison in such Mecca. To localize it at Fairview now would give fresh impetus to the work of the Association.

CONFEDERATE CHOIRS UNIFORMS AND TITLES
BY T. W. CUNNINGHAM, PRESIDENT CUNNINGHAM
NATIONAL BANK, JOPLIN, MO.

In your issue for January your article under the caption of "Confederate Choirs, Titles, and Uniforms of Members" has attracted my attention and personal interest. It is not my desire or purpose to engage you in a newspaper controversy, but believing that you are fair minded in all your dealings, liberal in your views, and unhesitatingly concede to others the privilege of expressing their views, I wish to voice my approval of "the titles of the officers and uniforms worn" by the members of the Confederate Choir.

I am not actuated in my views by any feelings of sentiment or false pride, but indorse most heartily the action of the Choir from a standpoint of right, justice, and liberality, and for my part cheerfully given and most cheerfully rendered.

As far as my knowledge extends, I know of no revolt having broken out or adverse criticisms having been made as to the garb worn or titles given by the members of the Confederate Choir, an organization which creates enthusiasm in the hearts of the old vets who wore the gray stirs their souls to the very depths and recalls those days of struggle for rights and privileges which we believe to be ours, ordained by the Constitution and bathed in blood, for which patriots fought. There is no detraction from the bright glory achieved or marring the undying fame won by the Lees, Jackson, Forrest, and the Johnstons in their struggle for the cause they espoused by complimenting the officers of the Choir with military titles. It does not, in my opinion, reflect upon them in the least or detract from their womanly virtues in bestowing upon them the titles of their various rank and positions, nor does it unsex them or call down upon their heads opprobrious epithets or harsh criticisms from the male sex because they appear in tidily fitting coats or jackets of gray and brass buttons and wearing a hat which was recognized as a beacon light thrown out by those whose right it was to command, whose duty it was to lead.

Let the vets join hearts and hands in extending every encouragement to the members of the Choir, give to them every possible aid, and indulge them in their innocent fancies as to garb and military title, and in the future, as at the late meeting at Birmingham, you will see a growth in the enthusiasm, a stronger tie that binds the present to the past in all of our meetings, and there will not one be found who will not rise up and with soul burning with warmth and holy passion cry aloud: "God bless and keep our Confederate Choirs!"

Now, Brother Editor, sit thee down and reflect, and after mature deliberation acknowledge the darkness in which you have groped and recognize the spirit of the organic law of the land, "the right of all in the pursuit of happiness." I, for one, do not believe that the garb worn or the military titles given to the members of the Confederate

Choir detract from their dignity or reflect in the least upon the rights of generations past or cast gloom and darkness upon those yet unborn.

WHAT LINCOLN SAID OF OUR LEE

From a copyrighted article (1886) by Frances F. Browne: "It is something to be ever gratefully remembered that the last day of Mr. Lincoln's life beamed with sunshine. His cares and burdens slipped from him like a garment, and his spirit was filled with a blessed and benignant peace.

On the morning of that fatal Friday, the 14th of April, the President had a long conversation at breakfast with his son Robert, a member of Grant's staff, who had just arrived from the front with additional particulars of Lee's surrender, of which event he had been a witness. The President listened with close attention to the interesting recital, then, taking up a portrait of General Lee, which his son had brought him, he placed it on the table before him, where he scanned it long and thoughtfully, and said: 'It is a good face. It is the face of a noble, brave man. I am glad that the war is over at last.' Looking upon Robert, he continued: 'Well, my son, you have returned safely from the front. The war is now closed, and we will soon live in peace with the brave men who have been fighting against us. I trust that the era of good feeling has returned, and that henceforth we shall live in harmony together.

During the afternoon the President approved an application for the discharge on taking the oath of allegiance of a Rebel prisoner, on whose petition he wrote: 'Let it be done.' This act of mercy was his last official order.

GENERAL LEE'S BIRTHDAY IN PHILADELPHIA

One of the most interesting celebrations of General Lee's birthday was held in Philadelphia on January 19 by the Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy. It is probably the first time in the history of the Daughters (and it is worthy of record) that in a Northern city they were addressed by the Mayor. Mayor Reyburn, of Philadelphia, made a most beautiful address and paid a glowing tribute to Lee, the great American soldier. A beautiful oration was delivered on Lee by Maj. Albert Akers, of Washington, The rooms of the Belgravia were filled by a brilliant audience of Northerners as well as Southerners. A very beautiful silver bowl was presented to the beloved President of the Chapter, Josephine Poe Duer. The inscription on the bowl reads: "1897 to 1909. Josephine Poe Duer. From the Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, Virginia Division, U. D. C. In grateful appreciation of your arduous work, your loyalty to principle, your great fight and victory won, and your response to the bugle call of love, patriotism, and country."

A reception followed the ceremonies, at which all made merry over a bowl of Confederate punch and the birthday cake of the Chapter. This being its twelfth birthday, and Mrs. Duer having resigned the presidency, Mrs. Henry E. Bohmer was unanimously elected to fill her place. [Reported by Mrs. James T. Halsey, Honorary President.]

READING MATTER FOR VETERANS

The Executive Board of the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home has appointed a Librarian and Historian, and S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, having been assigned to the responsible duties, seeks the cooperation of friends throughout the State. He requests the publisher of every paper in Tennessee to donate a copy of its current issue. He also requests the donation of books, and in such books he desires to add a fly leaf with print about as follows:

Contributed to the Confederate Soldiers' Home, of Tennessee, by,_____. These books are to be the property of the Tennessee Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, when the Home for Confederate Veterans shall have been discontinued.

Mr. Cunningham solicits the friendly cooperation of all who can contribute to the entertainment of these old men, a good proportion of whom are venerable gentlemen. In many a home there is some good, suitable book that the family would be glad to contribute. Such books will be properly labeled with the donor's name inserted, as stated. Newspapers should be addressed to "Tennessee Confederate Home, Hermitage, Tenn." Books might also be sent there direct or to Mr. Cunningham, at Nashville, who will arrange for their shipment. He should be informed of such contributions.

The foregoing is given to the readers of the VETERAN everywhere in the hope that comrades and Daughters in other States may inaugurate some such movement. The old soldiers now being unable to work would thoroughly appreciate attention in the manner suggested.

A GOOD PLAN FOR CONFEDERATE EXERCISES

Mr. A. L. Hull writes on the subject: "On last Memorial Day in Athens, Ga., the ladies' Memorial Association instead of having an oration invited several veterans to relate some brief personal experience in the war in their own way. The veterans had charge of the exercises, and one of their number presided. If a speaker exceeded his ten minutes, he was called down. Ten or more responded, and the occasion was greatly enjoyed. The

departure from the stereotyped programme was heartily approved. The plan is a good one to try. It brings the younger generation face to face with the very man who did the fighting and awakens a new interest in the celebration of the day."

A YEAR'S CONTRIBUTIONS BY THE W. B. BATE CHAPTER

From a report by Mrs. W. R. Bryan, its efficient President: Contributions to our Soldiers' Home Ice, \$72.25, hospital, nurse, and cook, \$48, bed linen, \$30, tableware, \$10, window shades, \$4, jellies and fruit, \$9, expenses of veteran to Reunion, \$6, expenses of veteran to Mobile, \$6. Contributions to Memorial Work For Sam Davis monument (in addition to the \$80 already given), \$75, to Shiloh monument, \$50, to Arlington monument, \$10, old Blandford Church window, \$5, Sabine Pass, \$1, framing Gaul pictures in History Building, \$2, pictures of Jefferson Davis and General Lee placed in city schools, \$30. Total for these purposes only, \$358.25.

SURVIVORS OF CONFEDERATE COMPANIES

John W. Woodard, of Shelbyville, Tenn., refers to the report of Douglas Jarnigan upon Company F, 39th Georgia Regiment, as having from an enrollment of one hundred men twenty survivors, and states: "We can beat that number. Company G of the 32d Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. Ed C. Cook until he was killed near Marietta, Ga., had a total membership of one hundred and twenty, of whom thirty two are yet living."

Dr. A. C. Bennett, of Vinson, Okla., desires information of the war record of **John Nelson Bennett**, who enlisted at Quitman, Van Buren County, Ark., early in 1862, and it is thought was in Captain Hathaway's company of Arkansas troops.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S NAME TO BE RESTORED ON CABIN JOHN BRIDGE

A telegram from Mrs. W. J. Behan, President C. S. M. A., New Orleans, La., February 23, 1909, states: "By order of President Roosevelt the name of Jefferson Davis will be restored to Cabin John Bridge. This is the result of a resolution passed by the Confederated Southern Memorial Association in Richmond in 1907."

William L. Ritter, of Baltimore, Md., writes: "Will Miss Boyson please explain why it took 2,700,000 well fed, well clad, well armed Federal warriors four long years to subdue 600,000 half fed, half clad, 'ignorant' Confederates?"

A letter has been received from Mrs. J. G. Broadnax, of Greensboro, N. C., asking the VETERAN to voice her protest against Miss Boyson's essay on General Lee.

GRATITUDE OF JOHN A. SUMNER

I am glad that forty four years after the Civil War, in which I participated, I am still hale and hearty and able to enjoy all the blessings by which I am surrounded. I am grateful that after these forty four years of battles by ballot and changing administrations the South can still live up to Jefferson Davis's motto: "Be slow to anger, swift to forgive, ever ready to help the lowly, too proud to stoop to the haughty."

This is my glory, this is my song, This is my gratitude all the day long.

LAST MEETING OF LEE AND JACKSON. ORIGINAL PAINTING OWNED BY MRS. J. B. RICHARDSON.

The widow of Col. John B. Richardson, 1212 Seventh Street, New Orleans, writes of the famous portrait:

The picture is an oil painting six feet one and a half inches wide and eight feet five and a half inches high. It represents the 'Last Meeting of Lee and Jackson,' and was painted by Julie. A certain number of steel engravings were made from the original, and these engravings bear the following inscription: 'Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1873 by Everett B. D. Julie, of Louisiana, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.'

I have letters from Miss Mary Custis Lee and Mrs. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson stating that the picture is an excellent reproduction of the features of these two distinguished Confederate generals. At present the picture is in the Washington Artillery Arsenal, New Orleans, and is fully insured. I am very desirous of disposing of the picture, which I believe should be in an art gallery, where it could be appreciated by the lovers of the high and noble in art.

Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography, Volume III., states. Julio B. B. D. Fabrino, artist, was born on the island of St. Helena in 1843, and died in Georgia September 15, 1879. He was the son of an Italian father and a Scotch mother. After a careful education in Paris, he removed to the United States at the beginning of the Civil War, and lived in the North several years. Removing to New Orleans, he established himself there as a portrait painter. Revisiting Paris about 1872, he entered the studio of

Leon Bonnett, and returning to New Orleans two years later established a school of art in that city. His best known painting,

"The Last Meeting of Lee and Jackson," is a composition of great merit. "I will be pleased to give further information about it."

A WORD FROM McNEEL

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

In regard to that Confederate monument which you're Chapter has been talking about and planning for since you first organized. Why not buy it NOW and have it erected before all the old veterans have answered the final roll call?

Why wait and worry about raising funds? Our terms to U. D. C. Chapters are so liberal and our plans for raising funds are so effective as to obviate the necessity of either waiting or worrying.

During the last three or four years we have sold Confederate monuments to thirty seven of your sister Chapters in this and adjoining States, the names of which we give below. None of these Chapters have experienced any difficulty in raising sufficient funds to meet their payments under the liberal terms of their contracts with us, although only a very few of them had but small amounts in hand at the time they placed their order. Another fact to which we desire to call your attention is that the experience of these thirty seven Chapters in each and every case has been that it is much easier to raise funds after you have bought the monument than before.

We have sold the U. D. C. Chapters in the following cities: Jasper, Ala., Eufaula, Ala., Gadsden, Ala., Monroe, Ga., Washington, Ga., Warrenton, Ga., Lumpkin, Ga., Union, S. C., Lafayette, Ga., Prattville, Ala., Clayton, Ala., Marietta, Ga., Jonesville, S. C., Ocala, Fla., Cedartown, Ga., Bennettsville, S. C., Lumberton, N. C., Thoniaston, Ga., Perry, Ga., Hawkinsville, Ga., Hartwell, Ga., Rome, Ga., Eatonton, Ga., Sylvania, Ga., Moultrie, Ga., Cartersville, Ga., Chester, S. C., Troy, Ala., Madison, Ga., Abbeville, Ga., Statesboro, Ga., Lawrenceville, Ga., Millen, Ga., Madison, Fla., Demopolis, Ala., Blakely, Ga., Rusaellville, Ala., the General John B. Gordon monument, Capitol grounds, Atlanta, Ga.

The above Chapters bought monuments ranging in price from \$1,250 to \$22,500. A majority of these have been erected, and in every case we have received letters of thanks, and in many cases committees write that their monuments have exceeded their expectations.

Our designs, our prices, our work, our business methods have pleased them, and we can please you. What your sister Chapters have done, you can do. Would you like to know the easiest, the quickest, and the most successful plans for raising funds for Confederate monuments? If so, write us.

The information will only cost you the price of a postal, and it may be worth a monument to you. Write to day.

THE MCNEEL MARBLE COMPANY

The largest builders of monuments in the Southern States, Marietta, Ga.

BRANCH HOUSE, COLUMBIA, TENN.
THE SOUTH SHOULD REMAIN UNITED.
BY JAMES M. HENDRICKS, SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

I prize the VETERAN most highly. It is true to our principles. In the February number you voice the sentiment of the entire true South on the question: "Should the solid South be broken?" No. The North is as solid against the South to day as when the war ended. National legislation is always in their interest. They always control.

We ex Confederates want this government to be the best in the world. Our homes are in it, all our interests are here. We would resist interference of foreign nations, our loyalty cannot be questioned. No people were ever truer to principles and convictions than the Southern people. None of us regret what we did just the reverse. I am prouder of my four years' service in the Confederate army under Jackson than of, all else in life. We were overwhelmed by numbers' and resources, but our spirits are unconquered. We had to submit to constitutional amendments passed at the close of the war when prejudice ran high. They, forced humiliation on the South, they antagonized the races, and it will end in disaster to the inferior race. There is only one remedy: annul the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. The negroes' truest friends are in the South and will treat them right, but will not make them equal politically, socially, nor will they worship with them.

TRIBUTES TO JEFFERSON DAVIS IN TEXAS

A delayed notice of the pamphlet kindly sent in by Mr. F. Charles Hume, of Houston, Tex., is regretted. This pamphlet contains the addresses made in Austin at the centennial birthday celebration of President Davis. Major Hume's address on "Life, Character, and Services of President Davis" is a masterly piece of oratory. He does not defend Mr. Davis, feeling no defense necessary, nor praise him, for praise can add nothing to his

character. He only "speaks forth the words of truth," and offers a memory wreath of the immortelles of love to lay upon his grave.

In Hon. Thomas J. Brown's address the women of the Confederacy stood out against the dark background of war like the sculptured angels from the reredos of a church. Gentle angels of pity were these women who soothed and comforted the wounded and dying, and angels of supply as well, for they carded the wool and wove the cloth to clothe our soldiers and tilled the ground for food for their children and to give to the loved ones in the field. Mr. Brown concludes with an earnest plea for the Confederate Woman's Home a plea that these women who bore the labor and heat of war shall be cared for now by a grateful country.

MISS MINERVA AND WILLIAM GREEN HILL

This is a very bright, readable book by Frances Boyd Calhoun, bristling with fun and laughable situations. "Billy" is a motherless small boy raised on a plantation of darkies, from whom he has imbibed his pronunciation and superstition. "Miss Minerva" is an old maid of the typical, extremely proper variety, who inherits Billy on the death of his father. The combination of the two natures leads to very unique scenes and laugh provoking situations. "Billy's" chums are three very real children, and their funny pranks will appeal to every child lover. Miss Calhoun not only thoroughly understands child nature, but darky nature as well, and her characters are drawn with a fine humor and appreciation of Southern types.

Many responses have come to the plea for "A Talk with the Boys" all held over until April. In the meantime let others respond. This will evidently be a pleasing and profitable feature, that which we are "most grateful for predominating." Publication day must be advanced, and contributors must be prompt to avoid delay of articles.

END

Confederate Veterans Magazine 1909

Compiled by Margie Daniels

9/21/2005