

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF
CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS

MAY, 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 m elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

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

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

VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1909.

No. 5 { S. A. CUNNINGHAM, { PROPRIETOR.

SENDING SAMPLE COPIES TO FRIENDS. The editor would like to know how it is that many personal friends who are in sympathy with the purposes of the VETERAN do not more generally subscribe for it. A multitude of such persons are unstinted when they have opportunity to show themselves friendly. Many of them would not hesitate to the amount of several years' subscriptions, and yet they do not order the publication that they would enjoy and which would enable them to keep in touch with the noblest men and women living. The proprietor has never solicited a subscription directly, and does not expect to do so. Of this issue a thousand copies or more will be sent to persons whose patronage would be gratefully appreciated, including many pleasant acquaintances in addition to personal friends. After reading to hand to others would in most instances be appreciated.

OFFICIAL NOTICE OF THE REUNION
HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS
NEW ORLEANS, LA., February 1, 1909. GENERAL ORDERS No. 5.

I. The General Commanding announces that, according to the custom heretofore in force, which leaves to the General Commanding and the Department Commanders the fixing of the date of the Reunion, the nineteenth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in the city of Memphis, Tenn., on June 8, 9, 10, 1909, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, respectively, those days having been named by our host as satisfactory. For the fifth time in the brief life of this order the people of Tennessee throw open their doors and invite the survivors of the glorious armies of the Confederacy to partake of their hospitality, while the noble and patriotic citizens of Memphis a second time beg the wearers of the gray to be their guests. They promise that this second welcome to their homes and hearts shall far exceed the grand reception given eight years ago. No city in the South has shown such marked advances in every respect in so short a period of time, and while the cordiality of the present entertainment will be on a broader and wider basis, commensurate with her enlarged condition and greater commercial importance, it will not be, cannot be, more hearty or enthusiastic.

II. The General Commanding with much pleasure announces, at the request of its most energetic President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its meeting at the same time.

III. The General Commanding sincerely hopes that the press of the entire country will endeavor to stir up interest in the coming meeting, and to this end he requests that this order be published and editorial comment made thereon.

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

**JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME SECURED
BY CAPT. JOHN H. LEATHERS, LOUISVILLE, KY.**

The Jefferson Davis Home at Fairview, Christian and Todd Counties, Ky., comprising about sixteen acres of beautiful land, has been bought and paid for in cash.

The acquisition of the property has been made possible by a generous Kentucky Confederate advancing a large part of the money needed to pay the cash for the property, and it now belongs to the Jefferson Davis Home Association.

It remains for the people of the South to furnish the funds. to erect a fitting memorial to the exalted name and services of a man who deserves the love and affection of the Southern people. Mr. Davis stood for constitutional liberty for which the very flower of the youth of the South poured out their blood on a thousand battlefields, and their survivors and their descendants should see to it that there is erected to Mr. Davis's memory on the soil where he first saw the light a tribute to his sacrifices and sufferings and labors for the land, and the people he loved.

The great North and the great West will see to it that a large fund is poured out freely to appropriately honor the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln at his birthplace. The South alone by voluntary subscription must furnish the money to equally honor our beloved President. Let every Camp of Confederate Veterans, every Camp of Sons of Veterans, every Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, and every patriotic Southern man and woman take some part in this noble work. We now own his birthplace, and we want \$50,000, and will get it, to erect a fitting memorial to Jefferson Davis.

A list of subscribers will be published monthly in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Send subscriptions to the Treasurer at Louisville, Ky., or, if more convenient, to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at Nashville, and a beautiful certificate of membership in the Jefferson Davis Home Association will be promptly forwarded to you. The sooner the money is raised, the sooner the memorial will be erected.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S BIRTHPLACE SECURED

The VETERAN is pleased to announce to the people of the South that the birthplace of Jefferson Davis has been secured for the purpose of erecting on it a suitable memorial to that great and good man, and that what the North has done for Mr. Lincoln's birthplace the South may do for Mr. Davis's.

The VETERAN has worked without stint for the consummation of this object, and its editor attended the first meeting of the Orphan Brigade, in which the project was promulgated, nineteen months ago. General Buckner and his associates took up the project promptly and secured the cooperation of other friends in Kentucky, and a corporation was organized to secure and hold the land necessary for the consummation of

the plan. The conception of this most worthy object was by Dr. C. C. Brown, now of Bowling Green, Ky.

Options were taken by the late W. B. Brewer April 27, 1908, good for one year. The early responses to the call for funds to purchase the required ground in Fairview, mainly in Todd County, on the line of Christian County, were not sufficient to give the management of the enterprise any great hope, but sentiment has grown rapidly. In the March VETERAN Gen. Bennett H. Young prepared a call which gave renewed impetus to the movement, and there has been collected about \$3,000. The options could not be extended, however, and it looked as if the enterprise, on the plan espoused, would fail. Seven thousand dollars was the least that would buy the land. Great hearted and prosperous Gen, Bennett H. Young offered to advance the amount required to secure the five blocks of land in Fairview needed to assure sufficient space for all purposes. The erection of a memorial hall or suitable monument and park area was thus secured.

General Young and Mr. Cunningham went to Fairview and closed the options, making the payments and taking deeds to about seventeen acres of land, which, as stated, is sufficient for the objects of the corporation. Friends there took the most active interest in behalf of the Association purchases,

At seven o'clock in the morning the representatives of the Jefferson Davis Home Association had driven to Fairview from Hopkinsville over a delightful turnpike, and at once began the preparation of the papers. W, B. Reeves, Jr., an attorney of the Association, drove over from Elkton, the county seat of Todd County, and certified that the titles were all right. The property of Dr. C. B. Woosley, containing nine acres with a handsome two story house, was the first parcel conveyed. General Young laid down a \$5,000 package of legal tender, and the Doctor executed and delivered the first deed which made the memorial a success

General Young, with the assistance of Mr. Reeves, soon wrote and had signed all conveyances, and by ten o'clock the routine work was completed, and the birthplace of Jefferson Davis was secured for public use.

The loyal friends in Fairview, Dr. S. E. Stuart, Messrs. Wiles, Vaughan, Yancey, and others, were overjoyed at the outcome, many of the people in the village having predicted that the efforts would end in failure. It meant much to Fairview and to the devoted friends there who so long and so earnestly had advocated the purchase of the property, and had done all in their power to help those who had undertaken the task.

Quite a crowd had gathered about Mr. Yancey's store to witness the closing transactions, and when the visitors slipped into their buggy to return to Hopkinsville, they were enthusiastically cheered.

Much work is yet before the Association. The most difficult task is yet before the men and women of the South who sympathize with this movement. There can be no retreat.

Success alone will justify the loyal devotion of the people to their great leader. The place where Jefferson Davis was born will become a shrine which thousands will yearly visit, and Fairview, where this memorial is to be erected, will become a Mecca for those who feel worthy pride in the glory and splendor of Southern womanhood and manhood.

The place is accessible from railways at Pembroke, Hopkinsville, and Elkton, and the richness of the country intervening would justify an interurban railway via Fairview.

A debt of gratitude to Gen. Bennett H. Young will not be forgotten. To him the South is indebted for securing the beautiful area designed as a memorial to President Jefferson Davis. Let us all be active to return to him the money he so generously advanced.

LIKENESS OF MR. DAVIS ON CRUISER PLATE

The last edition to the United States navy is the magnificent armored cruiser Mississippi. The name State will present the battle ship a sixty two piece set of silver which will cost seven thousand dollars, the presentation being made at Natchez, The set is very artistic and is the work of a Philadelphia firm. The largest piece of the set is a punch bowl with a capacity of seven and a half gallons, and with the old wooden gunboat Mississippi etched upon one side and the new war ship of that name upon the other.

The centerpiece is a fine likeness of Jefferson Davis, the famous Mississippian, and one side of this bears an etching of Beauvoir, his old home, and beneath a medallion of Mr. Davis in citizen's clothes as he appeared in the last days at Beauvoir, The reverse side of the centerpiece has Jackson, the first capital, and beneath this a medallion of De Soto.

A VISIT OF MR. DAVIS TO FAIRVIEW

Every incident in any way connected with the life and acts of Jefferson Davis is now eagerly sought. Early in October, 1875, the Christian County Agricultural and Mechanical Association secured the favor of Mr. Davis to address the Association at the annual fair at Hopkinsville, Ky.

The citizens of Fairview, being apprized of the visit, determined to invite Mr. Davis to partake of a dinner at his natal home, and dispatched a messenger to confer with him, who returned with his acceptance, the following Monday being designated. The evening previous (Sunday) Mr. Nelson Wade offered to the committee a cane made from an old

black locust which formerly stood immediately in front of the residence of Mr. Davis's father, which must have been planted by the father of Mr. Davis. The committee of citizens, composed of Dr. E. S. Stuart, Rev. T. H. Shaw, and G. W. Braden, at once secured the cane and with equal dispatch hurried a representative to Hopkinsville with orders to have a gold head put on it for presentation to Mr. Davis. Their representative returned at daylight Monday morning with the cane ready for presentation,

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

At dinner the cane seemed to be in Mr. Davis's way, and a lady offered to take care of it for him, but he declined, saying: "I prize this token too highly to permit it out of my hands." The band continued to play until dinner was over. Thus closed one of the pleasant reminiscences of Fairview in connection with the visit.

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

THE KIND OF MONUMENT FOR CONFEDERATE WOMEN

An old paper by Gen. George D. Johnston, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., is concluded with these words: "Such briefly and in part is the record of the Confederate women. They deserve, and I rejoice that the Sons of Confederate Veterans have assumed the duty and responsibility of erecting, a fitting monument as a public testimonial to their exalted virtues and services and to the undying reverence and gratitude of our loyal hearted people. Let it be carved of purest marble from the quarries of their own sunny land, crown it with the figure of a Southern matron draped in her modest and becoming garb, and grave upon its base in simple script this faithful tribute: "To the Women of the

Confederacy, unconquered and unconquerable.' The subject seems too sacred to be treated otherwise."

GEN. WALKER ON THE WOMAN'S MONUMENT

Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Special Representative U. S. C. V. and Chairman U. C. V. Committee on Cooperation, writes:

Editor Veteran: I regretted exceedingly the stand you felt obliged to take as to the bronzes for the State monuments to the Women of the Confederacy, and thank you, feeling as you do, for your very kind and conservative expressions. As you very justly say: This is purely a question of taste and judgment as to propriety.' We have earnestly and honestly after more than a year's thought and deep consideration, weighing everything, had these models made, which are but imperfectly presented by the photographs. We think they are in good taste and appropriate. But be assured of one thing that nothing would induce us to urge their acceptance if the great mass of Southern opinion is opposed to them.

To learn whether this is so or not, it is proposed on the evening of June 8 at the Memphis Reunion to present by magic lantern slides true photographic reproductions not of the 'sketch models,' as those are which we have heretofore been obliged to use, but of the full size completed models. If they are then condemned, which I cannot think possible, we will simply have to make another trial. But we do not propose to give up our aim to honor these noble women until we have presented bronzes worthy of the glorious subject and of the godlike heroines and satisfying those who have contributed and will contribute to their erection."

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

The Tennessee Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy will meet in convention May 12 at Jackson, Tenn.

Preparations for a great convention are nearing completion, and the program will be ready for the printer in a very few days. The Division has grown to great proportions, largely exceeding five thousand, and there never has been so general an interest in the annual Convention, most of the Chapters having signified their intention of being represented.

From the indications, the fine old town of Jackson, where so many notable conventions have been held, will leave nothing undone to make this meeting brilliant and successful. The freedom of the city will be tendered by his honor, Mayor Polk, welcome addresses

by veterans and sons of veterans, and a welcome from the Supreme Court by Chief Justice Beard, also addresses of welcome from Madison Chapter, D. A. R., Mrs. Dancy, and from the Musidora McCorry hostess Chapter by the President, Mrs. Holland. The State President will be escorted to the chair by the Children of the Confederacy singing. Luncheons, receptions, and other charming features have been arranged in honor of the U. D. C, Rates at the leading hotels are from fifty cents to one dollar per day, European plan, and the railroads have given special rates, which are one and one third fare plus fifty cents (certificate plan). These are only rough and incomplete notes of the Convention. MRS. M. B. PILCHER, Pres. Tennessee Division, U. D. C.

MR. JOHN S. RANDAL MAKES A CORRECTION

Hon. N. W. Baptist, of Covington, Tenn., corrects for Mr. Randal (see page 185 April VETERAN) : "Captain Boyd was in command of the detail of twenty five men who left Eastport as an escort for General Dodge, but was not in command of the small detail which left Pulaski and captured Sam Davis at the crossroads. I misunderstood him, and when he stated that Boyd was not in command of the detail I thought he referred to the detail of twenty five men sent as an escort to General Dodge. This correction is not perhaps important, but Mr. Randal wishes to be as near exact as he can in the matter.

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 Association throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

MONUMENT TO SAM DAVIS DEDICATED

April 29, 1909, will long be remembered as the day on which the superb monument to Samuel Davis was unveiled in the presence of many thousands of people on Capitol Hill in Nashville, Tenn. A picture of the monument and a brief history of how it was conceived and the work executed, together with the list of subscriptions not heretofore published and what is regarded as the most accurate and impressive sketch of the matchless hero ever written, may be expected in the June VETERAN.

THE MEMPHIS REUNION DRAWS NEAR

The coming Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, the United Sons of Veterans, and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association is a subject of widespread interest among all who are members of or are interested in these important organizations. There is pathos of conditions in this connection, for while many vigorous men and loyal women will be in attendance, the fact can't be overlooked that a large majority of the original

members have answered the last roll or are too feeble to go. While good cheer and much joy may be expected on the occasion, it behooves the survivors to be more and more thoughtful of the good that can be done at this and the few remaining gatherings.

First of all, the memories of our fallen comrades during the war and since should have consideration. The "story of the glory" which they wrought should be foremost in all discussions. The rapidly growing sentiment among those who fought at the front on the other side is worthy of a special praise service. It appears now indeed that Confederate patriotism and valor may be intrusted largely to the men who won in the end.

The time has come when there should be no bickering or ill temper, there should be no unseemly scramble for place, for there is no higher rank in the world's estimate than that of the PRIVATE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER. Every member should hasten to perform deeds of kindness, and rivalry should be to honor the other fellow above self. VETERAN headquarters will be announced in June issue.

IN HONOR OF SOUTHERN WOMEN BY HELEN F. PULLIAM, EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

The grand idea of honoring the women of the Confederacy is now before the people of the South, and the subject is one in unison with the high ideals and chivalric characteristics of our ancestry and Christian civilization. Then as one of those women so honored (for I would gladly have sacrificed my life for the great cause) permit me to suggest that no mistake should be made as to the form of the memorial which shall show to the world how a nation can honor woman, and for the first time in the history of nations. I am confident that I voice the sentiment of a majority of the South when I say that a monument to correspond in many respects to that of our honored President Jefferson Davis's monument would prove acceptable and grand in realization, and would indeed be a fitting tribute to the noble women of the Confederacy for their exalted patriotism and patient endurance. I am now eighty years of age and look back upon the trying scenes of the days of '61 to '64 with proud satisfaction, believing that while the North had the material benefits of that great struggle our beloved Southland had all of its glory and military fame. I wish you great success in your efforts to preserve the truths of history.

IN VINDICATION OF WIRZ

Col. James H. Fannin writes an article for publication. Colonel Fannin, of the 1st Georgia Reserves, was the commandant of the post at Andersonville (the place of Wirz's work and of his martyrdom through duty), and he was in close touch with all that occurred. He thoroughly vindicates Wirz from the charge of brutality, and he gives a vivid though concise account of the unavoidable sufferings of the prisoners and of Wirz's unceasing efforts to mitigate them. Wirz realized the crowded condition of the prison, and endeavored to induce an exchange of prisoners, but in vain.

A detail from the prisoners themselves were the cooks, and to them was given all food for preparation. Food was very scarce, but it was equally divided between soldiers and prisoners, and everything sent to the prisoners from the North was at once given them. The fuel question was a serious one, and Wirz met it as best he could by sending small squads of prisoners out under guard to cut and bring in wood. Wirz had fifteen thousand prisoners in Andersonville, and of course among them were malcontents and belligerents, men who required a firm hand to control, but Wirz was never unnecessarily exact or strict in his rules and never cruel. Colonel Fannin testified at the trial of Wirz and protested against his execution.

WIRZ MONUMENT AT ANDERSONVILLE

Miss Alice Baxter, President Georgia Division, U. D. C., is to be congratulated in having the worry of locating the Wirz monument at last settled. It is to be erected at Andersonville. The most spiteful notice seen on the subject is from the National Tribune, published in Washington, D. C. viz.: "After carting their nasty little monument around the country, having it contemptuously kicked out of Richmond and snubbed by Atlanta, the Daughters of the Confederacy have at last decided to put it up at Andersonville. It will do as little harm there as any place, since few people will ever see it. Andersonville is a trifling little village of only 245 people, on an out of the way railroad and about a mile from the site of the prison and the cemetery. The Daughters did not dare put up the monument near the prison grounds, since the government will undoubtedly take possession of these and would at once throw the stone into the dump."

The Daughters of Georgia dare to do what they think is right under all circumstances, and the government is not apt to throw any Confederate monument into any "dump" anywhere or at any time.

WEAR THE NAME OF YOUR COMMAND
BY P. A. HAMAN, LEARNED, MISS.

I wish a few words to approve the suggestion of M. L. Vesey in the April issue that comrades who attend the Reunion wear badges showing their company and regiment. Get white ribbon three inches wide and have the figures and letter representing number of regiment and letter of company printed in red Confederate colors one inch or more in length and attach the piece of ribbon thus printed to the front of hat crown. You will be surprised at the effect. The writer has done this for a number of years, which has brought him again to the knowledge of old comrades and to enjoy hours of sweetest pleasure he would otherwise have missed.

AVOIDING OFFENSE ART OF DOING IT

A Church paper under "Talks with Subscribers" in advance of sending out notices of subscriptions due says: "Do not feel that we will send you a dun. We simply in a business way ask you to send us the amount due." This reminds the VETERAN of a lad in a barber shop who was told that he must have his hair cut. The little fellow was in distress, and after being seated in the barber's chair decided that he could not stand it and began to scream, when the editor happened to conceive the little fellow's dread of being "cut," and he brought peace to all concerned by suggesting that to trim the hair would be sufficient.

A statement of account in the most courteous manner nearly always offends. Occasionally the patron responds and expresses gratitude at being reminded that he is getting behind with his subscription. Some say the only way they have of knowing is by the receipt of statement. Strange it is, however much a man may be absorbed in his business, that he has not curiosity enough to consider why a date is printed with his name on the address. He must assume that it is for some purpose. To observe that and remit when the date is behind that of his calendar would save the VETERAN more than a thousand dollars each year. But many will overlook it, and a statement or a "reminder" must be sent just as other unavoidable things must be done to the end of time. An ugly, inexcusable thing is to censure the publisher for seeking to collect that which is not due. No publisher is ungrateful or mean enough to do that intentionally.

The new rule of the VETERAN to give three years' subscription for \$2.50 or five years' for \$4 is working delightfully. These amounts include arrearages as well. Don't forget this and send \$2 or whatever the amount in arrears and then add the reduced rate for payment in advance. Patrons frequently send \$4.50, for instance, in this way, when \$4 would pay for the same time five years. The most unhappy feature in subscriptions is for a man to write that he did not order a continuance, and therefore will not pay. For sixteen and a half years nearly there has never been a copy of the VETERAN sent beyond the time except upon the presumption that it is desired and that pay is expected. There has never been an illiberal transaction knowingly by the management of the VETERAN. Its purpose and spirit are on the opposite line, therefore let us all be liberal and cordial. The VETERAN has a great share in gratuitous service to noble men who can't pay, and it depresses the management to be accused of the reverse. Now a word of gratitude no, it cannot be expressed: in the judgment day, when the intents of hearts are known, each patron of the VETERAN will see how it is.

REPORT ON MISSOURI CONFEDERATE HOME

Comrade E. G. Williams, of Waynesville, Mo., sends an official pamphlet containing the result of the committee investigating the condition of the State Confederate Home in Missouri. This committee E. B. Fields (Chairman), Fred S. Hudson, and Samuel C. Major are men of well known probity and honor, and their report can be perfectly relied upon.

Charges being made that James L. Pace, the Superintendent, had been guilty of immoral practices on five counts, an investigation was ordered by the Senate. Count by count the committee reports upon the charge, finding most of them entirely groundless.

In the findings the committee say that the only charge that is not entirely without foundation is the drunkenness of the inmates. Of the two hundred men, a few get drunk whenever they can get liquor, and this has caused one or two fights, but the majority of the men are sober and peace abiding.

In their summary the committee say: "We find the inmates well clothed, well fed, and they have comfortable rooms and good beds, and are well taken care of. That some complaints should be made by the inmates of the Home, considering the number there are and their physical and mental condition, is to be expected. A great many of the complaints set before your committee we find to be trivial and without reasonable basis, and some were imagination pure and simple. Your committee therefore find the charges to be untrue and without foundation and that the Home is well managed, and the old soldiers are being well taken care of."

TO CELEBRATE THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS BY W. E. HASKELL, PUBLISHER OF BOSTON HERALD

I send you by this mail a copy of the current issue of the Boston Herald containing the first announcement of the inception of a movement to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims and the founding of New England by a world's tercentennial exposition in Boston in 1920.

New England alone of all parts of the Union has never had its world's fair, and it is believed that the national and universal interest in the historic event which the exposition will commemorate will command the enthusiastic approval and support of the American people of all sections and of all classes.

This early announcement has been deemed necessary in order that the world shall know that the United States reserves the year 1920 for a world's fair, and that Boston and New England will give the intervening years to plans and preparations for an exposition on a scale and magnitude commensurate with the importance of the event which was the birth of the American nation.

PATRIOTISM IN THE SOUTH

The following is from an address made by Secretary of War J. M. Dickinson before the Southern Club, Chicago. At the meeting Judge Dickinson was seated between Gen. Fred Grant and Mr. Robert Lincoln. The story was told to illustrate the renewed good feeling between the North and the South:

This is illustrated by an experience of a friend of mine, a distinguished Chicagoan, who was South shortly after the Spanish war. He met an old Confederate soldier and said to him: 'There is one thing about this war that brings me great content, and that is that it has brought the two sections of the country together.' The old Confederate with great emphasis startled him by saying: 'No, sir, you are entirely mistaken. The Spanish war has not brought the two sections together.' My friend, who was very much surprised and thought he had stirred up an unreconstructed 'fire eater,' answered: 'I beg your pardon, but I thought that it had.' The old soldier said: 'No, sir, the two sections of the country have long since been united in a common patriotism, and the Spanish war simply demonstrated that fact.

Commenting upon the incident, Judge Dickinson said: "There was probably no period succeeding the Civil War when the South would not have joined the rest of the country against a foreign foe. If there was any resentment felt toward the people of the North, it did not go to the extent of implanting any treasonable sentiment in the South in respect to the common attitude toward the outside world.

If the North was surprised that there should be Southern volunteers for the Spanish war, the South was unable to comprehend the occasion for such surprise.

The protest of the South in reconstruction times was against being treated as conquered provinces. The South considered that secession having failed by the arbitrament of arms, then the States in what the North called rebellion having laid down their arms were back in the Union with all the constitutional rights they had always enjoyed. It was the anomalous view of the reconstructionist opposing this view that created more sectional hard feeling than actual hostilities had done. The South did not manifest its patriotism in the Spanish war for the purpose of showing good will to the North, but because that patriotism was as genuine here then as it was in every foreign war in which the nation had ever engaged.

IMPORTANCE OF WAR RECORDS

Mr. I. N. Rainey, Secretary of the Confederate Historical Association of Memphis, Tenn., sends the VETERAN a copy of his Camp roster, in which is given the name of each member with his company and regiment and rank. Confederate organizations are urged to prepare such records. Comrade Rainey writes on the subject:

I notice and read with interest your inquiry column containing earnest, too often hopeless, inquiries, efforts of comrade to locate comrade, daughter, son, or widow to obtain information as to the war record of father, husband, or other connection. For several years I have had the honor and pleasure to be Secretary of the Confederate Historical Association, Camp 28, of Memphis. Hardly a week passes that I do not have a letter

asking for the war record of some soldier of the great war, of one who has probably been dead for years. Sometimes he may have been a member of our Camp, if so, his record stands on our books and an answer can be promptly given to the anxious inquirer. Too often his record cannot be given and it is impossible to obtain it.

It is the duty of every Confederate veteran to join some Camp, and thereby to put himself on record. It has almost become a necessity. The farther we leave 1861-65 behind us, the more difficult it will be to get the record of those who fought in the great war,

Comrades, for the sake of your dear old wives, who some day may want pensions, for the sake of your sons and daughters, their children and children's children, give them something to be proud of your record. The best and surest way to do this is to join your nearest Camp.

R. T. Pryor writes from Mayfield, Ky.: "In the article about Morgan and his men at Hartsville, Tenn., which appeared in the February VETERAN, F. H. Waddell, referring to the communication from James A. McDonald, of Kansas City, Mo., says that Hanson's Brigade, instead of Ransom's, marched the first day to Beards's Mill and went into camp, and the next morning the brigade was drawn up and General Morgan selected the 6th and 9th Regiments to go with him to Hartsville. Comrade Waddell is mistaken, for it was the 2d and 9th that went. I belonged to Company D of the 2d Kentucky, and I was at Hartsville, for I caught a Minie ball that morning, December 7, 1862. I suppose Comrade McDonald will remember very well when the Yanks blew up our caisson. I should be glad to hear from any of these comrades,

MONUMENT IN CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

Captain Micajah Wood sends newspaper accounts of the monument to the Confederate dead at Charlottesville, Va., and of its proposed unveiling on May 5.

The basic stone of the monument was laid with very appropriate ceremonies some days ago. In the excavation prepared for the huge stone was placed a copper box. This contained many interesting memorials, Confederate money, roster of soldiers that left Charlottesville, list of the dead, lists of those whose untiring efforts made the monument possible, etc. On this box the twelve thousand pound stone was laid, and upon this firm foundation the beautiful monument was erected.

This is of blocks of solid granite, the first two left unhewn to signify strength, next a block highly polished, then a die four feet square. This is surmounted by the main die, which holds the pedestal for the beautiful bronze statue of a Confederate soldier. Each side of the polished stone of the base is beautifully engraved with suitable inscriptions, and the base holds three bronze tablets of handsome repousse work. The entire height of the monument is twenty feet six inches and its weight forty five tons.

Elaborate unveiling ceremonies have been planned for the occasion. These will embody a procession of all the military, civic, and scholastic bodies of the city, as well as the secret orders, with bands of music, and addresses by Senator John W. Daniel and Capt. Carlton McCarthy.

A SECOND SOUTH CAROLINIAN

Brig. Gen. R. R. Poe, commanding the Third Brigade, Arkansas Division, U. C. V., writes from Clinton, Ark.: "W. J. Crenshaw, now of our town, who enlisted at Columbia, S. C., in 1862 in Company E, 2d South Carolina Infantry, Capt. Z. L. Lightburn's company, Canaday's Regiment, was wounded at Fredericksburg, Va" and discharged in December, 1863. He desires to secure the address of comrades who can assist him in making proof of service for a pension. Mr. Crenshaw is a good man, but is very poor, and we are anxious to assist him.

THE SOUTH AND THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

At a dinner given by the North Carolina Society of New York Hon. William H. Taft, then President elect, made a speech on the subject of "The South and the National Government." This was so forceful, logical, and of such wide research into existing Southern conditions that Andrew Carnegie had it published for circulation in pamphlet form, for he felt that it would do much to enlighten the South as well as the North as to their respective duties toward each other and aid in bringing about a stronger allegiance between all good citizens who are desirous only of what they believe to be the best good of the nation as a whole.

Mr. Taft is a man of large heart, of warm sympathies, but cool brain, of sound judgment and lofty purpose, and his speech was a polished and brilliant address. He handles the negro question in the South with eyes open to conditions as they are, as they were, and as they are represented at the North. He says: "It is to no purpose to point out that early in the history of the country the North was as responsible for bringing the slaves here as the South. We are not concerned with whose fault it was that there was such an institution as slavery, nor are we concerned with the probability that had the Northerners been interested in slaves they would have viewed the institution exactly as the Southerners viewed it, and would have fought to defend it because it was as sacred as the institutions of private property itself.

He feels that slavery in itself was bad, that its abolition was wise, and that the South is fully to realize it, but he says that it is useless to stir up the smoldering embers of strife by

discussions upon its merits, that the consequences of this institution are still with us. and should be the problem for solution rather than for crimination and recrimination, for the excision of the slave cancer left a wound that will be long in healing.

Mr. Taft says: "Nearly five million slaves were freed. Only five per cent of these could read or write, and a much smaller per cent of them were skilled laborers save in the agricultural field. They were but as children in meeting the stern realities of life as free men, and as such they had to be absorbed into and adjusted to Southern civilization. (How could they have any knowledge of responsibilities? Hitherto they had been cared for and protected, and never had to plan what they should eat nor where withal they should be clothed, for as children the master regarded them and provided for them.") Farther on in his able speech Mr. Taft says: "The fear that in some way a social equality between the races shall be enforced by law or be brought about by political measures really has no foundation in fact. The Federal government has nothing to do with social questions, and the war amendments do not declare for social equality. All that the Constitution attempts or can attempt to secure is equality of opportunity before the law in the pursuit of happiness and the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property. Social equality is something that grows out of voluntary concessions by the individuals forming the society."

Possibly it would have been well if Mr. Taft had carried the question a little farther and added that this equality was desired neither by white nor black, for the best among the negro race realize and approve the question of class distinction.

It is because of the courteous sympathy of Mr. Taft's full comprehension of the South's view point that he says: "The Southern people are high strung, sensitive, and outspoken, and considerations of sentiment are frequently quite as strong as those of some political or economic character." He then adds in another part of his speech: "The Southern people are homogeneous and preserve their traditions. They are of the purest American stock, and the faith of the father is handed down to the son almost as a sacred legacy."

Again: "For a long time succeeding the war the South continued poor. Its development was much slower than any other part of the country. Prosperity seemed Northern prosperity, not Southern, and in such a time the trials of life in the present only accentuated the greater trials of the past, and reminiscences of the dreadful suffering and privations of war were present on every hand, and feelings that the controversy had given rise to remained with an intensity that hardly seemed dimmed with the passage of time."

In speaking of the marvelous growth and development of the South, Mr. Taft gives many statistics, among which these may be quoted: "The manufacturing capital of the South in 1880 was \$250,000,000, in 1908 it was \$2,100,000,000, while the manufactures themselves increased from \$450,000,000 in 1880 to \$2,600,000,000 in 1908. The farm

products in 1880 were \$660,000,000, while in 1908 they reached \$2,220,000,000. The Southern exports in 1880 were \$260,000,000, while in 1908 they were \$648,000,000. In this marvelous growth the manufactures far exceed the agricultural products, thus entirely changing the character of Southern industries. Her growth has far exceeded the growth of any other part of the country."

Reverting to the negro question, Mr. Taft says: "I believe that the solution of the race question in the South is largely a matter of industrial and thorough education. I believe that the best friend that a Southern negro can have is the Southern white man, and that the growing interest that the Southern white man is taking in the best development of the negro is one of the most encouraging reasons for believing the problem is capable of reasonable solution. The hope for the Southern negro is in teaching him to be a good farmer, how to be a good mechanic, in teaching him how to make his home attractive, and how to live more comfortably and more according, to the rules of health and morality.

Some Southerners who have given expression to their thoughts seem to think that the only solution of the negro question is his migration to Africa, but to me such a proposition is utterly fatuous. The negro is essential to the South in order that it may have proper labor. An attempt of negroes to migrate from one State to another not many years ago led to open violence at white instigation to prevent it. More than this, the negroes have now reached 9,000,000 in number.

The proposition to increase the supply of labor in the South by emigration from Europe, it seems to me, instead of being inimical to the cause of the negro, will aid him. As the industries of South continue to grow in the marvelous ratio already shown, the demand for labor must increase. The presence in the Southern community of white European labor from the southern part of Europe will have, I am hopeful, the same effect that it has had upon negro labor on the Isthmus of Panama. It has introduced a spirit of emulation or competition, so that to day the tropical negroes of the West Indies do much better work for us in the canal construction since we brought over Spanish, Italian, and Greek laborers.

Ultimately, of course, the burden of negro education must fall on the Southern people and on Southern property owners. Private charity and munificence, except by way of furnishing an example and a model, can do comparatively little in this direction. It may take some time to hasten the movement for the most generous government appropriations for the education of the negro, but the truth that in the uplifting of the negro lies the best welfare of the South is now being accepted by all the far sighted Southern leaders. Primary and industrial education for the masses, higher education for the leaders of the negro race, for their professional men, their clergymen, their physicians, their lawyers, and their teachers, will make up a system under which their improvement, which statistics show to have been most noteworthy in the last forty years, will continue at the same rate.

On the whole, then, the best public opinion of the North and the best public opinion of the South seem to be coming together in respect to all the economic and political questions growing out of present race conditions."

Of course Mr. Taft touched on the political questions of the day, but did not go into them very deeply. He deplors the persistent solidarity of the South in politics, for he seems to think that many men vote with one party and rejoice in the success of the other, and he says such half hearted alliance is the bottom of the non success of the Democratic party.

In his peroration Mr. Taft says: "The recent election has made it probable that I shall become more or less responsible for the policy of the next presidential administration, and I improve this opportunity to say that nothing would give me greater pride because nothing would give me more claim to the gratitude of my fellow citizens than if I could so direct that policy in respect to the Southern States as to convince its intelligent citizens of the desire of the administration to aid them in working out satisfactorily the serious problems before them and! in bringing them and their Northern fellow citizens closer and closer in sympathy and point of view. During the last decade, in common with all lovers of our country, I have watched with delight and thanksgiving the bond of union between the two sections growing firmer. I pray that it may be given to me to strengthen this movement, to obliterate all sectional lines, and leave nothing of difference between the North and South save a friendly emulation for the benefit of our common country."

The South is infinitely reasonable, and if the policy of Mr. Taft is at all commensurate with his speech, there will be little of the restiveness under Northern rule, Northern misunderstanding, and Northern coercive measures that has marked many previous administrations. The wise Greek Socrates said: "Measure no senator till he be dead, lest a morrow find that measure cut short by acts." Mr. Taft begins his administration to a good "measure," and the South unites in the wish that four years from now that measure will not be cut short by acts.

DENSE IGNORANCE OF THE SOUTH

Under the caption, "The South and Education," the Baltimore Sun states:

In his speech at the Harvard banquet in Baltimore the other evening Dr. Eliot, late President of Harvard University, spoke of the stream of young men who went to Harvard from the South before that section became impoverished by the Civil War and was eaten out by the locusts and cankerworms of reconstruction. 'There is still in the South,' Dr. Eliot said, 'an embarrassment of finances for giving young men an opportunity for procuring an expensive education, but this, I think, is rapidly disappearing, and I believe soon the South will again be sending her quota of men to Harvard

and the North.' It had always been a custom in the South until it was interrupted by the war to send many boys to Northern colleges, not because there was not an abundance of good colleges in the South, but in order perhaps that the boys might get the benefit of a more invigorating climate and opportunities for getting new ideas by mixing with the people of other States.

The Hon. John Prentiss Poe has favored the Sun with some figures and statistics taken from the census of 1860 which are most interesting in connection with Dr. Eliot's remarks. It appears that in 1860 there were three times as many collegiate institutions in the Southern States as in the Middle and New England States combined, about twice as many teachers, and nearly twice as many students. Of public schools New England had 15,738, the Middle States 23,999, and the Southern States 18,020. Of academies and other schools New England had 878, the Middle States 1,688, and the Southern States 2,445. Virginia had more public libraries than any other State in the Union, but not more volumes.

The figures as to colleges and college students are as follows : New England States Collegiate institutions, 21, professors and teachers, 222, students, 3,506. Middle States Colleges, 47, teachers, 349, students, 7,121. Western States Colleges, 167, teachers, 969, students, 22,820. Southern States Colleges, 194, teachers, 1,045, students, 18,999.

The war and then the reconstruction dealt Southern education a blow which put upon an impoverished people the cost of educating millions of a non taxpaying population and which deprived two generations of people of a fair opportunity to obtain an education.

The struggle of the South under the calamities which have been put upon her has been heroic, and the other sections of the Union have never fully comprehended it all.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MARCH 31, 1909

Receipts.

Balance on hand from last report, \$8,872.18. Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$30. Contributed by Dickison Chapter, No. 56, U. D. C., Ocala, Fla" \$20, Jackson Chapter, No. 909, U. D. C., Stark, Fla., \$10.

Mrs. John J. Crawford, Director for New York, \$25. Contributed by Mrs. L. Z. Duke, New York.

N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 4, U. C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn., \$11.50.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoock, Director for Virginia, \$42. Contributed by Pickett Buchanan Camp, No. 21, U. D. C., Norfolk, Va., \$25, M. Levy, New York, N. Y., \$2, Wythe Grays Chapter, No. 136, U. D. C., Wytheville, Va., \$8, Stonewall Chapter, No. 176, U. D. C., Berryville, Va., \$5, Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, No. 177, Philadelphia, Pa., \$2,

Mrs. Georgia C. Young, Director for Montana, \$4.05. Contributed by Mrs. John Wade, Helena, Mont., \$2, Mrs. Will Wood, Helena, Mont., \$2.05.

Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston, Tex., \$10. Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$5. Contributed by W. H. Milton Chapter, No. 1039, U. D. C, Marianna, Fla. Total receipts, \$8,999.73. Balance on hand, \$8,999.73. WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of the Arlington monument. It will stand as the special evidence of the South's patriotism and pride,

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS TO UNITED DAUGHTERS BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, PRESIDENT GENERAL

Again your President sends greetings to you with all good wishes that the springtime has brought you health and happiness and harmony of action and endeavor, with the hopeful resurrection lesson that nature teaches, that if fruition shall come to us later this is the season of labor. Therefore it becomes my duty to urge you to summon your forces for the work that is before us if the objects of our organization shall be fulfilled.

The committees of the General Association, U. D. C., have formulated plans for this purpose and ask your cooperation. The Chairman of the Committee on Education, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Charleston, has ably outlined this work in most comprehensive form, and it is requested that State Presidents and Chapter Presidents in States where no Division exists will appoint a State Committee of Education to carry out her plan. State Division Presidents will give support and aid to the work of Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Historian General U. D. C., for without such support she cannot execute the excellent plan proposed for the advancement of this department. State and Chapter Registrars are asked to respond promptly to the request of Mrs. James Britton Gantt, Registrar General U. D. C" for data and records of their offices.

It is well to call your attention to the near approach of the annual Reunion of our dear veterans of the Confederacy, which will be held in Memphis, Tenn., June 8, 9, and 10. Let us rally to their banners, which will be proudly unfurled, and show them by word and deed that we cherish their service and sacrifice, that we may still be to them as in the past an inspiration and strength. We honor ourselves in paying tribute to these heroes of imperishable fame.

Since my last open letter to you Dr. J. William Jones, chaplain to Gen. Robert E. Lee and Historian of the Confederate States, noted scholar and divine, has joined the ranks of that immortal host who now "rest under the trees" of life eternal the men who followed the command of Lee. Our loving sympathy goes out to the widow and sons, who are called to mourn this irreparable loss, for their sorrow is ours.

The chief commemorative work of the General Association U. D. C. is the placing of two monuments one on the battlefield of Shiloh, where gallantly fought and fell many of the South's bravest defenders led by the great chieftain, Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell there a sacrifice to his Southland, and the erection of a monument in the Arlington National Cemetery, where sleep some of our Confederate dead. This has a triple claim upon you, for, resting as it will on the soil of the home of Robert E. Lee, it will be a memorial to that peerless commander, again, it will typify the spirit of the Confederate States, which was the defense of constitutional government, and it will further mark the spot where, through the magnanimity of a provision of Congress, honorable place was given to some of our Confederate dead and where daily care is shown to their graves. Shall we be less thoughtful of these, our dead? The Executive Committee of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association, Col. Hilary A. Herbert Chairman, is asking every Chapter throughout this organization to set aside one day in the near future for concerted action in collecting funds for this purpose. The committee's plan will be sent out to you, and your President asks your earnest and active cooperation, that a large sum may be realized with little individual cost,

The Veterans are asking your assistance in the purchase of the home and birthplace of President Jefferson Davis, at

Fairview, Ky. Send contributions to Maj. John H. Leathers, Louisville, Ky. Let each Chapter give something to this worthy historical object.

Let each of us be mindful of the valuable work being done by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and show appreciation by subscribing, for it keeps us in touch with much that we should know. Join with your President in making our great Association of patriotic and historic value. By so doing we honor and glorify a past so full of heroic memories, the history of a chivalrous, valiant people.

MRS. ENDERS ROBINSON'S GENERAL CIRCULAR

Mrs. Enders Robinson, Historian General of the U. D. C" has issued a circular letter. In this she suggests that the Presidents of Divisions unite with her in arranging for the preservation of all historical papers, books, etc., through the establishment in her State of exchange libraries.

She urges each State President to at once appoint a librarian and assistant librarian, also select a library city. She gives eight articles, each consisting of several sections, forming a constitution for the library system.

STEADFASTNESS OF THE U. D. C. IN MISSOURI

By mistake an out of date article is in type concerning the Missouri Division, U. D. C. It concerns the Jefferson City annual convention, "the most successful ever held." It referred to Mrs. Joseph B. Gantt, the President, as an intelligent and enthusiastic leader and a most excellent presiding officer, and stated that she was the inspiration of the convention. Part of Mrs. Gantt's address is fitting now, and it is as opportune as when delivered.

No body of women in this wide, wide world is so rich in heroes and in glorious memories as the fifty thousand Southern women who compose the great organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. You, the members of the Missouri Division, have done well your part in wearing not laurels but the roses of peace entwined with lilies of pure love and devotion to crown the heads of the noble, unselfish Confederate soldier. You will not suffer the memory of his brave deeds in defense of his country to crumble in the dust. On the other hand, each year you hold up afresh to an admiring world the unstained banner of his marvelous courage, splendid ability, and sublime patriotism. As your executive officer I am glad to meet with you and rejoice with you over any success you may have attained in this most glorious cause. Like the children of old, who feared the Lord, we will speak often one to another and write a book of remembrance which shall be ours when we make up our jewels of constancy, faithfulness, and love for the cause we have espoused.

Father Ryan says:

Twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land beautiful and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and wins the sympathy of heart and history." So when we Daughters of the Confederacy think of the crown of thorns worn by our dear Southland it should indeed cement our hearts in love for each other and for the cause which, though in ashes and defeat, came forth so pure and unsullied. "The triumphs of might are transient, they pass away and are forgotten.

We believe in the prophecy of the poet priest who said: "Ere many more decades have passed away The graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown, May yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne,

And each single wreck in the war path of Might Shall yet be a rock in the Temple of Right." With so proud a name, so precious a heritage, with the grandeur and the glory of our Confederate fathers before us, is it a wonder that we are here to consecrate anew ourselves and all that is within us on the altar of sacrifice and service that we may add our little fire of enthusiasm to the great flame of love which burns in the hearts of every loyal daughter of every true Confederate veteran? * * * In the Missouri Room, of which we are so proud, we see grand old Sterling Price, superb in his soldierly bearing, faithful,

painstaking Francis Marion Cockrell, patriotic, devoted Monroe Parsons, willing at any moment if necessary to give his life for his home and fireside, courageous, daring, dashing Joe Shelby, undaunted, fearless, lion hearted Elijah Gates, who when his right arm was shattered in battle took his bridle in his teeth and led his men on to a victorious charge against the enemy. In the rooms of other States proudly stand the magnificent Joseph E. Johnston, the gallant and chivalric Albert Sidney Johnston, the accomplished Beauregard, the superb Bedford Forrest, the self sacrificing and patient Jefferson Davis, the invincible Stonewall Jackson, and the immortal gentleman and commander in chief, Robert E. Lee.

So much for our generals. Time would fail me to tell of the courage and fortitude of the private soldiers who endured the cold, the hunger, the strife, following with unquestioning faith their leaders to the bitter end. Their crown was fairly won not on earth's battlefields but in heaven, where the God of justice reigns.

THE U. D. C. LIBRARY SYSTEM

Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Historian General, Richmond, Va, writes April 9, 1909: "The Historian General takes great pleasure in announcing that the Missouri Division, U. D. C., has installed the 'U. D. C. Exchange Library System' in St. Louis. Address the Librarian, Miss Idress Head, care of the Missouri Historical Society, 1600 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo. The Missouri Division now ranks as No. 1 in this system."

U. D. C. CATECHISM FOR CHILDREN

Under the above title Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone has arranged a little pamphlet for the instruction of the Children of the Confederacy. In this small book she has practically taken all the fundamental principles that underlie the U. D. C. work and through a series of questions and answers placed them in a form so easily understood that it becomes an invaluable assistant to every Directress of a Chapter of Children of the Confederacy.

The title of the pamphlet seems rather unfortunate. "Catechism" in Webster's definition is, "A series of questions and answers," but he further defines it: "A book containing a summary of principles, especially of religious doctrines, reduced to the form of questions and answers." The word "catechism" has been so long accepted in its religious signification that it seems rather out of order in the connection in which it is used here.

There are few Confederates who do not feel their cause, and their sacred memories of the past are next to their religion, but there are few who would assume they are a religion in themselves, and yet the form and title of the small book rather indicates such assumption, "U. D. C. Primer," "U. D. C. Instruction Book," and even "U. D. C. Tenets" would serve the purpose of indicating the contents of the book without conveying the erroneous impression of assumption of religious forms.

TREASURERS U. D. C. COMMITTEES IN GEORGIA

Miss Alice Baxter, President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., keeps well to the front in important work for her Division. She states: "Your President is anxious to make a good report for you in Houston, and therefore begs that you remember our State and general United Daughters of the Confederacy work. We were so rushed in Savannah that we could not give full time to the dormitory fund. Please send your contributions for this work to Mrs. N. B. Harrison, Treasurer Francis Bartow Memorial Dormitory, at Rabun Gap, Savannah, Ga. Do not forget that your contributions for Arlington go to Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, Rome. Remember to send Shiloh's fund to Mrs. John K. Ottley at Atlanta, also let Mrs. R. E. Park, Merritts Avenue, have your contribution for the Georgia room at Richmond. Please remember your per capita dues both to State and general United Daughters of the Confederacy Mrs. C. C. Sanders, Gainesville, Ga., State Treasurer, Mrs. Eustace Williams, Anchorage, Ky., Treasurer General."

The Georgia Division defers its annual meeting until the first Wednesday in November in order that delegates may attend the General Convention U. D. C. at Houston, Tex., the third Tuesday in October.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT BONHAM, TEX.

The U. D. C., aided by the Veterans, have erected a very artistic monument at Bonham, Fannin County, Tex. It is of granite with base of eight feet and height of twenty eight feet, and has niches on the pedestal for the reception of the busts of President Davis, Gen. R. E. Lee, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and Gen. Sterling Price.

Each side of the shaft is suitably engraved, the inscription being especially felicitous. On the south side under crossed swords are the dates "1861 to 1865," and the words: "They fought for Liberty, Home, and those they loved." "On Fame's eternal camping ground

Their silent tents are spread, And Glory guards with solemn round The bivouac of the dead."

Miss Lizzie Holmes Hill, T. C. Cain Chapter, U. D. C., Bastrop, Tex., writes the VETERAN a pleasant account of that Chapter and the good work it is accomplishing. Miss Hill is an enthusiastic U. D. C., and says all her coworkers are equally as anxious for the advancement of the cause.

WORK OF MISS MARY HAYNE
BY ELIZABETH JACOBS

The VETERAN for October contains an article regarding some Confederate prisoners confined during a period of the Civil War in Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. There was also a copy of their pictures taken at that time, now the property of Miss C. M. Davis, of Fernandina, Fla.

In Washington, D. C., there resides an old lady who during the Civil War rendered invaluable services to the Confederacy and incidentally to the United States, services so valuable that they are to day on record in the War Department.

In 1863 Miss Mary Hayne, then a charming, beautiful young lady, was solely instrumental, making her appeal to Mr. Lincoln, in having one hundred and sixty three Confederate prisoners exchanged, some of whom were condemned to be shot as traitors to the United States government, among them being Charles M. Reid, noted throughout both armies for his gallantry and daring. Captain Reid was a native of Mississippi, a graduate of the naval school at Annapolis, and a nephew of President Davis.

I have a full account, published in a New York Sunday Herald during 1863, of the capture of Captain Reid at New Orleans, with his boat, the Ram, and the following gentleman, his associate officers: Lieut. W. H. Wall (executive officer), Surgeon Addison, Midshipman J. P. Blank, H. Scott (pilot), and others, together with two of her crew. They were brought to New York on the United States boat Florida, Lieutenant Commander Webb, sometime in the spring of 1863, and were sent to Fort Preble, Maine, and from there transferred to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. After they were exchanged in 1864, Captain Reid went into active service again, taking command of the Confederate boat Florida No. 2. As before, his daring and brave spirit led him to many deeds of valor. He was again taken prisoner and returned to Fort Warren, where he remained until near the close of the war, when, through Miss Hayne's personal appeal to President Andrew Johnson, he was again released, this time to return no more to fight for the beloved republic whose star was about to set. In 1864 Samuel Sterrett, son of Commodore Sterrett, was incarcerated as a political prisoner in Fort Warren. Commodore Sterrett was killed in a naval engagement somewhere between the Florida coast and Cuba. His son, Samuel Sterrett, who was with his father at the time, was captured with the boat and all on board and imprisoned, as mentioned above. Miss Hayne went to the President, accompanied by Secretary Welles, and interceded so successfully in his behalf that the Chief Magistrate telegraphed to the authorities at Fort Warren, and Mr. Sterrett was released the following day. Miss Hayne has now a personal letter from Mr. Sterrett thanking her for what she did for him.

At the solicitation of the Sisters in charge of Kearney Hospital, Boston, Miss Hayne appealed to President Johnson in behalf of a gentleman from Baltimore, Md" a Mr. Mullen. He had been in prison for some time, and his health was deeply impaired and his eyesight almost gone. The Sisters had succeeded in having him transferred to the hospital, and his mother in great grief finally appealed to Miss Hayne and she to the President, who again granted her request.

Miss Hayne is a noble woman, actuated by sympathy for those who suffered for the cause they deemed just. Her deep interest was accentuated by the fact that she was the fiancée of Captain Reid. Her brother was Gen. Barnwell Hayne, of South Carolina.

I have in my possession a photograph of Captain Reid and his men taken just before they left Fort Warren, with the request that it be sent to Miss Hayne.

In those days she had youth, beauty, wealth, and hosts of friends, to day she is in Washington bereft of home and fortune and the friends of her better days. Any one desiring further information about this noble woman can address Mrs. Elizabeth Jacobs, 1226 Twelfth Street N. W., Washington.

RETURN OF THE BATTLE FLAG

During the spring of 1865 a battle flag was captured by the 4th Ohio Cavalry from an Alabama regiment of Confederate soldiers.

At the inauguration of President Taft the Governors of Alabama and Ohio chanced to meet, and in a friendly conversation this flag was mentioned and the possibilities of its return discussed. Governor Harmon, of Ohio, promised his aid, and on his return to Ohio the matter was brought before the Legislature through a bill presented by a member of the G. A. R., and it passed with only one dissenting vote.

Two members of the 4th Ohio Cavalry, Comrade John A. Pitts, of Cincinnati, and Captain Shoemaker, of Dayton, Ohio, were appointed to return the flag, which will be done with appropriate presentation ceremonies in Selma, Ala., May 12.

Gen. J. M. Arnold, to whom the VETERAN is indebted for the above, sends a letter from Comrade Theodore F. Allen, 7th Ohio Cavalry, in which he states that about ten years ago Gen. Basil W. Duke, of Morgan's men, presented to the G. A. R. Post of Noyes McCook the flags of the 21st, 58th, and 60th Ohio Infantry, which had been captured by the Confederates at Harper's Ferry, and he says that General Duke's speech of presentation was received with wild enthusiasm.

Anderson P. Cagle, of Konawa, Okla., writes the VETERAN of a very lively engagement between a company of Confederates and a company of Federals near Athens, Ga., January 5, 1865. Mr. Cagle took part in this fight, and his description of it is very

realistic. The Confederates captured a number of prisoners, and, what they liked much better, took blankets, provisions, and several mules and horses. Mr. Cagle's own booty were three prisoners and as many pistols, one pearl handled revolver even now being one of his chief treasures.

Henry H. Wagner, of Mannsville, Okla., writes a most cordial and eulogistic letter to the VETERAN. It gives many words of praise for the work the magazine has done and for its efforts to establish a knowledge of true Southern history.

In the falling back to Dalton, Ga., a third of his company was sent to Ringgold Ferry, on River. He was wounded in the leg at this place. Captain Drain wants some of his old comrades to write to him, addressing Route 5.

Jacob V. Wilmoth, of Montrose, Va., writes of having belonged to the 18th Virginia Cavalry, Imboden's command, which participated in the battle of Newmarket, Va. He desires to hear from some of the surviving comrades of that command.

Col. Winfield Peters, of Baltimore, Md., sends a clipping headed "Lecture Saves Historical Society," which is just now especially interesting, for it tells of the work done by Rev. J. William Jones, the famous army chaplain whose recent death has given deep sorrow to a wide circle of friends.

The Page Courier, of Luray, Va., gives an account of the sudden death of Mr. N. A. Rust of that city. He was a veteran who served with the Turner Ashby troop, then with Mosby, making a brilliant record for courage and daring under each commander. Mr. Rust leaves a wife and four children to mourn their loss.

Maj. W. W. Draper, of Atlanta, suggests that the VETERAN publish where deceased Confederate generals are buried. This would be an interesting and valuable history, and could be easily compiled. Let every one who knows the burial place of a Confederate general write the information to the VETERAN on a postal card, and from this list one can be formed for publication.

W. H. Achord writes from Jacoby, La. He was in Company G, Louisiana Infantry, Taylor's (afterwards Hayes's) Brigade. He was wounded on the second day of the fight at Gettysburg, was in the hospital in Montgomery, afterwards was sent to Augusta, and later to Guyton Hospital, thirty five miles above Savannah, Ga. One of his treasures is a silk tobacco pouch which was presented him by Miss Georgia Elkin. This he has sacredly preserved in his family.

T. D. Longino, 21 Century Building, Atlanta, Ga., asks if any one can give him information about John Brewster Longino (called Bruce). He was a private in Captain Greenberry's company of Waco Rifles, Colonel Gregg's Regiment Texas Volunteers. He was in the hospital at Clarksville, Tenn., went first to Newnan, Ga., then to Campbell, Ga., and from there to join his regiment in the Army of Tennessee. He was last seen in September, 1863. Any information will be gratefully received.

A veteran from Gulfport, Miss., writes this magazine that he feels that all Confederate veterans would like to contribute toward a monument to be erected to Southern women. He suggests that at the Reunion in Memphis a box be placed at the door of the convention hall, and that each soldier put in it a small sum, ten or twenty five cents, to go toward this noble purpose. He also suggests that all veterans who are unable to attend send their contribution by some friend, so that the box may be filled.

D. W. Drain, of Longview, Tex., was in command of Company G, 15th Mississippi Regiment, in the battle of Murfreesboro, as the captain, John H. Morgan, had been shot through the head. He was also lieutenant in command at old Shiloh Church when the retreat was made to Corinth, Miss. After The Confederate Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir, Miss., the historic residence of President Jefferson Davis, now has one hundred and twenty seven inmates and a waiting list of thirty six. The capacity of the Home is a hundred and forty, but the appropriation is too small to take care of this number properly, and to give suitable care to the hospital, which is nearly always full, a petition will be made to the Legislature of Mississippi to increase the appropriation, so that the full number of veterans can be received and cared for.

A friend of the VETERAN sends a clipping containing the very eloquent address delivered by Dr. J. M. Huddleston before Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V. Dr. Huddleston was born in Gainesville, Tenn., and is the son of a Confederate soldier. He received his love of the South as a precious heritage, and his address abounds in many eloquent tributes to the soldiers and the Southern women who were equal in their heroism and in the quiet endurance of hardships, privations, toils, and dangers which were so nobly borne for their country's sake.

Mrs. Lydia G. Dillon tells of a very noble work undertaken by the Chapter of U. D. C. in Raymond, Hinds County, Miss. In a lot in that city there are many unmarked graves of Confederate soldiers. These ladies are trying to raise enough money to fence in the lot and put a suitable marker on each grave. As a number of these dead heroes are from Tennessee, the ladies thought possibly some patriotic Tennesseans would like to help in the work. The committee in charge is composed of Mrs. J. R. Eggleston, Miss Mary Ratliff, Miss Lillian Beal, Mrs. Lydia G. Dillon, and Mrs. F. M. Price.

J. H. Castles, of Houston, Miss., who was a member of Company H, 24th Mississippi, Walthall's Brigade, gives an interesting account of his war experiences. He joined the

army when only sixteen, and was in all the battles with Johnston's army. He was wounded in the battle of Atlanta, and still carries the ball in his body. He gives a pleasant episode of the defense of Lookout Mountain. He says that the pickets of both armies were so close together that there was much friendly exchange of badinage and commissaries, and that when the orders came for battle the Yankee pickets called out to the Confederate pickets to get to cover, as the firing was about to commence.

Rev. Mr. Jones was long connected with the Historical Society of Richmond, and to his untiring efforts is due the great collection of Confederate historical papers which is contained in thirty six volumes and forms the finest Confederate library in existence. Some years ago this society was in peril through want of funds. The Rev. Hugh L. McGerny, of St. Louis, a very learned and eloquent speaker, hearing of the situation, agreed to give a lecture in Baltimore on the subject of "Battlefield Memorials," the proceeds to go to the Historical Society. It was remarked that no such assemblage of Church and State had ever attended a lecture before. The sum realized, \$520, was sufficient to save the society, which later under Rev. J. William Jones became one of the notable features of Richmond, Va. He was ever zealous in securing correct records of the Confederates.

A MEAN REPORT OF OUR NEGRO PROBLEM

Mr. T. E. Moore, of Lexington, Ky., with many very pertinent comments sends to the VETERAN a page from the February Literary Digest containing an article written by an Englishman, Sir Harry Johnson, in which he discusses the "color question" of the United States in a way to arouse all the honest indignation of every Southern man and woman.

If left alone, there would be no "color question." The average negro never thinks of the line of distinction drawn between the whites and himself. It is accepted as naturally as one accepts blue skies and green grass. It is only when demagogues and ignorant agitators seeking fame not at the cannon's mouth, but by formulating strife, preach the doctrines of equality and subsoilation that there is even a socialistic ripple.

The negroes of the South have accepted and worked out the race problem to our mutual satisfaction. Many of them are hard working, self respecting citizens, ambitious to improve every opportunity, no more desirous of social affiliation with the whites than the whites are to grant it.

Sir Harry Johnson thunders out to an English public that it is the ignorance and prejudice of the Southern whites that keeps back the advancement of the negro. He does not seem to realize that every dollar of school tax is divided pro rata, that in places where the number of whites of school age predominate the number of white schools are greater, and vice versa, the legal division being equal. Possibly Sir Harry has never visited the South

at all, and certainly he has never studied its educational outlook. The extreme poverty of the South just after the war left the question of education a very serious problem. The school tax did not meet the requirements of the whites alone, yet must be equally divided with the tens of thousands of negroes freed and made of equal rights by the Northern law. This division has gone on for over forty years. The result we see everywhere, in educational advancement, in increased knowledge of the duties as citizens, and in the moral and sanitary improvement evinced by the ownership of homes.

In Nashville alone there are several colleges whose curriculum blasts the Englishman's assertion that Southern "prejudice" has kept the negro back. The authorities at Washington have never made any appropriation to meet the great increase of negroes in Southern schools, and there has been no assistance given in this work save by individual contributions, consequently the maligned South can claim all the honor for the wonderful advancement of the negro race.

The Englishman further on in his article makes the slanderous assertion that there is no advancement possible for the South until they "close down all stale discussions of that indefensible Civil War." The causes that led to the war are too widespread to permit of a discussion in a short article. But even the foes that fought against us would not feel justified in the use of such a term as "indefensible," and coming from an Englishman the word becomes an absurdity, for even the most "ignorant" Southerner has studied sufficient English history to know that nine tenths of the bloodiest battles England has engaged in had their cause from greed either for money or the acquirement of territory, while our fight was to maintain our constitutional rights, the same motive that inspired the patriots of '76 when they faced the armies of England and won our proud independence.

Sir Harry's whole article bristles with assertions equally as untenable. Certainly he is no logician, but there is one part of logic he is an adept in the "Reductio ad absurdum!"

A CONFEDERATE ACCUSED OF KIDNAPING

Capt. Richard H. lived in San Antonio, Tex..., his son, Addison H., was in business in New Orleans, so the small grandson grew from a baby of one to a boy of three between the times of the grandfather's visits.

In 1906 the Confederate veterans held their Reunion in New Orleans, and Captain H. in his worn suit of gray attended, reaching his son's home at night. He found the city in a double turmoil, caused by the arriving veterans and the great excitement over a kidnaping which had just taken place. The three year old son of wealthy parents had been stolen and was supposedly being held somewhere for a ransom. Captain H. heard his son's family discussing the kidnaping, and his daughter in law said she had impressed on her small son that he must scream for a policeman if any one tried to carry him off.

The youngster was asleep when Captain H. arrived, so his first view of his grandson was when he was brought in next morning spick and span in his blue sailor suit, all arrayed to go on the street cars with his father and grandfather.

Baby Addison sat on his father's knee all the ride, and did not seem to notice his grandfather at all. Later Mr. H., pleading business, had to go to his office and told his father to take the child home. He sprang on a passing one and left the other two to wait the arrival of their own car. The little fellow was so absorbed in watching a bill poster that he did not notice his father's departure. The right car coming in sight, Captain H. stooped to pick up the child, preparatory to boarding it, but he reckoned without the baby and his fear of kidnapers.

Looking around, the child saw that his father was gone and that he was with a strange man, who was apparently trying to carry him off. Tearing away from the hands that held him, he threw himself on the pavement and began to scream, and shriek after shriek rent the air. Captain H. tried in vain to quiet the child, but every time he touched him the cries became louder and louder. A policeman sauntered over from the corner and asked what the row was about. "I am only trying to take the little fellow home, I am his grandfather," said Captain H. hopelessly.

He ain't no granfaver, I don't know him, he is stealing me. O, I wants my muver. I wants to go home to my muver, was the baby's staccato cries, and he held tightly to the blue coated guardian of the peace.

Stealing you, is he? Well, I'll see about that, said the policeman. Then his eyes began to shine, for surely he had found the lost boy. He thought of the description published in all the papers, and it all matched exactly three year old, yellow curls, blue eyes, blue suit, everything all correct and here was the kidnaper caught red handed. The idea of that man in shabby gray with the soft gray hat dented and worn claiming this handsomely dressed child as his grandson! Mr. Policeman fairly beamed. He saw promotion before his eyes, and in anticipation clutched the big reward offered for the boy and his captor.

Here, you come with me to the station. We will see about this, he said roughly, holding the man with one hand and the child with the other.

Indeed, I will not go to any station, said the veteran indignantly. "Are you such a fool that you can't see I am a gentleman and telling you the truth? The child is my grandson and I am taking him home." Tain't no granfaver. He's stealin' me, wailed the boy, holding on to his blue coated protector.

You dolt, don't you see I am a Confederate veteran? cried the captain indignantly. "Here, look at my cross, if you don't know my uniform." But, alas! the cross was at home on the table where it had been laid the night before when his son had examined it.

Captain H. tried to jerk his arm from his captor, but a tap of the billy on the pavement brought another policeman, and he thought it was best to submit. "You had best go quietly," said his first captor grimly, while the second man took the baby in his arms.

Most children are afraid of policemen, but this baby loved them, for his nurse's lover was "one of the finest," and every one of his visits had meant fruits or candy to the small boy. Quieted by the familiar blue uniform, so dear to his nurse's eyes, the child ceased to scream and nestled close to his friend, his small form shaken by the violence of his spent emotions, as the sea is still moved by a storm that is passed.

I am an old man. I served with Bragg through his entire campaign, and I brought away my wounds and my honor, and yet in my old age I am arrested like a common criminal and dragged to the station house, accused of kidnaping my own grandson, said Captain H. bitterly. "Tain't no granfaver, from the baby, and "Of course not. We will take care of you and fix him," from the policeman.

Captain H. insisted on not being carried to the station in the Black Maria, and as he was willing to pay for a carriage, that compromise was agreed upon.

At the station the chief examined the case, and, not having the hoped for reward dangling before his eyes to blind them, he saw the gentleman under the faded gray and recognized the Confederate uniform. So his questions brought out Mr. H.'s address, something the policemen had been too stupid to ask and the veteran too angry to think of giving.

A telephone to the office showed Mr. H. out for hours on business, and one to the house found Mrs. H. absent on a shopping tour. So there was nothing to do but to wait there in the public office, where every comer stared at the white-haired man in gray who was accused by the curly haired baby.

Late that evening Mr. H. went back to his office to find a wildly excited wife weeping out her statement that neither father nor baby had returned, though it was hours since they had started home. Mr. H. was a business man, and of course at once phoned the police station, and as quickly as a motor could carry them there he and his wife were in the dingy old building, the wife hugging and crying over the baby, the husband expressing to the policemen his opinion of the whole affair in language best not repeated.

Captain H. says he loves his grandson, but is not anxious to take him out on excursions.

GLOOMY VIEW FOR THE FUTURE
BY JOHN PURIFOY, STATE EXAMINER OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS,
MONTGOMERY, ALA.

In inclosing herein my renewal for the VETERAN I avail myself of the opportunity to say that I have been one of its readers for sixteen years. I have noted during that time your efforts to keep up an interest in the publication. I have noted the decreasing space that advertisers take with you. Having served for four years with the matchless Army of Northern Virginia, I take great interest in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I sympathize deeply with you in your efforts to promote the cause, and my conclusion is that, owing to the poverty of your clientage, advertisers do not receive the returns they wish. The class of people your journal reaches is conservative, not in touch with present conditions. Then, too, they are rapidly thinning out. 'Tis sad to contemplate that in the course of a very few years the greater part of your readers will have entirely disappeared. Like the great cause they fought for, their end is near. No recruits are coming in. All are going out. In contemplating these conditions I am constrained to exclaim with the poet:

Mourn not the dead whose lives declare
That they have nobly borne their part,
For victory's golden crown they wear,
Reserved for every faithful heart,
They rest with glory wrapped around,
Immortals on the scroll of fame,
Their works their praises shall resound,
Their name an everlasting name.

Pathetic sentiments are aroused by the foregoing. The letter was evidently not intended for publication, but it is used in part for an opportunity to explain and apologize for the failure of advertising. It is largely in the management. The VETERAN makes so low a rate that it has not interested advertising agents. Then, it is exacting as to the character of advertisements, and the space already occupied does not stimulate general advertisers, who have no idea of its character and its influence. Those who test its drawing qualities in matters of high merit realize its merits. In truth, its patrons comprise with the class named by Comrade Purifoy a large per cent of active and wealthy Southerners. The fault, it is here readmitted, is largely with its management.

THE PERILS OF COLONEL WILLIAMS AND LIEUTENANT PETERS AT FRANKLIN

An able writer of New York is seeking a clue to the motives of Lieutenant Peters and Colonel Williams, who were hanged in Franklin, Tenn., in June, 1863. He desires to prove that they were not spies at all, but secret service men, and are worthy of all honor as heroes. Any information sent to the VETERAN as to their motives in venturing into the camp of the enemy will be much appreciated. On June 8, 1863, Col. W. O. Williams and Lieut. Walter G. Peters, disguised as Federals, rode to Fort Granger, near Franklin, and presented forged orders from the Secretary of War for an immediate inspection of the Ohio and Cumberland. They had many forged orders and a pass signed by General Garfield, chief of staff. They made the inspection, and were leaving when Colonel Williams was recognized by Lieut. Louis Watkins. They were captured, tried, and hanged as spies. That they were on some secret service is now known, and this service is what the New York writer asks assistance in tracing. Colonel Williams is said to have married a Mrs. Hamilton, formerly Miss Lane, of Chattanooga, Tenn. If she survives him or if he has any relatives, please send address to the VETERAN. This gentleman also desires to hear from any relatives of Lieutenant Peters. Colonel Williams was formerly with Bragg, but was on Gen. Joseph Wheeler's staff at the time of his death. If any of his former officers or comrades in arms can give any information in this matter, it will help justify two noble men if they will now come forward and explain the secret motives of what has been condemned as a "foolhardy act of spies."

Mrs. H. S. Reynolds, of Franklin, Tenn., inquires for information of John D. Rook, who entered the Confederate army from Marshall County as a private and served in the 17th Mississippi Regiment.

KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE CURED OF CHILLS.\ BY MILFORD OVERLEY

Reading in a back number of the VETERAN of how a soldier was cured of chills by the explosion of a hot shell placed to his feet to warm I am reminded of my experience on that line, which I give for the edification of the "boys" and for the benefit of any who may desire to test the remedy that cured me.

About the middle of July, 1864, General Johnston's army had crossed the Chattahoochee River, and the Yankees were advancing. Gen. John S. Williams, who commanded the Kentucky Cavalry Brigade, had sent me to Gainesville, sixty miles up the Chattahoochee, on business relating to the arrest and imprisonment of three or four of his dismounted men by an officer commanding a regiment of Georgia State troops. Old "Cerro Gordo" was furious and sent the Georgia colonel an ugly message. The men were immediately released. They and the little detachment that accompanied me to Gainesville, excepting

Sergeant Henry A. Pearce, now a resident of Lexington, Ky., were sent back to Atlanta by a different road. Pearce and I started back by the "river road," on which we went to Gainesville.

Halting for dinner at a farmhouse near where a road branched off leading by a circuitous route to Atlanta, the landlady urged us to take the branch road, saying she felt sure the Yankees had crossed the river and that we would meet them if we continued on our course. The good woman's advice was unheeded, and our journey was resumed on the river road. When within fifteen or twenty miles of Atlanta I realized an approaching chill. Pearce, who was riding a very slow horse, had fallen some distance behind, and I had decided to stop at the first house on the way and remain till better able to travel.

I had been wrestling with chills for many months, having contracted the disease while picketing on the Tennessee River (on the left of Bragg's army some time before the battle of Chickamauga). It was a very stubborn case that the doctor and his quinine could not cure. The disease held me from camp to camp, in winter and in summer, day and night, though I did duty all the time except for six weeks in a hospital. When I returned to the army, the everlasting chills returned with me.

At the time of which I write houses along the Chattahoochee were far apart, and the one at which I expected to complete my chill was never reached.

I was riding along holding to the horn of my Texas saddle for support, when in turning an angle in the road over a slight elevation and by a dense thicket of bushes I met face to face a column of Yankee cavalry, the advance of General McPherson's corps that had crossed the Chattahoochee that morning. Thinking to get in the first shot, I drew my pistol, but the gentlemen in blue were too quick for me, and the balls from their carbines buzzed about my ears like mad bumblebees. I was riding probably the best piece of horseflesh in the Kentucky brigade. Little Dixie was swift as the wind, sure footed, and intelligent, and she seemed at once to comprehend the situation, for she wheeled about and was off like a shot. My hat fell to the ground as she made the sudden turn.

After discharging their carbines, the Yanks drew their revolvers, and with yells charged at full speed, shooting as they advanced. With me it was a race for life and liberty. One touch of the spur sent little Dixie forward at a speed that no horse in that blue column could equal. Looking back, I found that only a few had joined in the pursuit, but they were advancing on me as fast as their horses could carry them, spurring, yelling, and shooting. I saw that unless they shot me or my mare my escape was assured. The race continued for perhaps a mile. I turned into a bridle path that led through a dense forest. Soon the pursuit ended, and the chill was gone, chased clean out of me, and it has not to this day returned.

The Yanks were evidently between me and Atlanta, and a flank movement would be necessary to avoid another meeting with them. A hat must be procured to shield my head from the scorching sun. The hat that I had lost cost me seventy five dollars in Atlanta. The broad brim was pinned to the crown with a silver star and crescent, the gift of an esteemed comrade. I should like to hear what became of the star and crescent.

Soon after dismounting I became awfully sick, and the accompanying fever was almost unendurable. The road upon which the Yankee cavalry was then passing was only a few rods away, and so completely exhausted was I that one big fellow could have carried me off with ease.

When able to travel I followed the path to a cabin in the forest, where I bought a hat, giving seven dollars for it. It was old, dilapidated, and about two sizes too large for me. I very much disliked the thought of having to wear it to camp. Information obtained from inmates of the cabin enabled me to reach a rather obscure road leading in the direction of Atlanta. This I followed till dark, and then left the road a short distance and went to bed under a big pine tree. Here, with my saddle for a pillow, heaven's canopy for a covering, and my faithful mare for a sentinel, I slept soundly till morning. The cannons' opening roar guided me to the Kentucky brigade, which I found engaged in battle. So ended the little adventure that rid me of the chills.

MONUMENT TO GEN. LLOYD TILGHMAN
BY DR. D. G. MURRELL, PRESIDENT PARK BOARD, PADUCAH, KY.

On May 15, 1909, there will be unveiled in Paducah in a beautiful park a handsome Confederate monument that will cost over twenty thousand dollars. It will be erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The figure is a representative Confederate officer, and the statue is nine feet high in bronze. The hero honored is General Tilghman, from Paducah, who gave his life at Champion Hill, Miss. The pedestal and base are fourteen feet in height. The modeling is by the celebrated sculptor, H. H. Kitson, of New York and Boston. This figure of Gen. Lloyd Tilghman was a gift of his sons to the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Camp of Confederate Veterans of Paducah.

All Confederates are cordially invited to be present. Rates have been arranged for of one and one third round trip on the railroads in Kentucky and Tennessee.

EDUCATION IN THE MOUNTAIN REGIONS

Mrs. Maggie Lynch Hall writes from Plumtree, N. C., and asks for the names of persons interested in and who may wish to help Lees McRae Institute, "a Christian industrial school for boys and girls in the mountains of Western North Carolina." She adds: "Since our dormitory was burned last September our boys have had a rather rough time, but have shown no evidence of discontent. They have stood the test bravely, only one boy leaving,

and the success of the school under such trying circumstances has been wonderful. The foundation for a much larger building is being laid, for we have never had room for the number of applicants.

VALIANT COLEMAN, VETERAN OF TWO WARS

Col. W. O. Coleman, who was a distinguished Confederate soldier, is now living at Brownsville, Tex., at the ripe old age of seventy two. He went to Brownsville in 1905, and was the first land agent to open business in the historic city, and by application to business and energy has amassed a comfortable fortune.

Colonel Coleman was born January 12, 1837, in New York City. His mother was one of the Virginia Maurys, a cousin of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury.

When the Mexican War commenced, W. O. Coleman was only in his tenth year, but this tender age did not prevent his aspirations to be a soldier. He ran away from home, going with a lot of Virginia troops from Norfolk, and joined General Scott's army. The lad hid in the hold of the vessel until well out to sea, and thus succeeded in getting to Vera Cruz. Upon arrival there he got with the 2d Mississippi Volunteers, and stayed with them until they entered the City of Mexico. He was in the battles of Puebla, Churubusco, and other important fights with the Mexicans. He was wounded in the leg at Churubusco.

In 1853 he joined the Quitman filibustering expedition to Cuba, and after many thrilling experiences and enduring many hardships, such as working on a sugar plantation, he, with some other boys, was sent back to New Orleans. In 1855 he went to Kansas Territory, and was with Major Bell, of South Carolina, in many scouts, skirmishes, and encounters that occurred in that territory. He was in one of the fights against John Brown's forces, and at Wakarusha Creek saw one of John Brown's sons killed as he was leading a charge across the bridge.

When the Civil War broke out he was a resident of Missouri. Upon Lyon and Sigel's invasion of the State he was the first to raise a company in defense thereof. This was in June, 1861. His company was in the battles of Dug Springs, Wilson Creek, Oak Hill, Drywood, and Lexington, Mo. In 1862 he raised the 4th Missouri Cavalry and became its colonel. In many hard fought battles in Missouri and Arkansas he was at the front. He led his regiment in the battles of South Fork, West Plains, Lick Settlement, Little Piney, Ramsey's Ferry, and Hartsville, Mo.

In the beginning of 1863 he was put under arrest by Generals McBride and Holmes for refusing to move his regiment out of Missouri and the command was taken away from him. Then he raised a battalion of men and began a guerrilla war, and by his bold raids was a constant terror to the enemy. He also cooperated with Quantrell's forces during this year against Kansas troops. He also assisted in organizing Freeman's, Burbridge Campbell's, and Green's Regiments.

Early in 1864 Colonel Coleman was relieved of the arrest under which he had been laboring by Gen. E. Kirby Smith, and was assigned to duty with General Shelby. Under Kirby Smith's direction Colonel Coleman organized the 46th Arkansas Mounted Infantry and reorganized the old 4th Missouri Cavalry, and was in the battle near Lone Oak, Ark., in which his regiment captured Mitchell's Volunteer Regiment. Two days after this in a battle at Hazen, Ark., his regiment captured two hundred head of cavalry horses, and ran them through the Federal lines of two regiments of infantry and cavalry without the loss of a man. General Shelby then sent the Colonel to Missouri to organize more troops, which he did, and reported to General Price. Colonel Coleman and his command were in the battles of Iron Mountain, Potosi, Franklin, Jefferson City, and Glasgow all in Missouri.

At Glasgow Colonel Coleman with his command captured the fort, which was well manned, before the other Confederate troops arrived. Then followed the battles of Independence, Westport, Merridazine, and Newtonia, all in Missouri, in which Colonel Coleman bore a conspicuous part. In 1865 he and his command still remained in Missouri and Arkansas, being part of Shelby's Division of Price's army, until the surrender came. Colonel Coleman boasts that he never did surrender, and he is proud of his record as a Confederate soldier. He has always a hearty handshake for the Union soldier whenever he meets him if he is a square, honest man.

Colonel Coleman is a member of the celebrated Dick Dowling Camp at Houston, Tex. He lives a quiet but busy life at Brownsville, and is a substantial, trusted citizen. His experiences in detail would make a large book and read more like fiction than fact.

Colonel Coleman has two daughters. The older is Mrs. George B. Poole, of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati. This daughter and her mother were taken prisoners in 1862 by the Federals, sent to Rolla, Mo., and guarded by four Federal soldiers night and day. The mother was allowed to go anywhere, but the infant daughter, six weeks old, was held in the hope that they would capture the father in his efforts to see the babe.

Colonel Coleman at this time was capturing and destroying many of the enemy's wagon trains. After six weeks the mother and child were released.

The second daughter, Miss Scottie May Coleman, lives at Cheneyville, La., with relatives.

There is one incident we have omitted to relate. In 1861 the Federal army was camped near Fort Scott, Kans. Colonel Coleman with his command was sent on a scouting expedition, in which he and two men got ahead of their troops and found about two hundred head of mules belonging to the enemy camped near Fort Scott. They opened fire on the guards and stampeded the mules, and before the Federals could take any action they had the mules going straight for the Confederate camp, about twelve miles distant, where they succeeded in taking them.

The Colonel could give the VETERAN many scenes and incidents of the war, thrilling experiences and adventures which have never been written, and it is hoped that he will find the leisure and inclination to do so.

VARIED WAR EXPERIENCES
BY JOHN T. MOORE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The writer, a native of Obion County, Tenn., born June 24, 1845, joined Company K under Gen. John H. Morgan's division at Lebanon, Tenn., in the summer of 1862. I took part in every battle and skirmish in which my company was engaged, including Lebanon, Tenn., Lebanon, Ky., Green River, Ky., Woodbury and McMinnville, Tenn.

My horse was shot while I was on picket at Woodbury, Tenn. I was in the raid made into Indiana and Ohio in July, 1863. We crossed the Cumberland River on July 1, 1863. We had a skirmish or battle every day afterwards. On July 3 we tried to capture a regiment at Green River Bridge, but failed, and retired after four or five hours of hard fighting, losing about two hundred and fifty men, including Lieutenant Colonel Chenault. On July 4 at Lebanon, Ky" we captured Hanson's 9th Kentucky Infantry. General Morgan told us to burn the town rather than fail. Capt. W. S. Edwards volunteered to burn the place. After firing three or four houses, however, the Yankees surrendered. We were forced to double quick our prisoners ten miles to Springfield before we could parole them, as Hobson's men were in close pursuit.

We captured two boats at Brandenburg, Ky" and crossed the Ohio River there. After crossing the river, we learned that about ten thousand Indiana State Militia were at Corydon, Ind., to give us a warm reception. As we got to the top of a hill in sight of the town General Morgan ordered us to charge and give the Rebel yell. We did so, and the militia scattered in all directions. Our regiment went around the town to head them off, and after dismounting we formed on the brow of a hill and moved forward. After getting over the hill, we saw the enemy coming toward us at full speed. I saw that my friend Phil (J. P.) Oliver had captured about sixty men, whom he had to come up to him in single file and hand him their new Enfield rifles, which he broke by striking them against a tree. We did not take time to parole our captives, but left them and hurried on.

After crossing the Ohio River on July 9, we never stopped to eat or sleep or feed our horses. When a horse gave out, we rode up to a barn and exchanged him for a good one. The majority of farmers were in hiding. If they had not been, possibly they would have objected to the arrangement and we might have gotten "some boot." The marching was fierce from the 9th until the 17th. I was captured at that time. I was cut off while we were

burning a bridge and a train loaded with government supplies at Camp Dennison, which was a camp for invalids about one hundred miles from Cincinnati. I was kept for two or three days in this camp and in Cincinnati about the same time, then carried to Camp Chase, at Columbus, Ohio. With about one thousand others I was sent to Chicago (Camp Douglas), where I remained until about February 25 or 26, 1865. I arrived at Richmond on February 29, 1865, and all prisoners delivered there by March 1 were declared exchanged. After a two weeks' furlough we were ordered to report at Lynchburg for the defense of that town. I think the officer in command was General Morgan's adjutant general, Major Allston. That night I was the advance vedette, and captured a member of Company A, 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry. Next day we went into camp at Charlotte, N. C. Here we rested for a few days, waiting to escort President Davis to Mexico.

While at Charlotte we were ordered to take five men on a train (an engine, one box car, and one flat car) and go to Salisbury, N. C., to meet President Davis and his Cabinet and take them to Charlotte. The train was captured by General Lee's soldiers, who, not knowing the purpose for which it was sent, crowded on as long as a man could hang on, and then they opened the throttle of the engine and "let her go". Mr. Davis and Cabinet were left at Salisbury. Another lieutenant was ordered to take five men and make the same trip, with orders to shoot any soldier who got on the train without permission. They returned with President Davis to Charlotte.

The next day we started on a march southward. We arrived at Unionville, S. C., near midnight. Some member of the Cabinet told us we could all consider ourselves honorably discharged, but if any of us wished to accompany President Davis to Mexico we could do so. I was then only nineteen years old, but my heart was too proud to bear the misfortune of my country. I determined to leave her and seek a home on some hospitable foreign shore. So I fell in line to seek refuge in Mexico. The next day we crossed the Savannah River. Arriving at Washington, Ga., we went into camp. It was there that the Confederate treasury was divided, some of the Tennesseans receiving as much as fifty cents. I, being in a Kentucky company, received twenty Mexican dollars. After the division a lieutenant was ordered to select five men and take three wagons loaded with bullion and deliver it to the Georgia State authorities at Washington. We were also ordered to escort Judge Judah P. Benjamin to his home or until he released us. About daylight next morning Judge Benjamin told us to go ahead and overtake our command, that he was nearly home. He was riding in an ambulance. We went another road, and at about sunrise stopped at a house for breakfast for ourselves and horses. Strange to say, the man of the house said he had never been bothered with soldiers from either army. After breakfast we resumed our march to overtake the President and his little coterie of patriots, but before we had gone five miles we were intercepted by the Federals. The commander said: "Boys, I have you. Go back to Washington and get paroles."

GRANT'S NARROW ESCAPE AT VICKSBURG BY W. W. DRAPER, ATANTA, GA.

Maj. Gen. John H. Forney, who commanded a division during the siege of Vicksburg, gave some interesting data in regard to an occurrence during that event.

His lines had to be changed to avoid being undermined and blown up. The contending forces were so close together that they frequently used hand grenades in their encounters. Our soldiers often returned these grenades by seizing them and throwing them back before they exploded.

General Forney had fallen back to the extreme limit, as the river was behind him. He reported the condition to General Pemberton, and told him that the only chance to dislodge the enemy was by the use of a mortar. General Pemberton said there was one mortar available, to take that and see what could be done. General Forney found the mortar, and amidst great difficulties moved it in position, manning it with a company of French artillerists from New Orleans.

General Forney was a graduate of West Point, and thoroughly understood the use of the gun. He aimed and pointed the mortar, then, instructing the artillerist to shoot every thirty minutes, he went to a high point to watch results. He had cut the fuse of the bomb a little too long, so it failed to explode, and this one shot was the only one fired from the mortar. This shot drew the fire of the enemy, and many of the men at the battery were killed or wounded.

After the surrender General Forney and General McPherson, who was in charge of the terms of parole, met and found they were classmates at West Point. During the conversation that ensued McPherson asked General Forney who had aimed that bomb, saying that only the too long fuse had saved General Grant and his staff, as it had fallen just beside them as they were holding a council of war. Had it exploded in the air, as was intended, nothing could have saved them.

General Forney after his parole was given an ambulance and two mules by General McPherson to assist him in getting home, as he was badly wounded, and by the kindness of the same general the ambulance was supplied with every comfort the Federal commissary afforded.

General McPherson was one of the bravest and truest soldiers in the Northern army, his treatment of his prisoners was very kind, and he was never known to mistreat the downtrodden or oppress the helpless.

Captain Bigley, Chairman of the National Park Committee, says that no general, Northern or Southern, was braver or more self sacrificing than General Forney, It is suggested that a monument be erected to this gallant officer. There has been some money subscribed for this purpose, but not enough. If any who knew and admired General Forney wish to contribute to this noble cause, they can send what they like to Horace L. Stephenson, chairman General Forney monument fund, Jacksonville, Ala.

BURIAL RITUAL SUITABLE FOR CONFEDERATES EVERYWHERE.

At the hour and place appointed the Camp or Bivouac of which the deceased was a member will meet. The President will appoint pallbearers, marshal, and assistant if necessary. All members are to be supplied with a badge of crape and a sprig of evergreen to be worn with the badge of the Association. The Bivouac will pass in procession from the place of meeting to the place where the deceased is to be taken for interment. The order of procession will be as follows:

1. The Marshal with black scarf and a baton with black crape and ribbon on each end inches wide of color (blue, red, or yellow) representing that branch of service to which the comrade belonged.
2. The Sergeant at Arms with sword draped as baton of Marshal.
3. Members in double rank.
- 4, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries.
5. Financial Secretary and Treasurer.
6. Chaplain and Surgeon.
7. Second and Third Vice Presidents.
8. President and First Vice President. On arriving at the house the President will place the badge of deceased on coffin.

The procession in above named order will precede the corpse to the place of burial. On arriving at such place the members will open ranks, stand uncovered, with hat in left hand and with right hand raised as if making a military salute, and allow the corpse, mourners, etc., to pass between the two lines, after which the members will re form in reverse order, the President and Vice President leading, passing through to the front, others following to

the grave, opening ranks and passing around both right and left. After the performance of such religious service as desired by friends of deceased and before final closing of grave, the members will silently approach as near the grave as convenient, the President at the head, the Chaplain at the foot, all uncovered, hat in left hand, when the President will read the following address:

COMRADES :

We are here to day to pay the last tribute of friendship in the presence of our honored dead.

Response. Our honored dead.

We are to commit to the grave the body of a comrade whose life aside from its other ties of friendship and sociability was drawn very close to our lives by a bond of love which was formed amidst common perils and hardships and welded in the fires of battle.

Response. The fires of battle.

Not in the pomp and circumstance of war, not with musket shot and roll of drum do we bury our comrade. The roar of the cannon and the din of the conflict are hushed, and in this time of solemn peace we lay the citizen soldier in his last resting place an honorable grave.

Response. An honorable grave.

He was a veteran Confederate soldier, true and tried. Freely and cheerfully he risked his life in defense of his home and his people, bravely and grandly he bore himself amidst all the dangers and privations of an unequal contest. He answered to the last roll call that summoned him to duty as a soldier, and when he yielded to the arbitrament of war, it was not as a conquered slave, but as a hero one of the gallant spirits who have immortalized the Southern arms. He fought a good fight and has left a record of which we, his surviving comrades, are proud, and which is a heritage of glory to his family and their descendants for all time to come.

Response. A glorious heritage

With equal courage and fortitude and patience our comrade accepted the fortune of peace, made arduous by losses and reproaches, and as a citizen of a reunited country, true to his innate manhood, he evinced a loyalty which, making no apology for the past, was true in every quality of patriotism and which none can question without aspersion.

Response. He was tried and true.

Rest, soldier, rest! Impartial history will vindicate thy motives and. write thy deeds illustrious. Comrade and friend, we give thy body to the dust and commend thy spirit to

God. Response. Rest, soldier, rest! (The Chaplain shall pray suitably to the occasion.) If it be desired that the Bivouac ceremony be performed at the residence, the members will at the proper time, after such religious services as may be held, form around the coffin, with the President at the head and the Chaplain at the foot, and stand in this position with uncovered heads during the responsive reading, which will be the same as that prescribed for the ceremony at the grave. If it be decided to have the ceremony in the church, the members will form in like order about the coffin after the religious exercises have been concluded and proceed as prescribed for the residence. If the ceremony is to be had at the grave, the procession in the order given above will precede the corpse to the church, if it be taken to a church, and thence to the place of burial.

FALL. OF RICHMOND, APRIL 3, 1865
BY E. T. WATEHALL.

On April 3 about nine in the morning, while on my way to the Baptist church, I heard the bell in Capitol Square sounding the "military call" for the local forces and all citizens, young and old, to prepare for duty. It was a beautiful morning, and when I left the church after service everything seemed about as usual until I entered the street on which was President Davis's mansion. The President and Dr. Hoge were the only two who had received the news of the fall of the city during church time.

However, it did not take long for the news to spread, and earthquakes and great fires faintly resemble the result of the news. On the street every one was calling out: "Richmond has fallen I What shall we all do?" I had witnessed the Pawnee excitement of '61, but that was a joyful rush, while this was a heartbreaking one.

There was a wild rush and hurry on all the streets, but it was magnified in the crowd that seemed going to the Danville Depot. Here trains were leaving every few minutes, and I saw Confederate soldiers, men, women, and children among the citizens going away, and a quantity of gold and money and all sorts of household articles being carried off.

The commissary storehouse (where now stands the new Southern Depot) was a busy place, for the government had given permission for the people to take everything that could not be carried away by the authorities. You could see old men, women, and children snatching for something, whether it was useful or not. I made many trips back and forth to carry my pick ups home, and there were any number who were doing as I did.

On Ninth Street were great piles of paper burning, and by their light I saw some men wearing Confederate uniforms break into Antoni's confectionery. The woman inside

asked them not to break the jars, but to take all the candy they wanted. As this was private property, I did not try to get any of the candy, as much as I wanted it. I also saw a jewelry store and one or two others broken open, but this was not by the soldiers.

As I was standing on the corner of Thirteenth and Main Streets that night about seven o'clock I saw the last Confederate cannons come thundering down the street, the driver yelling: "Is this Virginia Street? Which is the way to the Danville Depot?" They turned into an alleyway and then across the bridge, which had been floored over for this very emergency.

How Richmond was burned has been often discussed, and as I watched with all the interest of a fourteen year old boy, I will tell exactly how it occurred. The first explosion was from a boat beside the bridge, and was entirely accidental. I was standing right by General Ewell when it happened, and I heard him say with an oath: "The first one that puts a torch to this bridge except by my orders I wish shot down."

These men in the boat had been doing as every one else did, helping themselves to all they could find. They threw a box of powder on the boat, and it struck against something and exploded. The men in the boat were in much more danger than those on the bridge. General Ewell in his report says the boat was under the bridge, but it was not. It was too dark and dangerous for a boat to lie under the bridge with all that commotion going on above.

General Kershaw says these boatmen helped extinguish the fire on the bridge, so that he and his command could pass over. He also said he saw the flouring mills burning, but it was too far for him to go to help extinguish it.

I saw the Blockhoe warehouse burn and saw the crowds of men and women throwing bags of flour out of one side while the other side of the warehouse was burning. The Shochame warehouse was officially set on fire, and its burning prevented the spread of the fire on that side of the city. I saw a large coal of fire fall on the steeple of the Presbyterian church while I was half a mile away. It burned so slowly that I am sure it could have been put out if any one could have gotten to it. This church, though it stood in a thickly populated part of the city, was the only thing that burned in that neighborhood. It was rumored that this church was set on fire, but it really caught from a coal thrown on the steeple from the explosion at Cook's Foundry. It was reported that the burning of Richmond was the work of an incendiary, but it was the result of carelessness. The gas was cut off at the works, and there was no light, so people burned paper to see how to pillage, and threw the lighted paper on the floors. I saw as many as ten or fifteen of these lights on the floors at once. I read a story that a spy set fire to the War Department and

received a reward from the Federal government for destroying it, when the truth is the building was not destroyed at all, but was standing till a few years ago.

The building the Confederates used as the War Department was built for a mechanics' institute, and the rooms were used for all sorts of things. In one room I saw a number of Starr pianos, the first I had ever seen, and it was from one of these rooms that I heard the salute of cannon when President Davis entered the city. I stood very near here the evening before the battle of Drury's Bluff and saw General Beauregard making his observations, with Fort Washington on the right and Fort Scott on the left.

The burning of some of the buildings and bridges may have been incendiary, but most of the fire came about as I have stated. The fire on Petersburg bridge by a change of wind set fire to the arsenal. I remember the day that Mr. Sedley, the chemist, was blown up by an explosion at the arsenal, That was in 1861, and in 1865 I saw the whole roof collapse from fire.

A printer now working on the News Leader had about the same experience with paper and fire that I did. He says he lit a paper and by its light went into a cellar and brought out a live pig which he drove down the street. Some one yelled at him that the Confederates always went the whole hog.

About eight o'clock on the day that Richmond fell I saw the first Yankees come marching in. Some women and boys stood on the corner and waved little Union flags. The Yankees put the negroes to work pumping with the hand engines, much to their disgust, for they thought that now that the Federals were there, the whites would have to work while they played. I believe everybody misunderstood the cause of the Richmond fire. The Yankees thought the Confederates were burning the city to keep them from getting it, and the Confederates thought it the work of the mob.

FREEING PRISONERS

BY DR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, RAVENNA, TEX.

On one occasion during the latter part of the great war while on furlough on my way to Trigg County, Ky., my horse needed rest. I was stopping a few miles from a little war deserted village. One cold, gloomy evening I rode down to the village and learned the news. The only business house there was run by a discharged soldier. His stock in trade was "mountain dew" (homemade booze). That being the only public place to warm, I hitched my horse close by and went in by a red hot stove. After chatting awhile on war topics, a long black bottle labeled "mountain dew" appeared on the counter. We were young and foolish then, so we sampled the dew. The dew vendor was exploiting its

superior virtues. Just at this moment a furious pounding came on the door, accompanied by many voices swearing that if the door was not opened immediately it would be broken open and the inmates killed. The barkeeper looked out the window and hurriedly said: "Captain, the house is surrounded by Yankees."

Things looked bad for me, so I grabbed the bottle in one hand and flung the door wide open with the other. Half a dozen navy revolvers were aimed at me. While waving the bottle I shouted: "Come in, gentlemen, and drink mountain dew to your heart's content, and the best over which you ever smacked your lips." At sight of the bottle and my speech every pistol instantaneously sought its holster. The scouts belonged to Colonel Bird's East Tennessee Regiment from the mountains. My bottle evaporated faster than mist before the rising sun. "Salooney" was called on, and he supplied their liquid wants. They promoted me on the spot and called me "Colonel Liquor."

By this time two small squads of the same command had loped into town, each having a batch of prisoners that had been picked up on the scout. Several of the prisoners claimed to be loyal citizens and to have taken the oath of allegiance at Fort Heiman, on the Tennessee, and were clamoring for release. The sergeant in command was uneducated and could not read. He called on his men to see if any of them could read the papers, and they all responded: "No." He then asked me if I could read them. I told him I could read anything. The first paper passed up was the oath of allegiance to the United States taken at Fort Heiman, Tenn. I read it the second time, so as to memorize it. The second, third, and fourth were the same. The Confederate boys somehow or other had caught on. Then came two or three Confederate discharges from the army. Then a regular Dixie soldier passed up his furlough from General Forrest. I read between the lines and gave him the allegiance oath to Uncle Sam. The sergeant motioned him over to the free squad. Immediately all of the regular Confederate soldiers began a hurried search for their furloughs. By still reading between the lines I made each one a loyal citizen to Uncle Sam. I had freed every one but myself.

Of course I felt a little dubious about tricking the Yankees in this way, but I argued that it was a great act of humanity and kindness to the Dixie boys and that all was fair in war. Besides, it was no violence or damage to my new made unlettered Federal friends. I knew that if I was caught I would be punished, but I had no fears of the Dixie side, and to my Federal friends I argued: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Should any one, either blue or gray, who was present read the above sketch, he will please drop me a line at Ravenna, Tex.

MOTHERS OF THE CONFEDERACY SUGGESTED AS SPONSORS, ETC.

Mr. E. W. Blanchard, of Greenville, Miss., suggests that at the coming Reunion in Memphis the Mothers of the Confederacy be selected as sponsors and maids of honor. He feels that the honor is due those who bore so bravely the many evils of war, and also that the veterans would rather be represented by the noble women who were their fellow sufferers not only during the Civil War, but in those years that were even harder to bear the period immediately following the surrender.

TRIBUTE TO COL. ROBERT A. SMITH BY ISAAH RUSH, HUBBARD CITY, TEX.

I appreciate more highly than ever the VETERAN, since by it a lost comrade, Col. Robert A. Smith, lost for forty seven years, has been located. I would like to see some comrade who could tell me the fate of Col. Robert A. Smith, of the 10th Mississippi Regiment, that noble hearted, grand, brave, patriotic Scotchman, who espoused the cause of the South in its effort to maintain the Constitution. He reminded me of the noble Lafayette, of Revolutionary fame. Both of these exponents of liberty took sides with the oppressed, and both alike possessed the same noble qualities.

I belonged to Captain McKieffer's Mississippi Rifles (Port Gibson), Company C, 10th Mississippi Regiment, Col. Robert A. Smith commander, and the regiment was sent to Pensacola, Fla., under General Bragg in 1861. Colonel Smith was a strict disciplinarian, but was kind and good to all his boys.

One day some negroes came through our camp with a load of apples going to the 9th Mississippi Regiment, Our boys (the writer was one of them) tried to buy some apples, but the negroes said they were to take them to the 9th Mississippi Regiment. No offers would buy the apples, therefore we appropriated them to our own use. The negroes went to Colonel Smith with their complaint. After interrogating them, Colonel Smith replied: "The boys are not to blame, as they offered to buy your apples."

There were several Irishmen in the regiment, noble hearted, brave soldiers, two of whom one night took a "French leave of absence," went to Pensacola, got two gallons of whisky, and returned to camp. The next morning there were five fist fights in operation at the same time. The guard were called out, using their bayonets to quell the disturbance. The Irishmen fought the guard and all who interfered with them. Colonel Smith ordered the guard to quarters, took hold of some of the men, and quelled the whole trouble in a few minutes. Even drunken men loved and respected him.

On our way from Pensacola to Corinth, Miss., in 1862, just before the battle of Shiloh, we camped at Montgomery, Ala. Before breaking ranks a double guard was placed to prevent the soldiers from going to the city. That night about half the regiment evaded the guards and went to the city anyhow. Next morning files of men were sent after them (the writer one of them). On Main Street three of us found one very large Irishman of the regiment, whom we tried to arrest. He picked up a club, backed out into the middle of the street, and with an oath said he would kill the first man who came to him. We surrounded him with fixed bayonets, telling him he must go to camp. At this critical moment Colonel Smith, seeing the trouble, came galloping up and asked the cause of the trouble. The Irishman said he would die before he would be taken to camp under guard, but would go without a guard. When we got back to camp, Flanagan was there. When I read that Colonel Smith's last resting place was in a lonely grave on the bank of Green River, near Munfordville, Ky., tears unbidden came from my eyes. I then resolved to pen this tribute to the fallen hero.

After my term of service expired with the old 10th Mississippi in 1862, I returned home and reenlisted in Captain McKay's company, B, 38th Mississippi Regiment, and lost my left arm in the siege of Vicksburg.

A brother of Colonel Smith came to the United States, sought the death spot of his gallant brother, and erected a handsome monument, capping it by a broken shaft. His visit and tribute were highly appreciated. ED. VETERAN.

EXPERIENCES IN THE ENEMY'S LINES BY GEORGE H. MORGAN

In May, 1861, my older brothers, Job M. and Perry F. Morgan, enlisted in the Confederate army in the first company organized in Jackson County, Tenn., leaving me home to help care for the family. On September 5, 1861, the day I was twenty years old, at Butler's Landing, Clay County, Tenn., I enlisted in Company A, Oliver Hamilton's Battalion Confederate Cavalry. Being a delicate boy, I was not required to do hard service. I was sent on scouting duty occasionally and permitted to go home frequently.

About the time of the battle of Fishing Creek I was ordered to report for duty on detached service to Capt. (afterwards Major) John S. Bransford, chief transportation quartermaster at Nashville. I was enrolled as clerk in his office, and thus was on detached duty. My principal business was to issue transportation orders or tickets to soldiers going in different directions wherever there were railroads throughout the Confederacy. Some were going home on furloughs, some returning to their commands, and others changing service. Soldiers were required to have papers that entitled them to travel. Sometimes we shipped men by regiments and even brigades and divisions, but it was with the individual

soldiers that we had principally to deal. I also served as a shipping clerk in the freight office. I never felt my importance more than when, lantern in hand, I directed railroad men.

Everything went well with us till the falling back process began. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston came back from his advanced line at Bowling Green, Ky., and made Nashville headquarters for a while. He was a very large, fine looking man, solemn and commanding in appearance. I never had business with him but once. Near the last days of the evacuation of Nashville he sent to Major Bransford for three hacks. I think he wanted to go out as far as Columbia. Major Bransford had no hacks, and sending to a livery stable they declined to furnish them. As messenger I appeared before the General with a military salute and a polite note from Major Bransford imparting the above information. With a smile and a frown he said: "Tell Major Bransford I want three hacks at once. If necessary, impress them by my order. If you need any soldiers, apply to Major in the next room. Be prompt, please" I went on a double quick back to Major Bransford's office. Armed with his order by order of the commanding general, I repaired again to the livery stable, and got the hacks, teams, and drivers, and delivered them to the General. Bowing with the grace of a knight, he said, "Thank you, Lieutenant," and walked into the next room, and that was the last I ever saw of Albert Sidney Johnston.

The scenes in Nashville that and succeeding nights were panicky and exciting in the extreme. The Confederate retreat was not orderly by any means. Fort Donelson had fallen, and it was supposed that the Federal gunboats would come at once to Nashville. The army from Bowling Green long lines of cavalry, infantry, and artillery looked big enough to whip the world. It was long passing Nashville. It required a whole day for the wagon train. The people, who were not used to seeing vast armies and were not strategists, felt outraged and said it was a shame to give up Nashville. But the retreat went on, and it was not as orderly as Gen. J. E. Johnston's retreat. There were hundreds of straggling soldiers who joined mobs as occasion suited.

Vast quantities of quartermaster and commissary supplies had been collected at Nashville, and Major Bransford was ordered to ship all South, but could not get cars for half.

Later mobs were formed and appropriated vast quantities of clothing, bacon, flour, blankets in fact, stores of all kinds. I was told that plenty of people procured a whole year's supply.

Major Bransford and his other office boys took the last train leaving the city and went to Corinth, Miss. Major Bransford gave me a furlough, and I put out for home, in the hills of Jackson County. Getting in with some other soldiers, among them Col. Paul Anderson, we reached Lebanon in a heavy rain. The creek that runs under the town overflowed it, washing down the courthouse fence, drowning out stores and private residences, and playing havoc generally.

The transportation office stopped first at Huntsville, Ala., then moved to Corinth, Tupelo, Meridian, and was finally established at Columbus, Miss.

In the haste of leaving Nashville some important vouchers connected with the office were left in the safe of Cooke, Settle & Company. They were not really contraband of war, but were important to Major Bransford in his settlement of his accounts with the Confederate government.

One of his clerks, W. H. Holman, in the spring of 1862 volunteered to go to Nashville after the papers. He got safely into Nashville and went to the house of Col. Anthony W. Johnson, where he stayed too long and was arrested by the Federal authorities and thrown into prison. He may not have been arrested there, but his presence there was ascertained. Miss Mamie Johnson, afterwards wife of Major Bransford, wrote to Holman's father, near Franklin, Ky., who was a Union man, and got him released. When caught his clothes were full of letters. It was afterwards reported that in attempting to come South he was captured and killed by Federal soldiers.

Holman's failure, of which we heard in due time, whetted my appetite to try it. Major Bransford doubted the propriety of it, but decided to let me have my way, leaving it to me personally, with no responsibility attaching to any one but myself. Armed with the necessary papers to take me beyond the Confederate lines, I left Columbus, Miss., about the 1st of August, 1862, and went by rail to Chattanooga. I then purchased a horse that suited my purpose admirably. It was a small bay taken from & wagon, had a worked down shabby appearance like a scrub pony, yet a good mover under the lash. I did not wear spurs, but used a bush switch.

The first night out from Chattanooga I went to Colonel Roberson's, a few miles below Dunlap. I found sojourning there several distinguished Tennesseans with whom I became acquainted at Major Bransford's office in Nashville. Among them, as I now remember, was Brig. Gen. S. R. Anderson, Hon. John Bell (formerly United States Senator and candidate for President), Hon. Andrew Ewing, and Col. Mat Stratton, of Nashville.

Making an early start from there, I crossed the Cumberland Mountains by "the Pope route," and stayed that night with my cousin, George P. Hampton, eight miles west of Sparta and thirty one miles from my father's house, in Jackson County. It was an easy ride next day to my home, being less than half the distance made the day before. Here I stayed two nights and one day, and left with the blessing of my dear old father and mother and a letter from him to Elder James Tompkins, a brother Baptist minister, then residing about four miles south of Lebanon. I stayed with him two days, and revealed my whole plan. Under a suggestion from him I went by a stillhouse next morning and procured a quart of fine brandy for use should I need it and I did, but we were both "teetotalers."

It is well here to state that I dropped my surname, simply going by the name of George Hampton. I always thought the best way to succeed was to stick to the truth as closely as

possible. Besides, Morgan was not a popular name among the Federals and their sympathizers. I told no lie, however, using my Christian name simply.

Leaving Brother Tompkins, I made a forced march toward Nashville. I rode along the pike as a green countryman from the backwoods, yet it was not a very favorable time for such an expedition, General Forrest having made his raid on Murfreesboro only a few days before and captured several hundred prisoners. The first Federal pickets were near the first tollgate. About two miles up the road two men rode out of the cedars and accosted me. I put on an air of country simplicity and asked them to take a drink, which they did very lustily. They looked about half soldier, half citizen. They had Morgan saddles and other cavalry outfit with no weapons visible, but plenty concealed. They said they were Forrest scouts, and seemed satisfied that I was a harmless individual. They talked about going down and running in the pickets, but concluded to "ride by the pickets, as they won't stop us." My brandy had done its work on one of them, and he had to dismount. The other was nearly as helpless. They stopped, telling me to ride on, they would overtake me, but that was the last I saw of them.

The sentry on the road asked me few questions and told me to go on to the picket post. They had the road blockaded with fence rails to stop a charge from Forrest. They asked me where I was from and if I had taken the oath, adding that I would have to do that before I got out, but I could go on in. Though I passed several camps of Federal soldiers, I was not further questioned,

Going in on College Street, I found it heavily barricaded at several points as against a charge. Little narrow winding passages permitted a person to go through, I learned that an attack from Forrest was actually anticipated at least, prepared for. Arriving on the Public Square, I found all the outlets to Nashville across the river heavily guarded. No one could go to Edgefield without a pass, and no one could get a pass without the recommendation of a loyal citizen. I had a friend, Charlie Stringer, a clerk with Cooke, Settle & Co. (boot and shoe merchants) Finding Charlie without trouble, he readily recommended me. He wrote a brief note to the provost marshal, stating that I was a countryman friend of his and desired to go to Edgefield, and that he would vouch for me. Without questioning me Col. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, formerly a member of Congress, granted the "bearer, George Hampton, citizen, permission to go to Edgefield for twenty four hours and then return to these headquarters." I took this and told him I did not want to return to the city, and asked if it would involve him in any way. He said he guessed it would be all right and to "go ahead." I have not reported to Colonel Campbell yet.

I went immediately to Mr, Russell M. Kinnaird's, Edgefield, where I delivered to Mrs. Kinnaird divers letters from the South, written on linen, sewed up between the lining and outside of my coat, trusting her to deliver them to the true owners. The most important was to Miss Mamie Johnson from Major Bransford. They were married shortly after the war closed. Mrs. Kinnaird was Major Bransford's sister, and a very talented, far seeing woman. It was then late in the evening, and she informed me that I could not get the papers I wanted until next day, as they were locked up in Mr. Kinnaird's safe in the city. I asked her if I could stay there. She said she was afraid for me to do so, as there was too much risk. She added: "Poor Holman! he was undoubtedly reported on by some servant.

Since then we do not trust them any, nor any one else very much unless we know them. But I will fix it. I want you to wear this coat (it will be necessary for yours to be repaired) and this hat, one of Brother Tom's old ones. They will not materially change your appearance. I had your horse fed when you came and want you to leave now in a few minutes." Seating herself at a table, she wrote in a very fine hand something like this: "Mrs. E., this is a friend. Keep him until I come,

MATILDA K.

Taking the scissors, she cut this in a very narrow slip and stuck it in my vest pocket and said: "If you see you are going to be captured, put it in your mouth, and if necessary, eat it. Col. William B. Ewing lives nine miles from here on the White's Creek Pike. There are no pickets on that road, and there have never been any soldiers, not even scouts out there that I've ever heard of. Take that note to Mrs. Ewing, and they will treat you like a prince, and I'll go out to morrow."

It was now nearly night, and I rode out of Edgefield proud of my success thus far. It was night when I arrived at Colonel Ewing's, forty miles from where I had stayed the night before. A hospitable looking country mansion with several rooms lighted and light on the porch greeted me. I ventured the usual "Hello" at the gate. A modest girl in short dress and a curly headed boy about the same size, twelve and fourteen years old respectively, met me at the gate. I told them my name was Hampton, that I was a weary traveler, and wanted to stay all night. They said their father and mother had gone two miles to see a sick neighbor and would not be back until late, and very naturally seemed to hesitate, when I handed the little girl the note from Mrs. K. She ran back near enough to the porch light to read it, and said, "He's all right, brother, we'll take him in," and in the same breath to me: "Mr. Hampton, you are from the South and can tell us all about the war. I have a brother there. I hope you've seen him. He's in the 1st Tennessee."

I was at once at home. Marie Lou and Willie were profuse yet thoroughly genteel in their hospitality. Willie put away my horse and fed him in a far back stable. His sister got a supper that the tired soldier enjoyed. The old negro cook had gone for the night. After supper I got on confidential terms with my little friends and told them all I knew about the South and the war and brother Charlie in the 1st Tennessee, Thus entertained, the hours flew by until about eleven o'clock, when the old folks got home. My little hostess introduced me. Near midnight she, assisted by Willie, brought in cake, wine, and other refreshments. Having told my story to Colonel Ewing and his wife, I retired about one o'clock and slept till the sunbeams came in at my window, and Colonel Ewing knocked at my door to announce breakfast.

By nine o'clock several Nashville ladies came to see me. Speaking from memory, I could not be expected to name them all, a period of thirty eight years having marked the scroll of time Mrs. Matilda Kinnaird, who brought me Major Bransford's vouchers for which I had made the journey, Mrs. Anthony W. Johnson and daughter, Miss Mamie Johnson, Mrs. Watson M. Cooke, and Mrs. Mat Stratton, and some of the family of Colonel Smith, then a prominent citizen of Edgefield. The business of the day was being interviewed and receiving and sending messages, and at two o'clock I started for Dixie. Colonel Ewing

piloted me across the Gallatin Pike at a point known to be free from pickets and directed me to cross the Cumberland River near the Hermitage, the ferryman being a Southern sympathizer in whom I could confide. He directed me by country roads to Colonel Ashworth's, a short distance west of Lebanon, where I spent the night. After I got there I put all the letters in my pockets and saddlebags my friends wanted me to carry with the understanding that there was nothing contraband in them. I was privileged to read them, and if I found any wrong to destroy them and not carry them. Considering myself safe the first night, I don't remember even to have read them.

Only one incident on the return trip is worthy of particular mention. I had been assured that there were no Federal pickets on the road I was traveling. Somewhere near the Cumberland River on the north side a sudden turn in the road brought me suddenly in the very edge of an encampment of bluecoats. A second glance showed me that it was simply a bridge guard, and I rode on unconcerned, speaking to those playing cards near the road and giving them the countryman's salute, at which some of them smiled and others grunted a lazy salutation.

Leaving Colonel Ashworth's, from which place I was enabled to send word to my friend, Mrs. K., at Nashville of my safety thus far, I went on through Lebanon and up the pike to Chestnut Mound to the hills and hollows of Jackson County, where, after resting a few days, I proceeded South, and arrived safe at the transportation office, having accomplished what I undertook. I carried with me the whole trip a belief that Providence was with me and I would succeed.

My little friend, Miss Marie Lou Ewing, grew to fascinating womanhood and became the excellent wife of Mr. James W. Blackmoore, one of the leading members of the Gallatin bar. I enjoyed the hospitality of her and her husband when in Gallatin in 1880. She has since been called by death to the angel world. "Willie" is now Dr. W. G. Ewing, one of the leading physicians of Nashville. Charlie was one of the most gallant men of the 1st Tennessee, and became a leading lawyer of Dresden, West Tennessee, and died some years ago. Mrs. Ewing died at the residence of her son, Dr. W. G. Ewing, recently.

**DUEL BETWEEN GENS. JOHNSTON AND HUSTON
BY COL. GEORGE WYTHE BAYLOR, OF GENERAL JOHNSTON'S STAFF,
NOW OF GUADALAJARA, MEX.**

The article in the VETERAN for September giving an account of the duel between Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and Gen. Felix Huston during the war for Texas independence carries me back to Bowling Green, Ky., in 1861 and brings vividly before me Blackburn's home, our headquarters, and the members of the commander's staff. We were sitting around the fire at night when the subject of the duel was brought up by Col. H. P. Brewster, who was also an old Texan and a warm friend of General Johnston. Speaking of the duel, the General said there was no cause in the world for a duel, but Gen. Felix Huston was very much chagrined that he had been superseded in command of

the Texans. General Johnston said that, while he was a good shot with a rifle, he knew very little about pistol practice except with the old Dragoon holster pistol that had the same cartridge as the flintlock musket, an ounce ball and three buckshot, and did not require any special science, but, like Bennie's pistol, got something else if not what it was aimed at. Men who expected duels or hunted up duels on slight provocation kept and practiced with regular dueling pistols. The deadly Colt's six shooter was unknown.

General Johnston stated that the challenge was a great surprise to him, but as the commander of the army and in accordance with the custom of the times he accepted the challenge, as a refusal would lose him the confidence of the troops. He knew his opponent was an expert, and that he would have to use his dueling pistols, long barreled hair trigger, and his only show was to disconcert him and draw his fire, so when the word was given, "Are you ready ? Fire! 1, 2, 3," he did not wait for "1, 2, 3," but threw up his pistol and blazed away without trying to get aim in the direction of his man, and did prevent the expert from more than "winging" him after several shots. The shot in his hip made him limp but slightly, and unless one's attention had been called to it it would never have been noticed. It is greatly to the credit of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that it has preserved this along with much other valuable data for the historians.

Referring to the article in the October VETERAN by John P. Broome, copied from the Arkansas Gazette, as to his being the only man who saw A. S. Johnston die, I have a very distinct recollection of leaning over General Johnston, his head on my knees, and the last thing he saw on earth was my tearstained face bending over him. I was his senior aid de camp, and wrote an account of his death for an early number of the VETERAN. Mr. Broome was undoubtedly there, but my account, Governor Harris's, and his do not agree except as to the sad fact that General Johnston was wounded in a desperate charge and lost his life by ordering Dr. Yandell to remain with a group of mixed Union and Confederate wounded. No, Brother Broome, I am from Arkansas myself, and Fayetteville, Washington County, is full of my kindred Judge David Walker's descendants.

In the November VETERAN is an interesting account of Confederate breech loading cannon, commonly known, says Capt. Theo. F. Allen, of Cincinnati, Ohio, as Schoolfield's Battery. It seems strange that this arm of the service has never been mentioned before, and that it comes to us from a Yank.

Until I saw this article it was my impression that my brother, Gen. John R. Baylor, had invented the first breech loading cannon. His, however, was a smoothbore and was loaded with buckshot, a can of them each load. Jim Miliken, of Weatherford, Tex., told me he had fired the cannon several times, and at seventy five yards the load could be covered by an ordinary hat where it hit the mark, and afterwards the blue whistlers began to scatter and "sarch for the inimy," and had the Williams gun been so loaded, Captain Allen would have heard many more tunes played than "Whar is you?"

Like the Williams gun, it could be hauled by a horse and buggy shafts, and also placed on a saddle for mountain service. Such a gun battery would have mowed down any regiment at close quarters.

Mr. George A. dark, of Montell, Uvalde County, Tex., put up this gun at Cushman's Foundry, Houston, for the "Ladies' Rangers," commanded by General Baylor. The last one we heard of was taken by General Marmaduke across the Rio Grande in 1865.

Dr. John Cunningham, of Ravenna, Tex., writes an interesting account of his life since the war. He has had many honors, and is growing old, loving the South as much as, when he served under her banner.

BATTLE OF NATURAL BRIDGE, FLA.

BY JACOB GARDNER, 18 BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH, GA.

In the January VETERAN, page 21, I read the poem on the battle of "Natural Bridge, Fla., March 6, 1865." Having been one of the participants, I wrote my sister seven days after the fight. I send you a copy of this letter, particularly as so little has ever appeared in print concerning this fight except in the "War of Rebellion Reports," published by the United States government:

CHATTAHOOCHEE, FLA., March 13, 1865.

My Dear Sister: Your anxiously looked for letter of the 27 ult. came to hand on Saturday night immediately after our return from a short campaign which did not last one week. I suppose you have seen or heard long before this reaches you that the Yankees had received another good drubbing down here.

Our battery had the honor of participating in the engagement. We received orders here Sunday morning, the 5th inst., before day to march immediately for the field of operations. We left this place as soon as our horses finished eating and we had cooked rations. We arrived at Camp Randolph, sixteen miles below Tallahassee, Monday morning before day. By ten o'clock we reached the field of battle, about seven miles from the camp and about twelve miles from Tallahassee. Our forces skirmished with them all the morning. We had several killed and wounded, and at eleven o'clock it began in earnest. The fight lasted three hours and a half.

It was a warm place for the number of men engaged. Three guns of our battery and two guns of Captain Houston's battery were there. The enemy had a narrow defile to pass through of about forty yards, and all the guns played on this point. We played havoc amongst them, you may be sure. It was mostly an artillery fight. Our battery had one man, George Griffin, severely wounded. He lost his arm. He was struck by a piece of shell. Five others were struck by bullets, but were not hurt. Our gun the one I belong to

was in the battery within two hundred yards of the enemy all the time. The fight took place at the Natural Bridge, across the St. Marks River. Capt. Lee Butler was wounded, and Sampson was struck by a spent ball on the leg, but not hurt.

The 2d Florida Cavalry came just in time, made a charge, and routed the enemy. Our loss was, as near as I could learn, eight killed and twenty eight wounded. The enemy lost, from their account, four hundred. They had some citizens prisoners, but released them, who said the Yankees acknowledged that they were badly whipped, and that was what they lost four hundred. Every field officer they had but one was either killed or wounded. Their General Newton was wounded in the hip by a shrapnel shot and in the shoulder by a limb of a tree.

The day before we got there the Yankees captured the gun we had at Camp Randolph, also one man. It was done through a mistake of the commanding officers at that point. Our officers were cleared of all blame by the statement of the officer in charge to General Jones. The support they had, which was only sixty men, left before our gun fired the first shot. The enemy advanced on it twelve hundred strong. Our men were ordered to fire and leave the gun, which they did in good time.

Our force in the battle at the bridge was about one thousand strong. The enemy numbered fifteen hundred. The day after the fight two deserters were captured. They were caught in arms, and they had fought us the day before. A drumhead court martial was held immediately. They were condemned and were shot at half past twelve o'clock last Tuesday. One of them stood as a statue, but the other seemed to be affected considerably. They were the first deserters I ever saw shot. Their eyes were bandaged and their hands tied behind them to a stake. It was a hard sight, but just. All the forces witnessed the execution. I picked up some little plunder off the field, amongst them two letters and two Yankee postage stamps. Inclosed I send one of the letters.

I hear that the Georgia Militia have all been furloughed indefinitely, and I hope that uncle will be able now to remain with his family. You seem anxious to knit me some socks. I have no objection. If you have an opportunity, you may send me some. I am in excellent health, as usual. I have no idea when I'll be able to see you, as furloughs do not come 'thick and fast.' I enjoy myself very well. You must try to do likewise. It is useless to grieve. Some day we will all go home again."

[The VETERAN sought information in regard to this battle to go with the poem. It is a coincidence that Mr. Gardner's letter has been preserved these many years, and is now made historic record. Mr. Gardner served in Company A, Milton Light Artillery, Capt. Joseph L. Dunham commanding. ED.]

JOHN BROWN'S EXECUTION AT CHARLESTOWN
BY R. A. HART, ADJT. JOE KENDALL CAMP, WARRENTON, VA.

I notice in the February VETERAN an article about John Brown and Harper's Ferry by Patrick Higgins. Mr. Higgins is mistaken as to the time of the execution of Brown. I belonged then and throughout the war to a company of cavalry organized in Fauquier County, Va., in 1858 by Capt. John Scott, known as the Black Horse Troop. It became Company H, 4th Virginia Regiment, Wickham's Brigade, Fitz Lee's Division. The company was commanded in the early part of the war by William H. Payne, Captain Scott having resigned. Payne was soon promoted to brigadier general.

Early in November, 1859, we were ordered to Charlestown with all the volunteer soldiery of Virginia, including the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute (in all about three thousand troops), by Governor Wise, of Virginia. Our company formed a part of the guard having John Brown in charge from the jail to the gallows. He was hanged on December 2, 1859, at Charlestown, the county seat of Jefferson County, then Virginia, now West Virginia. Harper's Ferry is in the same county.

There were captured at Harper's Ferry by our beloved Lee (then Capt. R. E. Lee, of the United States army) seven of the raiders viz.. Brown, Cook, Coppie, Copeland, Green, Stephens, and Hazlett who were all tried and condemned by the civil court at Charlestown. Cook was a remarkably handsome young man and a nephew of Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, who defended his nephew in the trial, not justifying Cook in his actions, but appealing to the sympathies of the jury. It is said to have been the finest address ever made in that courthouse. As I stated, while Brown was hanged on December 2, Cook, Coppie, Copeland, and Green were executed on the 22d of the same month. Stephens and Hazlett were not executed until the following March (1860).

Governor Wise held the troops at Charlestown until after the second execution, threats having been made by the abolitionists of the North to release the prisoners. We reached home (Warrenton) on Christmas eve. There are now only five survivors of the Black Horse Troop out of about one hundred men who were at the execution.

NASHVILLE BATTLEFIELD MERITS ATTENTION.
BY PARK MARSHALL, ESQ., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The Nashville National Battlefield Association, recently organized in the city of Nashville and embracing in its membership many of the city's most prominent citizens, is an organization of much merit.

The battle of Nashville, which took place December 15 and 16, 1864, was the decisive battle of the great War between the States. For four eventful years the brave and chivalrous Army of Tennessee defended the territory lying between Virginia and the Carolinas on the east and the Mississippi on the west against the vast Northern armies, and under Johnston, Bragg, and Hood fought the great battles of Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, the Hundred Days' Battle from Dalton to Atlanta and Jonesboro, then, swinging northward, entered Tennessee and fought the unfortunate battle of Franklin and advanced to the vicinity of Nashville. No more heroic and resolute army ever marched to the deadly conflict of arms. Probably eighty thousand fell dead or wounded, first and last, while it inflicted still greater losses on its antagonists.

As the military policies of both sides with the progress of events assumed more definite shape and a wider scope of operations was viewed as a whole, it was seen that this heroic army was not only protecting the central part of the Confederacy and its great supporting territory, but with respect to the capital was protecting it from the rear and greater left wing. If this army were destroyed, then General Lee would probably be hemmed in from all sides by the vast forces of the enemy.

The Army of Tennessee as it bivouacked before Nashville in December, 1864, was but the shadow of its former self, having only about twenty one thousand men and some three thousand near Murfreesboro, while the enemy numbered some seventy thousand at the two places. It was certainly a momentous cast, and the Confederacy lost lost, as one may say, through sheer exhaustion. The remnants, though still later fighting bravely in North Carolina, were really fighting without reasonable hope other than of honor. This is why Nashville may be deemed the decisive battle, if any one was such in the war. But the time is now happily past when either the one side or the other has any disposition to mark and beautify battlefields with any view of celebrating a victory or triumph as such. The idea is wholly different from that in the cases of all of our battlefields. We mark and decorate the tombs of friends and kindred and the places of struggles and great events, and even for the side upon whom physical victory turned her back there are still triumphs left along with mournful memories.

When the sun now looks brightly down on these smiling fields and hills, the memory is tinged with sadness for the sufferings that have been, and this feeling is shared by the tottering survivors of both of the contending armies. The markings that now in many places still attest the struggles of forty four years ago may still be traced. Let us see that they are properly marked before obliteration,

Nashville was a battlefield of more real interest than many others whereon larger armies contended and more men were lost, therefore the government should the more readily do the work suggested by this Association.

Secretary of War William H. Taft wrote a letter to a Missouri battlefield association stating that \$3,000,000 had been spent on parks and that the government would not create any others. It is no doubt well that the government does not spend in the future any such large sums as it has spent in this way in the past. But the Nashville Association have never contemplated asking for a large park. In fact, they have thought that anything like twelve hundred or two thousand acres would be inadvisable. Their idea is to have some centrally located park of fifty to one hundred acres. After considering the former Secretary's views, however, the Association are not now asking for a park at all, but they do ask that a survey and map of the battlefield be made by the government and that durable markers be placed at the important points and that certain driveways be constructed connecting with the present roads. A bill to this end has been prepared and will probably be introduced by Hon. Joseph W. Byrns, M. C. The cost will not be heavy for roads and markers and survey, and Congress should pass the act.

In the meanwhile the Association will have some expenses, and they desire to increase their membership to about two hundred. The membership fee is \$5, which can be sent to Mr. A. H. Robinson, Treasurer. Men or women residing in any part of the United States are eligible for membership.

**HARD FIGHTING FRANKLIN MUNFORDVILLE
BY W. L. SHAW (PRIVATE 10TH MISS. REGT.), SHAW, LA.**

It gives me much pleasure and satisfaction that an effort is on foot to have the battlefield of Franklin, Tenn., properly marked. It was indeed one of the bloodiest battles of the Confederate war.

I entered the Army of Tennessee at Corinth, Miss., before the battle of Shiloh, and was present at all times in the following battles and skirmishes: Shiloh, Corinth, Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, Munfordville, Perryville, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Resaca, New Hope Church, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, and Goldsboro, N. C., besides many hard skirmishes amounting to small battles. Now, looking back over all of these and considering what we went through at Franklin by charging the different lines of breastworks over fallen trees and the line of chevaux de frise, where our gallant Cleburne and five other generals died, I have always thought that Franklin without doubt was the bloodiest and, for the time we were engaged, the most severe and hardest contested battle of our Tennessee Army. Our gallant Cleburne fell while cheering his men forward when it was so dark we could see only by the flashing of guns. Our men climbed over their last line of works, while the Yankees fought us hard and well.

CHALMERS'S GREAT BLUNDER AT MUNFORDVILLE

Nothing to my belief ever equaled that battle of Chalmers's Brigade at Munfordville, Ky., the numbers engaged considered. It was called "Chalmers's Great Blunder." His brigade had been sent in advance to tear up the railroad track, so we might intercept Buell at Cave City on his retreat from Nashville. Failing in this, Chalmers went to Munfordville and undertook to capture Colonel Wilder's command of 4,500 "raw recruits" (?) in a stockade at the river crossing. Wilder had a most formidable blockhouse, with portholes to shoot through and with only a narrow entrance to the fort, which was protected by six 12 pound cannon.

Chalmers, leaving about two hundred men at Cave City, took the rest of his brigade, not over eleven hundred rank and file, to storm this stockade and fort. After their pickets were drawn in, he ordered us to charge, and we advanced to within sixty or seventy yards of this stockade under a most severe and galling fire from the loopholes in the logs, with the artillery mowing us down. Some getting closer, lay down behind logs. Not knowing how to get us out of this fix, Chalmers hoisted a flag of truce and Wilder ceased firing, thinking we were surrendering, but Chalmers demanded the surrender of Wilder, saying General Bragg's army was within a day's march. Wilder replied that he would not surrender, but would give us three hours in which to surrender to him. In the meantime we fell back, carrying our wounded off the field. Bragg arrived the next day and surrounded Wilder with his heavy guns, and after parleying some Wilder surrendered.

This was one of the great blunders of the war. Our regiment lost the gallant, brave, and courageous Col. Robert A. Smith, a Scotchman, and many other officers and privates, leaving lieutenants to command regiments. There were not over eleven hundred men engaged all told on the Confederate side, and we lost two hundred and thirty killed and wounded in less than two hours' fighting. Wilder had forty five hundred men, as stated before, in the stockade when he surrendered to General Bragg. If he had marched his men out against us, he could have captured our little handful, as we were so cut up. The only reason that we were not all killed was that in charging up the hill they overshot us. Our company (what was left of it) managed to get up to within sixty or seventy yards of the stockade and we lay down behind a beech log, which was the only protection we had, and no telling what would have become of us if Chalmers had not hoisted the white flag in demanding their surrender. In the meantime we ran back out of range and waited for Bragg's coming. When Bragg arrived with his army, he planted his heavy guns on the hills bearing on the stockade and demanded Wilder's surrender, with the threat that if he refused Bragg would open these guns on him and take no prisoners. Wilder at first refused, and Bragg made preparations to open his guns on the stockade at daylight and storm it. As Chalmers's Brigade had so "extinguished" itself in this charge, they were to have the place of honor in leading the charge against the stockade. After marching us to the front, we lay down, none of us expecting to escape out of the next day's fight, but late

in the night we saw a white light moving over the fort, and then such a shout went up over the whole army as I had never heard. Wilder had surrendered.

There are not many of us now living who went through this, but those who are will agree with me, I am sure, that for the little time we were engaged there was no fighting to surpass it. So little mention is made of the battle of Munfordville, Ky., but we who went through it will remember it, and hope the name of our gallant Smith will be mentioned in history, We all loved him. This is the first time I ever wrote for the press of any part I took in the war.

[Readers who have not done so may read with interest General Buckner's account of the battle of Munfordville in February VETERAN, pages 84 and 85. Comrade Shaw's account of Chalmers's raising the white flag to demand surrender may do Chalmers an injustice. Private soldiers were not in positions to understand such matters. EDITOR.]

Mr. A. J. Harrol, of New Orleans, a soldier of the sixties, sends a vivid account of how he bore the flag of his battalion on to victory. He tells also of the many dangers a color bearer will endure undaunted in order to keep his well loved flag unfurled to the breeze.

AN ANNUITY FOR CONFEDERATES BY JUDGE LYLE, WACO, TEX.

The condition of many Confederate veterans is pitiable, and becoming more so every year. Helpless and decrepit, without a country to care for them in old age, their case is a sad one. What the several States are doing for them is niggardly and an insult. The amount that Texas, with her two billions in taxable values, doles out to each on her pension list would about subsist a goat taught to feed on tin cans.

I am gratified, however, to learn that the hapless fix in which the old heroes find themselves is attracting attention and that at the coming session of Congress a move will be made for their relief. This will not take the shape of a pension, which no self respecting Confederate soldier would accept from a government against which he fought. The bill to be offered will be supported by the following facts, reasons, and deductions:

1. Two billion dollars' worth of slaves were taken from citizens of the United States by proclamation of the President to save the Union.
2. This private property was theirs, taken for public use without just compensation.
3. The Constitution prohibits the taking of private property for public use without just compensation.

4. The honor of the government and the good name of a former chief magistrate demand that compensation be made as far as is possible,
5. It is impracticable at this late day to remunerate the individual owners of that property.
6. Such of the owners as are living and heirs of those dead are willing that compensation be made in providing annuities for Confederate veterans and their widows.

Based upon these facts, reasons, and deductions, the bill will provide that each State of the Union shall return to Washington a complete roll of all Confederate veterans and widows of Confederate veterans living within its confines. Upon receipt of such roll there shall be paid into the treasury of the State a sum sufficient to pay to each Confederate veteran and widow of a veteran dollars as an annuity.

This plan of taking care of these deserving people strikes me as eminently proper and honorable on all sides and to all parties. The United States government is appropriating money to care for the graves of dead Confederate soldiers, and why not for the support of the helpless, suffering living ones? As the Constitution positively says that private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation, there is better legal warrant for the objects of this bill than for the appropriation yearly made for graves.

I appeal to all Confederate veterans as individuals and as Camps and all Daughters of the Confederacy as individuals and as Chapters and to all sons of Confederate veterans and upon all good citizens of our common country to speak out in behalf of this measure and uphold the hands of the noble statesmen who will champion it.

Mrs. D. J. Broadhurst, of Goldsboro, N. C., writes this magazine a pleasant, gossipy letter of ante bellum days and the early time of the great struggle. Mrs. Broadhurst says she is "entirely unreconstructed" and is very proud of her stalwart soldier husband and the seven sons they have reared to be as good Confederates as they are themselves. She has taken the VETERAN from its initial number, and now, "wanting the people of her town to read a true history of the war," she incloses a postal order to supply two libraries with the magazine.

HOW THE TERM "UNCLE SAM" ORIGINATED

During the War of 1812 the United States entered into a contract with a man by the name of Elbert Anderson to furnish supplies to the army. When the United States buys anything from a contractor, an inspector is always appointed to see that the goods are what the contract calls for and that the government gets full value. In this case the government appointed a man by the name of Samuel Wilson, who was always called "Uncle Sam" by those who knew him. He inspected every package and cask that came from Elbert Anderson, the contractor, and if he found that the contents were all right, the package or cask was marked with the letters "E. A., U. S.," the initials of the contractor and of the United States. The man whose duty it was to do this marking was a jovial sort of fellow, and when somebody asked him what these letters meant, he said they stood for Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam, Everybody, including "Uncle Sam" Wilson himself, thought it was a good joke, and by and by it got into print, and before the end of the war it was known all over the country, and thus the United States received the name "Uncle Sam." The originator of "Uncle Sam" died at Troy, N. Y., in 1854, aged eighty four years.

A GOOD "HAUL" BY SCOUTS IN VIRGINIA BY A. FONTAINE ROSE, WARRENTON, VA.

During the battle of the Wilderness two scouting parties were sent out, crossing Kelly's Ford. One of them was commanded by Sergt. C. P. Curtis for Gen. Fitz Lee, with two men, Fitzhugh and Rose, the other by Isaac S. Curtis, scout for W. H. F. Lee, with one man, Tapscott. Waiting until night and getting our supper at Mr. Granville Kelly's, a fine old Virginia gentleman, we took the road toward the wilderness. We soon caught one Yankee (deserter, I think), who took us for his own men. We had put on our blue overcoats, covering our gray uniform, which we wore at night when in their lines. Our prisoner, taking us for his men picking up deserters, would not speak, so we got no information from him. We next let about thirty infantry pass.

The order then given by Sergeant Curtis was: "Fall in with the company of cavalry I hear coming, and when we get to the pine woods, I will whistle, and every man must bring out a prisoner." I said: "Sergeant, suppose they take us out." He replied: "Shut up, Rose, and do what I tell you." Well, I rejoiced at the size of that company of only three men. It was the best haul we ever made. They were reporters with three mail bags filled with letters and valuable information, much of it from Grant to Lincoln. Of the three horses, one was a Kentucky horse ridden by Cadwallader, reporter for a New York paper. The next day

that fine horse was killed on Lacey's Heights, opposite Fredericksburg, by a Yankee sharpshooter, whose next shot scorched my nose badly.

U. S. MONUMENTS, FOR CONFEDERATE DEAD

Marble monuments about thirty feet in height and suitably inscribed are to be erected by the United States government to mark the resting places of the soldiers of the Confederate army in the cemetery at North Alton, Ill., and in the Green Lawn Cemetery at Indianapolis, Ind. The bodies of 1,353 such soldiers were buried in the Alton cemetery and 1,620 in the Indianapolis cemetery during the Civil War. In these cases it was found impossible to identify the bodies of individuals and give each grave a separate headstone, as provided by law. The Secretary of War has approved an allotment of \$6,000 for each of two monuments, one in each cemetery, to take the place of individual headstones.

VETERANS WANT TO GO TO NEW YORK

The time for the Reunion in Memphis, Tenn., of the old Confederate veterans is fast approaching, and we realize that many of them will never see another Reunion. Several years ago the Confederate Camp in New York City invited the old veterans to visit that city, and at that time the Commander thought it best not to do so, but as the old veterans have friends in that city who shared the brunt of battle, would it not be a pleasure for a number of these old soldiers to visit that city, provided the railroads would give them a very low rate for the round trip from Memphis to New York? There are a number of old veterans in this section who would go on such a trip. What say the other Camps over the country? Let us try and see if we can get up a company to go to New York from Memphis in June, the time of the General Reunion. We hope that a move of this kind may be consummated.

The above appeared in the Selma Times of February 28, and I hope that you will publish it as early as possible. It has created a good deal of interest among the old soldiers at Demopolis, and many of them would be glad to see an excursion of this kind gotten up for the occasion of the General Reunion at Memphis in June.

GEORGE D. CAMPBELL

A movement was started to go on an excursion to New York after the first Richmond Reunion to meet and parade with Union veterans, but their Commander would not have it. In a plea he was informed that they were not to parade as soldiers with guns, but he was inexorable, and said the Grand Army veterans should not march with them in their

gray clothes. The date of the Richmond Reunion was changed that both sides meet in New York on July 4, but of course the Confederates did not make any concession.

SOUTHERN SOCIETY IN PHILADELPHIA

Southern hospitality, with all that term implies, marked the formal opening of the charming new quarters for the Southern Club in Philadelphia, Penn., for here dispensing most gracious courtesies were assembled the many brilliant Southern women who make the Quaker city their home.

The new clubhouse is ideal not only architecturally but in the atmosphere that breathes about it of high culture and social charm. The club was organized in 1894 by a small coterie of Southerners who wished a meeting place, and has steadily grown till this magnificent structure became necessary. At the opening reception, though a perfect blizzard was holding the city, the house was crowded, and the representative society leaders were much in evidence.

Nearly coincident with these opening ceremonies was the annual banquet given by the Philadelphia U. D. C. to two hundred and seventy five guests. To the stirring strains of "Dixie" the Chapter and its guests marched into the banquet room, which was most elaborately decorated in the beloved colors of the Confederacy. The banquet was followed by a brilliant program of toasts, music, and recitations, participated in by some of the leading women in Pennsylvania.

WIDOW OF JESSE MEEKS

In order to help prove her claim and to assist her in getting a pension, Mrs. R. A. Meeks, of Pine Bluff, Ark., would like the name and address of some of her husband's old comrades. Her husband was Jesse Meeks. He was a member of Captain Mooney's company of Saline County, Ark. (does not remember the regiment), and was in the hospital in Panola County, Miss. On his discharge from there he joined Captain Lindsey's company. He was in the hospital at Little Rock suffering from paralysis.

CORRESPONDENCE BY CONFEDERATES

Mr. Samuel Moore Caruthers, of Goldthwaite, Tex., writes of an interesting experience. Mr. Caruthers is a native of Tennessee, but moved to Texas in his early life. He volunteered under Capt. J. R. Hubbard, and his company was sent to Camp Cheatham, Robertson County, Tenn. Here they were organized with the 42d Regiment Tennessee Volunteers, and did guard duty at Clarksville until the battle of Fort Donelson. The

regiment was carried down the Cumberland by transport to reenforce General Pillow, who was hotly engaged against Grant.

The morning of the memorable 13th of February was very close and sultry, and the soldiers threw away their overcoats, blankets, etc., before placing their artillery or raising their breastworks. Later in the day it rained, then followed snow and sleet several inches deep. Without tents or covering of any kind the suffering of the soldiers was extreme. Comrade Caruthers says he saw a tent standing near, and he crawled into it for protection, but left at once when he found it filled with dead men, already frozen stiff.

This was Thursday. All day Friday there was heavy skirmishing, and on Saturday General Pillow left his breastworks and threw his army on the right wing of Grant, and for a time drove the enemy back, but they rallied, and in turn pressed back the Confederates and captured the breastworks. In this retreat Comrade Caruthers's company was surrounded and all made prisoners. He says General Grant spoke most kindly to the captive soldiers, saying that they had made a noble fight, and that they would be well cared for in their Northern prison. The company was carried to Camp Douglas, and received very kind treatment at the hands of the guards, though seven men of the company died in prison there. In September, 1862, they were exchanged and sent South, where they again joined the main body of the army.

J. M. Dennison, of Conway, Ark., writes of his campaign under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He pays most loving tribute to his great commander, whom he regards as "by far the greatest general who fought on either side." Mr. Dennison sends a clipping taken from the Memphis Commercial Appeal in which Dr. W. T. Bolling gives some interesting camp memories of the days when fighting was plentiful and food scarce. He was with Cleburne and Walthall in their hot fought battles, and draws a vivid picture of war at short range.

Lloyd T. Everett, a son of a Confederate veteran, writes from Charlotte, N. C. He wishes to protest against the idea of erecting at Spotsylvania, Va., a joint monument to Lee and Grant. Mr. Everett says: "The war is long since over, and the people of the South are generally prepared to accept the result in good faith to make the best of a bad bargain. But when have a conquered people, if worthy of liberty, gone to the extent of raising monuments to the assassins of their governments and the despoilers of their firesides? The war on the South was a war of invasion and conquest, and to erect monuments to our assailants and conquerors is to stultify ourselves and dishonor our martyred defenders." True veterans respect each other, many oppose such tributes.

Mrs. Kate H. Turner, wife of Calvin W. Turner, a cavalry veteran of Texas, writes of the many members of her family who suffered and died for the Southern cause. Mrs. Turner is one who has indeed won the proud right to be called a "mother of the Confederacy."

J. N. Chamberlain, R. F. D. No. 4, Oaks, N. Dak., who signs himself "an old comrade who wore the blue," asks for information. He says: "On the 19th of September, 1864, the battle of Opequon Creek, near Winchester, W. Va" was fought, the principal engagement taking place the afternoon of that day. It was the duty of the members of the band to assist in caring for the wounded during and just after an engagement. We always worked in pairs carrying off the wounded from the field. Returning from one of these trips, we saw a fire in a field, and on investigating found several wounded and some dead Confederates lying near this fire, two of them severely wounded. My comrade and I did all we could to make them comfortable, bringing wood for their fire, etc. The wounded feared they would be left there to die, but my comrade and I promised that the ambulance corps should come to their assistance. I was especially drawn to the two wounded Confederates, and would go any distance to grasp them by the hand. I will be very grateful for any information."

J. K. Merrifield, of St. Louis, writes of the battle of Franklin, which he regards as the hottest fought contest of the war, considering the number of men engaged. He says: "When I say hand to hand fight, I don't mean the men were only where they could see each other, but this was where hatchets, picks, shovels, and butts of guns were used to maim or kill." Mr. Merrifield thinks the place of this battle should be converted into a national park, and urges the VETERAN to use its influence to this purpose.

Abraham Bresler, of Tuscumbia, Ala., would like to hear from some of his old comrades in camp. His company was commanded by Capt. Herman Carolton, and became a part of the 9th Arkansas Infantry, which were stationed twenty miles above Memphis, Tenn. His messmates were all Jews. He remembers the names of three: John Bloom, Reinart, and Bernhard. He thinks they are all from Pine Bluff. Mr. Bresler gives many interesting experiences of the war.

Mrs. R. A. Doran: "I am the widow of John Doran, who was a private soldier in the 21st Louisiana Infantry, C. S. A. I do not remember his company or the names of any of his comrades. I reside in Cameron, Tex" and am making an application for a widow's pension, and would be glad to ascertain the names and whereabouts of any of his comrades. He joined the army at New Orleans, La., and was wounded and captured at Petersburg, Va. He was an Englishman by birth. Any information as to the whereabouts of his comrades would be appreciated."

THEY WERE NOT DESERTERS. W. H. Hane, Company H, 10th Florida Regiment, writes from Lakeland, Fla" very entertainingly of what was supposed to be a desertion by a lieutenant and his men sent out on picket duty. Though General Lee was doing all possible to provide for his army, there were still many hardships to be endured by the soldiers. The Yankees used the lure of food, shoes, and clothing to entice deserters from our lines. Consequently when a lieutenant and his men disappeared they were counted as

deserters, and a posse was sent out to hunt them. They were found by a camp fire warming their toes and drinking hot corn coffee, Carried before Generals Finnegan and Mahone, the stammering lieutenant excused himself by saying they were all cold and came into camp to warm. They escaped with only a "cussing out" from one of the subordinate generals.

FIGHTING AT SPOTTSYLVANIA C. H.
BY ROBERT GAMBRELL, GUNTOWN, MISS.

I enclose a photograph of a section of a red oak tree that was shot down on May 12, 1864, at Bloody Angle, near Spotsylvania C. H., Va. McCabe in his history says Willcox's and Rhodes's Alabama Brigades both made unsuccessful attempts to retake the works lost by Johnson's command on the night of the 11th.

I was a member of Company K, 19th Mississippi Regiment, N. H. Harris's Brigade, which brigade was composed of the 12th, 16th, 19th, and 48th Mississippi Regiments. About daybreak of the 12th we received orders to move to the right. We marched about three miles, and were halted in an old field just in the rear of the works, then occupied by the Yanks. In a few moments we were moved by the right flank, entered a strip of woods, and when within less than one hundred yards of the works the Yanks gave us a broadside shot that killed many of our officers and men. We then gave that kind of a Rebel yell that some of them must remember still, and into the works we leaped, capturing what few men were left. This occurred about eight o'clock in the morning. I do not know whether all the works lost by Johnston were retaken, but we captured what was in our front.

BLOCK FROM THE TREE

We thought then that the fight was over, but it had just begun. Line after line came against us, but each was repulsed. Three times they planted their colors on our works in front of this tree. About four in the afternoon I counted four lines coming against us at once. (At this time this tree fell, falling on Bill Lang, of my company, I bruising him up badly.) The last of these lines passed our breastworks, capturing fifty or sixty yards of them, but were unable to fight in so confined a space, and finally gave up and moved to our right. Company K went into this battle with twenty four men all told, and as well as I remember just three of us got out unhurt. Eight were killed, seven wounded, and six captured. I will tell of an incident.

I had the honor of being a corporal, and my place was at the left of the company. When we recaptured the works, I was cut off from my company by a chevaux de frise that was thrown up across the main line. This was about eight feet thick. The works had bridged the ditch, so any one could pass under the travers and not expose himself. When the Yanks entered our works, Bill Pratt, who now lives at Amory, Miss., crawled through the

hole and got on my side. Tim Shay, who now lives at Ramer, Tenn., started through, but the Yanks caught him by the heels and captured him.

From the Reunion at Richmond, Va., I went to Washington, D. C., and found this tree in the National Museum and had it photographed. It is twenty two inches in diameter, cut down by Minie balls. This tree stood about fifteen feet to my right and just in the rear of our works.

Honor to whom honor is due.

It was Harris's Mississippi Brigade that recaptured those works and held them until four o'clock the next morning, when we were withdrawn.

A SOLDIER'S EPITAPH
BY W. L. SANFORD, SHERMAN, TEX.

He fought with Jackson and with Lee I
What nobler epitaph have we
To crown a soldier's sepulcher?
He loved the South with love far brought,
And, loving, quenched all selfish thought,
Girt on his sword and bravely fought,
And, fighting, proudly died for her
He fought with Jackson and with Lee,
The fairest pearls of chivalry
That gem the coronet of fame
The bloodiest knights that ever led
A host through fields blood wet and red,
Where Freedom knelt beside her dead
And hid her weeping eyes in shame.
He fought with Jackson, swiftly comes
The bugle blast, the roll of drums,
The thunder of the cannonade.
We hear the battle lightning's stroke,
We see rash Banks's columns broke,
While down the valley, filled with smoke,
Comes cheering Stonewall's old brigade
He fought with Lee. In memory
The swamps of Chickahominy
Loom up, smoke wreathed and damp and black
And loud above the crash of shell Is heard the
South's triumphant yell,
As from that withering breath of hell

We see McClellan falling back
He fought with Jackson and with Lee
O, glorious epitome
With valor's sword and honor's shield
Throughout those desolating years
Of waste and want and grief and tears,
With glory ringing in his ears,
He stood and fought on freedom's field.
He fought with Jackson and with Lee
To death and immortality,
And left a priceless legacy
No other words than these he needs
To burn the record of his deeds
Upon the wistful heart that reads:
He fought with Jackson and with Lee.
He fought with Jackson and with Lee,
Who stormed the heights of destiny
And sank upon the highest crest.
He fought and fell, but not in vain.
The mounds that scar the Southland's plain
Where rest her sons in battle slain
Are gleaming jewels on her breast
O vestal Spring, through all the years
Go strew thy blossoms wet with tears
O'er him who died for duty's sake
Forever chant, ye wind and wave,
A mournful requiem o'er the grave
Where sleeps the Southron true and brave
Whom war shall nevermore awake

**BOY MEMORIES OF THE WAR.
BY WILL T. HALE, NASHVILLE, TENN.**

I was about four years of age when the War between the States began, and my first memory relates to that period. The scene that impressed me was in the spring of 1861, when Ex Gov. William B. Campbell canvassed the State in opposition to secession. He spoke in our village Liberty, Tenn. and the crowds must have been largely in sympathy with his views. I recall that as a parade passed our cottage I sat on the front fence waving a flag and shouting: "Hurrah for Campbell and the Union!"

My parents, afterwards entirely in sympathy with secession, had given me the flag and taught me the cry. But sentiment changed swiftly. It seemed but a few days later, though in reality it was months (maybe about June 8, 1861, when the election came off, carrying

the State into the League by a vote of 104,913 against 47,238), when I again sat on the front fence. There was another parade, public men were on their way to the place of speaking, and following a string band playing "Drive That Black Dog Out o' the Wilderness" came the Auburn Volunteers or militia in gorgeous uniforms of red. This time, however, I was shouting a new cry taught by my parents: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy!"

Almost as plainly recalled as the fiddle tunes and the uniforms of the Auburn soldiers were the performances of old Uncle Frank Foster, an enthusiastic Southerner. He was a saddler by trade, perhaps four feet six inches tall, always neatly dressed, and wore a stovepipe hat probably to supplement his height! His two sons, Tilmon and Irving, joined the Confederates. It was some time before they left town, and Irving's big bay horse was kept in his father's stable. This horse Uncle Frank mounted daily (his feet hardly reaching below the animal's belly) and rode defiantly up and down the streets. "As for Yankees," the little man roared as he passed a crowd, "I can whip a half dozen and outrun a thousand!" He was certainly as optimistic as a youth of the same neighborhood, White Turney, who, with the exaggeration of the time, declared that before Christmas he was going to be one of the Rebels to "eat Abe Lincoln's ear with a cracker."

It took time and a few battles to prove that the Confederates had something more than fun before them and that the Federals would not end the war in six weeks.

Mr. Foster and his family removed to Arkansas at the close of hostilities, locating at Cincinnati. Mr. Turney, who lost an arm in the conflict, located in East Tennessee and became a successful lawyer. He died many years ago. I would like to know if any of the Fosters are yet living. I was about four years of age when the War between the States began, and my first memory relates to that period. The scene that impressed me was in the spring of 1861, when Ex Gov. William B. Campbell canvassed the State in opposition to secession. He spoke in our village Liberty, Tenn. and the crowds must have been largely in sympathy with his views. I recall that as a parade passed our cottage I sat on the front fence waving a flag and shouting: "Hurrah for Campbell and the Union!"

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For two or three days and nights they were passing, it seemed to me. Perhaps there was much straggling. At the tail end came Champ Ferguson's men. They had been annoyed by Stokes's Regiment in White County, and it was feared they would burn Liberty to ashes, it having been the home of Stokes and many of his followers. However, they destroyed only one storehouse and a barn. They wanted to find some Union men, but the Southern sympathizers assured them that all had fled, telling a fib for the sake of their Union neighbors.

Speaking of Ferguson recalls the "Battle of the Calf Killer," or rather the tragedy. Many of the men swooped down on and killed by Ferguson on that occasion lived around Liberty. I recall seeing them brought home in wagons by their friends and relatives a few days later.

Another tragedy that somewhat affected Liberty was the destruction of what the Union people called "Pomp Kersey's gang," Kersey lived on Short Mountain, ten miles in the direction of Woodbury. His followers were mostly young men of good family. They had taken sides with the South, and frequently raided Liberty and the surrounding country, for the Federals had often raided their homes on Short Mountain, sometimes taking innocent lives. Kersey's last raid was made one night, and a Union citizen of Liberty was killed. The next morning the band was pursued by Blackburn's company. The latter went up Clear Fork and Canal Creek, hearing of Kersey from time to time. Early in the afternoon

they tracked their prey to a deep hollow, where every mountaineer was sound asleep, with not a picket on duty. Doubtless they had never heard that the Federals were in the vicinity when they made their raid, or they would not have been so negligent. Creeping stealthily to within gunshot, Blackburn's force took careful aim and fired. The result was awful. Only one of the hunted men escaped death, and he was not the leader.

The next day the dead men perhaps more than a dozen were hauled to Liberty in an ox cart. I witnessed the unloading. The cart was driven before the door of a vacant store and the gruesome load thrown in on each other, as if their enemy were piling rails. Later they were buried in an old field, and after the war their bones were carried by friends back to their native mountain and re-interred.

I own one of the carbines used by the Federals in that man hunt, it having been purchased from the owner after the war.

The soldiers were often quartered on the citizens. I have seen as many as twenty of Quirk's scouts at our long dining table at a time, our family eating with them. One evening I heard a great rumbling as of continuous thunder west of the village. The scouts jumped up from the table in much excitement. Presently some of them returned, greatly pleased. A number of the scouts or it may have been another body of Confederates had captured a small train of wagons and were having it rushed to the village. That night a large box filled with dry goods was opened in our house. The beautiful things displayed hurt my eyes by the candlelight. The capturers were liberal, and presented many things to their host and hostess. It is too painful to dwell on the individual tragedies that occurred round about. I shall close this rambling sketch with a somewhat humorous incident.

Colonel Stokes had married my mother's sister. He owned a fine farm and negroes three miles north of the village. As shown, he was a Federal. My mother's brother, who was a "fire eating Rebel," owned a fine farm and negroes two miles south of the village. His father had purchased the place in 1810. My uncle had been a Democratic member of the Legislature twice before the war and Colonel Stokes had been in Congress.

These brothers in law were friendly despite politics, but Stokes's men, who did pretty much as they pleased, were ever on the hunt for the fire eater, and he was, continually "skedaddling." One cold winter night he and other refugees were sleeping in a barn some miles from home, among them a man who was not very "bright." About midnight the crowd was awakened by the simpleton. "Git up, men, git up!" he whispered hoarsely. "The Yankees is comin'!"

How do you know, my uncle asked, rubbing his eyes and listening to the cold wind blowing among the hills.

'Cause I hear Patsy Spurlock's dogs barkin' away down the creek, explained the man.

Now if you can assure me that Patsy Spurlock's dogs bark only at Yankees I'll be willing to take this raw January air exclaimed uncle, and crawled back under the hay.

RAMBLING THOUGHTS OF THE CIVIL WAR

[These scraps of memory were found among some old manuscript by the VETERAN. The author is unknown.]

I will attempt to give you a few rambling thoughts and remembrances of the Civil War for the salvation of this country, yours and mine, in which I participated.

It was a rude beginning in life for us young men when we found ourselves inside the great board fence with a line of sentries to guard us. It is one thing to meet a man every day on the street or even at work, it is quite another to be compelled to bunk with him and take your breakfast out of the same camp kettle. We learned our own hitherto unsuspected faults, we discovered the good qualities of even our most faulty comrades. We saw human nature at close range.

There are none of you but have your idea of a soldier, and you will all admit there exist great differences, I will not attempt to tell you the difference between a bad and a good soldier. It often occurs that the wicked and profane show the most actual respect and sympathy for associates and comrades.

The best officers were those who without sacrifice of dignity kept a lively sense of comradeship with their men. The first duty of a soldier is to obey commands promptly and submit to discipline. Hence there must be much and continued drilling from first to last, that discipline be maintained in camp, on march, on the skirmish line, in battle, on a charge, or behind breastworks.

When we started to the front, it is amusing to think of the kindness of those who loved us, how they loaded us down with all sorts of knickknacks, when our backs were our only storehouse patent writing cases, extra socks, mittens, ponchos for the shoulders, haverlocks for the heads, Bowie knives, revolvers, extra blankets, rubber blankets, etc. But in a very short time we were reduced to an absolutely socialistic equality in this world's goods. Every man in uniform was a comrade, though each company was a family by itself.

On a march usually two men tented together, in camp four could use their tent pieces to better advantage than two or three. Men came together as tentmates by natural process of selection, having been schoolmates, workfellows, perhaps brothers, cousins, etc., so at first some new associations were formed of kindred spirits. More and more the company became a great family, unnoticed attractions of affinity drew men together in bonds

seldom broken save by death. Some soldierly friendships bind old men together to this day, and their hearts are filled with love when they say "comrade." When you and your friends have slept under one blanket, shared each other's daily bread, when you depended on him and he on you, when together you have touched elbows and have charged into the hell of deadly battle, facing death and meting out death to your fellow men if you are spared from death, wound, or prison, the first question at rally will be: "Is John safe? Where is Bill? Henry is killed? O God, is that so? Well, well, too bad! He was a good fellow! And Jim lays on the field wounded? Who will join me to run the lines and save him by bringing him in?"

My friends, when together you have suffered, hungered, thirsted, endured heartbreaking battle scenes and awful trials of weariness, huddled together in storm and cold, long marches, long, dreary, monotonous camp life for months and years, you will know what it means to live a common life with a fellow man, and if you meet the test, then you know what real friendship means.

One thing as inevitable as day and night was roll call. In storm or sunshine, in camp or on march, before and after battle, first in morning, last at night, it was roll call. It told of the sick, disabled, wounded, taken prisoner or killed. Imagine if you can the roll call at night after a battle, again after the second day of battle, sometimes three, four, and even seven and eight continual days of battle. Each night the roll call proceeds, sometimes it seemed as though an unseen presence whispered: "Here."

There are no funerals on the march. If a soldier falls out, stricken with mortal sickness, he is left alone to be picked up by the ambulance or perhaps to die alone by the wayside. Columns cannot halt after battle, there are but ghoulish burials. In camp decencies of death are rudely observed.

If you were to ask a dozen or more old soldiers to tell you how they felt going into their first battle, perhaps no two would give precisely the same impression. To most men going for the first time into the fire of an enemy's guns on the field of battle is certainly a trying ordeal, it is an occasion attended with most thrilling sensations of dread and fear.

A volunteer army is composed of varied classes of men, and in the variety dangers do not always develop the same feelings or results. Men who confront death on a battlefield from a sense of duty are affected differently from those who under the mere thrill of excitement rush like the unthinking horse into peril, heedless of cause or result.

Then there is another class of soldiery: men who are, they know not why, utterly indifferent to fate men who are unconsciously devoid of the sense of danger even if they

do not possess that sublime trait of character called valor. Bravery does not always consist of power or capacity to meet and defy danger, and men are often cowards when there is really no danger to face and overcome. But as soon as the soldier gets up under the enemy's fire and is being shot at and the opportunity is given him to return the fire, then it is that all the trouble and all the dread of battles are over with that soldier who has any of the elements of manhood in him. Then the man naturally rises to the need, then comes the spending of the energies for the assault upon the foe, then the yearning for the fire and the advance.

Once in the din and flame and roar of the conflict, there is no time to think of consequences, no time for thought of the loved ones at home far away. The only consuming passion then is how to get at the enemy and punish him, and hence comes the rush and the shout, the incarnation of resolve that always characterizes the charge that leads on to victory or death.

If you can once get a weak man into the fight, he is no longer a coward. The white liver that quails and carries its possessor from the field before the enemy is in sight changes into that of the lion when the man is face to face with the foe in the struggle for life and victory under his flag. And it is the truly brave man at times who can turn and flee when he sees there is no longer virtue or honor in battling the unconquered enemy before him.

GENERAL ASHBY IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

Dabney in his life of Stonewall Jackson does a great injustice when he says General Ashby went on an independent expedition toward Berryville from Winchester during Banks's retreat. My recollection is that General Ashby with a portion of his cavalry command followed Banks's retreating army to Martinsburg and on to Falling Waters, where the most of Banks's command crossed the Potomac. General Ashby abandoned the chase and returned to Martinsburg, where he left Company G of the 7th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry to do provost duty, with First Lieut. Ben Crampton as provost marshal of the town. Our company was the only one to guard the town until the commissary and medical stores could be removed. I think General Ashby went from Martinsburg with the rest of his command to Harper's Ferry, where Stonewall Jackson was with his command.

Our company at Martinsburg was instructed to picket one mile north of the town on the turnpike road leading to Falling Waters and to scout to Falling Waters every day. On the afternoon of May 29 S. Clapham Smith, a sergeant of Company G, 7th Virginia Cavalry, with a detail of eight men, including the writer (also a sergeant in the company) went on a scout to Falling Waters. Ascertaining there were no Federals on the Virginia side of the Potomac, we picketed at the tollgate, about one mile north of Martinsburg. We had our reserve at the tollgate and a vedette some two or three hundred yards down the turnpike

toward Falling Waters. About daylight on the morning of the 30th of May the Federals drove in our vendetta, who notified us that the Federals were coming. By the time we had mounted our horses the Federals were almost up to us. We sent a courier to Lieutenant Crampton, who, with the company, was camped about one mile south of Martinsburg. We emptied our revolvers as the Federals charged and beat a hasty retreat, followed closely by them through the town and to where our company was camped. Lieutenant Crampton fell back south from the camp and formed in the edge of the wood's. The Federals charged into our camp and captured our company wagon. There seemed to be about a regiment of them.

Just at this time Lieutenant Crampton received an order from General Ashby to guard Jackson's wagon train, which was coming from toward Harper's Ferry. We gathered up some straggling infantry and formed them behind a stone fence, and showed so bold a front that we kept the Federal cavalry back, and they did not discover Jackson's wagon train with no guard or protection. Jackson's army was falling back toward Winchester. After the wagon train had passed, our company acted as a rear guard. General Ashby and General Ewell pushed on to Strausburg and met and checked Fremont, who was coming from the west to intercept Jackson, who had Shields on the south of him with Fremont and Milroy north and west of him and Banks in his rear.

When we come to consider the vast amount of picketing and scouting General Ashby had to do, with four armies to watch and keep General Jackson posted as to their movements, there is no wonder his cavalry was scattered. With so many armies to watch I don't think the criticisms of General Ashby are justifiable. I am sure he did his whole duty, and kept his command together as well as the circumstances would permit. When Jackson fell back up the valley, General Ashby collected his men from each side of the valley, where they were on duty as pickets and scouts, and formed a rear guard. General Ashby made a stand at the bridge over the north fork of the Shenandoah River near Mt. Jackson and burned the bridge while the Federals were on the opposite side of the river trying to drive him off. Here he delayed the army of Milroy, which gave Jackson a chance to get ahead.

The day General Ashby was killed, June 6, 1862, he was guarding the rear of Jackson's army with his cavalry command, when Sir Percy Wyndham charged us with the intention of bagging Ashby and his cavalry, but Ashby bagged him and about seventy of his command. I am sure most all of his cavalry was there at that time except that which was sent to watch Shield's, who was coming up on the other side of the Shenandoah River. You will see it was impossible to keep Ashby's Cavalry together, for they had nearly all of one hundred miles of territory to watch and picket.

WILCOX'S ALABAMA BRIGADE AT GETTYSBURG
BY JUDGE GEORGE CLARK, WACO, TEX

After Chancellorsville and the death of Stonewall Jackson, the Army of Northern Virginia was divided into three corps instead of two, as formerly, and Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill were designated as corps commanders in the order named. The Alabama brigade, under Brig. Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox, was taken from Longstreet's 1st Corps and assigned to the 3d Corps, commanded by A. P. Hill, as the senior brigade of that corps.

Early in June, 1863, the movement began by detaching the two corps of Longstreet and Ewell and moving them toward Culpeper C. H. and beyond, leaving the 3d Corps at and near Fredericksburg. Immediately after the departure of these two corps from the vicinity of Fredericksburg and Gordonsville the enemy crossed a force over the Rappahannock River and took position at or near Hamilton Crossing, below the city, evidently for purposes of observation. Hill's Corps remained in position for several days, perhaps for more than a week, and then took up the line of march for Culpeper C. H., moving by regular stages, and] arrived there just as General Lee and staff moved out to cross the mountains. The march was resumed the next day in the same direction. The mountains were crossed at Chester Gap and thence north down the valley, through Front Royal and on to Shepherdstown, where the Potomac was forded at the same point (about opposite Sharpsburg) which the army had crossed in its retreat from Sharpsburg the year previous. Passing through Funkstown and Hagerstown and other places, the division reached Chambersburg. Pa., in two or three days, and marched through that place in company with General Lee and staff and took post at a small village several miles from Chambersburg called Fayetteville, where a halt was called for two or three days. There were many incidents connected with the march from Fredericksburg both amusing and interesting, memories of which are vividly retained to this day, but space forbids their recounting here. Suffice it to say that the brigade as well as the rest of the army were in the best of spirits and ready and more than willing to measure results with the enemy at any time or place.

On the morning of July 1 the brigade took up its line of march with the division, and about noon reached the little village of Fairfield, just east of the mountains, and halted. Heavy firing was going on some distance east on the pike, and it was soon ascertained that an engagement with the enemy was taking place at or near Gettysburg. The march was resumed at once, and upon reaching General Lee's headquarters later in the afternoon the cessation of the firing indicated that the engagement was over at least for the present. The 11th Alabama was soon detached and, accompanied by two pieces of artillery, took position on the extreme right, or rather in the rear of what afterwards proved to be our right, and after throwing out a strong picket force rested for the night without disturbance. About sunrise the next morning (July 2) the brigade formed line and moved to the left and east, and on reaching the proper point fronted and began to move forward in line to the position assigned us for the battle. The 11th Alabama occupied the left of the line, and after moving forward a short distance entered a valley and an open wheat field, and when

about halfway across the field were fired into by a brigade of Federal sharpshooters in the woods on our right and rear, which produced some confusion and a retreat back to the fence, so as to escape the fire from the rear. But just at this time the 10th Alabama came up on our right and immediately opposite the Federals in the woods, and after a brisk musketry drove the enemy back and uncovered the right flank of the 11th Alabama, thus enabling the brigade to move forward in line and take position, which was done at another fence across the field.

Here we remained almost the entire day and until 4 P.M. The sun was fiercely hot, and there was no shade or other protection for the men. Here they sweltered and sweated and swore until about four in the afternoon, when the engagement began on the right.

Our brigade commander during the morning took occasion to explain to the officers the general plan of the battle, in so far as our immediate front was concerned, stating that the movement forward would be by echelon, beginning with the right of Longstreet's Corps and extending to the left as each brigade came into action, and that, owing to our situation, the Alabama Brigade at the proper time would move by the left flank rapidly, so as to give Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade, which would be on our immediate right, room to move forward in proper line.

Thus matters stood until about 4 P.M., when the thunder of cannon up on the right announced the beginning of the action. As Longstreet's brigades came into action the roar of the cannon was accompanied by the rattle of musketry, mingled with the yells of our boys as they moved forward on the run, and the scene was grand and terrific. As the fire and the clamor approached the Alabama Brigade Barksdale threw forward his Mississippians in an unbroken line in the most magnificent charge I witnessed during the war, and led by the gallant Barksdale, who seemed to be fifty yards in front of his brave boys. The scene was grand beyond description.

The order was then given our brigade to move rapidly by the left flank, and the movement was made at full speed until space was cleared sufficient for the Mississippians, and then with right face the brigade moved forward to the assault. Amid showers of grape and canister and dense musketry the first line of the enemy in front gave way precipitately, and then the reserve and supporting line of the enemy was struck, and in turn broke, leaving in our hands several batteries of artillery and many of the killed and wounded. But no stop was made even for re formation. On swept the line swiftly, joined by Perry's Florida Brigade and Wright's Georgia Brigade, across Seminary Ridge and the pike and down the gradual slope toward the heights occupied by another line of the enemy, a distance of at least a third of a mile.

By the time the small brushy drain at the foot of the enemy's position was reached the brigades of Barksdale, Wilcox, Perry, and Wright were in marked confusion, mixed up indiscriminately, officers apart from their men, men without officers, but all pushing forward notwithstanding. Upon striking the third line of the enemy on Cemetery Ridge, and while some of the officers were using their utmost endeavors to get the men in order,

couriers were hurried back to the division commander to send forward quickly the two brigades in reserve belonging to Anderson's Division, and the battle went on furiously while awaiting their arrival. The enemy began concentrating heavy masses in our front and on both flanks, but still our ground was held awaiting reinforcements for another assault. The air was thick with missiles of every character, the roar of artillery practically drowning the shrill hiss of the Minies. In spite of every obstacle, the confused and practically disorganized mass of Confederates pressed on up the incline, only to be again forced to sullenly drop back, until at last, becoming nearly surrounded and no reinforcements coming to their aid, the retreat was sounded and the Confederates withdrew, many being captured and the others barely escaping and subjected for a distance to a destructive fire from the enemy.

So ended the second day's fight on this part of the line. The Alabama Brigade lost about one half its strength in casualties and captures, and retired practically to its original position of the previous morning, where it spent the night.

At an early hour on the morning of July 3 the brigade was formed and moved up somewhat in the rear of Seminary Ridge. The artillery was beginning to form on our front along the Emmetsburg Pike, and the brigade was halted in the rear of the artillery then beginning to form and told that this would be its position during the bombardment which was to take place during the day. The men began to make themselves as comfortable as practicable, when the brigade commander, unaccompanied by his staff, went forward on foot to the crest of the ridge and was seen to be surveying the enemy's position opposite on Cemetery Ridge through his field glass. After a short while he returned, and forming the brigade in line, he moved it forward until it reached a space of about forty yards behind the artillery which was being planted near the crest. When this was done, there were ominous shakes of the head among the boys as to the wisdom of such a move, and expressions were heard to the effect that "Old Billy Fixin" (the brigadier's nickname) was not satisfied with having lost one half his brigade the day before, but was determined to sacrifice "the whole caboodle" to day. The wisdom of the change was demonstrated by the bombardment.

Immediately upon our advance Pickett's Division came up and occupied our original position with his left brigade, the other two brigades of his division extending farther to the right.

After hours of waiting, the bombardment opened with a fury beyond description. The earth seemed to rise up under the concussion, the air was filled with missiles, and the noise and din were so furious and overwhelming as well as continuous that one had to scream to his neighbor lying beside him to be heard at all. The constant roar of nearly four hundred cannon on both sides, with the explosion of the shells and frequently the bursting of a caisson wagon, was terrific beyond description. Men could be seen, especially among the artillery, bleeding at both ears from concussion, and the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds seemed to be upon us.

After an hour or so, or perhaps longer, Pickett's men were ordered up and began their forward movement to storm the enemy's position on Cemetery Ridge. His division had suffered considerably during the bombardment, especially the brigade which occupied the old position of Wilcox in our rear, but the men moved forward in fine order and,

passing to the right of our brigade, mounted the crest of the ridge and started down the gradual incline toward the enemy's lines of intrenchments with quick pace and steady step. Just as they passed our right flank orders were given to our brigade to rise and move rapidly by the right flank, which was promptly done, and then the brigade faced and moved forward rapidly to the right of Pickett. Just previous to our reaching Pickett's right his division seemed to take somewhat of a left oblique and soon disappeared from my view, and I only have its brave deeds from history.

The Alabama Brigade proceeded to charge Meade's army alone. What such an absurd movement meant was never known to the officers then, nor has it ever been satisfactorily explained since. It was rumored afterwards that orders had been issued to stop our movement, but were never delivered, but the whole affair is involved in mystery even to this day. Be that as it may, the brigade moved forward rapidly, but one could hear frequent expressions from the men to the effect: "What in the devil does this mean?" For a few moments practically no loss occurred in our forward movement, but the Federal artillery soon got their range, and a storm of shot and shell was poured upon us. Shrapnel shot would burst in front of us and great gaps be made in our ranks, but the ranks would close and the line move forward.

Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do and die.

At last we came within the range of grape and canister, and a hurricane of such missiles seemed to burst from a hundred cannon on our little line of about eight hundred, rank and file, and plow their deadly path through our ranks. We finally reached a scrubby timbered drain just under the enemy's position, and were passing through it as rapidly as possible when further participation, in so far as I was concerned, altogether ceased. A grape shot struck me down, and the struggle ended in so far as I was concerned. The retreat was ordered, and I was left alone to contemplate the horrors of war and the reckless and criminal folly of a military order which was subsequently repudiated by every officer from third lieutenant to the commanding general.

What happened to myself subsequently can be of little interest to any living man. Suffice it to say that I escaped capture and imprisonment by the gallant conduct of four of my good comrades, who, when the brigade was re formed, ascertained my absence and its cause and gallantly came back and picked me up on a litter and carried me off the field. These four men are all dead now, but the memory of this good deed will abide with me so long as I am capable of tender and grateful recollection.

On a mound on Cemetery Heights there has been erected a monument marked "The High Water Mark of the Confederacy." It was designed to mark the farthest point reached by the Confederates, and glancing at the inscription one can read thereon: "Wilcox's Alabama Brigade Esto Perpetua."

HARDSHIPS OF GEORGIA REGULARS
BY W. H. ANDREWS, SUGAR VALLEY, GA.

In reply to what the old soldiers are the most thankful for, I state first that a good place to sleep, where I can remain during the night without being roused to cook three days' rations and be on the march before twelve o'clock. I am thankful for three things especially: a good roof over my head, three appetizing meals a day, and a good feather bed on which to stretch my weary limbs. I don't believe that any other soldiers ever suffered the hardships and privations of the Confederates, who were often in rags and marched with bleeding feet over the rough turnpike roads or through mud and water while suffering from cold and hunger, fighting with fortitude unsurpassed by any soldiers in the world.

I enlisted in the 1st Regiment of Georgia Regulars at Fort Gaines February 26, 1861, and arrived at the Oglethorpe Barracks on March 8, and I never ate one meal that I relished until we went to Virginia in July, 1861.

From the time the Army of Northern Virginia retreated from Manassas, on March 8, 1862, we never enjoyed tents, except for a few days at Culpeper and a few days during the siege of Richmond, until after the battle of Fredericksburg, in

December, 1862. During the siege of Yorktown, in April, 1862, the line of breastworks extended from the James to the York Rivers and were occupied by a line of battle day and night, with the soldiers at times knee deep in water. About nine o'clock one night at Dam No. 1 I was ordered with four others to cross the dam and establish a picket post at the other end. It was light enough to have seen a rabbit anywhere on the dam, while the Federal pickets were stationed at the other end. We crossed by crawling on our hands and knees in the mud and water at the lower edge, crawled to within thirty feet of the Federals, and remained there all night half submerged in the mud and water, and God alone will ever know what we suffered through those long hours. A little before day we returned in the same way to the breastworks, en route to which for a few seconds we faced grim death, as we were supposed to be the enemy advancing. As we were wading through the water at the end of the dam every man in the works brought his gun to bear on us, and I thought as I glanced up the gun barrels that my time had come. Some one explained, however, the guns were withdrawn, and I tumbled over in the works as limp as a rag.

Johnston's army retreated from Yorktown on May 5, 1862, and after Magruder's command passed Williamsburg it commenced to rain. The regulars spent the night assisting a battery of artillery on a country road, and at times the axles would scrape the ground. What a night we had of itsleppy, hungry, tired, and drenched with rain and mud! We caught up with the rest of our brigade at sunrise as they were marching into the road to begin the day's march, which was continued until sundown. When we went into camp that night, our skillet wagons were somewhere in the rear, stuck in the mud, and we had

nothing to cook in and but little to cock. I had some flour that I drew before leaving Yorktown and made it into dough on a rag, wrapped it around my ramrod, and baked it over the fire.

During the campaign in Maryland in 1862 Longstreet's Corps drew two days' rations at Hagerstown. This for Saturday and Sunday. On Tuesday evening following while in line of battle in front of Sharpsburg a cow was feeding in front of the line. General Anderson ordered her killed and divided among the men of his brigade, and I received a piece a little larger than a hen's egg, broiled it over some coals, and ate it without bread or salt. On Wednesday was fought the great battle of Sharpsburg. It continued all day. On Thursday morning a comrade gave me two crackers and a small piece of bacon that he had taken from a Yankee's haversack. By that time the pangs of hunger were becoming very acute. I scaled the fence to an apple orchard, where I was seen by General Lee with my haversack and pockets bulging with apples. I was arrested, but I gave the guard the slip and made my escape, Thursday night the army was by the Potomac. We marched all day Friday and until eleven o'clock at night, when we halted for about one hour.

Sergeant W. G. Humphreys, my chum and companion, one of the best soldiers in the Confederate army, had secured some Irish potatoes while on the march, and we cooked them with my small piece of bacon in a tin can. Talk about a feast! I relished those few potatoes more than anything that I ever ate. They were so good that we debated for a while whether we should invite General Anderson to partake of our feast. The march was continued until daybreak Saturday, when we reached our wagon trains and secured rations. For five days I had not eaten as much as one square meal. While the army was in front of Fredericksburg in November and December, 1862, the weather was extremely cold, the ground being frozen for about twelve inches. We built log fires and at night slept around them in circles, while thousands of soldiers were either barefooted or destitute of blankets, but then the Confederate soldier was a strange genus. You could not starve or freeze him, he fattened on marching and fighting.

One morning the regulars were ordered on picket duty on the Rappahannock below the city. When we left camp it was raining, then it sleeted, and the sleet was covered with eight inches of snow. The wind was severe. We were on one bank of the river, while "our friends the enemy" were on the other, and we were not permitted to have any fire. We boys: pulled down a plank fence and built a blind between us and the river and dug a hole in the ground beneath it, where we kept coals of fire all night, while our teeth chattered and the marrow nearly froze in our bones. The next evening we were relieved and went to a hill in the field, where we remained in the snow all night without any fire.

In the spring of 1863 the regulars were stationed at the Chattahoochee Arsenal in Florida, when a drove of beef cattle was purchased and turned into an old broomsedge field, where they remained until they got so poor from starvation that they reeled as they walked,

In the fall of 1864 the regulars were stationed on Whitmarsh Island, below Savannah, where our scanty rations were parched acorns and rats. The rats were fried, stewed, or baked, and the boys claimed that they were fine, equal to squirrels. I took their word for it and stuck to the acorns.

On the 9th of December the regiment left the island for the breastworks in front of Savannah, and my head was not under cover again until I reached home, on the 17th of May, 1865. During the last two years of the war it was either a feast or a famine with the soldiers. They would 'draw three days' rations, then feast one day and fast two. During the siege of Savannah in December, 1864, the 5th and 6th Georgia Reserves were in the trenches to our right, and I often saw them buying bread from the regulars, paying one dollar a pone. In January, 1865, the regulars were with Hardee's forces near Polecase, S. C. There were three others in my mess Sergeant W. G. Humphreys, Corporal Orlando H. Harris, and Private J. H. Frasier all good foragers, and if there was anything to eat near our camp, they were sure to find it. I was cook.

One night they made a social call on a colored gentleman, who was either asleep or gone from home, and lifted four large, fat hens off the roost, then borrowed his ax and wash pot and brought them to camp. I soon had the hens dressed and in the pot with a ham of pork the boys had "picked up." When I finished boiling that pot, there was one inch of gravy on top, and we had some freshly baked corn bread. A few days later the boys met another hog that showed fight, and they knocked it over and started with it to camp, when they were arrested by General McLaws's escort of the Texas Cavalry and carried to headquarters. If they had stopped at that, we would not have felt so bad, but they took the hog too. We took everything that we could find to eat to keep Sherman's soldiers from getting any. They were in our rear through South and North Carolina.

One day Colonel Fiser, commanding our brigade, took a company of the 27th Georgia Battalion and General McLaws's escort of the Texas Cavalry, went up the river road a few miles, then entered the swamp and marched down the stream on the lookout for the enemy. The swamp was a dense thicket, and the rain was coming down in torrents. When they came in sight of our picket line on the right, held by some of Colonel Hardy's North Carolina brigade, each party took the other for the enemy and opened fire. Colonel Fiser sent a courier to camp with orders to Colonel Hardy to take the regulars and charge them in the rear, as he had them cut off. Near the firing line the regulars were halted, and the company to which I belonged was ordered to deploy as skirmishers and advance. We had not gone over thirty yards when we received a volley in our faces and fell back a few yards and took to the trees. A few minutes later Colonel Hardy gave the order, "Charge them, boys, and give them the bayonet," but I saw only three men and they were running to our left. Our company charged through the swamp about one half mile, when we arrived at a ditch that we could not cross. I was blessed with health and a constitution that proved to be proof against starvation, and the bullets passed me by.

THE OLD BATTLE FLAG
BY CHARLES W. HUBNER

Tattered and torn and limp as a rag, Droops from its staff the old battle flag, Dim are the colors or faded quite, Hard 'tis to tell the red from the white Or to be sure of what it was made, So worn the fabric, so thin and frayed. Yet when this dear old banner was new Radiant it was with crimson and blue, And as it moved from the blazoned bars Flashed forth in splendor its thirteen stars

Ah! as we gazed, as we dreamed and dreamed, Not only fair but holy it seemed, A sign from heaven that would lead us on Till all we battled for should be won. With eyes that sparkled and footsteps bold, 'Mid thunders of cheers that heavenward rolled, Rattle of drums and the fife's shrill note Under the flag on the winds afloat, Gayly they marched to the front away, These heroes of ours, the Boys in Gray. What count a wife's tears, a mother's prayer When war drums thunder and trumpets blare?

Then years of conflict and carnage came, Sulphurous smoke clouds and battle flame, Hot rain of bullets and shot and shell Wrought their wild work on the old flag well, Splashed it with blood of the men who bore it, Blackened the colors, battered and tore it, But still defiant, steady, and free, Guiding the Gray hosts to victory,

Blazed its starred splendor a beacon light In the hell gloom of the fearful fight, Then by the battle storms slashed and torn, But ever proudly, peerlessly borne Four years afloat on the fields of fame, Sadly it fell, but fell not in shame, Crowned with Fame's halo, the old flag still Lives on in glory, and ever will

Now 'tis a wreck of its former self, And yet, tell me, what proffer of help Ever could lure these men of the Gray To part with this old flag? Never! Nay

Just as it is, so let it still stand, Touch it not save with a reverent hand Songs in its scars, a voice in each rent, In its mute raggedness eloquent.

Let the old relic we love so well Unto the future its story tell Epic and tale of the Southland's cause, Song of the flag of the starry cross! When it has smoldered (alas! it must), Tenderly gather the sacred dust And let it mingle at last for aye With that of the Boys who wore the Gray.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER
BY THE LATE CHARLES FITZGERALD, JACKSON, MISS.

[This poem was left unfinished when its author, the well known post office inspector, was killed.]

From the days of brave Leonidas adown the tides of time,
In all their glory, pomp, pride, and martial deeds sublime,
Whether Saxon, Celt, Teuton, or the flower of La Belle France,
Mid the blazing belch of cannon, where the war steeds madly prance,
Mid scenes of death's wild carnage, where the war gods hold mad sway,
Mortal eyes ne'er saw the equals of those glorious ranks of gray.
O, those born sons of freedom on the pathless scroll of fame
Writ heroic deeds of daring in our sunny Southland's name
Grand, grim, titantic warriors of a cause forever just,
The bards of coming ages will deify your dust,
And the cycles of the centuries no grander troops will see,
Than the vanished hosts of Jackson and the scattered ranks of Lee.
Then we meet you and we greet you on this glad
Reunion day, Survivors of our Southland's cause
Your fame can ne'er decay.
Tis the heritage of freemen and your deeds were not in vain,
For descendants of such heroes will show ancestral strain.
But the blood baptized Columbia cast in heroic mold
Will repeat the deeds of daring of their fighting sires of old.
But your gallant ranks are thinning and that glorious line of gray,
Like mist before the day king, is fading fast away,
And soon a sainted memory will be all that shall remain
Of those deathless, dauntless legions who marched to "Dixie's" strain.
And with your earth life ended and immortal spirits free
You'll rejoin the phantom columns of your Jackson and your Lee.
We love you grim old heroes as in the years gone by,
When your courage thrilled the world, when you dared to do or die,
When proud stars and bars of Dixie 'mid the gonfalons of earth
Kissed first the breeze of heaven and proclaimed a nation's birth.

NINTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY, C. S. A.
BY RUSSEL MANN

This regiment was organized in December, 1862, by the consolidation of the battalions of Maj. W. C. P. Breckinridge and Maj. R. G. Stoner. Major Breckinridge, being the senior in rank, became colonel, and Major Stoner lieutenant colonel of the regiment. The regiment was composed of young men recruited in the blue grass region of Kentucky, the sons of farmers, mechanics, and professional men, and many young men who quit college to enter the service. From its organization until the close of the war this regiment was engaged in active and arduous service. No other cavalry regiment in the Confederate army did more hard fighting and important service, and none was more distinguished for gallantry and endurance. It was a part of Morgan's command from its organization until he started on his famous and disastrous Ohio raid in the summer of 1863. At the time of this raid the 9th Kentucky was detached from his command and placed on an important post in the barrens of Tennessee, picketing and scouting a large territory between the Confederate and Federal armies. General Bragg refused to relieve the regiment, hence its failure to accompany Morgan on that raid.

After Morgan's capture, the 9th Kentucky was assigned to the command of Gen. Joseph Wheeler and placed in a brigade composed of the 1st, 3d, and 9th Kentucky Cavalry, and served with this command until the close of the war, taking part in most of the engagements with the Army of the Tennessee from the battle at Nashville until the close of the war. Two companies of the regiment, C and G, were dismounted temporarily to do important picket duty in front of Missionary Ridge for some time before that battle. They served in this battle as infantry from the beginning until the close, and with the rest of the regiment assisted in covering the retreat of Bragg's army back to Dalton, Ga. They fought in all the hundred days' engagements from Dalton back to Atlanta, and after the battle of Atlanta they assisted in the capture of Stoneman's command near Macon, Ga.

The 9th Kentucky also fought Burbridge at Saltville, Va. Its action at Dug Gap and Noonday Creek was so conspicuous and gallant that this regiment became known throughout the entire army for its bravery.

At Dug Gap the small brigade to which this regiment belonged held this point against several furious attacks of a division of Hooker's Corps until reenforced. At Noonday Creek one of the most important cavalry engagements of the Atlanta campaign was fought between eleven hundred of Wheeler's command and Garrard's Division of four thousand, and in the charge and rout of Garrard's command the gallant 9th bore a conspicuous part. General Wheeler in the disposition of his troops in this engagement formed the 9th Kentucky on the right and the remainder of his force on the left of the road on which Garrard's Division was advancing, with his battle lines extending on each side of the road.

In this engagement the 9th Kentucky, with Company C at the head of the column, led by Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, Capt. Ed Taylor, and Sergeant Major William A. Gaines, made one of the most gallant charges of the war. The regiment had been held on horseback in reserve sometime after the battle commenced. When the charge was sounded, they dashed across an open field to the creek under a heavy fire at short range. This creek on account of recent heavy rains was deep. Some few of the horses bounded over the creek, and the rest of the regiment were hurriedly forwarded into line and dismounted, and under a heavy fire renewed the charge on foot, wading the creek waist deep and forcing the enemy back in confusion from their battery, completely routing and driving them back two miles with heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and captured one hundred horses and men. ' Fifty of the enemy's dead were counted on the field. Our loss was fifteen killed and fifty wounded.

The 9th Kentucky was on one raid with Wheeler's command into Middle Tennessee, and after its return to Georgia followed and fought Sherman from Atlanta on his march to the sea, and took part in the battle of Bentonville, N. C., the last battle of the war of any importance.

This was one of the regiments sent to meet President Davis, his family, and Cabinet after the fall of Richmond and to guard them to the Trans Mississippi Department. They guarded them across North and South Carolina to Washington, Ga., where President Davis became convinced that it would be impossible to reach the Trans Mississippi Department with so large an escort, and dismissed the regiment on the 10th of May, 1865, about one month after the surrender of General Lee's army.

TO SURVIVORS OF TENTH ALABAMA REGIMENT BY JAMES R. COLEMAN, RIVERSIDE, ALA.

I have just returned from a trip over the old battlefields in Virginia, and while there I visited the graves of our loved ones buried at Bristow Station. The cedar posts that were placed there as a directory of each grave were so badly obliterated that I was unable to make out the names. A number of cedar trees have grown up over the graves, the largest being about the size of a man's thigh. The land where our dead were buried is owned by the daughter of a Federal soldier. I pleaded with her to sell me the small space, but she refused to do so, assuring me, however, that the soil over which our loved ones lie shall never be tilled so long as she is spared upon the earth. I wanted this spot especially to show the respect I have for my brother, Sidney L. Coleman, who was killed at Dranesville, Va., December 20, 1861, and for my comrades who so gallantly fought and gave up their lives in our behalf. I desired to erect a monument to them.

I greatly desire that all surviving members of the 10th Alabama Regiment furnish me with the number of and name of each one of their company buried at Bristow Station, Va. also a list of all who died or were killed during the war, also that each one of us still living contribute something in their memory by erecting a monument in their honor. Any aid from comrades will be greatly appreciated. It is our duty, comrades, as well as that of our sons and grandsons to show our profound respect for our dead who sleep beneath the sod in that lonely spot at Bristow Station.

I desire to know of Nat Sims, who first belonged to the 10th Alabama and later joined Mosby's Cavalry, served with it to the close of the war, then, coming back to old Virginia, married and reared a family there. If he is marked as absent without leave from the records of the 10th Alabama, it should be changed. All honor is due him. He is now supposed to be dead. At the next Reunion, to be held in Memphis, let every member of the old 10th Alabama display on a card his company and regiment. All comrades should do that.

Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke writes the VETERAN a very interesting letter from Norfolk, Va. She says her Chapter, Hope Maney, U. D. C., has for four years given an annual prize in the high school of that place for the best essay on Southern subjects, that these papers are 50 good that it is hard for the judges to decide between the contestants.

**THE WILLIAMS BREECH LOADING CANNON
THEIR SUPERB USE BY GALLANT KENTUCKY BOYS
BY G. D. EWING, PATTONSBURG, MO.**

In some recent numbers of the VETERAN I have noticed various articles in reference to a little battery of breechloading guns and their work on the field of battle during the War between the States, This unique little battery, commanded by Capt. J. J. Schoolfield, was invented by a man named Williams, of Covington, Ky., who went to Richmond early in the war and induced the Confederate government to cast a battery of six guns. During much of the war it was attached to the brigade first commanded by Gen. Humphrey Marshall, then by General Williams (known as Cerro Gordo), and then by Col. Henry L. Giltner. This writer was a member of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, the largest regiment of this fine brigade.

It was a small breech loading gun, the breech being thrown by a spring when the gun was discharged, thereby permitting a current of air to pass through the long barrel which had a tendency to keep the gun cool while being actively worked. It carried a ball of perhaps one and one half pounds, but it did effective service at short range when loaded with buckshot or half ounce ball cartridges. The gun could be fired about forty times a minute, and being mounted on a light carriage, it could be run from point to point as occasion required.

About twenty five men composed the force that operated this little battery. They were from Maysville, Ky., and were all comparatively boys. They were a daring set of Kentucky youngsters. Captain Schoolfield was well qualified to be the leader of such intrepid fellows. Cool and deliberate and a fighter to the last, he brought his men and guns out of places where capture or annihilation seemed certain. As has been said, these guns were worked with a crank, which in its revolution exploded the cap which was placed on the tube by one of the gunners, and he was called "capper."

I give one incident out of a great number that will show the fighting qualities of the men who manned this little toylike battery. In the battle of Raytown, Tenn., during our long retreat from near Knoxville to Abingdon, Va., we were pursued by a force more than five times our numerical strength. It was almost continuous skirmishing and fighting. At Raytown, I think it was, the enemy were pressing us hard, and to save our wagon train as well as to move all supplies that we could by railroad with two old engines in a few old box cars, disposition was made of our little force across the valley, through which ran the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad. Schoolfield's Battery was on our right, and in supporting distance was Burrow's Battery of six and eight pound guns. These two batteries were supported by a thin line of cavalry, dismounted, and deployed ten feet apart, so as to prevent the enemy lapping our lines. The Federals, taking advantage of a heavy growth of timber, massed a heavy force and came with great fury upon our right, and for a time it seemed that they would crush our weak line and take our two batteries. But Schoolfield's men and their cavalry supports, who were the most exposed, had built barricades with fence rails, and at short range these little guns were worked to their full capacity, and their supports put up a furious fight.

At this juncture the squadron to which I belonged, which was the left of the 4th Kentucky Regiment, although we were suffering a galling cannonade, were ordered to double quick to the extreme right to save if possible the turning of our right wing. When the companies of Ray and Gathright arrived on their right, pandemonium was reigning. Never in all my war experience did I see a more unequal fight and more determined courage than our boys displayed. Two batteries were in position and at short range, and massed columns of infantry were bearing down upon our two batteries and their supports. The Burrows guns were aiding the Schoolfield Battery all they could, and when forced to fall back, they took the little guns back with them. As our two companies reenforced them the little guns were working to the limit. Young Brainard Bayless, the son of a Presbyterian minister, was capper for one gun. I don't think he was over seventeen years old. He would dexterously place the cap on the tube, and at every charge he would wave his cap above his head and give the "Rebel yell." Our timely appearance at the crucial moment saved the day, and our thin line was withdrawn without the loss of a cannon. But as brave men gave up their lives there as ever were sacrificed on any battlefield.

Some days after the event just related we were again in line of battle not far from Watauga River (East Tennessee). Schoolfield's Battery was posted with our squadron as its support. We were at this time, I think, under the command of Gen. George B. Crittenden, who was a fine strategist and an able commander. The Federal forces had

been appearing in our front often, and there seemed to be a daring leader who rode in front of their line on a large gray horse. His imposing figure was seen as often before riding up and down the line in front of his men. The General asked Captain Schoolfield if he could not make it interesting for that daring rider on the magnificent charger. It must have been a mile between the two lines. All the battery was trained on the intrepid rider, and soon we could see commotion in the Federal lines, and the horse was shot and fell, but whether the brave rider was hit or not at the distance we could not tell.

In one of the inconsequential raids from Southwestern Virginia into the Kentucky mountains during the earlier part of the war one of these little cannon was taken along by Lieut. Col. Tom Johnson, who commanded the 10th Kentucky Confederate Battalion cavalry. While in camp near the town of Louisa the men who had charge of this gun ran the tongue of the carriage into an old house in which the soldiers on guard were asleep. A scout belonging to the 14th Kentucky Infantry (Federal), commanded by Col. George W. Gallup, was then at Louisa. This scout, Harvey Patrick, in his rounds came to these sleeping Confederates, and, seeing that the gun carriage was on the outside of the door, conceived the idea of stealing it. Assuring himself that all the men were asleep, Patrick unscrewed the taps on the caps of the trunnions, lifted the gun off the carriage, and carried it some distance and placed it on the fence. Then mounting his horse, he got the gun up before him and carried it some distance and hid it. He returned to camp and informed the colonel how he had stolen one of the little cannon. The colonel would not believe him, thinking the feat an impossibility, until Patrick showed him the taps which he had in his pocket. He took some of his comrades and went back with a wagon to bring the little gun into camp. Upon reconnoitering he found that the Confederates were gone, and that they had left the gun carriage behind them. Patrick and his men took the carriage, mounted the gun on it, and joyfully returned to camp with their trophy.

I think this gun was loaned at the time, and that none of Captain Schoolfield's men were with it. Colonel Gallup, 'being ordered to report to General Sherman in Georgia, took this gun as far as Louisville, Ky., and ordered Lieut. J. M. Poage, of his regiment, to take it to the Frankfort arsenal, which he did. Lieutenant Poage is now an honored citizen of Pattonsburg, Mo., and a neighbor of the writer. Often we together recount many of the escapades of army life as we saw it from different sides.

An amusing incident is related of this captured gun when Captain Schoolfield's men turned the laugh on Col. Tom Johnson. Johnson was riding through the camp where this little battery was parked, and, seeing a soldier standing near one of the guns, Colonel Johnson, for the amusement of his associate officers, addressed the soldier, whose name was Fish, saying: "Soldier, you had better watch those little guns, a woman might come into camp and carry one off." Fish replied (not recognizing Col. Tom Johnson): "I don't think there is any danger. Old Col. Tom Johnson is not in command here now."

THE BREECH LOADING CANNON IN MISSOURI

T. A. Wright, of Mobile, Ala., refers to the articles appearing in the VETERAN about breech loading cannon, and writes: "In 1861 I belonged to Capt. James W. Kneisley's Battery, Green's Regiment, Harris's Division, Missouri State Guards, and in the winter it was camped at Springfield, Mo. While there a man by the name of Harris or Harrison came to our camp, bringing a breech loading cannon. It was about four and a half or five feet long, made of brass, and the bore was three quarters to one inch in diameter and carried a one pound ball, very like a Minie ball. The powder was in a bag attached to the ball, and this was fired by the use of port fire on the friction primer, the same as an ordinary cannon. The gun was mounted on two very light wheels and required only two men to work it. When we left Springfield, the captain, as we called the owner, disappeared.

The gun was invented by D. W. Hughes, the corn planter man of Palmyra, Mo., who a few years ago was living in Quincy, Ill., and a letter addressed to him there might gain some information worth having. About a year ago I saw an article in the Palmyra Spectator written by D. W. Hughes in regard to this gun and other patents the U. S. government confiscated because he was a Confederate sympathizer.

OTHER CONFEDERATE BREECH LOADING CANNON

T. M. Earnhart, of Phoenix, Ariz., writes of breech loading Confederate cannon to Capt. T. F. Allen, who has brought out a good deal of information on the subject. Comrade Earnhart states: "I served in Lee's army from March, 1862, to June 24, 1864, when I was so severely wounded that I was retired from the service. I was a private in Battery D, 10th North Carolina, Army of Northern Virginia. During the winter following I returned to my company to be examined as to fitness for duty, and I found our battery completely equipped with breech loading, rifled cannon, twenty pounders, I think. There were five Whitworth guns and one Armstrong gun. My understanding is that they were English guns that had run the blockade. At all events, they were new guns and breechloaders. If Capt. John A. Ramsey, of Salisbury, N. C., is still living, he will be able to give full particulars in relation to these guns."

Captain Allen concedes that "these breechloaders of English manufacture came on the battlefield much later than Schoolfield's battery of breechloaders," to which he has referred.

THE NAME REPLACED ON CABIN JOHN BRIDGE

For several years effort has been made by prominent Southern men and women to have the name of Jefferson Davis replaced on Cabin John Bridge, which was built for an aqueduct to convey the water supply into Washington. This imposing and historic structure of solid stone runs east and west across a small stream at a considerable elevation. On its south side at each end are two abutments, on which are inscriptions.

The tablet on the east abutment reads thus: "Union Arch, Chief Engineer, Capt. Montgomery C. Meigs, U. S. Corps of Engineers. Esto Perpetua."

The tablet on the west abutment originally bore the following inscription: "Washington Aqueduct Begun A.D. 1853. President of the United States, Franklin Pierce. Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis. Building A.D. 1861."

After the words "Secretary of War" there is now a blank, the name of "Jefferson Davis" having been erased, it is said, in 1862 by order of Caleb Smith, the then Secretary of the Interior, who was in charge of the aqueduct system of Washington. On June 3, 1907, while in Richmond to dedicate the Jefferson Davis monument, Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, decided to take up more actively the efforts to have the name of Jefferson Davis replaced where it was once a part of the history of this old bridge, and the matter was placed in the hands of Mr. Adolph Meyer, Louisiana, member of Congress, now dead.

A bill was introduced into Congress to have this name replaced, and Mr. Taft, now President, and Mr. Luke E. Wright, then Secretary of War, had the matter investigated, but on the report of Maj. Spencer Cosby, Engineer Commissioner of the District of Columbia and then in charge of the aqueduct system of Washington, the matter was temporarily suspended. It was supposed that an act of Congress would be necessary to have the history of this old bridge rectified, but Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General of the Daughters of the Confederacy, was informed while visiting in Washington last fall that Congressional action was not necessary, and that an order from the President to the Secretary of War would accomplish all that was desired. Mrs. Stone applied to President Roosevelt, believing that such a plea would appeal to him, and it met with favorable response. An appointment with President Roosevelt was courteously granted, to take place the next day. In Mr. Roosevelt's office Mrs. Stone presented her plea on behalf of the preservation of the historic record of this old bridge. She told him she had been informed that it required only his order to the Secretary of War to accomplish this result. He replied: "Madam, this is an extraordinary request, and I am not quite sure that I have such authority. You had best see Gen. Luke Wright and ask him to take up this matter with me, and I will give it consideration." No time was lost in seeing General Wright,

who received Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Marion Butler (who accompanied her in these two interviews) with marked courtesy, and said he would take up the matter with the President, the result of which follows: "The Secretary of War, by direction of the President, has instructed the chief of engineers United States army to take the necessary steps to restore the name of Jefferson Davis as Secretary of War to Cabin John Bridge." An exchange states: "All who love and revere the name and service of Jefferson Davis will feel that President Roosevelt has crowned the closing days of his administration with a just and noble action and wrought a new link in that chain which binds this reunited country in fraternal ties.

LEE'S BIRTHDAY AT BEAUVOIR BY RUFFIN COLEMAN, M.D.

Beauvoir, dear to every Southern heart as the home of our only President, was appropriately and beautifully decorated by its veterans and the Biloxi Chapter, U. D. C., in commemoration of the birthday of the immortal R. E. Lee. Bright evergreens, magnolias, holly, and palmetto were gracefully entwined with the patriotic red and white, which showed beautifully against the green.

At eleven o'clock the Biloxi Chapter, U. D. C., gave a very fine program of songs and recitations, which was perfectly carried out and much enjoyed. Finishing this program was an address by Rev. Mr. Crawford, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, of which Church Mr. Davis and his family were members. The subject of his address was "The Cross of Honor," and his earnest word's sank deep into the hearts of all his hearers. At its conclusion Miss Myrtie Thefold, a lovely girl from the Biloxi Chapter, pinned a cross to the coat of each of the thirteen veterans qualified to receive it. A cross it was their proudest honor to wear.

Mrs. Mary Wallace, the charming matron of the Home, invited all the visitors and inmates to a delicious luncheon, the contribution of the veterans, which was gracefully served by the ladies of the Home.

The afternoon was given up to a brilliant program by the Beauvoir Chapter, U. D. C., from Gulfport, which was listened to with rapt attention. Rev. Mr. Snead, rector of St. Peterby the Sea," was master of ceremonies, and the soldierpreacher was as gracious in the drawing room as he had been valiant in the field. Daughters and veterans joined in singing the heart stirring songs of the war, "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Maryland, My Maryland," and the veterans finished with the famous "Rebel yell."

Mrs. Wallace made a graceful speech of farewell. When grouped around the gates of Beauvoir, the Gulfport Chapter sang "Suwannee River," "Annie Laurie," "My Old

Kentucky Home," and "America." Boarding the electric car, our visitors were whirled away, followed by the ringing cheers of the Biloxi Chapter and of the grateful inmates of the Home.

PERILOUS SERVICE AT FREDERICKS BURG
BY D. R. LOVE, LIEUT. CO. G, 9TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY

Daily revelations are being made of deeds of heroism and intrepidity on the part of private soldiers who have long since gone to their reward after lives of modesty and humility. The half has never been told of such events, for every community has its unknown hero. If cool daring and uncalculating devotion to a cause makes a man a hero, then such was Dr. Passmore through faithful service rendered Gen. R. E. Lee before the battle of Fredericksburg.

Dr. William Tennyson Passmore, an Englishman by birth, when a child was brought to Baltimore, where he was educated and graduated in medicine. He removed to Lunenburg County, where he married and lived until his death, in 1885, at Pleasant Grove, a useful and esteemed citizen and a skilled and learned physician.

About June, 1861, Dr. Passmore enlisted in the Lunenburg troops, and served with his command in the mountainous counties of Greenbrier, Randolph, and others beyond Huntersville (now West Virginia) under General Loring.

After that campaign we were ordered to Fredericksburg, and, uniting with the 9th Virginia Cavalry on its organization, we were assigned to duty in Stafford County and in camp at the courthouse for the winter of 1862, holding the Potomac River as our line.

The ability and skill of Dr. Passmore as a physician were too well known among the men for him to remain a private soldier, and he was detailed for duty in the medical department. One day some six weeks before the battle of Fredericksburg he visited me. We had been close friends and messmates from the time he joined the army. He left his horse in our care, explaining that he was going to "cross the river to see about General Burnside's army, as General Lee wished information in regard to its numbers, plans, etc." He said General Lee had requested him to go, and had authorized him to select and take a friend with him, a man of courage and intelligence, who could take care of himself in any emergency by avoiding suspicion and appearing innocent yet fearless. This precaution was to make sure of one returning with the information should the other be lost or taken. He invited me to be his companion. I respectfully declined, considering him crazy to go himself on such an undertaking, as he could not return alive. He was determined to go, and after much persuasion he got Mont Chumney to go with him,

They at once started in the direction of Fredericksburg to the Union lines, and succeeded in getting through. Soon afterwards they met and were recognized by a Union man, the Rev. Hunneycutt, and he reported to the Federals their presence within the Yankee lines. Chumney became alarmed after meeting Hunneycutt and returned to camp, but Dr. Passmore went on and into Fredericksburg. Soon after entering the store of a Mr. Scott, with whom he engaged in a conversation, five Yankees came in search of him. He quickly got behind the counter and became busy with the account books of the store, and was not suspected. The Yankees, supposing he was a clerk, left after some questioning of Mr. Scott.

Dr. Passmore remained till night, when he crossed the river at one of the upper fords about six miles west of Fredericksburg, in Stafford County, where he stopped at the house of a farmer with whom he had previously stayed while he was using the house for a hospital. He secured from this man an old horse and a cart loaded with chickens, butter, eggs, milk, and vegetables, which he promised to sell in Burnside's camp. Disguised as a ragged and, to all appearances, halfwitted noncombatant, he drove to the General's headquarters, was kindly treated, and given dinner for himself and horse. After selling his load, General Burnside expressed his desire to have him bring fresh supplies for his men every day, and urged him to come regularly. But he appeared uneasy and expressed fear at being among so many strange soldiers, saying that nearly all the folks in the world must be there, and that he was afraid to leave home any more lest his horse, wagon, and provisions be taken from him. The General, amused at his simplicity, allayed his fears by telling him that he had only a hundred and fifty thousand men in his army, and to come when he wished, as they would not hurt him, and to further allay his fears he directed his adjutant to give him a pass and written permission to bring and sell his stuff in the camp.

He continued to make daily trips to the headquarters' mess to sell his produce. He was so well liked by the officers that they conversed freely with him about the different command's and the officers commanding, as well as of their confidence in their plans to attack and destroy the Rebel army. The Yankees gave him enough discarded blankets and army clothing, some of which was as good as new, to fill a room in the house of the man with whom he was stopping, but he continued to wear his ragged clothes, and from his daily trade made much money for his host as long as he remained to get the information General Lee desired.

We (his messmates), having been informed by Chumney of the discovery of their presence within the Yankee lines and that Passmore was being pursued, had given him up for dead. After some weeks we saw one day coming up the hill to our tent Dr. Passmore! He would only tell us to prepare for the battle which we would have in three days. He went promptly to General Lee's headquarters and gave him a full account of all he had learned from Burnside, his strength, plan of attack, the position of the different commands of the army corps and their positions, and the names of the generals who commanded them.

He remained at General Lee's headquarters until the battle was fought. The world knows the result, but it does not know that General Lee selected a physically frail and most gently and kindly natured man from Lunenburg County, Va., for the important and perilous undertaking of securing information concerning the enemy. That trust was made good to the satisfaction of General Lee, and he accepted the report with such confidence as on it to fight one of the greatest battles of the war.

The next time I saw my friend Passmore was when he called to say good by to us, and to show that he and General Lee had kept faith with each other, he exhibited a leave of absence and an order from General Lee directing him to return to his home, in Lunenburg County, and remain there until further orders from him, he having by one daring, bold, and effective stroke filled the measure of a soldier's duty and earned as a reward the plaudit of his commander and his honorable discharge as a soldier. He retired to his pleasant and comfortable home and family at Pleasant Grove, in Lunenburg, and though he became completely paralyzed soon after the war and had to be lifted to and from his chair, bed, and carriage, he lived twenty years a life of great usefulness in his community, took an active part in the public affairs of those trying days following the ruin of war, and his counsels and advice were always esteemed, and to the time of his death he continued to administer to the sick and the distressed.

He had a large family of children, worthy sons and daughters of the father, their mother having died several years after the war. Two of his sons are now living at their old home, Pleasant Grove, and are leading and successful men.

W. T. Passmore, Jr., is a prosperous farmer on a large scale. His younger brother, Hon. George E. Passmore, is a successful business man and takes an active part in public affairs. He represented Lunenburg in the House of Delegates of 1897 98. Peace be to the ashes of William Passmore.

**WHO FIRED THE FIRST GUN AT NEW MARKET?
BY CHARLES WARNER, BUCHANAN, KY.**

The March VETERAN contains an account of the capture of a battery at New Market. I don't know who captured it, but we got it after it was captured. In your articles regarding the battle of New Market I have never seen anything in regard to Jackson's Battery. I was a member of Jackson's Battery, and I fired the first shot in that battle. I served four years in the Confederate service, and was in several severe battles, including Gettysburg, but New Market was our hottest fight during the war.

Gen, John C. Breckinridge was commanding on our side and General Sigel on the Federal side. We marched all the night before the battle and went through Staunton, where the cadets joined us. We understood that it was against the wishes of General Breckinridge. We went down the valley to New Market and rested about one hour two miles above the town on the roadside.

General Breckinridge was sitting on his horse near our battery when a courier rode up with a message from Gen. "Mudwall" Jackson stating that he did not think we could fight them. General Breckinridge replied that we could and would, and commenced giving his orders for battle formation, and the first order was: "Thomas E. Jackson, take your battery to the knoll on the extreme left and open on them at once." Away we went in a gallop, and I did not hear his further orders.

As soon as we were in position we opened on the enemy, and I think that was the first intimation they had that we were near them. We fired right into their camp, and I think spoiled their breakfast. We soon had them in retreat. General Breckinridge came to our position, which was a good point of observation. Soon the Yankee battery was in position and replying to ours. By this time our whole army was pressing on, and we soon forced back the enemy and followed them until they burned a bridge behind them. In advancing we passed many of the dead and wounded of both sides. Among them many of the brave young cadets were lying with bayonet thrusts in their heads. The captured battery was turned over to us to replace our inferior one, and with it we did hard service till near the end of the war.

TO THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY

Representative John G. Richards, of Kershaw, has introduced a bill making provision for a monument to the women of the Confederacy of South Carolina. And when one pauses a moment to think, the wonder is that such a monument is only now contemplated.

Briefly, the Kershaw Representative proposes that a commission shall be appointed by the Governor to carry out the purposes of the act, that a monument to the women shall be erected, the base at least to be of South Carolina granite, and that \$7,500 shall be available from the State treasury when the men of South Carolina have availed themselves of the privilege of contributing \$7,500 to the monument. We would increase the amounts to \$15,000 and \$10,000 respectively, or vice versa, if the General Assembly chooses.

The women of the Confederacy of South Carolina have been the toasts of men ten thousand times, but the only monuments to them are the monuments the women have raised to Confederate soldiers.

The women of the Confederacy endured the privations and hardships of war without its sustaining excitements. They waited and worked, theirs was the torture of suspense.

The women of the Confederacy watched the slow, certain transformation from plenty to poverty, they wept for the dead, they nursed the sick, and they ever smiled hope and encouragement to the living.

The women of the Confederacy met the disaster of conquering, devastating war with Spartan fortitude, and at its close they arose, concealed their bleeding hearts, and, taking by the hand husband, son, and father, moved forward through desolation toward the unknown future. The smiling, prospering, self respecting South of to day is of their building.

To such women should not South Carolina's men rear a noble memorial?

M. G. Wilson, of Black Rock, Ark., wishes to locate or learn of Capt. J. Peyton Lynch, who commanded a battery made up in East Tennessee. It was first sent to Vicksburg, and after the surrender there served in East Tennessee and Virginia.

TWO MEMBERS OF THE TWELFTH ALABAMA REGIMENT

Capt. Robert E. Park, State Treasurer of Georgia, writes of two members of his company, F, 12th Alabama, Army of Northern Virginia Mr. Robert W. Drake, of Laneville, Ala., and Rev. William A. Moore, of Neches, Tex.: "They were both members of my college class at Auburn, Ala., in 1861, and both were members of my military company during the Confederate struggle. Both were gallant, loyal, and true, both were splendid citizens, useful, energetic, honest, and patriotic, after the war. They were popular citizens, and passed away within a few weeks of each other. Mr. Drake was murdered in his home while alone by several negroes with intent on robbery. Rev. Mr. Moore was County Surveyor of Anderson County, Tex., and a local minister of the Methodist Church, South. He was a rarely gifted speaker, and eminently useful among his neighbors and friends."

CHARLES G. LOCKE

Charles G. Locke, a lifelong resident of Memphis, son of a former Mayor and well known in that city for the past seventy years, died alone in his room January 13, 1909, from the effects of a fall received earlier in the day. The Appeal Avalanche of the following day states: "Seventy years of age, with no kind hand to minister to him in his last hours, this veteran of the Civil War and survivor of a dozen pitched battles passed away in a cold, vacant room. Mr. Locke died from blood clot on the brain, caused from a fall. The body was discovered by George Arnold, who was startled to find a one armed man neatly dressed, but with mud splotches over his clothes, lying face down on the floor, with his coat folded under his head as a pillow. A long gash extending from the hair to the right eye was bleeding profusely. Fearing foul play, the police were summoned. The identity of the man was established.

An investigation disclosed the fact that Mr. Locke had fallen while crossing Front Street. His forehead struck on the inner guard rail of the street car tracks. Two pedestrians, seeing the man's plight, volunteered to take him home. He roomed, he said, in the Arnold Building, and when the steps leading to his room were reached, he refused to allow the men to proceed farther, stating that he could get along very well without their assistance. The men left Mr. Locke sitting upon the steps.

The next seen of him was when he was found as stated above. By instructions from several Confederate veterans the remains were turned over to undertakers. Dr. M. C. Knox discovered that a blood clot had been formed upon the brain.

The deceased was the son of Gardiner B. Locke, who was Mayor of Memphis from 1848 to 1849. The Lockes came from England, settling in Virginia in 1710. Both great grandfathers of Charles G. Locke were attaches on General Washington's staff, and nearly every generation of the family has had one or more of its members fighting for his country.

When the call to arms came, in 1861, Mr. Locke was in Arkansas on business. Being eager to get to the front, he enlisted in the Rector Guards of Des Arc, 15th Regiment. He was later transferred to Company A, 6th and 9th Consolidated Tennessee, and followed its varied fortunes to the end of the war.

It is said that Private Locke's bravery won the respect and affection of his comrades, so that upon the death of his commanding officer he was unanimously chosen to succeed him. This he refused to do, preferring to remain in the ranks. At Perryville, while covering a battery, he came so close to the big guns that he became deaf as the result of the cannonading. At Chickamauga he was wounded in the left leg and sent to the hospital at West Point, Ga.

It was there that he signally distinguished himself. Although ordered by the physician in charge to remain in his bed, he volunteered with ninety nine others, wounded and crippled like himself, to defend a near by fort against the approaching Union army. As soon as the fort was found to be inhabited the Union commander sent a company to dislodge the defenders. They were met with a withering fire, and retired in utter disorder. Wilson's whole command moved up, but all day long the brave heroes inside the stockade held them off. Without food or drink and suffering much, the little force just as the sun was setting compelled the enemy to retire. The death roll on that memorable occasion was twenty, and late in the day a bullet lodged in Private Locke's arm. The following afternoon it was amputated.

Among Private Locke's treasures was a certificate commending him for personal bravery from Capt. T. H. Osborne, of the Des Arc company, to the colonel commanding the Tennessee regiment: In every battle he has distinguished himself with marked bravery, and I recommend him for promotion as having been a dutiful, patriotic, and gallant soldier.

Although encumbered with his injury, Mr. Locke acted in a clerical capacity for many years following the war, and was known as an experienced bookkeeper. He was connected with the Memphis Ledger, and when the Evening Scimitar was purchased by the late A. B. Pickett, he took charge of the clerical force, serving in that capacity until the paper was again sold. He then became connected with a local lumber concern as collector, and was with them at the time of his death.

The deceased was the last of his immediate family, his nearest relative being a nephew, Charles L. Andrews, in Jacksonville, Fla. Edward McGowan, of this city, is a cousin. Mr. Locke never married. Shortly after the war he became an honorary member of Company A, Confederate Veterans, and an active member of the Confederate Historical Association, attending all Reunions held since the Civil War. His life as a soldier was a hard one and had made an indelible imprint upon his memory. He was a Past Master of Angeronia Lodge, Master Masons, and was Secretary of the lodge at one time.

A strictly moral man, a good, conscientious citizen, and a valiant soldier, Mr. Locke led a splendid sober life. He was a member of the Unitarian Church, and was one of the several who pledged their support to raising a building fund for that congregation.

W. J. WILLING

On January 15, 1909., the grim messenger of death summoned another from the thin ranks of Confederate survivors, and the spirit of W. J. Willing was numbered with those who had passed over the river. He was born in Crystal Springs, Miss., some seventy years ago. Upon the organization of the Dreaux Battalion in New Orleans he was mustered into the Confederate service, and went with his command to Virginia, where he served until the breaking up of that splendid body of soldiers. He then: returned to his home and reenlisted in the Zollicoffer Rifles, 36th Mississippi Regiment, with which he served until the end, faithfully performing the duties of a soldier. Returning home, he entered upon the practice of law. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

CHAPLAIN GENERAL J. WILLIAM JONES

The death of Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, so long Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans, is an occasion for widespread sorrow. He died at the residence of his son, Dr. W. Ashby Jones. The funeral service was held in the Calvary Baptist Church, Richmond.

Dr. Jones was born at Louisa C. H., Va., September 25, 1836. Educated at the University of Virginia and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, he was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1860. When the Civil War began he was under appointment to go to China as a foreign missionary, but instead enlisted in the Louisa Blues. He was afterwards chaplain of A. P. Hill's Regiment, and then served under Gen. Stonewall Jackson, remaining in the army until the surrender. He was chaplain of Washington and Lee University when General Lee was its President.

His relations with General Lee were very close, and after the latter's death he prepared his book, "Reminiscences of Robert E. Lee," at the family's request. He was for years Secretary of the Southern Historical Society at Richmond, and edited fourteen volumes of the society papers. They consisted of contributions by Confederate generals, etc. Among his books were "Christ in the Camp" and "Life and Letters of Robert Edward Lee." At the time of his death he was Secretary and Superintendent of the Confederate Memorial Association, with his office at Richmond.

Dr. Jones was prominent in the councils of the Baptist Church. He was ardently Southern, and was perhaps the most tireless advocate of the merits of the Southern people that the South had. He will be missed at the Memphis Reunion.

Dr. Jones is survived by his wife and five distinguished sons viz., Carter Helm Jones, Oklahoma City, E. Pendleton Jones, Hampton, Va., Frank William Jones, New York, M. Ashby Jones, Columbus, and Howard Lee Jones, Charles ton all of whom are Baptist ministers except Frank William Jones, who is an editor for the American Law Book Company.

The Lee Camp Soldiers' Home of Richmond held a meeting and adopted appropriate resolutions to his memory. Dr. Jones was for many years on the Board of Visitors to the Home, and the inmates had become much attached to him. A sketch in the News Leader of Richmond states: "Immediately after the secession of Virginia, when every locality was forming its volunteer militia for the defense of the State, he enlisted as a private soldier in Company D, 13th Virginia Infantry, of which A. P. Hill, afterwards a lieutenant general, was at that time the colonel. He served in the ranks as a private soldier through the first year of the war, being with his regiment in a number of important engagements. In 1862, following an act of the Confederate Congress providing for army chaplains, he was appointed chaplain of his regiment, and after the elevation of A. P. Hill to a separate command, he was made missionary chaplain to Hill's army corps, in which capacity he served until the close of the war, conducting the funeral of his chief, General Hill, who fell in front of Petersburg a few days before the surrender at Appomattox.

In his Confederate career Dr. Jones was present on every great battlefield in which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged, sharing the sufferings and privations and risk of battle with the soldiers, ministering to those in hospitals, encouraging them in the performance of duty, and preaching with effectiveness and fervor as opportunity offered.

While the army was in winter quarters on the Rappahannock, following the battle of Fredericksburg, in the winter of 1862 63, he took part with other chaplains in the famous revival services which swept throughout the entire army, and as a result of which thousands of Confederate soldiers professed conversion. It is related of this revival that it was conducted simultaneously by Dr. Jones, a Baptist, in Hill's Corps, by the Rev. Dr. Beverly Tucker Lacy, a Presbyterian minister, at Jackson's headquarters, by the Rev. Dr. Pendleton, himself a brigadier general of artillery and a minister of the Episcopal faith, at Lee's headquarters, and by Father Tabb, chaplain of a Louisiana regiment, 'poet laureate of the Confederacy and a priest of the Catholic Church.

Soon after the war Dr. Jones accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church of Lexington, Va., where General Pendleton was rector of the Episcopal Church, where Gen. R. E. Lee was President of Washington College, and where in the town cemetery Gen. Stonewall Jackson was buried. He retained that position to 1871, conducting successful revivals both at Washington College and at the Virginia Military Institute, about one hundred and fifty college students joining his Church, about thirty of whom have since entered the Baptist ministry.

BUTLER. A. W.

Butler was born December 30, 1832, and died January 1, 1909, at his home, in Leola, Ark. He volunteered in July, 1862, joining Company G, 24th Arkansas Volunteers. He was captured at Arkansas Post and was sent to Camp Douglas, and after being exchanged he was sent to Bragg's army, transferring to Company G, 19th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry. He served under General Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta, and remained with this army until its surrender at Bentonville. He was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga. This comrade had many friends, for he was true and worthy, and leaves a bright record of duty faithfully performed. DR. WILLIAM HENRY FRIZELL,

Dr. W. H. Frizell was born near Lexington, Miss., June 13, 1838, and died at his home, Deasonville, Miss., December 5, 1908. His education began at Milton Academy, Carroll County, Miss., and he graduated from Sharon College, Madison County, Miss. He graduated in medicine at New Orleans in 1860, and began the practice of his profession at Acona the same year.

Dr. Frizell was among the first from his section to enlist in his country's cause, and served in the Durant Rifles, Company I, 12th Mississippi Regiment. He was elected lieutenant. After the organization of the regiment at Corinth, Miss., it was soon ordered to the Virginia Army. He was made prisoner in the battle of Gettysburg and imprisoned in Fort Delaware. He was sent as one of the "Immortal 600" to Charleston Harbor, and held under fire of our own guns in retaliation by the Federals.

After his release in 1865 and a long and tedious journey home, Dr. Frizell arrived at his father's house in July, 1865. Soon he took up the practice of medicine at Poplar Creek, Miss. The writer's acquaintance and a faithful friendship began with him in the fall of 1865. His practice covered a large rural district. He did his work most faithfully, never refusing to go because prior bills had not been paid.

In 1907 his own health gave way, when he sold his home at Poplar Creek, Miss., and moved to Deasonville, Miss. He had many friends and not an enemy in the world. He was a charter member of Statham Farrell Camp, No. 1197, U. C. V., and was its Surgeon to the end. He was devoted to the VETERAN, and read it, as he did the Christian Advocate, from cover to cover. He professed religion in the army and joined the M. E. Church, South. He was ever a zealous Christian, but his pocketbook never knew to what Church he belonged. In 1866 he was married to Mrs. Mary Lloyd, who died in 1876, leaving four sons. Again in 1879 he was married to Miss Ella Horton. Of this union, four sons and three daughters were born, and all, save one daughter, survive him with his devoted wife. His memory is a benediction and his example an inspiration. A good man has gone to his reward. [By J. B. Simpson, former Commander of his Camp.]

CAPT. BARTON DICKSON

Barton Dickson, son of William and Elizabeth Barton Dickson, was born in October, 1836, near Tuscumbia, Ala., in Franklin County, and completed his mortal life with the 15th of January, 1909, after having been stricken with paralysis. He was married in 1863 to Miss Nellie Mayes, of Courtland, Ala, who survives him with three children.

Barton Dickson was descended from some of the best families of North Carolina and Virginia, well known in Revolutionary history, and endowed with an inheritance of chivalry, bravery, and endurance. His courtesy of manner and kindly feeling for all made him friends wherever he lived. Reared in affluence and possessing a collegiate education, he entered in early manhood upon an active life with fairest prospects.

When the call to arms was sounded, in 1861, he was among the first to respond, ready to serve in any capacity. He was elected captain of Company A, 16th Alabama Regiment, Cleburne's Division, and beginning with Shiloh he was in most of the hard fought battles of the West. He was seriously wounded, the second time at Jonesboro, Ga., in August, 1864, unfitting him for further active service, and he always suffered from the effects of the wound.

Returning to his ruined home after the surrender, he was never able to adjust himself with any great degree of financial success to the new order of things, yet in adversity as in prosperity Captain Dickson was still the same, true to his family and friends "the sweetest spirited man I ever knew," said one who had known him from boyhood. He was a devoted member of Company A, U. C. V., of Memphis, Tenn., his home for some years. There his grave was heaped with lovely flowers and Confederate emblems by comrades and friends.

DR. S. A. NUNN

Although something over a year has passed since the death of Dr. S. A. Nunn, of Belton, Tex., it is deemed proper to pay this tribute to one who stood so high in the esteem of his friends and fellow citizens.

Dr. Nunn was born in Perry County, Ala., in May, 1829, and in 1835 his parents removed to Noxubee County, Miss. At the age of seventeen he was sent to Princeton College, Kentucky, where by intense application he completed a four years' course in two years. Here he acquired a love of the classics and literature, and to the end of his days he read and enjoyed the Latin, Greek, and French authors, and from Shakespeare and Byron he could quote by the hour, his memory being very remarkable. After leaving college he entered the University of Louisville, Ky., attending lectures and taking a full course in

medicine. At that time he met Boone, Gross, and other "Immortals." The winter of 1852-53 he spent at Tulane University, New Orleans, taking a full diploma in 1853.

In 1861, when the call was made for defenders of the South, Dr. Nunn left his lucrative practice, his wife and children, and responded to the call, as did his three brothers, Maj. E. F. Nunn, Col. D. A. Nunn, and Lieut. Floyd W. Nunn. Their father, familiarly known as "Squire John Nunn," of Noxubee County, a Confederate of Confederates, cheerfully gave all his sons to the Confederacy.

Dr. Nunn raised and helped equip a company in Smith County, Miss., taking part in the battles at Corinth, Chattanooga, and Vicksburg. His health failing, he returned home for recuperation, but in the latter part of 1863 he raised another company, and, receiving an appointment as surgeon, he served in that capacity till the close of the war.

In 1878 he removed to Belton, Tex., practicing his profession until his death, in December, 1907. Of the four brothers who responded to duty's call in 1861, only Col. D. A. Nunn, of Crockett, Tex., survives him. Dr. Nunn had spent time, strength, and money for the Confederate cause, so dear to his heart, and his last request was that "Dixie" should be sung at his funeral, which was done in fitting measure. And tenderly borne by friends and comrades, he was laid to rest in that last long sleep awaiting the resurrection.

COL. W. J. BETTERSON.

Col. W. J. Betterson, a pioneer citizen of Dallas, Tex., died suddenly in that city January 15, 1909, of apoplexy.

Colonel Betterson was born in Campbell County, Va., in December, 1832. He had four brothers in the Confederate army, and was himself a member of Pierce's company of mounted infantry, Vaughn's Brigade. After the war he lived for a time in Bristol, Va., then in Knoxville, Tenn., later moving to Dallas. He married Miss Sue Roach, of Virginia, and with their three children resided in Dallas, honored and respected. Some years after the death of his first wife he married Mrs. Anne McD. Reagon, of Giles County, Tenn., who survives him. He was known as the poor man's friend, and many recipients of his charity will long remember him.

JAMES BONNER MCBRYDE

James Bonner McBryde, of Nashville, Tenn., was stricken with paralysis on Saturday morning, March 6, 1909, and lingered until the morning of the 16th, when his glorified spirit passed from earth into heaven. He was born on December 27, 1835, in Wilcox County, Ala., where he spent his boyhood days and where he was married on November 13, 1856, to Miss Eliza Ann Parker. This union was blessed with eight children, six of whom survive and were with their father at the time of his death.

Mr. McBryde was just getting settled on his newly acquired plantation in South Alabama when the War between the States broke out, but the spirit of loyalty to his country and love for home and liberty made of him a patriot true, and on March 1, 1862, he enlisted in the 3d Alabama Cavalry, was mustered into service in Mobile, went from there to Corinth, Miss., thence to Pittsburg Landing, where he was for some time in the front. He was with Albert Sidney Johnston in the battle of Shiloh on that fateful day. April 6, 1862, when Johnston received the wound that resulted in his death. Then he went with Beauregard down into Mississippi, where he was captured and kept a prisoner for fifteen days at Corinth, paroled, and about sixty days later exchanged. After being notified of his exchange he rejoined his company near Stone's River, and was in constant service until the surrender. He had six brothers in the Confederate service, all of whom went through the war and returned home without a scar.

Having lost the most of his property through the ravages of war, in 1868 he removed with his family to Illinois, where he engaged in the mercantile business in the towns of Kinmundy and Casey until ten years ago, when he retired from active business and came to Nashville to make his home with a daughter. He joined the Presbyterian Church early in life, but transferred his membership to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, when he established his home in Illinois. He was a consistent member of the Church, an honored Mason, and a valiant soldier. He was steward, trustee, and Sunday school superintendent for more than twenty years, and for twenty two consecutive years was a lay delegate to the Illinois Conference, always present at roll call and serving on various committees. He was a delegate to the General Conference of his Church in 1878, and a reserve delegate to the Conference of 1882. He was loyal to his Church, loyal to his country, and loyal to his friends. He was one of nature's noblemen.

A little over two years ago Mr. McBryde and his good wife celebrated their golden wedding, receiving the congratulations of a host of friends. He attended the Reunion at Birmingham last May, and thoroughly enjoyed the meeting with old comrades, friends, and relatives. Some eleven years ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis, and was bedridden for several months, but finally recovered, and was in apparently good health at the time of the last stroke, from which he never rallied. He lived well and was ready to answer the last roll call. He is survived by the wife of his youth, four sons (Richard P. McBryde, of Kinmundy, Ill., R. J. and W. E. McBryde, of Chicago, and E. P. McBryde, of Nashville), and two daughters (Mrs. William G. Hirsig and Mrs. Curtis B. Haley, of Nashville).

CAPT. H. A. NORTH

A member of his company writes of the death of Capt. H. A. North, of Newnan, Ga., who was born in 1829. He organized a company in April, 1862, and joined the 1st Georgia Cavalry. He was one of the officers who never failed to report for duty on all occasions. Captain North was with Forrest at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and with Gen. John H. Morgan in the mountains of Kentucky, impeding the retreat of Gen. George H. Morgan (Federal)

from Cumberland Gap. Afterwards he was with Gen. Joe Wheeler to the close of the war, surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. He was offered promotion on two occasions, but refused to leave the boys he had promised to look after. Faithful in all the duties of life, his name is written high as a faithful Confederate officer and Christian gentleman.

CAPT. J. TURNEY

Capt. Jacob Turney died at his home, near Hughey, Tenn., on March 19, 1909, aged seventy seven years. He enlisted at the beginning of the war in the Boon's Hill Company, Turney's Regiment, and faithfully performed the duties of a soldier and officer. His intrepidity carried him into the thickest of the fight always, and he received several wounds from which he had suffered for nearly half a century. As a citizen he showed the same intensity and steadfastness of purpose, striving for the best in all things, rendering faithful service to Church and State. He is survived by his wife.

W. E. STOUT

Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., at Mt. Vernon, Tex., numbers another member of the Camp with the fallen. Comrade Stout died at Childress, Tex., of pneumonia on December 25, 1908. He entered the Confederate service as a private in Company K, 35th Alabama Regiment, Buford's Brigade. For some time past this comrade had been in poor health. He has answered his last roll call and now "rests under the shade of the trees." [By P. A. Blakey, Commander Ben McCulloch Camp.]

S. S. TILMAN

S. S. Tilman died at his residence, near Mt. Vernon, Tex., February 10, 1909. Comrade Tilman was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V. He was born in Pike County, Ala., on April 6, 1830, and emigrated to Upshur County, Tex., in 1850. His parents were born and reared near Lexington, Ky., and were married in Washington County, Ala. He was married to Miss L. S. Saunders, of Collin County, Tex., on September 8, 1858. He had resided in Franklin County, Tex., since 1865.

He entered the Confederate service at Gilmer, Tex., on February 1, 1862, and served to the close of the war. He was paroled at Meridian, Miss., by General Canby as a member of Company C, 10th Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade. He participated in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Peach Tree Creek (near Atlanta, Ga.), Altoona, Franklin, Nashville, Spanish Fort, and Mobile. He was severely wounded at Stone River and Peach Tree Creek. He had been confined to his bed

for some time. At his death he was seventy nine years old. He had been long a member of the Baptist Church. He was a good neighbor, beloved by many relatives and friends. He was devoted to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, "Rest, comrade, rest."

[From P. A. Blakey, Mt. Vernon, Tex.]

COL. GEORGE W. CARY

[From sketch by Jack Childers, New York]

Col. George Walton Cary, one of the few survivors of the 44th Alabama Regiment, died suddenly at the New York Hospital March 16, 1909, in his seventieth year. He had recently been under medical care for an abscess in his left ear, but the suddenness of the fatal attack may have been Bright's disease in acute form. Colonel Cary was perhaps one of the best known and most popular Southerners in New York, known and respected all over the South.

The late Gen. W. F. Perry, of Bowling Green, Ky., who in the Civil War belonged to Field's Division of Longstreet's Corps, in a letter to Col. George W. Cary (he was major of the 44th Alabama Infantry) a few years ago said: "To the students of my college classes to whom I have often related war stories your name is as familiar as household word show you scaled the cliff at Devil's Den ahead of your line and with flashing sword and blazing face landed among the artillerymen of the battery, demanding and receiving their surrender, how you seized the flag of the regiment in the battle of the Wilderness and called upon the men to follow you as you ascended the hill beyond the little swamp from which we had driven several lines of battle, how you repeated the performance at Frazier's Farm and received what we all supposed for a time to be a mortal wound."

Colonel Cary took active part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Gettysburg, Richmond, Petersburg, Chickamauga, and Appomattox. His daughter has a sword that he captured from an Ohio officer on September 20, 1863, which he used after that time.

Colonel Cary's genial manner made him particularly popular among his associates, and while a man of positive demeanor, he was all kindness. He had the happy faculty of being able to administer rebuke without leaving a sting. As a business man Colonel Cary became a member of the wholesale dry goods firm in New Orleans of Wallace & Cary at the close of the Civil War, and later he accepted responsible places as credit man and salesman with E. S. Jaffrey & Co., with Swartze, Pembroke & Co., and with Claflin & Co. Colonel Cary was a member of the last Thaw jury in the famous murder trial. He was "No. 3," but should have been designated as number one, as he evidently dominated the jury.

Colonel Cary was always active in all Confederate Veteran matters, and his funeral was largely attended by the Southern contingent of Confederate veterans in New York. Colonel Cary married in New Orleans after the war Miss Virginia Paxton, a Virginia

lady, who died many years ago, leaving two children, who now survive their father William Paxton. Cary and Virginia Cary Fanning.

GEORGE CALLEHAN

Doubtless many survivors of Chews's Light Horse Battery will remember George Callehan, the "Irish boy" member of the battery. He died February 20, 1909, at Bluemont, Va., aged about seventy years. He was born in Ireland and came to this country in 1853, at the age of fourteen. He enlisted as a private in Chews's Battery when it was organized, and participated in all its battles, among the severe ones being Gettysburg and Brandy Station, Va. He was at Snickersville (now Bluemont) guarding the gap with one gun and some cavalry when McClellan's army attempted to cross there. He said he cut the fuse for forty seconds and it burst exactly where he wished it to, and "turned the whole army." He made a good and faithful soldier, always at the post of duty.

SPENCER

John Meredith Spencer, who served as a lieutenant in Pickett's Brigade of the Confederate army, died in February, 1909, at Oakland, Cal. He was born July 4, 1842, in Buckingham County, Va" and removed to California ten years ago with his family. He served with conspicuous gallantry through the war, and in the battle of Gaines's Mill he was wounded while carrying the flag up the ramparts after five color bearers had been shot in the attempt. He leaves three children a daughter and two sons.

DR. WILLIAM N. CUNNINGHAM

Dr. W. N. Cunningham died March 12, 1909, at Mansfield, La., beloved by all who knew him. Dr. Cunningham practiced dentistry in Mansfield nearly a half century, beginning before the war. He was so skilled in his profession that the people who had depended upon him from one generation to another would not allow him to retire, though for years there had been no necessity for his continuing work.

Dr. Cunningham was born in Pike County, Miss., May 12, 1836, his parents being James E. and Nancy Eltzer Cunningham, both of Carolina stock. His grandfather, Humphrey Cunningham, had ten sons, all of them reared in Tennessee. (One of these was the father of the editor of the VETERAN.)

In 1844 Dr. Cunningham went from Mississippi with the family to Mansfield, La. In April, 1861, he enlisted in Company D, 2d Louisiana Regiment, Pelican Rifles, the first company that left De Soto Parish. He was soon promoted to a lieutenantcy, and later was

commissioned as captain. He was badly wounded in the second battle of Manassas, a Minie ball passing through his left leg near the ankle. Being unfitted for active service by this wound, he was transferred to conscript duty and ordered to Sabine Parish, where he served over a year as enlisting officer.

Dr. Cunningham was a Mason in high standing, a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and a true man. His popularity was well attested by the masses of flowers at his funeral, sent by public organizations and loving friends. Dr. Cunningham leaves three daughters, wives of Dr. H. J. Parsons, of Mansfield, La., Rev. R. F. Tredway, of Camden, Ark., and J. C. Stokes, of Shreveport, La. The older daughters were educated at Nashville in the Nashville and Belmont Colleges.

After his death the Methodist Sunday school of Mansfield held a memorial service in his honor and many beautiful tributes were paid to his memory.

MRS. F. C. VAN ZANDT

Mrs. F. C. Van Zandt, one of the most notable women in Texas, died in Fort Worth April 8, 1909, aged ninety four. Mrs. Van Zandt's maiden name was Lipscomb, and she was born in Virginia, moving to Tennessee when she was twelve years old. She married Isaac Van Zandt, and with him emigrated to Texas, locating in Marshall. Her husband as Minister from the Republic of Texas negotiated the treaty of annexation between Texas and the United States. He died of yellow fever in Houston, and Mrs. Van Zandt reared her five children to be noble men and women. One son, Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, is Commander of the Texas Division, U. C. V., and has been for several years.

Mrs. Van Vandt had twenty eight grandchildren, thirtyeight great grandchildren, and five great great grandchildren.

Mrs. Van Zandt had been ill since last Thanksgiving, but never regarded her condition as severe. She left a note penned in a book saying: I want neither crape nor flowers at my funeral nor black put on for me afterwards. I have always wanted to live so as not to set a bad example to any one in my family or others, and still want to add my mite to putting away useless practices.

GORDON FLOWERS SALTONSTALL

G. F. Saltonstall was born at Tremont, Ill., in August, 1839, and died in Pekin, Ill., February 7, 1909, He was of English origin, his ancestors having emigrated first to Kentucky, thence to Illinois. The early years of Gordon F. Saltonstall were passed on the

large plantation in Missouri owned by his father and at school in Virginia. He graduated in Bethany, Va., in the spring of 1861, when the war clouds were fast forming in the sky.

He enlisted as a private in the Confederate service under Gen. Sterling Price. The captain of his company resigned, and young Saltonstall, having some military training, was advanced to fill his position. He was in command of his company during the winter of 1861-62, at which time he became quartermaster general under General Price.

During his service under General Price he made many raids for the purpose of getting supplies and recruits. He was in many battles and skirmishes, and was taken prisoner, but escaped by bribing his captor, reaching St. Louis at the end of the war,

After the surrender Mr. Saltonstall read law in the office of John B. Cohrs, and was admitted to the bar. He was a brilliant speaker, and rapidly made his way to the front ranks of his profession, for he met all obligations with fidelity, ability, honesty, and steadfastness of purpose. He filled the offices of Secretary of the Board of Education and Master in Chancery, and for eight years was State's Attorney, filling every office with rare ability. After his death his fellow members of the bar passed glowing resolutions of respect. He served his clients faithfully, diligently, and ably, and left a memory that all future lawyers will do well to emulate.

[From a sketch received through the courtesy of Frederick M. Grant, Canton, Ill.]

GASTON

A. L. Gaston was born in September, 1845 in Spartanburg District, S. C., and died suddenly at his home, near Gainesville, Tex., February 14, 1909. He entered the Confederate army just at eighteen, joining Company C of the Palmetto Sharpshooters, South Carolina Volunteers. After the battle of Chickamauga he was under Longstreet to Appomattox, walking from that place to his home in South Carolina. He had suffered from rheumatism for several years.

DREW BROCK

Drew Brock dropped from the fast thinning ranks of the Gray on August 13, 1908, at Stokes, Tenn., in his sixty eighth year. He was born in Henderson County, Tenn., February 6, 1842.

In 1862 Comrade Brock joined Company L of the 6th Tennessee Regiment. He made a good soldier, and was always at his post of duty. He was once captured in the charge at Chickamauga, but later made his escape and rejoined his command. He was later in the battle of Murfreesboro and Missionary Ridge. He followed Bragg in his campaign through Kentucky, and was in the battle of Perryville. He was in many other minor engagements almost throughout the war.

After his return from the army he located at Stokes, Dyer County, Tenn., where he reared a large family of intelligent children. He was a man of a kind and generous nature, a joyful, sunny disposition, and was well liked by all who knew him. He was a devout Christian, and was as true to his Church and his God as he was in the field of battle. He was my messmate and one of the best friends I ever had. [The foregoing is from W. H. Kearney, Trezevant, Tenn.]

GEORGE R. COOPER

Having nearly completed his eighty ninth year, George Robert Cooper died at the home of his daughter, in Van Alstyne, Tex. He was born in Pulaski County, Ky., June 20, 1820, and while still a young man he removed to Saline County, Mo., later on going to Holt County, where he raised the first and only company that county furnished the Confederacy. This he gallantly commanded as captain, and received a severe bullet wound in the leg. His oldest son, Sam Cooper, also served in the Confederate army. His wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Ferrell, died in 1863, and in 1866 Comrade Cooper removed to Texas with his children and settled in Collins County. There he married Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Riggs, who died sometime ago. A long line of posterity is left six children, thirty three grandchildren, and fifty one great grandchildren ninety in all.

DR. WILLIAM RAY

Dr. William Ray died in Philipsburg, Mont., on March 18, 1909, from injuries received while on a professional call a week before. He was thrown from his buggy, falling on his head. While very much jarred, the fall was not considered fatal, and the sudden death was unexpected.

Dr. Ray was born in Natchez, Miss., in January, 1843. He received his literary education in that city, but graduated in medicine in McDowell College, St. Louis, Mo. He served with honor in the Confederate service as surgeon, locating at Philipsburg, Mont., after the surrender. Dr. Ray was a Mason and a member of the Improved Order of Red Men. Dr. Ray was a high toned, strictly honorable man, and leaves a host of friends to mourn their loss.

GEORGE W. MINOR

The committee appointed at the last meeting of DeWitt Clinton Lodge, A. F. and A. M., reports the death of George W. Minor at his home, in Cumberland County, Va., on January 17, 1909, in his seventy seventh year. He was a son of Rev. Raymond R. Minor and of Louise Morris, of Louise County, Va.

Comrade Minor entered the war as a private, was promoted to captain, was in the battle of the Crater, near Petersburg, and after the fall of his colone] he commanded the regiment. He was a Christian gentleman, loved and honored in every position, and especially was he appreciated in Masonic circles, in which he was authority on almost all questions.

JOHN C. KENNEDY

Mr. John C. Kennedy, who was Purchasing Agent for the N., C. & St. L. Railroad for nearly a quarter of a century, died at his home, in Nashville, March 17, after an illness of only a few hours. While not a Confederate veteran, he was closely identified with them on one point of interest, being a member and the treasurer of the Sam Davis Monument Committee and very diligent for its success.

In an address before the Tennessee Historical Society in January, 1896, Mr. Kennedy gave a strangely pathetic account of his going to Pulaski, Tenn., for the body of Sam Davis. The mother of young Davis was not sure that the dead man was her boy, and gave Mr. Kennedy a piece of the striped linsey wolsey of his jacket lining by which to identify him. Davis's young brother Oscar went with Mr. Kennedy, and they carried in the covered carryall a coffin in which to bring back the body. Everywhere Mr. Kennedy found that the name of Sam Davis was heard with the deepest reverence. In Pulaski the Federal provost marshal said: "Tell his father and mother for me that he died the bravest of the brave, an honor to them, and with the respect of every man in the command."

The Federal soldiers uncovered their heads as the wagon passed with the body, or with a silence that meant more than words gave all needed help, honoring one who suffered death, but never dishonor.

Mr. Kennedy's death so near the time for dedicating the Sam Davis monument was pathetic, as he took so deep an interest in the undertaking.

WHITE

W. J. White was born November 29, 1837, and died on the 17th of January, 1909, at his home, in Eagleville, Tenn. He enlisted in the Confederate army in July, 1861, and was sent to Camp Anderson, near Murfreesboro, where he became a member of Company D, 24th Tennessee Infantry. He was wounded in the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, and left in the hospital. He did not rejoin the army until after Hood's retreat from Tennessee. He then fell in with General Johnston, and was surrendered in North Carolina. He was married in 1868 to Miss Josie Rickman, who survives him with seven children. Comrade White was a man of feeble strength, yet was always at the post of duty and did the full duty of a soldier,

PRIEST

At the home of his sister, Mrs. William Grinstead, near Sedalia, Mo., B. E. Priest died at the age of seventyone years. He enlisted with General Price at Booneville, Mo., in 1861, but was transferred to the 10th Kentucky Cavalry. He was under Gen. Basil Duke, of Morgan's command, accompanied Morgan on his raid through Ohio, and after capture was imprisoned for twenty months at Camp Douglas. He was paroled in 186g a few days after Lee's surrender. Three children survive him.

CAMPBELL

At the age of sixty nine years K. C. Campbell, a native of Highland County, Va., has joined the silent majority, death coming on February 6, 1909. He served with Company I (Churchville Cavalry), of the 14th Virginia Cavalry, of which he was orderly. After the war he was proctor in the University of Virginia, Commonwealth's Attorney for Alleghany County, and editor of the Highland Recorder.

LAWSON W. MAGRUDER

Maj. Lawson W. Magruder, a distinguished Confederate veteran, died on the 6th of July, 1908, at Crockett Springs, Va., whither he had gone in the hope of restoring his health.

Major Magruder was a native of Madison County, Miss., and joined one of the first companies to leave the county, in the early part of 1861, which was placed in the 18th Mississippi Regiment, and which, with the 13th, 17th, and 21st Mississippi Regiments, composed the celebrated Griffith Barksdale Humphreys Brigade of the Army of Northern Virginia, whose imperishable renown won in after years on many a stricken field has rendered forever immortal the name of the Mississippi volunteers.

Major Magruder was severely wounded in the first battle of Manassas, which rendered him unfit for service for some time, but shortly after his recovery he received his commission and served on the staff of Gen. W. H. T. Walker, and was with him when he was killed at Atlanta, and afterwards served for a time on the staff of Gen. E. C. Walthall.

Early after the close of hostilities he married and removed to Vicksburg, where he soon attained high rank as a lawyer, and at the time of his death he was regarded as one of the most eminent members of the Mississippi bar. He served several terms with conspicuous ability in the State Legislature.

Major Magruder was a graduate of the University of Princeton, was a scholarly man, made a splendid soldier, was an exemplary citizen in the truest and best sense of the word.

In an address made by Mr. R. D. Booth at a meeting of the Vicksburg bar to take action touching the death of their deceased friend and brother he said: "Lawson W. Magruder was no ordinary man. My relations with him had been most cordial and intimate from his first admission to the bar, and I regarded him as the equal of any man with whom I was ever brought into close touch. In his power to grasp great underlying principles he had but few superiors. And in addition to his splendid intellectual equipment he possessed many of those charming social virtues which are the crowning glory of a noble manhood. He was dignified, generous, and affectionate in his family and devoted to his friends, and was an exemplar worthy of our imitation. He was a good man, a loyal friend, and a distinguished citizen."

CAPT. THOMAS P. BRIDGES

On Thursday evening, March 25, 1909, Capt. Thomas P. Bridges died at his home, in Carthage, Tenn., after a lingering illness patiently borne. He would have been sixty seven years old in July next.

His personal friend, Rev. J. H. McNeilly, writes of him: "In Captain Bridges's departure the community loses one of its best citizens and every veteran Confederate soldier loses a true friend. He enlisted in the Confederate army while a mere boy, and he followed the fortunes of the Confederacy until the end of the war. He served in Ward's Tennessee Regiment under the dashing John Morgan, winning his rank of captain by his courage and efficiency. He was captured in that ill fated raid into Indiana and Ohio, and remained for some time in prison. After the war he engaged in business for a time in Nashville and afterwards in Carthage, his former home, where he organized the Smith County Bank, with which he was connected until his death.

It was my privilege to know him intimately, having been his pastor for several years, and I have never known a higher type of noble Christian gentleman true to every relation of life. He was a man of unbending integrity, yet gentle as a woman, of dauntless courage, yet modest and retiring. He was genial, kind, charitable, generous, the very soul of honor, and beneath all a sincere, devout Christian.

As a soldier Captain Bridges was one 'to count on.' Brave, prudent, faithful, he never shirked a duty nor sought an easy place. He cherished fondly the memory of those glorious days. and enjoyed the companionship of old comrades, not one of whom ever appealed to him in vain for needed help.

With intense conviction he believed our cause was just, and he never made apology for his course. As a citizen he was a staunch advocate of law and order, and with liberal public spirit he strove to build up the moral and material interests of his section. He conducted his business not merely to make money for himself, but to benefit those among whom he lived.

Captain Bridges's funeral service was held by me at the Methodist church in Carthage, and the building was filled with an audience every member of which appeared to feel his death as a personal sorrow. A large proportion were men from out of town, including old comrades in arms, testifying their high regard for the man, soldier, citizen, and Christian.

Captain Bridges was twice married, and he is survived by one son of his first wife, Thomas P., Jr., with his three children. His two brothers, Dr. J. N. and Mr. H. C. Bridges, of New Middleton, also survive him. His intimate associate and friend was Col. John A. Fite, of Carthage."

RHOADS

The death of B. L. Rhoads is reported as occurring on January 10 at his home, near Auburn, Ky. He was born June 19, 1841. He fought through the war until taken prisoner in the last year and was sent to Rock Island. He was laid away with the cross of honor pinned to his coat.

HON. FRANCIS P. FLEMMING

Francis Phillip Flemming was essentially Floridian in all his interests, though through his paternal grandfather, George Flemming, he was descended from the Barons of Slade in Ireland. George Flemming lost his title and estates when James Stuart suffered defeat. He emigrated to Florida and became a man of great prominence and influence among the Spaniards, from whom he received a captain's commission and several grants of land (the largest being 20,000 acres on the Indian River) given in "consideration of distinguished and extraordinary services.

George Flemming married Sophia Fatio, the daughter of Francis Phillip Fatio, a native of Switzerland, who had large plantations upon the St. Johns River. Of this marriage Francis Phillip Flemming was the second son. He was born in Panama, Duval County, Fla., in September, 1841. When only a boy of twenty he enlisted in the 2d Florida Infantry, and went with his regiment to Virginia, where he served under General Magruder. He was afterwards with Lee and Johnston. He returned to Florida as first lieutenant of Company D, 1st Florida Cavalry, then acting as infantry, and with this company served both under Johnston and Hood.

After the war Francis Flemming studied law, and commenced the practice of it at Jacksonville, which he afterwards made his home. In 1871 he married Floride, the beautiful daughter of Hon. Bird M. Pearson, of the Supreme Court of Florida. From the time of his admission to the bar Mr. Flemming took an active interest in politics, participating as a brilliant speaker in nearly every campaign, and it was largely to his efforts that the Democratic success in the State was due. In 1888 he was one of three gubernatorial nominees before the Democratic State Convention at St. Augustine. The contest was a very hot one, and it was not till the fortieth ballot that the necessary number of votes were received, resulting in his nomination.

The Republican candidate was Col. Volney Shipman, and the campaign was conducted under very trying circumstances, for the epidemic of yellow fever was raging and every means of travel was much impeded. Often in order to meet appointments long trips had to be made across country, and there were many encounters with quarantine guards. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, all appointments were met, and Mr. Flemming polled the largest majority of votes ever rolled up in the State.

As a Governor his distinguishing trait was conscientiousness. He did what he thought was right, and never allowed personal inclinations to influence his acts. No one who knew Governor Flemming ever expected a man to escape punishment because of the friendship of the Governor nor any man to fail of his reward on account of the personal enmity of the chief executive. He was an able public officer, a conscientious lawyer, a brilliant soldier, a man to whom his word was as his bond, a tender, loving husband and father, and a friend trustworthy and true, never self seeking, always courteous, brave, fearless, and truthful a noble man whose life was rounded out by a patient acceptance of the lingering pains of death, which came to him in Jacksonville, Fla" December 20, 1908. The different Confederate organizations, the Board of Trade, and the Church club were in attendance at his funeral, and the long line of sorrowing friends and the abundance of flowers showed the respect and honor in which he was held.

A. G. BROWN

Mr. A. G. Brown, of Cookeville, Tenn., who underwent an operation at the Crutcher Sanitarium recently, died from the effects of it, and the remains were taken to the home of the family for interment.

Camp Ben McCullough, U. C. V., marched behind the remains to the station as a mark of respect for an old Confederate soldier. The deceased was nearly sixty eight years of age, but had been a man of very strong physique and robust health until the last six or eight weeks, during which time he suffered from an abscess of the pleural cavity. Attending physicians think that had the operation been performed earlier it would not have resulted fatally.

JAMES MCDONALD SCOGGINS.

James McDonald Scoggins was born in Bradley County, near Cleveland, Tenn., July 7, 1833, and died in Chattanooga April 6, 1909, in the seventy fourth year of his age. He enlisted in the 36th Tennessee Regiment when it was organized, and was in the battle of Cumberland Gap. After this battle he joined the 37th Tennessee and took part in the battle of Perryville.

In the spring of 1863 Maj. Campbell Wallace appointed him to take charge of a switch on the railroad at Ooltewah, where he remained until the Federals took possession of the road. He then went to Georgia until the war closed.

When the smallpox raged in Chattanooga, all his children died of it. He and his wife survived, but all his household effects were ordered to be burned. In this way his discharge from the army and his detail for railroad work were destroyed, and he could not obtain a pension. The A. P. Stewart Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, famous for charitable work, provided for Mr. Scoggins and his wife.

He was a soldier of the cross as well as the Confederacy, and died a triumphant Christian death.

CAPT. FRANK A. OWEN

The death of this gallant comrade is the occasion of much sorrow to the VETERAN management. Comrade Owen was a devoted Confederate, reflecting honor upon the cause he had fought for on all occasions. For more than a decade he had been a zealous friend and sent many more checks than any other man. He was zealous for the VETERAN throughout its history. Ten years ago a prize of \$100 was awarded his daughter Ruth for securing the largest number of subscriptions in a given time. Although Captain Owen secured these subscriptions largely for his daughter, he came in contact with so many comrades who desired but could not afford to pay for the VETERAN that he applied the prize in sending it to such in many sections of the country.

Frank Amliias Owen enlisted at the age of sixteen years in Company A, 8th Kentucky Infantry, early in the war. He was captured at Fort Donelson, and escaped from Camp Morton during a terrific storm and walked through the country to his Kentucky home in eight days. Soon after that he joined Col. Adam R. Johnson and Lieut. Col. Robert M. Martin in raising a cavalry regiment. He commanded the remnant of John H. Morgan's old regiment as the rear guard in Morgan's great but disastrous raid from Cheshire to the surrender at Zanesville, Ohio. He was a gallant, faithful Confederate.

PALLBEARERS AT CAPTAIN OWEN'S FUNERAL

The active pallbearers were Confederate veterans viz., H. R. Williams, Alexander Cunningham, M. W. McCoy, Charles Woods, P. J. Mann, and Lee Howell.

The honorary pallbearers were all officers in the Union army viz.: Maj. H. A. Mattison, who was judge of the Circuit Court of Vanderburgh County, and now a prominent practitioner at the Evansville bar, Maj. O. F. Jacobi, a prominent business man at the head of the Blount Plow Works in Evansville, Maj. Will Warren (one armed veteran), a prominent banker of Evansville, Capt. Charles V. Myerhoff, prominent in the manufacture of stoves and hollow ware in Evansville, Col. S. R. Hornbrook, since the close of the war a prominent lawyer in Evansville, Col. C. C. Schreeder, a prominent business man and a member of the State Legislature. All of these Union veterans were close friends of the deceased and solicited the opportunity to show their personal esteem.

At the funeral of Major Owen his pastor, Rev. M. A. Farr, said: "The youthful days of our brother were spent in the Southland, and the characteristics of that land, its honor, chivalry, generosity, hospitality, sympathy, and appreciation, were indelibly stamped on his life. He was the soul of honor, his sense of right and wrong was acute, his standards were the highest, duty as he saw it was never debatable. The way it pointed was the way he went. It was his nature. He walked among the nobility, not of wealth or position

merely, but the nobility of blood and culture and heart. His character too was the outcome of the creative, transforming forces of gospel truth.

He was a devout man, a godly man.

Here to day are the soldiers of the Union and the soldiers of the Confederacy. Gulfs once impassable have lessened, until to day men reach across and take each other by the hand and say: 'Let there be no quarrel between thee and me, for we are brethren.' And Brother Owen mingled freely for these last years in trade and society and religion with men who had once been foes, and the constant message of his life was one of 'peace on earth and good will unto men.

DR. WARNER MOORE.

Rev. Warner Moore, D.D., was born in Pulaski, Tenn., in June, 1845, and died at Ripley, Tenn., in March, 1909.

At the age of sixteen Dr. Moore entered the Confederate army, and served in Stanford's Battery of Light Artillery till the close of the war. He was wounded three times. While in the Confederate service he was converted to Christianity, and decided to give his life to the service of the Church, He was licensed by the Quarterly Conference of the Methodist Church, and was ordained deacon by Bishop Paine in 1866, and a year later was ordained elder by Bishop McTyeire.

He had many Church appointments, which he filled with ability, and was pastor at Ripley at the time of his death.

He was a courteous and considerate gentleman, a Christian in every act of his life, steady in his friendships, tender as a woman yet inflexible where principle was concerned, charitable in thought and deed, modest, never given to self seeking, a pure soldier of the cross, whose life was free from guile.

His funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, including many members of the Methodist Church. He leaves four sons and two daughters to mourn their loss.

MRS. J. C. MAPLE

A committee composed of Mrs. Belle Denny, Mrs. Mary E. Brown, and Jee Woodson, of Armstrong, Mo., sends the following:

Whereas it has pleased God to call from among us our dear friend and coworker, Mrs. J. C. Maple, and whereas in our association together as Daughters of the Confederacy she has endeared herself to us by her wise counsel and unflinching courage in devotion to duty, therefore be it

Resolved by the T. M. Cockrell Chapter, No. 868, U. D. C., That in the death of Mrs. Maple our Chapter has lost one of its most faithful and efficient members. We pledge ourselves anew to the work she encouraged, and her memory will ever lovingly linger with us.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to the bereaved husband, and pray that the Holy Spirit may comfort and sustain him in this time of great sorrow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent Dr. J C. Maple and published in the Armstrong Herald and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

Mrs. Augusta Hill Noble died of pneumonia in Athens, Ga. She was the daughter of Maj. Blanton Hill, a veteran of the Mexican War, and sister to Col. Franklin Hill, of the Confederate service. Mrs. Noble was a member of the Confederated Memorial Association, with whom originated the beautiful custom of decorating the soldiers' graves.

VISIT FAMOUS BATTLEFIELDS EN ROUTE TO AND FROM THE MEMPHIS REUNION.

By far the most interesting route to the Memphis Reunion is via Atlanta, thence over the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway by way of Chattanooga and Nashville. That portion of the line from Atlanta to Chattanooga is the old Western & Atlantic Railroad which was made famous by the campaign in which the aggressiveness of Sherman was met by the skill and strategy of Joseph E. Johnston. This route passes through battlefields almost the entire distance. It is the delight of veterans to travel over this line in a modern Pullman car or a comfortable day coach and point out to their comrades and friends the battlefield's of Atlanta, Peach Tree Creek, Smyrna, Kennesaw Mountain, Brush Mountain, Big Shanty, Allatoona, Adairsville, Resaca, Dug Gap, Mill Creek, Rocky Face, Tunnel Hill, Ringgold, Graysville, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, "Battle above

the Clouds," Stone's River, Nashville, etc. You will secure receipt. When the journey is to be resumed, surrender receipt and secure ticket with stop over pasted attached.

Chattanooga is one of the most interesting points in the country. Its strategic importance from a military point of view was recognized by both sides during the Civil War, and nearly every good general which the war produced, especially on the Federal side, saw service in the shadow of Lookout Mountain. Do not fail to stop at Chattanooga and visit Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga Park, and the Government Military Post. In the Union Depot may be seen the old "General," the engine which was captured by the Andrews Raiders in 1862. It has been placed there as a permanent monument to American valor.

Nashville is another point of unusual interest. It has always been so particularly on account of the great political influence it has wielded in the affairs of the country. It was the home of Presidents Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk. The battle of Nashville was fought December pass through all of these battlefields if you purchase a ticket reading via Atlanta and over the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway. Stop overs of ten days within limit of ticket will be allowed on either the going or the returning trip at any point between Atlanta and Nashville, also at the following points west of Nashville: Waverly, Johnsonville, Lexington, and Jackson. Notify the conductor of your desire to stop when ticket is first presented, then deposit ticket with the ticket agent immediately upon arrival at the stop over station and 15 and 16, 1864. The battle of Franklin was fought a few miles south of Nashville.

The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway has published for free distribution several historical booklets and folders, as follows: "Southern Battlefields," "Chickamauga Park Folder," and "Story of the General." It has also just issued a beautifully illustrated folder relative to the Memphis Reunion. Copies of any of these publications will be mailed free to any address upon application to W. L. Danley, General Passenger Agent, Nashville, Tenn. Mention the VETERAN.

BILL POSSUM HIS BOOK

Miss Mary Brent Whiteside, of Atlanta, Ga., has celebrated Mr. Taft's late visit to that city by a charming little booklet with the above title which she dedicates in his honor.

Bill Possum proves Miss Whiteside an adept in writing the negro dialect. She not only uses their quaint expressions, but the very trend of their ideas seems conveyed in her writings.

Ole Uncle Isaac is the typical old Southern darky of field and woods. Reading of him, one seems to see the old plantation "quarters," to hear the soft twang of the "banjo picking" and the shuffle of dancing feet, and to catch the yelp of the "yaller dorg" that seems so necessary a part of the picture. Through the whole book peeps the inconsequent

joy of the negro race and the strange superstitions that wield so strong an influence over their lives.

No Southern man or boy who has ever "been out possum huntin' " can read one chapter of this book without a reminiscent thrill, for all the factors that made that night memorable to him are here depicted the blazing torches, the hunters silhouetted in their light against the blackness of the woods, the yelping pack of dogs, each having the reputation of the "bestest possum dorg dere is" to sustain, and even the tree to be cut down in whose hollow branch the wily possum lies concealed. "Bill Possum" is humanized, and of course talks the negro tongue, for Miss Whiteside says: "The possum language translated into speech naturally takes the form of the negro dialect, for between the negro and the possum exists a peculiar affinity which to the white man is unknown and unattainable."

Grandfather Possum's stories are very quaint, and abound in that odd philosophy that seems to underlie the negro character. Some of his comments to that question loving "youngest grandchild" of his are gems of negro shrewdness.

Each chapter of the book is introduced by jingling rhymes that seem to have caught the very spirit of negro folk songs, and many of them are worthy of a musical setting. Altogether the book is one of the best negro dialect stories that has appeared for a long time.

THE MARTIN SAFETY BUGGY COMPANY.

On page 250 there is a description of these vehicles an innovation upon any heretofore made. The "safety" feature may be as good as that of convenience, in which event these buggies must have a great future, and while the sale of only 1,000 will give \$10,000 to the fund, it will introduce them to a multitude who will evidently consider themselves most fortunate. Let all who may be inclined to help the fund write to the company at Hopkinsville and get more explicit information about them.

THE MARTIN SAFETY BUGGY

To All Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, also All Sons of Confederates:

The Martin Safety Buggy is the invention of a Confederate soldier, and the President of the Martin Safety Buggy & Wagon Company is also a Confederate. His wife is an official member of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and all the officers are either Confederates or the descendants of Confederate families.

The Martin Safety Buggy is the best and safest buggy for all purposes ever invented. It is made from the best material, is in the latest style, and made by one of the best buggy manufacturers in the United States. The buggy is crated and delivered F. O. B. Evansville, Ind. A bill of lading is mailed to the purchaser, who pays the freight on arrival of the buggy at his railroad or river station.

We sell these buggies all over the country direct to consumers at the manufacturer's prices. Well recommended persons will act as our special sales agents. We offer the following most liberal terms until they have sold 10,000 of these unsurpassed buggies:

Each person sending us money order for any buggy named on the opposite page will by return mail receive a cash remittance of \$5 for making the sale, and the Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Park Fund will receive a cash remittance of \$10 to be invested in the memorial park property.

This proposition is to hold good until 10,000 buggies have been sold by these special agents. Through this cooperative plan we will have turned into the park fund more money than any other individual or company.

The buggies will be shipped out promptly, and each purchaser will get the best buggy he ever bought, one that balky or wild horses cannot turn over, and the only buggy made that you can turn round on a circle of less than six feet.

We want these 10,000 special agents to cooperate with us in the sale of this new buggy until it is in general use all over the country. Our sales commissions of \$5 each and park donations of \$10 will have assisted in compensating our salesmen and ladies and in the completion of the Jefferson Davis Park, Fairview, Ky., making of it an ideal attraction for all friends and patriots of our sunny Southland as well as tourists from every part of the world. We solicit all who will help us in this great work. Write to your friends about it, find out who wants a new buggy, get his order for it, send in the full price of the buggy wanted, and your commission of \$5 will be sent by return mail and the \$10 donation to the park fund to the Treasurer, Capt. John H. Leathers, Louisville, Ky. Help us to swell the sales and contributions by June 3. By the cooperation of all who are interested in the Jefferson Davis Memorial contributions to the park fund will enable the management to carry forward its purposes.

By the plan proposed all of our profit goes to the completion of the great memorial park project, the advantage to the company being in patriotic purpose to aid it with the resultant advantage of distributing the Martin Safety Buggy throughout the South, which will be the company's compensation.

Upon examination of its construction many will wonder that the invention had not been conceived before.

Hopkinsville is connected with Fairview by a splendid turnpike through a magnificent section of Kentucky. Address Martin Safety Buggy & Wagon Co., Hopkinsville, Ky.

The proposition of the Martin Safety Buggy Company is certainly liberal. Many an agent may do nicely in making sales, and the Association for the Jefferson Davis Home is in need of all the funds that can be secured,

A feature about these buggies that is certainly worthy of attention is the fact that the gear is very extraordinary. When the team is moved to make room to ascend to the buggy, the hind wheel turns equally as far, so there is good room at once.

END

Confederate Veterans May 1909

Compiled by Margie Daniels