

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF  
CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS  
November 1909

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

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

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

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

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS :

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

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

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

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

VOL. XVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1909.

NO. 11 S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.  
MOBILE GENERAL REUNION COMMITTEE.

Our Mobile friends have organized for the General U. C. V. Reunion, to be held next spring:

A. P. Bush, General Chairman

Judge Saffold Berney, Vice Chairman

Benjamin B. Cox Secretary

Henry Hess, Treasurer

The Executive Committee is composed of J. D. Bloch, Max Hamburger, Jr., Erwin Craighead, John L. Moulton, A. S. Lyons, James R. Hagan, M. T. Judge, C. B. Hervey, N. A. Richards, E. J.

Buck, R. E. Daly, Sr., A. D. Bloch, L. Schwarz, Leon Schwarz, W. K. P. Wilson, P. J. Lyons, H. G. Barclay, A. G. Levy, F. W. Crenshaw, John Craft, George T. Lyndall, and John F. Powers.

Secretary Benjamin B. Cox writes of the committee:

They are all well known men of the city of Mobile, having been identified for years with her every interest, and, being men who have had previous experience in such matters, will make the Reunion of 1910 a grand success.

#### CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL BUILDING.

Robert White, Major General West Virginia Division, U. C. V., writes from Wheeling October 5, 1909:

The money to erect the Confederate memorial building has, as you know, been raised and is now in the bank in Richmond. We were delayed in selecting a site for the building by reason of a number of causes, but at last selected the site very near to the Davis monument at Monument Place.

We have hoped that the City Council of Richmond would give us the sum of \$25,000 to pay for the site, and the resolution to give the sum named has passed one branch of the Council and will be acted upon at an early date by the Board of Aldermen. We have awaited the action of the Council before completing our plans, for an addition of that much money would enable us to erect a more valuable building. As soon as that matter is decided we will complete our plans and proceed to build the "Memorial Temple."

#### \$20,000 COLLECTED FOR WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

The men and boys of South Carolina have nobly responded to the call for money to build a suitable monument for the women of the South, especially those women of South Carolina whose upholding hands helped the men to win so glorious a record in the War between the States. When the idea was first mooted, the State, one of the leading newspapers, became sponsor for the movement, and gave powerful aid in every way. In every county in South Carolina committees were appointed and subcommittees formed, so that all who desired might contribute voluntarily.

C. K. Henderson, who was chairman of the Aiken County committee, writes the VETERAN that the donations he received were all in very small sums, no society or club being on the list, and only one man giving as much as ten dollars. Yet nearly five hundred dollars was raised. Surely this shows that every man and boy felt the press of individual responsibility and of personal desire to see the monument complete. When the reckoning of counties was made, more than the asked for sum was found in the treasury, and work on the monument was at once put in hand,

## GEORGIA VETERANS IN REUNION

The Georgia Division, U. C. V., met in annual reunion at Athens in September. The attendance was unprecedentedly large and great enthusiasm obtained. The days of the sixties without their anxiety and poignant sorrows seemed to have returned. The students of the University of Georgia lined up to receive the veterans and acted as escort to their college, where the convention was held. A big parade of veterans, citizens, and school children was followed by wildly applauded addresses of the Governor, Mayor, and representatives of the local Chapter and Camp. The Chancellor of the University and Commander in Chief, Gen. Clement A. Evans, also made eloquent speeches, which seemed to reach the hearts of all present.

In General Young's report it was shown that Georgia had one hundred and sixty six Camps in good standing a most excellent showing. Upon motion it was resolved that each Camp should raise one hundred dollars toward the woman's monument to be erected on the square at Atlanta, and General Clarke was authorized to collect two hundred dollars from the veterans to be sent to the Jefferson Davis Memorial Home Association at Fairview, Ky. The election of officers gave Gen. John O. Waddell, of Cedartown, a majority of votes, and the election was made unanimous. The Daughters of the Confederacy gave an elegant entertainment in honor of the visitors, which was highly appreciated.

## TRIBUTE TO MRS. MARGARET DAVIS HAYES

The VETERAN regrets its inability, through want of space, to publish the many beautiful tributes to Mrs. Hayes which have been sent in. They have all been forwarded, however, to the family of the late Mrs. Hayes in Colorado, who deeply appreciates the words of sympathy given them in their great sorrow.

## JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION FUND.

### CAMPS.

John H. Reagan, Palestine, Tex., No. 44  
W. H. Ratcliffe, Falmouth, Ky., No. 682  
Marmaduke, Butler, Mo., No. 615  
Benning, Columbus, Ga., No. 511  
Cundiff, St. Joseph, Mo" No. 807  
Gen. LeRoy Stafford, Shreveport, La., No. 3  
Jim Pearce, Princeton, Ky., No. 527  
Martin H. Cofer, Elizabethtown, Ky., No. 543  
Norfleet, Winston Salem, N. C., No. 436  
G. C. Wharton, Radford, Va., No. 443  
W. J. Hardee, Birmingham, Ala., No. 39  
W. H. T. Walker, Atlanta, Ga., No. 925  
Confederate Vet. Association, Savannah, Ga  
Williamsburg Chapter, Williamsburg, Va.

## INDIVIDUALS

Greenfield Quarles, Helena, Ark.  
Gen. William C. Harrison, Los Angeles, Cal  
George H. McElroy, Crider, Ky.  
W. H. Singleton, Cobb, Ky.  
William Morrison, Kuttawa, Ky.  
Mary Wilson Baker, Crider, Ky.  
Rev. W. E. Hunter, Princeton, Ky  
T. J. Johnson, Princeton, Ky  
Miss Mary Amelia Smith, Warrenton, Va.  
Capt. J. H. Street, Upton, Ky.  
Capt. H. C. Hayes, Vine Grove, Ky.  
Ben C. Hill, Vine Grove, Ky.  
Capt. G. K. Tichenor, Sonora, Ky.  
R. E. Mosley, Cecilian, Ky.  
F. Loeb, Hodgenville, Ky.  
William Miller, Hodgenville, Ky.  
Marion Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

The foregoing reported by Capt. John H Leathers, Treasurer, Louisville.

## CONTRIBUTIONS THROUGH THE VETERAN

R. H. Rice, Falfurrias, Tex.  
R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., Monroe, Ga.  
Leonidas Polk Bivouac, No. 3, and William Henry  
Trousdale Camp, No. 495, U. C. V.  
Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac, Brownsville, Tenn.  
Mrs. India P. Logan, Palmyra, Mo.  
M. B. Jones, Brunswick, Tenn.  
Rent from house at Fairview.

S. A. Cunningham in attendance at the State Reunion at Clarksville made a statement in regard to the Jefferson Davis Home Association, and, unasked, the following gentlemen responded with the sentiment "we want to contribute now."

Col. P. P. Pickard, Ashland City, Tenn.  
Col, E. E. Tansil, Dresden, Tenn.  
Col. J. P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn.  
W. L. McKay, Nashville, Tenn.  
J. C. Wall, Sewanee, Tenn.  
John Ingram Bivouac, Jackson, Tenn  
T. W. Walthall, St. Bethlehem, Tenn.  
Gen. J. M. Brooks, Knoxville, Tenn.

G. W. Ransom, Shelbyville, Tenn.  
J. L. Terrell, Dresden, Tenn.  
Rev. R. Lin Cave, Nashville, Tenn  
James C. Moses, Knoxville, Tenn

#### KINDNESS OF YANKEES NEAR PETERSBURG

Mr. Penn, of Company I, 9th Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, Hay's Brigade, Gordon's Division, gives a pleasant episode of life in the trenches before Petersburg, Va. He says:

The sun was just setting behind the Blue Ridge and I was talking to a Yankee in our front, when he asked me what I was going to have for supper. 'Nothing till to morrow at eleven or twelve,' I answered. He held up a nine or ten pound piece of meat and asked how I would like to have it, then said that I could get it if I would come after it. I told him I would come as soon as it was dark.

My friends told me I was a fool to go, that they would capture me, but I crawled to within thirty or forty feet of their breastworks and called out:

Yank, don't shoot, I came after that piece of meat. "All right, Johnny, you shall have it," was called in answer. Another man asked me if I had any hard tack, and on my saying no he gave me a haversack of bread, and another soldier gave me a haversack of coffee, so I went back to our line well laden, and our mess had a feast that night. I have since learned that these noble hearted men belonged to the 27th Wisconsin, though I never knew their names.

I wish that James A. Barnett, Bill Jenkins, and Joe Berryhill could see this. It would remind them of the old life on the line in front of Petersburg. Poor Jack Tucker was also with us at this feast, but he was killed at Amelia C. H., Va., April 5, 1865. Strange to say, all the rest of us are in the land of the living, though all old men.

THREE OF THE NAME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS  
BY LULU HAYES LAWRENCE

Of Jefferson Davis the first the world knows many things, knows of his reputation "plucked from the cannon's mouth" in the battles of the war with Mexico, of the statesman who, like Janus, looked backward and forward in deciding his guidance of national affairs, of the President who gave his best to the South and vicariously suffered for the South's misfortunes. The world knows too of the great nature of the man which made him hold evenly the scales of justice and to mete out. deserved praise even to his greatest enemies. To his friends was given the proud privilege of knowing his infinite tenderness of heart and gentleness so great that even the tiniest wounded animal was sacred to him. His courtesy to all womankind was proverbial, and the little ragged schoolgirl was sure of the same gracious respect as the queen upon her throne, the woman who scrubbed his floors was as safe from disrespect as was the leader of society.

Of Jefferson Davis the second but little is known to the general public, for during his bright young life his father lived under the shadow of a great injustice, and only in his Southland were any found "so poor to do him reverence. Jefferson Davis was the second son of President and Mrs. Davis (the oldest, Samuel, having died in Washington). He was born in Washington in December, 1857, and was a small boy when his father was President of the Southern Confederacy. His earliest recollections were of the White House in Richmond and the lively games the presidential children played through its wide halls. The little fellow was a great pet with the soldiers and sentinels, and they gave him the title of "General," of which he was very proud.

Jeff, Margaret, his oldest sister, and the two younger children played soldiers, had imaginary camps at which toy drums beat tattoo and wooden guns fired salutes, or were gravely carried by sentries pacing beats, though generally these sentries wore dresses, and could be persuaded away from duty by a candy bribe. They fought sanguinary battles with brooms or dolls for Yankees, for none of the children would agree to take the part of the bluecoats, who were always "routed with great slaughter" in these games.

Then came the evacuation of Richmond, and with their father and mother they made the hurried journey from the fallen city. Mrs. Davis refused to leave her husband, and to keep the children with her was impossible, so it was decided to send them to Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Davis's mother, who with another daughter of hers was living at this time in Canada. Jim, the faithful body servant who had clung to Mr. Davis through so many vicissitudes, was entrusted with the care of the children, and after a most momentous journey partly by wagon and partly by train through a hostile country; he placed them safely in their grandmother's hands.

Of the winter in Canada and of their school and home life there both Margaret and Jeff retained vivid memories. The skating on the ice, the glorious games in the bracing cold, and the fun at the little school they attended were often talked over in their fireside chats when brother and sister were man and woman. Nothing pleased either more than to live again in fond talk their childish life and the memorable winter in the English domain.

When they grew larger (after the war), Margaret was sent abroad to finish her education, and Jeff was given every educational advantage the depleted condition of his father's finances would permit. The boy was bright and receptive and learned rapidly, acquiring information both from

books and people with wonderful quickness. He had a very retentive memory, and his gift of conversational ability made his learning a thing to be used, not to be stored away and forgotten.

In person Jefferson Davis, Jr., was about five feet ten and a half inches, and he weighed a hundred and sixty five pounds. His eyes were light gray tinged with hazel, and were framed in the tiny creases that laughter gives, his hair was a soft and very dark brown, with the faintest suggestion of curl in it, and his complexion a rich cream, with the bright blood glowing in lips and cheeks. His step was quick and active, and he had the muscles and chest of an athlete. He was proud of his splendid development, and the writer well remembers once when he threw himself full length upon a bench and, taking up a long plank placed it across his chest, bidding his cousin and her use it as a seesaw, which was done, and apparently not at all to his discomfort.

In disposition he was a typical Southerner, hot headed and impetuous, quick to take offense and as quick to forgive, rushing headlong into error and as speedily repentant. He was generous to a fault. What was his became his friend's with scarce the ceremony of asking for it. Fearless in his opinions, he was true to his friendships and carelessly indifferent to the verdict of those whom he had reason to count as his enemies. He was very fond of the girls of his kindred, whom he alternately petted and teased, and he watched over them with all the closeness of a Spanish duenna. He was impetuously devoted in his attention to other girls, and forgot them speedily when out of their society, flitting from sweetheart to sweetheart as lightly as a humming bird from flower to flower. His manner to the old was filled with deferential courtesy. He was respectful and considerate to the men, and so gallantly gracious to the women that every elderly lady was his friend and staunch advocate whenever his mischievous pranks brought him into ill repute, which happened very often. His tastes were athletic. He danced beautifully, was a fearless diver and swimmer, a trained boxer and wrestler, a swift runner and ball player, and an intrepid horseman. He was a keen sportsman, being a fine shot, and one of the most successful fishermen on the Mississippi beach. He could manage a boat like an old sailor, and his catboat with its flying pennant of red and white would ride the wind tossed waves of the Gulf like the Stormy Petrel, for which it was named.

A little before he was twenty one Jeff Davis became collector in the State National Bank of Memphis, of which his brother in law, Mr. J. Addison Hayes, was cashier and manager. He made his home with his sister, and had for her and her husband an intensity of devotion that counted nothing too great that was done for "Peggy," as he called Margaret.

Jeff Davis was possessed of a singularly handsome person (the outward sign of an aristocratic heritage), a happy knack of saying charming things charmingly, a bubbling gayety of spirits boyishly ingenuous, and was courteously debonair. So the young people of Memphis gave cordial welcome to one who was the joyous embodiment of youth, and Jeff was feted and petted on every side, soon becoming the very center of the social vortex. Here he met Miss M., whose loveliness and charm gave her leadership, and Jeff promptly lost his heart to the fascinating beauty. Miss M. was nothing loath to receive the devotion of the handsome boy, and she was flattered that the son of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States, should pour his pure young heart at her feet. She was willing to crown herself with his impetuous love, but was not willing to face the life of poverty (as she considered it) for his sake. She would neither accept nor reject him, and the high spirited Southerner chafed under her coquetry, but could not tear himself from the flowery yoke that galled while it intoxicated.

Things were in this uncertain condition when in 1878 the yellow fever broke out in Memphis,

and all society fled from the scourge. Mrs. Hayes was already at Green Lake, Wis., where she had spent the summer, and Mr. Hayes petitioned Washington for permission to remove the assets of the State National Bank to Nashville. This permission was refused, and Mr. Hayes with one bookkeeper and Jeff, who positively refused to leave his brother, remained to keep the bank open. Mr. Hayes was made a member of the Howard Association, and helped that noble band of tireless workers for the poor.

When Mrs. Hayes learned of the outbreak of yellow fever in Memphis, she at once returned home, saying that if her husband and brother were going to remain she would prefer to share their danger. They tried in every way to prevent her coming, but when she came Mr. Hayes made his best effort to insure her safety and that of Jeff, whom he placed with her. He rented a house six miles from Memphis past what the doctors thought was the danger line, and here he went every night after a thorough fumigating. A little child in the house developed the fever, and Mrs. Hayes and Jeff assisted in nursing it till it died in their care. From this child Jeff contracted the yellow fever, and from the first the disease with him took its most virulent type. Just before he was taken ill Jeff told his brother and sister that he had written Miss M. telling her that he would no longer be the football of her caprices, that she must consent to be his wife, or that she must forever break the tie between them. The answer to this letter he was eagerly expecting day by day.

Jeff refused to allow his sister to come into his room, as he feared the contagion for her, and to insist upon it accelerated his fever, so it was deemed best to exclude her. Mr. Hayes and a Howard nurse took charge of him. The fever at this time was subsiding in Memphis, and Dr. Robert Mitchell, the head of the Howard Association, went out to Jeff, taking another doctor with him, and from that time till his death one of the Howard physicians was at his bedside, and Dr. Mitchell came twice a day to see him. The Catholic priest, though the sick boy was an Episcopalian, came and brought two Sisters of Charity with him to offer their service as nurses. This priest came almost daily to give help or comfort, as did many ministers from Memphis. The Memphis and Charleston Railroad placed a car and engine at the service of the family, so that doctors and nurses could make the trip quickly, and when Jeff died sent a special car to carry his body to Memphis.

From the first the doctor gave but little hope of his recovery, and soon the fatal syncope laid its numbing touch upon him, and to arouse him Mr. Hayes brought to his bedside a letter that had just arrived. "Jeff," he said gently, "here is a letter from Miss M. Shall I read it to you?" The dying boy opened his eyes wide and took the letter in his fever scorched hands. "No, I'll keep it till I am better, then I will read it myself," and the words trailed off into unconsciousness. He aroused again when the red banners of the sun flamed across the western sky and asked to be lifted to see the sun set. Mr. Hayes lifted him in his arms and held him so the light lit up his face, but when the sunlight was gone, it took with it the soul of Jefferson Davis, and with the unopened letter held fast in his stiffening fingers the beautiful boy lay dead in the arms of the brother he loved so well.

That letter was never read. Later Miss M. claimed that it contained an acceptance, but both Mrs. Davis and Margaret believed she was too ambitious to have let love sway her life and that the boy carried her rejection in the unopened letter his hands held so closely even in his coffin. His love for his beautiful sweetheart went down with him to the grave, and how it was rewarded will be known only when the last trumpet shall sound and truth shall reign triumphant. Mr. and Mrs. Davis were both ill at Beauvoir and could not come to their dying boy, nor could they follow him to his resting place in Elmwood, but the separation was not for long, for when Mr. Davis was buried in beautiful Hollywood, in Richmond, the sleepers from Elmwood Jeff, Billy,

and the tiny baby were carried there also, and Jeff Davis sleeps with his father in their flower strewn grave under Virginia's sod, a beautiful resting place which is now shared by Mrs. Davis, Winnie, and Margaret.

The house in which Jeff Davis died has been purchased as the Memphis Country Club, but the room in which he breathed his last has been left intact in memory of the noble boy of whom it might be written: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life" for the sister and brother, whom to be with he faced the fatal scourge.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hayes (who was Margaret, the oldest daughter of President Davis) had come a tiny son, too frail and fair for earthly keeping. When the lilies bloomed the little blossom came, and he faded with them, and soon only a memory as sweet as the lilies was left of one who had been Jefferson Davis, the third of the honored name.

Again a son came to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, this time a handsome, rollicking, dark eyed boy who was also called Jefferson Davis. He seemed the joyous image of happy childhood, and laughed and danced the hours away. When he was about five years old, Death laid his chilling touch upon Mr. Davis, and the well beloved chieftain lay dead in New Orleans, while the whole Southland wept in sorrow.

While her father lay in state the Governor of Mississippi and other State officials approached Mrs. Hayes and begged of her that the boy, Jefferson Davis Hayes, might drop the Hayes and only carry on the honored name of Jefferson Davis, that the name might not die out forever. Mrs. Hayes said that the child was old enough to decide this himself, and whatever he decided she would agree to. The child was sent for, and the Governor, taking him on his knee, explained in simple language what he wished done. The child listened in silence, then he said anxiously:

"Won't I ever be named for my daddy any more?"

No, dear, said the Governor gently.

Isn't my dranja dot anybody at all to be named for him?

No, little man, no one at all. All his sons are dead.

Will Sissie and Lucy and Billie all be named for my daddy?

Yes.

The child was silent, and the grave men were silent too watching the struggle in the heart which loved his father so dearly. Then with a wild burst of tears the boy said: "I specs I'll dess have to be named for my poor dead dranja, who isn't dot anybody at all named for him."

The Governor took the child in his arms, and, standing beside the dead chieftain and lifting the corner of the Confederate flag from the coffin, he wrapped the boy in it as he said: "I name you Jefferson Davis." This naming was afterwards confirmed by an act of the Mississippi Legislature.

Jefferson Davis the third is like Jefferson Davis the first in appearance, having the same tall, slender form, the same shaped head and thin face with firm chin, the same colored hair, and bright keen eyes, though these differ in color. He is like him also in disposition, having the quick grasp of intellect and receptive powers, and many of the moral qualities are the same, for Jeff Davis shares with his grandfather the courtly elegance of manner, the tenderness of heart, and the courtesy that made the great chieftain beloved by all who knew him.

He graduated with honor at Princeton College, and has been for two years at the School of Mines

at Columbia College, where he will graduate next spring. He is fond of all outdoor sports, is a polo player, tennis and golf expert, rides well, and hunts with great success, many skins from the Rockies testifying to his skill. The engagement of young Jeff Davis to one of the most beautiful girls in Colorado has lately been announced.

#### PIANO GIVEN TO GEORGIA SOLDIERS' HOME

With a tender consideration for the old soldiers of the Home and a full knowledge that they have tastes and longings for things other than mere food and raiment, the Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., have presented a handsome piano to the Georgia Soldiers' Home. A very delightful concert program was prepared with both vocal and instrumental selections, interspersed with dramatic recitations, all of which were hugely enjoyed, the more so that the sweet toned piano was to be there for many future occasions of pleasure.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

#### CONFERENCE WITH FRIENDS

In order to close the forms of this issue earlier than usual some articles expected in this issue are held over. The editor goes with the Commander in Chief, Gen. Clement A. Evans, to Arkansas, and thence he goes to Houston, Tex., to the General Convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

He is grateful in announcing his speedy restoration to health and the best of spirits for the cause of the VETERAN.

There is one thing in connection with his work, however, that is a puzzle. Just before his severe illness statements were sent, reminding patrons delicately and courteously of sums due. Time goes on and on. These statements were sent at the cost of hundreds of dollars and weeks of constant labor. About one fourth of the number addressed responded promptly and cordially, but the others have remained silent. To that class argument is made, especially to those who are loyal to it and thoroughly cordial in every way. Many of them wait to be called upon individually when they respond practically. Surely such patrons don't realize that it is impossible to send an agent to every home. If enough agents were employed to do this, in many instances the cost would be more than the price of the subscription. Will this argument secure the attention of any who have not responded? It is such a mystery that good friends who are absolutely loyal to the VETERAN and what it represents are requested to write an explanation. Regardless of remittances, won't some one who is not certain about his subscription look to the date by the address, and if it is behind November, 1909, write even a postal card and explain the delay? Such responses might help the management to inaugurate a better way to carry on the business.

## How COMMITTEES COULD HELP.

In many, many things less important than the VETERAN good citizens do missionary work by cooperation. Let us try a new scheme for circulating the VETERAN. In nearly every town and progressive community where there are several subscribers they know each other as such. Suppose two or three of you try together a canvass of your neighbors and friends and report the result. It will be published, good or bad. In such a canvass you would of course find some loyal friends who can't pay the price. Report such and see if the VETERAN doesn't do the liberal thing in supplying them free. With its patronage of zealous patriots as widespread as the charm of Dixie it ought to be easy now to double the list.

In this connection thought is given to great Texas, where more than one fifth of its patrons live. Its patronage is doubtless more thoroughly distributed throughout that State than that of any publication in existence. Texas alone might increase the list to 20,000. This argument is not intended to be of a begging nature. The business is healthy, but in view of the principles advocated and defended, with the very limited time for veterans to cooperate, it does indeed seem that every one should heed the plea for cooperation in the ways suggested. Will anybody who has failed to respond to the request as above reported explain why? Will they bear in mind that if others were to do as they are doing the publication would cease and its owner live the remainder of his days in humiliation? Comrades, why not answer, "Here," and act in this way as we were taught discipline in war times? There is not a subscriber who can't procure a postal card to say why he has remained silent. THREE MONTHS FREE.

Let everybody who believes in the VETERAN make known this offer: From November until January every new subscription of \$1 will be entered on the list until end of 1910, and a late copy while extra copies last will be sent in addition to November and December issues free. Those who will kindly help their neighbors by collecting and forwarding their subscriptions will be supplied with printed lists for the asking.

### THE LITTLE ADVERTISING IN THE VETERAN

Sen. Frank A. Bond, who has an article on the

"Storming of Blockhouse at Greenland Gap," page 499,

shows deep interest in the welfare of the VETERAN by this gloomy sentence:

"And it has distressed me to see it languishing. It does seem that you should secure many profitable advertisements." The VETERAN is not "languishing" much. It has a great subscription list of loyal patrons. The fact is that "most of the profit" to magazines, as he states, is in advertising, and the small proportion of such patronage causes many business men to misjudge the VETERAN. It has prospered longer, however, than any monthly ever has in the South's history. It has contained sixteen extra pages more than half the time during the past year. So it is doing its full duty to its patrons. The trouble, strange as it may seem, is because its rates are too low. Agents don't get enough commission by the per cent, and it will not print advertisements of doubtful merit. There never has been as fine a medium for advertising generally in the South, but the VETERAN will not misrepresent nor beg to secure it.

The article on "Confederate Monuments" in the October VETERAN has created widespread interest. Many have reported omissions, and it is requested that all others who have not done so give attention so that in the October and December issues there may be a complete list of all Confederate monuments in existence.

## PRESIDENT TAFT'S TRIBUTE TO THE CONFEDERATES

President Taft is traveling in California, and recently he paid noble tribute to Confederate heroism in a speech made to the veterans of the G. A. R. at Los Angeles. He said: "We feel proud of the brave men of the North that they had an enemy worthy of their steel and in the history of the world, and in the heroism that was displayed by both sides we can now feel a common interest."

## THE BLUE AND GRAY TO ESCORT TAFT

When President Taft reaches San Antonio, Tex., he will be met by the local Post and Camp, and the soldiers of the blue and gray will continue to serve as his escort during his visit to that city.

## GEORGIA DIVISION, U. D. C., TO MEET IN NOVEMBER

The Georgia Division, U. D. C., will convene November 3 5 at West Point, with Fort Tyler Chapter as hostesses. A large delegation is expected, and elaborate preparation is being made for the entertainment of the division. Citizens, veterans, and clubs will assist the Chapter in their efforts to entertain. A comprehensive program will be observed.

## WOMEN AND MEN OF THE SOUTH

AN ADDRESS BY JUDGE J. M. DICKINSON, SECRETARY OF WAR

## TO THE U. D. C. AND HIS FRIENDS IN NASHVILLE

Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a great honor to be invited to address the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the State of Tennessee, for it is an association devoted to the sacred work of caring for the graves of our Confederate dead and transmitting their history justly to posterity. Moved by no selfish consideration, with no possibility of reward, except the sweet content that comes to those who faithfully perform a noble work, you are under great difficulties achieving a success which ranks you with the illustrious and patriotic women whose names are imperishable in the records of the nations.

It is a grateful and easy task to rear monuments to the memory of soldiers of a victorious and prosperous people. It brings distinction and involves no hardship. The outside world will never fully understand, for no recital can faithfully portray how the devoted women of the South her wealth annihilated, her industries paralyzed, the greater part of her manly strength destroyed, her people almost hopeless and involved in a new struggle to maintain their very civilization, her children crying for bread at once with a loyalty never surpassed consecrated themselves to the work of perpetuating the memories of their heroic dead. In the face of such adverse conditions they have labored without rest, until now all over our land living marble and enduring bronze attest to the ages the honor accorded to the soldiers of the Confederacy.

It is an easy task amid the paeans of victory to command the listening ear of nations and exalt in their esteem those whose banners are waving triumphant. It is hard for those overwhelmed by defeat to gain sympathetic or even impartial hearing. Historians and poets when they

commemorate success find their largest and most appreciative audiences. A long time must elapse before a lost cause gains a willing ear. No cause that lacks the high character and principles that justly command the devotion of honorable men and true women can stand without condemnation before the tribunal where the enlightened conscience of universal mankind sits in judgment.

The verdict of the world upon the action of those who sustained the South is already recorded. Not only in the esteem of those for whom they fought, but in the general judgment of men, the names of Davis, Lee, Jackson, and their comrades will forever be enshrined in honorable memory.

None have aided more to achieve this than the women of the South. At times Southern men, absorbed in the struggle to retrieve their fortunes or in that bitter contest, an aftermath of the war, to save their country from what was worse than the death and destruction inflicted by war, seemed lethargic if not indifferent, but the women never flagged, never suspended their efforts.

We well recall how the movement to erect the Confederate monument here at Mount Olivet seemed almost to die out, and how it was revived and carried to a realization by the active intervention and resolute work of the local members of your association. With that consecration which made woman the last at the cross and the first at the tomb the Southern women, without faltering, undaunted by adversity, resting not on the laurels of praise which precedes complete achievement, have lived to see a glorious fruition.

As was to be expected, after such a war, as always has in all the ages, the revengeful denounced the action of the South as treason, and demanded that her leaders should expiate their crime upon the gallows. Histories written at the North and taught in the schools stamped deeply upon the youthful mind impressions that made abhorrent the Southern cause and its defenders. I recall that Gen. Luke E. Wright told me that one day his boy came from school and asked if his grandfather, Raphael Semmes, was a pirate, showing in his history where it was so recorded.

A different spirit has for a long time prevailed in the North. This has not come as a response to abuse or hottempered assertion, but from the forceful, persistent appeal of the South to a dispassionate judgment upon the constitutional history of our country, the facts leading up to the war, and the convictions of the Southern people. Their cause was stated by such great publicists as Davis, Stephens, Lamar, and Hill. Their character was illustrated by such living examples as Lee, Gordon, Walthall, our late Commander Stephen D. Lee, and many thousands of others who in places of prominence won by their spotless reputation esteem for the people of which they were exponents. Not long since a very distinguished Union officer descended from a historic line famous in the North from a time antedating our independence told me that for many years he had such feeling against Mr. Davis that he would not read his history, but that he had recently done so and found that he had misjudged him, and now entertained a high admiration for his abilities and character. The people of the North should desire to honor the people of the South for their devotion to the memory of their cause and ought to rejoice in the belief that the acts of the Southern people were not treasonable, but in accord with their interpretation of the Constitution believed in by them and their forefathers.

The Southern people and their descendants are a large part of the citizenship of this country. They are found in every section of it, and are wielding and will continue to wield a vast influence upon its welfare. It would be a sad reflection for this nation if they were traitors and descended from traitors. They were true to their traditions and the political teachings of their fathers, they sustained their convictions to the last extremity and achieved the highest standard of patriotism.

Their sons, taught by their example, will never stop to count the cost of any sacrifice that the necessities of their country may demand. This the people of the North now generally and will in time entirely believe. A statue of Robert E. Lee stands in the Hall of Fame, largely by the votes of Northern men. He is there presented as one of the truly great men of the nation, one of our immortals, as an inspiration to our posterity and an exponent of the best of our national life to travelers of all nations who visit our shores. If all written about him by the South should disappear from the face of the earth, his fame, full, fair, and imperishable, would be transmitted to the ages by what has been recorded of him by writers of the North. The query propounded by Charles Francis Adams, "Shall Robert E. Lee have a statue?" meaning no doubt one erected by the nation, will one day be answered in the affirmative. Upon the Plains of Abraham with equal honor statues have been erected to Wolfe and Montcalm. I believe that a like magnanimous spirit will at the capital of the nation raise in noble companionship statues to Lee and Grant. Southern veterans find a last resting place in the National Cemetery at Arlington. The government is erecting monuments to the memory of our soldiers and is caring for their graves. This day as Secretary of War I approved a contract for the erection at a cost of eight thousand

five hundred dollars by the government of the United States of a white marble shaft eighty two feet in height in the Confederate section of the Finn's Point National Cemetery, near Salem, N. J., to mark the graves of Confederate soldiers who died as prisoners of war.

I stood on Decoration Day by the Confederate monument erected in Oakwood Cemetery in Chicago largely by Northern contributions and saw a salute fired over those who fought for the stars and bars like that just fired over those lying near by who fought for the stars and stripes. On a bronze tablet upon the monument to Tennessee's hero, Sam Davis, a monument evoking memories which bring tears to the eyes of all true Southern people, is an inscription showing that there were contributors to this monument from every State in the Union.

There has been a realization of the prophecy of Mr. Lincoln, who said in his first inaugural: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

No Southern man is treated with disfavor if he publicly expresses before representative people in the North his convictions as to the righteousness of our cause. On the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln before a Northern audience in Chicago I said that in mind, heart, and soul I was loyal to the traditions of the South, I believed that the South was within its constitutional rights as the Constitution then stood, that her leaders were patriots, that her people showed a devotion to principle without a touch of sordidness, that such action as theirs could only come from a deep conviction that counted not the cost of sacrifice, and that I cherished as a glorious legacy the renown of her armies and leaders whose purity of life and heroism were unsurpassed by those of any people.

I always kept conspicuously displayed in my residence in Illinois portraits of Davis, Lee, and Jackson, and with them the Confederate colors. They were seen there by our President, the son of Grant and the son of Lincoln, and by many Union soldiers. It never occurred to me to offer explanation or apology.

Sensible people of the North know that in cherishing these sentiments, in holding these convictions, in caring for the graves of our dead, in erecting monuments to perpetuate their fame, in giving a true history of our contest, and teaching our children to reverence the memory of those who sustained the Southern cause, there is no protest against the government under which

we live just as sensible people of the South know that devotion to our reunited country and its flag is no disloyalty to the memories of a cause which is enshrined forever.

We know by actual experience the horrors of war. No people of modern times have had its fearful lessons more indelibly impressed upon their minds and hearts. Our loss of property and productive energy has been estimated in figures. But there is no standard for measuring the loss to the South of those who went down in that great struggle. The noblest, the bravest, the most generous, and the most patriotic were foremost on the red field of carnage. We have recuperated our material losses, but suffer and will continue to suffer immeasurably for a long time from the sacrifice of our noble manhood. We ought to be and are a peace loving people. We earnestly believe in the great humanitarian work now going on among all enlightened peoples of the civilized world of endeavoring to substitute some tribunal other than that of war for the adjustment of international differences and yet with the memories of the sufferings still fresh, with these aspirations for universal peace strong cherished, at the first test which came when our country made war on Spain men like our townsman, William C. Smith, and Maj. W. J. Witthorne and other gallant Confederates leading the sons of Cheatham, Kirby Smith, and many others who wore the gray, were foremost among those who responded to its call.

It was the indomitable spirit of the Old South that inspired the heroic action of the 1st Tennessee, of which President McKinley said in an address at Quincy, Ill.: "No more splendid exhibition of patriotism was ever shown than was exhibited a few days ago in the Philippines. That gallant Tennessee regiment from our Southern border had been absent from home and family and friends for more than a year, and were embarked on the good ship Indiana homeward bound when the enemy attacked our forces remaining near Cebu. These magnificent soldiers left their ship, joined their comrades on the firing line, and achieved a glorious triumph for American arms. That is an example of patriotism that should be an inspiration to duty for all of us in every part of our common country."

Whenever our country shall need their services, the sons of those who fought for the Confederacy, taught by them, will not if called, for when did men of the Volunteer State wait to be called? bear the stars and stripes, as their fathers bore them at Kings Mountain, Talladega, Emuckfau, New Orleans, and from the Rio Grande to the City of Mexico, as was borne by valor of imperishable renown, the Southern cross up the bloody heights of Gettysburg, over the fields of Chickamauga, and on that red day at Franklin, when Tennessee poured out her richest libation of blood, and amid the shouts of dearly bought victory the heroic souls of Adams, Cleburne, Carter, Gist, Strahl, Granbury, and their peerless soldiery went up to join the hosts in gray who have taught us the imperishable lesson by glorious example that "it is, both sweet and honorable to die for one's country."

## **WHAT IF THE SOUTH HAD WON?**

### **VIRGINIANS PROTEST AGAINST JUDGE DICKINSON'S VIEWS**

The Secretary of War is closely watched South as well as North. He is a Southerner of unquestioned loyalty to his native Southland. His address in this issue of the VETERAN attests that. Those who have known him from his youth up are confident of his absolute loyalty to the South, but others are suspicious. The Stonewall Jackson Camp at Staunton, Va., composed of some of the ablest men in the Old Dominion, adopted resolutions in protest against what he said at the dedication of the Gettysburg monument. At a meeting of the Camp in September they gave their reason.

## ACTION OF THE STONEWALL CAMP

The attention of this Camp has several times been called to certain utterances of the Secretary of War, Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, in a recent dedicatory address at Gettysburg, the language being: "Time has brought a clearer vision of the tremendous evils to all the States which would certainly and immediately have followed upon the establishment of the Southern Confederacy. There are in the South but few if any who would not turn swiftly with sentiments of abhorrence from any suggestion that it would have been better for the South if it had succeeded in establishing an independent government."

The Camp expresses itself on the subject by the following resolutions:

Resolved: 1. That, lest the speaker as a Southern born man might be supposed to speak for that class and for the Confederate soldier, we would say for the three hundred members of this Camp that the mellowing influence of time has not yet so cleared our vision as to alter our views in the least as to the propriety of what we did in the sixties. And under the like circumstances we would take the same pride in doing it again. We simply fail to see how any true Confederate soldier of that time could entertain doubts about the justice and right in the sight of God of the cause for which we fought. We took up arms in Virginia with an intelligent understanding of our reasons and our purposes, and the vindication of our motives may be left to the verdict of history. The clearer our vision in the retrospect, the more distinctly we see that the war forced upon us was one of naked aggression, invasion, and conquest, and waged less for patriotic than commercial considerations. We would have our children taught the truth of the case as it stood in 1861, not that they may be less loyal to the Union, but that they may properly respect us for what we did then and are doing now, and may realize that it is those who are loyal to the memories of the past who prove truest to the responsibilities of the present. We abide the issue of arms, but would neither apologize for our course nor recant our faith, so doing dishonor to heroic leaders and brave comrades who died for it. We think, therefore, that the speaker took too much upon himself in assuming to voice the Sentiment of the South.

2. That, however good a government established or maintained by force may be, it must fall far short of a government of the people, by the people, and for the people such as our ancestors fought for and won in 1776 83 and we fought for so earnestly but unsuccessfully in 1861 65.

3. That we repudiate out and out the proposition that our attempt to establish an independent government was a folly from the outset or that we were incapable of maintaining it with dignity and honor and making it a success and power among the nations. Had the close of the war separated our fortunes for a time from those of the Northern States, we should probably be no less happy and no less prosperous. And as for the humbler race, the supposed cause of the strife, gradual and friendly emancipation would surely have rewarded their fidelity while it lasted and set us right with the world. Looking to the conditions which actually followed it, our civilization ruthlessly subverted, society disorganized, Legislatures dispersed, judges deposed by the military and the law of the bayonet substituted, and vice and ignorance and malice turned loose to rule until despair shadowed every hearthstone in the Southern land if her people have risen from the ashes of their desolation and carved out for themselves a new destiny, it is due, we think, to the unconquerable spirit of Southern ex Confederates, to their determined resistance to wrong and oppression in every form, and to their masterful struggle to rebuild their homes and fortunes

rather than to any beneficence of the Federal government that we owe the better conditions enjoyed to day. In our judgment the recognized facts of industrial and commercial development and progress and that capacity for affairs which has surmounted every difficulty thus far confronting them carry their own demonstration that the Southern people would have held their own as well in the fields of statesmanship and government and given to the world not a dissolving Confederacy, but a lasting compact of free States under a Constitution which was a model chart with a homogeneous population, knit together by common sufferings and glories and held together by common interest. What was permitted to no man to know of such a people's destiny let no man now lay down for us as the inevitable.

Committee: Thomas D. Ranson, C. F. Conrad, Berkeley Minor, J. Bumgardner, Jr.

At the time the above resolutions were before the body Prof. Berkeley Minor, of Stuart Hall, said: "In voting on these resolutions we must bear in mind the exact issue raised by Mr. Dickinson's claim that the South is glad that our Confederate cause failed in 1861 65. His claim means that we made a mistake in resisting Lincoln and his party's efforts to re form the Union by force. It means that the government forced upon us in 1865 was a better one than the one formed by us and fought for bravely for four years with enormous loss of life and property. It means that the men who led us in that heroic fight are unworthy of the honors we have lavished upon them, being leaders in a cause that did not succeed and did not deserve success, that the men who led the armies of the conquering section were the true patriots whose success was our gain and who deserve our thanks for forcing us back into allegiance to the best government the world ever saw which we were unwisely resisting, and, finally, it means that our Camps of Confederate veterans have no good reason for existence, but should disband and no longer defend and maintain the cause which failed and, if his claim is just, deservedly failed in 1861 65.

## SOME NOTED CONFEDERATE FAMILIES

BY E. H. LIVELY, ABERDEEN, WASH.

The following families made large contributions of soldiers to the Confederate cause, and the lists, large as they are, can be duplicated in other localities, for at the call of the South old and young alike responded.

William Green Cousins, of Pennsylvania County, Va., gave his eight sons: Richard, Royal, John, Henry Clay, Chastine Royster, Jabez Smith, William, and Marcellus.

David W. Barton, of Winchester, Va., gave to the cause he loved six sons. Charles M. Barton, a lieutenant of Newton's Artillery, was killed May 22, 1862, in the battle of Winchester. David R. Barton, a student at the University of Virginia, was elected to fill the place left vacant by his brother's death, and was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg in 1862. W. Strother Barton was lieutenant in the Winchester Rifles. Robert T. Barton, of Rockbridge Battery, is now a lawyer in Winchester and author of "Barton's Practice." Randolph Barton, sergeant major of the 33d Virginia Infantry and subsequently adjutant general in the Stonewall Brigade, was wounded five times and struck by a spent ball twice. He is now a member of the law firm of Barton, Wilber, Ambler & Stewart, of Baltimore, Md. Bowling W. Barton was a cadet of the Virginia Military Institute, which he left to enter the army. He was in the battle of New Market, and lost a leg in the battle of Minnie Run, March 27, 1863. He is now a resident of Loudoun County, Va. Mr. and Mrs. David Barton had two daughters whose husbands were also in the Confederate army Dr. John Baldwin and Col. Thomas Marshall, grandson of Chief Justice Marshall. Colonel Marshall

was a lieutenant colonel of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, and was killed in 1864 near Middletown, Va. Mrs. Barton, besides her six sons and two sons in law, had four brothers in the war.

There were six brothers in the Curd family of Nelson County, Va., and they were all gallant soldiers.

#### CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT FRANKLIN, N. C.

September 30, 1909, was perhaps the greatest day within the history of Franklin, N. C. The occasion was the unveiling of the Macon County Confederate monument. Complete preparations and arrangements had been made for the occasion, and the weather was ideal. A large stand had been erected bordering on the sidewalk near the courthouse and fronting the monument on the Public Square and under the shade of the fine maples that line the cement sidewalks.

The country people began to arrive early, and it was estimated that over fifteen hundred people were present, mostly citizens of Macon County, who had gathered around the grand stand when the hour arrived for opening the exercises.

Maj. N. P. Rankin, President of the Macon County Monument Association, called the assembly to order and requested Adjutant W. A. Curtis to act as master of ceremonies. Rev. J. A. Deal, of the Episcopal Church, invoked the divine blessing. In most fitting and tender manner the minister returned thanks for the benefits and privileges of the day, for the brave men who had gone before and those who still remain and whose heroism and devotion are to be honored by this memorial. Then the Franklin Choir rendered "The Old North State Forever!"

Hon. J. Frank Ray delivered the address of welcome in an admirable and appropriate manner, which was responded to by Hon. J. M. Gudger, Jr., of Asheville, N. C., formerly Congressman from this district. The unveiling address was appropriate and beautifully delivered by Miss Elizabeth Kelly, daughter of Lieut. M. L. Kelly, of Company D, 62d North Carolina Regiment. The following ladies, descendants of the commanding officers of the seven companies that went from Macon County to the war, Mrs. F. T. Smith, Misses Kate Robinson, Irene Ashe, Lassie Kelly, Esther Rogers, Maggie Angel, and May McDowell, marched to the front of the monument and pulled the cord, and the veiling fell gracefully from the statue and floated gently down right and left of the shaft, and the monument stood unveiled in all its grace and majestic beauty, while the assembly applauded. The Choir then sang "Dixie," using the words written by M. B. Wharton, D.D., (and printed in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of September, 1904, page 431) The magnificent oration was delivered by His Excellency, W. W. Kitchen, Governor of North Carolina. It was polished, scholarly, and historical, and held his audience spellbound for an hour or more. After the song, "The Bonnie Blue Flag," rendered by the Franklin Choir, there was an intermission for dinner. The sixty old veterans present were furnished tickets and dined at the Junaluskee Inn through the courtesy of the proprietress, Mrs. Laura Bryson, with the Governors of two States, North and South Carolina, at each end of the long table, [Remarks by the two Governors not given.]

The afternoon exercises were held in the courthouse, and on reassembling "The Conquered Banner" was recited by Miss Clyde McGuire, standing under the tattered and battlescarred flag

of the 39th North Carolina Regiment, upheld by J. W. Shelton, the last color bearer of the regiment.

On October 4, 1889, just twenty years ago lacking four days, at the first reunion of Macon County veterans ever held, the mother of Miss McGuire, then Miss Maggie Moore, recited the same poem under the same flag upheld by Mr. Shelton. The Choir then sang "America."

Gov. M. F. Ansel, of South Carolina, then addressed the assembly, being introduced by T. J. Johnston, Esq., and his speech of half an hour was well received by all who heard him. Sketches of the seven companies, which had been written by Maj. N. P. Rankin, were then read by Mr. Baird Angel and Prof. H. D. Dean.

The monument was formally presented by Adjutant W. A. Curtis, from whose address the following extracts giving the history of the work are taken:

It is appropriate that this monument has been reared in memory of the sons of Macon County who served in the Confederate army during the period of the war, 1861-65. It will remind our children's children of the heroism and devotion of a people who fought through four years of the greatest conflict ever known on this continent in defense of home and State and our beautiful Southland.

The records show that eight hundred and eighty nine volunteers went to the war from this county, enough for a full regiment. They were participants in hundreds of engagements in the armies of the Confederacy, and Macon County honors herself in doing this honor to her heroes.

The idea of erecting a monument to the memory of Macon County veterans was first conceived by Maj. N. P. Rankin. He has labored with persistency and zeal in the enterprise ever since its inauguration, six years ago, and he deserves all the credit and honor for what has been accomplished. On November 26, 1903, at the Major's call, a number of our veterans met in the courthouse and organized the Macon County Monument Association. He was elected President and W. A. Curtis Secretary and Treasurer, positions held ever since by them, and they have devoted much time and labor to the cause.

By an act of the General Assembly of the State passed at its session of 1907 the Association was incorporated, and an act of the same body passed at the last session (1909) authorized the Board of County Commissioners to donate a plat of land in the Public Square 68 83 feet to the Association on which to erect the monument. The monument consists of twenty seven stones, is twenty five feet high above the concrete foundation, and built of fine Georgia marble. The six foot statue was made in Italy of fine Italian marble, and is beautiful as a work of art in its simplicity, its symmetry of form, and its magnificent pose. It alone cost \$600. The entire weight of the monument is about 35,000 pounds and was erected by the McNeel Marble Co., of Marietta, Ga., at a cost of \$1,650.

In behalf of the Charles L. Robinson Camp, No. 947, United Confederate Veterans, and the Macon County Monument Association, I now have the honor to present to the citizens of Macon County this handsome monument, and I commend it to the ladies and the sons and daughters of Confederate veterans to be kept in order perpetually.

Senator W. J. West on behalf of the county made the speech of acceptance in an appropriate manner, and after the singing of "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder" by the Choir, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. T. C. King, of the Baptist Church.

FIGHTING CONFEDERATE PARSONS  
BY S. B. BROWN, RUSK, TEX.

In the August number of the VETERAN, page 391, is a short article on the "Fighting Confederate Parsons." I will mention a few of that class of Confederate soldiers that I have known.

W. E. Beeson, a minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and a leading educator in Texas, was lieutenant colonel of the 9th Texas Infantry.

George W. Carter, colonel of the 21st Texas Cavalry, and C. C. Gillespie, colonel of the 25th Texas Cavalry, were two of the leading ministers in the M. E. Church, South, before the war.

L. M. Lewis, a brigadier general, commanding a brigade of Missouri troops, was a prominent minister in the same Church after the war.

Brig. Gen. R. M. Gano, of Dallas, Tex., is a minister in the Christian Church.

William D. Chadick, a leading minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, went out from Huntsville, Ala., as chaplain of the 4th Alabama Infantry, and was afterwards lieutenant colonel of the 50th Alabama Infantry.

Captain Smith, of Company D, 28th Texas Cavalry, was a Baptist minister. First Lieutenant Milburn, of Company B, 3d Texas Cavalry, was a Baptist minister.

Four ministers, Frank Cole, Haden, Patillo, and Duckett, were privates in the 3d Texas Cavalry the greater part of the war. Patillo and Duckett were chaplains a portion of the time.

Hiram Awalt, a leading minister of the Baptist Church, was captain of a company in a Texas regiment.

Two humble, devoted Baptist ministers, Perry Holliman and Neal Odom, who were privates in the Confederate army, reside in Cherokee County, Tex. One served in the 1st Texas Cavalry, Arizona Brigade, and the other in the 10th Texas Cavalry, dismounted, in Ector's Brigade.

Rev. B. T. Crouch, of Mississippi, a chaplain, was killed in the battle of Thompson's Station, Tenn., while acting as aid de camp to Gen. W. H. Jackson.

FROM S. EMANUEL, NEW YORK CITY

Referring to your article in the August VETERAN, I have in view several Confederate soldiers who afterwards became clergymen.

George S. Baker, though from Massachusetts, joined the Washington Light Artillery, and served through the war. He afterwards studied for the Episcopal ministry, and is now Chaplain of the New York U. C. V. Camp.

Rev. William T. Capers, of South Carolina, a Methodist minister and brother of Bishop Capers, joined Company A, 10th South Carolina Regiment, as a private, afterwards being made chaplain of his regiment.

Nathaniel B. Clarkson, of the Methodist Church, and Henry E. Lucas, both active workers in the ministry, were members of Company A.

FROM JOHN M. HOOD, JACKSON, MISS.

Dr. J. A. Hackett and Dr. J. B. Gambriell were among the distinguished divines of Mississippi and joint editors of the Baptist Journal, and they were both "fighting parsons." Dr. Hackett was essentially a man of peace, yet there was no braver soldier in the army. He did double duty, fighting for the cause of the South on the field and for the cause of religion in the camp. He was a member of Company C, 18th Infantry, which constituted part of the celebrated Barksdale Humphrey's Brigade. He was in every engagement with his company Manassas, Leesburg, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, the seven days' battle at the gates of Richmond, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, the Battle of the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg being badly wounded at Fredericksburg. He remained always in the camp with his men, and often while they were sleeping from utter exhaustion cooked their rations for the next day's march.

Dr. J. B. Gambrill was a member of the 2d Mississippi Regiment. He did fearless work as a scout, and was often in important and dangerous positions and expeditions. While a minister, he was never an army chaplain, but did his work of salvation for body and soul uncommissioned. He is still a valiant soldier of the cross, and is proud of his army record won among the wounded and dying as well as in battle, where he showed the highest courage of heroic manhood. For a time after the war he was President of the Baptist College at Macon. Ga., and is now a leading minister of Dallas, Tex.

FROM SON OF LEWIS M. BALL, OF BENSON, ARIZ.

Among the "Fighting Confederate Parsons" I give a short sketch of my father, Col. Lewis Ball, of the 41st Mississippi. He was born November 6, 1820, in South Carolina, near old Bethabara Baptist church, where he was licensed to preach before he was twenty. To gain an education, he made a crop of cotton, working at night by the light of pitch pine placed on scaffolds. He put his first earnings into books.

His early work as a minister was in part making speeches on temperance. This was at a time when it was a common thing to see liquors on the sideboards even of ministers. He was then an ardent prohibitionist, and much of his after life in Mississippi was given to that cause.

When volunteers were called for in 1861 he was pastor of the Baptist Church at Cherry Creek, Miss. A company of the boys and young men of his pastorate and community was made up and he became their captain. Too often, alas! he had to call on the same loyal parents and neighbors to send more boys to fill the thin ranks. From captain he rose to major, and later for storming and capturing a line of breastworks under heavy fire in the fights north of Atlanta he was promoted to colonel of the 41st. A bursting shell in that engagement tore his collar bone severely, unfitting him for active service.

As a genuine "fighting parson" he led his boys in the fierce fights of North Georgia and during the bitter cold in the campaigns of Tennessee. After battling by day he would preach at nights, pleading and praying with his boys to win the moral victory.

Captain Cullens, of the 1st Mississippi, wrote of him: "I have seen him go into a great river and a little creek with his military dress and baptize the votaries of his faith. Once I saw him and General Lowrey, of Mississippi, immerse a long line of repentant soldiers in a little muddy creek in Tennessee. They both wore their dress parade uniforms, and it was a weird scene the shadowy trees, the muddy brook, the official priests, the ragged supplicants, and the hundreds on the banks singing 'Am I a soldier of the cross ?' "

The war over, he busied himself repairing his own broken fortunes and those of his people. During the seventies, when he was pastor in the "Black Belt" or "Delta" at Rolling Fork, Sunflower County, the negroes had massed together near the town to destroy it. The citizens asked him to lead a company against the rioters. Sending one of his men disguised as a negro, he learned that they were to enter the town Sunday morning while the people were at church and burn the place. At the head of his little band he went at night near the negro camp and at daylight charged into it with the old time "yell." The ringleaders were quickly captured. The others were allowed to get away to avoid needless slaughter. These leaders were later executed at intervals along the public highways as a warning. The trouble and it might have easily been a serious one with the negro population (about twenty to one) was effectually settled with the one swift blow.

For a number of years he had his family at Blue Mountain, Miss., where Gen. M. P. Lowrey had founded Blue Mountain Female College, one of the best institutions of its kind in the South. Later he moved to Clinton, sending his boys to the Mississippi College. He continued actively in the ministry as pastor of three country Churches, as State evangelist, and as Corresponding Secretary of the State Board up to within two weeks of his death. He died November 30, 1896, on his farm, near Clinton. He never signed the oath of allegiance.

John Moore, of Waco, Tex., writes: "In your August number you inquire about fighting parsons. I enlisted in a regiment in which all the field officers were Methodist preachers. These were George W. Carter, who was to be colonel, F. C. Wilkes, lieutenant colonel, and C. C. Gillespie, major, but so many recruits reported to them that each was placed in command of a regiment of his own. Carter commanded the 21st, Wilkes the 24th, and Gillespie the 25th Regiment all Texas cavalry. These commands were dismounted, and they were captured at Arkansas Post. After being exchanged, they served in Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. Captain Veal, a Methodist preacher, had a company in the 12th Texas, Parson Byrd, a Baptist, commanded a company in the 16th Texas, and Rev. C. C. Avent had a company in the 17th Texas."

## ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

At the October meeting of the Franklin Chapter, No. 14, U. D. C., Miss Susie Gentry, the Chapter's first Secretary and the State's first Registrar, moved that "the anniversary of the battle of Franklin be annually celebrated with historical facts, reminiscences, and Confederate songs."

The motion was enthusiastically received and carried. The first celebration will take place November 30 at 3 P.M. in the Battle Ground Academy, situated on the historic battlefield. This battle was made famous by the wonderful bravery of the sons of the South and the death of Maj. Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne, Brig. Gens. S. R. Gist, John Adams, Otho French Strahl (an Ohioan, but for some years previous to the war a Tennessean), and H. B. Granbery, and the wounding of Major General John C. Brown, Brigadier Generals Carter, Manigault, Quarles, Cockrill, and Scott, and the capture of the youngest brigadier general of the Confederacy, George W. Gordon (now of Memphis), and the killing or wounding of a multitude of heroes. It was here that General Hood in his official report said: "We captured several stands of colors and about one thousand prisoners. Our troops fought with great gallantry. We have to lament the loss of many gallant officers and brave men."

On this notable battlefield stands the battle scarred smokehouse at the "Carter" home. Like many of our veterans, it stands to day as it did during that terrible storm of human wrath and destruction. This old smokehouse is replete with memories of the living and dead who stood like it, immovable in the face of danger and death, a sacred monument to truth, patriotism, and valor

It was near Franklin, a time which "tried men's souls," that a fearful and awful tragedy and martyrdom took place the hasty hanging of Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Peters, whose tragic ending has left for forty five years an unsolved problem and mystery.

At our first anniversary meeting Capt. John W. Morton, General Forrest's gallant chief of artillery, will tell of "the battle of Franklin" in a fine address, and others will tell of their experience when in the "jaws of death." Miss Addine Campbell will waft you back to Dixie in many of the songs that cheered and inspired the "boys" of 1861-65.

Vehicles will meet the trains from Nashville and carry the visitors to the place of meeting, where a "glad hand" of hearty welcome will be extended to all who come.

## A LADY WHO WRITES OF THE BATTLE.

There lives in Franklin now a noted and venerable woman, Mrs. John C. Gaut, widow of Judge Gaut, deceased. She has lived much in Nashville, but now resides with her daughter, the wife of Judge Richardson, where she resided during the battle of Franklin. She was then Mrs. Carter.

Her residence was prominent, near the public square, and she was conspicuous by her kindness to the wounded Federal soldiers and by her unstinted hospitality to the Confederates during their stay. In a well prepared reminiscence of war times she writes in regard to the battle of Franklin:

On the morning of November 30 two mounted Federal officers came to my house and asked for breakfast. I told them that I would give them breakfast willingly, but I had no flour, that their men had taken my flour as it was being brought from the mill. These men belonged to the commissary department, and offered to sell me a barrel of flour, and I gladly paid their price ten dollars. They said that their forces would not remain in Franklin, and that my friends would soon be in town. In an hour or so they came and had breakfast, expressing their gratitude and praising Southern cooking. About noon they came again to correct a statement about evacuating Franklin, explaining that the

Rebels" were advancing so fast that they could not get their trains away, and that their men were then making breastworks. Very soon the fighting began, and there was a stampede. Many Federals ran by my house. Several wounded came by. Some of them asked me for water. One was very weak from loss of blood, and I gave him some whisky. Another was badly shot, and I tore one of my lace curtains for a bandage. "Soon the brigade was rallied and returned to the front, where a terrible battle took place, I took my children and servants to the cellar, and we remained there until the heavy fighting was over. When I went to the front door, four men were standing at my gate. I asked whether they were Federals or Confederates, and they replied that they belonged to the Twenty Eighth Mississippi Regiment. I was so rejoiced that I could not keep from crying. I invited them to lunch. I had been preparing food for the Confederates all day. In less than thirty minutes my house was filled with hungry soldiers. With General Hood came my personal friends, General Frank Cheatham, Bishop Quintard, Col. John L. House, and my cousin, Charles M. Ewing. I was inviting all who came to lunch when Charles Ewing stopped me and said that it was impossible for me to feed Hood's army. He said that he would stop the soldiers from coming in, but I told him that he must not do it as long as I had anything to eat. . .

After the Confederates retreated and my house was cleared of the wounded, it was made headquarters for the Federal Provost Marshal. Of the Confederates severely wounded who were cared for until able to be moved were Capt. M. B. Pilcher, of Tennessee, and Capt. John M. Hickey, of Missouri.

#### SCHOLARSHIP FOR CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY

In Alabama the sum of twelve hundred and fifty dollars has been raised by Mrs. Mary Pickens, of Greensboro, for the purpose of establishing a scholarship in the Polytechnic College in Auburn. The interest on this sum, one hundred and fifty dollars, will be used to aid worthy descendants of Confederate veterans to receive an education.

## BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FIRST TENNESSEE

BY JUDGE W. M. POLLARD, NASHVILLE, TENN.

From 1861 to 1865 I suppose no regiment did more to add to the glory of Tennessee than Maney's 1st Regiment, C. S. A. On July 13, 1861, the regiment started for Virginia. When we reached Lynchburg, we heard of our first victory at Manassas. On July 30 the regiment started from Hillsboro, on the C. & O. Railroad, for the mountains of Northwest Virginia, and went into camp at Big Springs. While at this camp the 1st, under Colonel Maury, the 7th, under Colonel Hatton, and the 14th, under Colonel Forbes, formed a brigade of Tennesseans commanded by Brig. Gen. Sam Anderson, Gen. R. E. Lee, having command of this department, attempted to bring Rosecrans to battle at Cheat Mountain Pass, but, owing to heavy rains, he was foiled in the attempt, and the enemy retreated. General Lee then came up with the enemy again at Big Sewell Mountain, and just as he was in readiness to attack Rosecrans again retreated. From Big Sewell Mountain the command marched back to Huntersville, then up the Valley of Virginia, arriving at Winchester December 25, 1861.

On January 1, 1862, the command, under Stonewall Jackson, started for the enemy. We were ordered on January 3 to cook two days' rations, also to carry forty rounds of ammunition and one blanket to each man. The boys concluded that they would not carry their blankets. On January 4 we came within four miles of Bath Springs, occupied by the enemy, and went into camp. We built our fires and awaited the wagon train to get blankets. But there were no wagons, hence no blankets. It snowed all night, and we had to stand around camp fires, in that way some of us slept. January 5 was spent in line of battle, marching and countermarching in snow six inches deep. About night the enemy fled, and we pursued to Hancock, Md., which place we reached at 11 P.M. and went into camp. This was the coldest night I ever felt. The ice froze six inches thick over the Potomac River, and still without blankets, we had to stand around camp fires to keep from freezing.

On January 7 we left Hancock for Romney. The roads were packed with snow as slick as ice, and men and horses were constantly falling. I frequently saw teams of six horses all down at once. Finally each company was detailed to go with its own wagon to help it along by pushing, and in this way we reached Romney, which had been evacuated by the enemy, leaving a large amount of commissary stores. We left Romney on February 2 and reached Winchester on the 7th. No command ever endured greater hardships than ours during this thirty seven days from January 1 to February 7.

On the 19th the 1st Tennessee left Winchester, having been transferred to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's Army of Tennessee. At Lynchburg we first heard of the evacuation of Nashville. We failed to reach Corinth in time to engage in the battle of Shiloh, but were ordered to the field to cover the retreat.

We reorganized on April 29 by electing the following field officers: Maj. H. R. Fields, Colonel, Capt. John Patterson, Lieutenant Colonel, Capt. John L. House, Major. Thus ended our first year's service.

Bragg's campaign into Kentucky was our next experience. Starting on the march at Chattanooga, we crossed the Cumberland at Gainesboro, then through Kentucky to the battle of Perryville. Here the regiment charged three batteries, capturing two, and drove the enemy from the third. In

this battle it lost two thirds of its men. Among the number was Lieut. Col. John Patterson. The charges of the regiment were so impetuous and so well executed that a correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, in writing about the battle, said: "The movements of the 1st Tennessee Regiment were of the grace and regularity of the foldings and unfoldings of a coquette's fan."

From Perryville we retreated, crossing the Cumberland River at Burksville, Ky., via Cumberland Gap, on to Knoxville. Tenn., and thence to Murfreesboro, where was fought the great battle known by us as Murfreesboro and by the Federals as Stone's River. The regiment took an active part, capturing one battery and a number of prisoners. Thence to Shelbyville, Tullahoma, Chattanooga, and the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863, where we were severely engaged on Saturday. On Sunday we were held in reserve till about 4 P.M., then ordered to our extreme right. Up to this time the battle had been raging fiercely, no one knowing who would be the victor. It was a critical moment. Many prominent officers rode to our line before the charge, telling of the situation and urging us to turn the tide. The order to forward was given, the Rebel yell was raised, and the regiment did the work. The enemy's lines began to break one after another, until the field was cleared, the victory ours, with the enemy in retreat. The next movement was toward Chattanooga, which could have been easily taken if the victory of the day before had been closely followed up and the enemy pressed.

Our next engagement was at Missionary Ridge in November, 1863. Our line was on the ridge facing Chattanooga. We could distinctly see every movement of the enemy, their troops landing from boats up the river just in our front. We saw their lines of battle, formed some five or six deep, marched toward us. As they came forward our artillery would plow lanes through them, but they would close up their ranks and come on undaunted. The scene was inspiring, but awful. Soon the skirmishers were engaged, and then the main line. The enemy continued to press forward. We were moved to the extreme right, a little beyond the railroad tunnel just in the rear of our line of battle, as a reserve. As the wounded came back we were informed that the enemy were within forty feet of our lines. At last we were ordered forward. The writer fell within twenty feet of the enemy, shot through the right lung. The lines met in hand to hand conflict. One man in our regiment tore off the flag from the staff of a Federal regiment, but the color bearer held to the staff and carried it off as our command drove them down the hill. The victory was ours on that part of the line, but our lines on the left were turned and our forces retreated, losing many pieces of artillery. Then the army fell back to Dalton for the winter.

In April, 1864, the Dalton campaign began, and the fighting from that point to Atlanta and round it was almost of daily occurrence, but among the many, I will mention only the fight at the Octagon house, not far from Cartersville. where the regiment held the enemy in check for many hours, and at what is known as the "Dead Angle," in front of Marietta, when the enemy, some three lines deep, charged and tried to take the point. They succeeded in reaching our works and planting their colors thereon, but they left behind them more of their dead than we had men in our regiment.

In the battle of July 22, 1864, near Atlanta, our regiment charged, drove the enemy from our line of works, followed them to the second, and there both lines were separated only five feet apart by earthen works. Both lines retreated that night, though we afterwards returned and held the ground.

After the evacuation of Atlanta, Hood came into Tennessee, reaching Franklin in November, 1864, where one of the bloodiest battles of the war took place. We charged through open fields

for a mile under a galling fire until we reached the enemy's works, which were stubbornly held till late in the night, when they retreated.

Then came the battle of Nashville, where Hood met his Waterloo, the march out of Tennessee and on up through the Carolinas, the fight at Bentonville, N. C., then the surrender in April, 1865, when, with ranks decimated, few of the Tennesseans made their way by Asheville, N. C., down the French Broad and across to Greeneville, Tenn., where we took the cars for Nashville.

Many details are omitted that would be of interest. No mention is made of personal bravery shown by many at different times. Suffice it to say, this regiment was composed of many men like our Comrade Sam Davis, for he was at one time a member of the regiment.

#### RECENT REUNION OF THE REGIMENT.

On Saturday, October 9, 1909, the survivors of the 1st Tennessee Regiment had a reunion and barbecue in the Centennial grounds at Nashville. Conditions were most favorable for the event. Judge Pollard presided, and in his introductory remarks he told about the great fear of some of the boys that the war would end before they could get into a fight.

Dr. Murfree, of Murfreesboro, who was a member of the Rutherford Rifles, was the first speaker. He gave a brief history of his company (C) and expressed his pride in having been a Confederate soldier.

Judge H. H. Cook gave entertaining reminiscences of the regiment and its excellence in drill. He told of a fine supper served at the old Nashville Academy presided over by Rev. Dr. C. D. Elliott.

Col. Thomas Claiborne, who was a staff officer, gave a vivid account of the battle of Perryville. The venerable veteran was in a memorable battle in Mexico sixty two years, lacking two days, before that day.

When the survivors had assembled after the delicious dinner, it was ascertained that there were present of the companies as follows: A, 6, B, 4, C, 5, D, 6, F, 6, G, 1, H, 2, 1, 9, K, I, total, 40. There were evidently more than a thousand members on the roll of the regiment.

KENTUCKY VETERANS IN REUNION. The Kentucky veterans held their annual reunion at Pewee Valley in October, 1909. Col. Bennett H. Young was reelected Division Commander. Rev. John R. Deering, of Lexington, delivered a tribute to Mrs. Margaret Howell Davis Hayes, and Col. Thomas W. Scott, of Duckers, gave a talk on "Southern Womanhood." Resolutions of respect to the memory of Mrs. Hayes were passed, also a resolution of thanks to Colonel Young for the active part he had taken in making possible the purchase of the birthplace of President Davis.

HONORS FOR HEROES WHO WORE THE GRAY. The War Department, U. S. A., has just closed a contract with a prominent firm of Boston for a shaft of granite eighty three feet high to be erected to the brave soldiers wearing the gray who died in the prison at Fort Delaware. The shaft will be placed in the National Cemetery at Twins Point, on the Delaware River.

#### ANNUAL STATE REUNIONS OF U. C. V.

More and more the custom of holding annual Confederate Reunions in each State obtains. In some instances these Reunions are for certain regiments, companies, or even Camps, and the

mingled pleasure and benefit accruing makes them grow in general favor. The closer personal relations arising from these Reunions aid also in establishing a better knowledge of history which cannot be too highly commended. The General Reunion is too big for friends to meet in close social relations, to exchange reminiscences, or inquiries for mutual rheumatic twinges. These State Reunions are of men from one section with common interests and experiences. Friend meets friend, and the small haps and happenings of family life are the topics discussed, and the personal touch is most in evidence. A veteran leaves these Reunions infinitely refreshed and inspirited by his heart to heart meeting with his old comrades in camp and field. The grand Reunion aids the advancement of the cause, the perpetuating of history, and the establishing of a real estimate of Southern conditions, while the State Reunion is the welding iron that fastens closer the bond between soldier and soldier.

In Fannin County, Tex., the Confederate Veteran Association held their annual Reunion in July, 1909, in the Pavilion grounds at Bonham. Eloquent addresses and fine music marked the occasion. The Association protested against accepting the figure of a woman seated in a Greek chair for the woman's monument. They suggested that, following the usual model for the men's monument, the woman's monument should be a woman armed with a Bible.

The seventeenth annual Reunion of Confederate veterans was held in July, 1909, at Fisher's Hill, in the Shenandoah Valley, with a large crowd in attendance. Two G. A. R. men, C. E. Myers, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Wilson, of Washington, were among the speakers. Senator Daniel was the orator of the day, and in his speech conveyed a message from President Taft saying that only his wife's illness prevented his being present. The Shenandoah Chapter gave a reception to the wife of ex Gov. A. J. Montague, who made an earnest appeal for assistance in establishing homes for indigent Confederate widows, a work she has been engaged in for some years.

The 22d Georgia Regiment has only twenty two living members, and these met in August, 1909, to celebrate their Reunion at Silver Creek, the spot on which they were organized in 1861. The chief orators were Capt. A. B. T. Moseley and Capt. H. F. Meikleham, the latter extending an invitation to the veterans to meet with him next year. The day was filled with tender memories, and at parting each soldier clasped hands with his comrade, expressing hearty good wishes for the coming months.

Waco, Tex., gave cordial greeting to the crowds of people that attended the formal opening of Confederate Park in July, 1909, which was one of the special features of the sixth annual Reunion of McLennon County Confederate Association. People were present from all over the State, and Waco won many laurels for her hospitality. Every comfort for the veterans was provided, from a special post office on the grounds to the glorious dinner which was served the old soldiers.

Jim Pearce Camp, U. C. V., held their yearly meeting in August at Kuttawa Springs, Ky. The soldiers were enthusiastic, and the fine speeches were applauded to the echo. An elaborate dinner was served to all present. Capt. W. J. Stone delivered the address of welcome and Hon. J. W. Hollingsworth Tesponded.

George B. Harper Camp met at Bunceton, Mo., in annual Reunion, and had for their guests old soldiers wearing the blue as well as those in gray. At roll call of the Camp there were four missing in the last year (Rev. R. S. Hunter, W. T. N. Smith, and W. H. Long, of Cooper County, and W. L. Collins, of Oklahoma). Good addresses and beautiful music added to the fine dinner to

give charm to the day. The Bunceton matrons and maids formed the choir which sang delightfully. "Dixie" by these fair ladies was much appreciated.

Confederate Camps both of Veterans and Sons in Georgia held their annual Reunion September 16, at which time brilliant speakers were present, and the band of the 7th Georgia Cavalry discoursed sweet music.

At a beautiful grove near Charlestown, W. Va., was held the annual Confederate Reunion in August, 1909. Patriotic speeches and stirring war music added to the pleasures of the day.

The first Confederate Reunion in Texas was held in Bonham. It was the Reunion of the 11th Battery, commanded by Capt. Sylvanus Howell. This was the first Reunion in the Trans Mississippi Department, and Gen. W. L. Cabell claims that it was the first Reunion of the veterans held in the South.

In August several thousand people, among whom were over five hundred veterans, met in Reunion in Newton, Catawba County, N. C. All who expected to go to the Reunion in Charlotte were requested to give their names to the committee, who assured all who attended a good time and entertainment from the Charlotte Camp and the citizens. "Hickory," the newly organized Chapter of U. D. C., were introduced to the audience and Hon. R. J. Linney was orator of the day.

The Reunion of the 1st and 6th Georgia Cavalry was held at De Soto Park, Rome, August 25. Maj. J. W. Tench, of Gainesville, Fla., was selected as orator of the day, and his brilliant speech, glowing with gems of patriotic thought, will be long remembered by those so fortunate as to be counted among his listeners.

Company G, 13th South Carolina, and Company A, 4th South Carolina, met in their thirtieth annual Reunion at Prosperity, S. C., with their usual good speeches, music, and general enjoyment.

The annual Reunion of the North Carolina veterans was held in Charlotte on the 25th and 26th of August with the largest attendance of any previous meeting. Nearly two thousand veterans were the honored guests of the citizens, who vied in their entertainment. Ex Gov. T. J. Jarvis and Chief Justice Walter dark, of the Supreme Court, made brilliant speeches, and the band rendered splendid music. A resolution was passed asking the State Legislature to provide suitable tombstones for the soldiers who died in the Home. The old soldiers enjoyed the recitations of little Ruth Porter, and the fine barbecue especially appealed to all who were fortunate enough to partake.

On August 26 Jasper County, Miss., was the scene of a jolly reunion between old friends who wore the gray. Hon. A. Byrd made a splendid address which the three thousand people present thoroughly enjoyed.

The veterans from Maury and Giles County, Tenn., held a delightful reunion in Culleoka September 4. The average age of those present was three score and ten, and many went far beyond this. Love feasts of memory were held, as well as more substantial feasts of Tennessee's best viands, speeches made, and the old soldiers greatly enjoyed the moving picture show of the "Passion Play," to which Professor Wilkes so courteously invited them. At the parade at Utica, N. Y., on September 8 the men of the G. A. R. and the men of the U. C. V. marched side by side. The occasion was the reunion of the survivors of the battle of Fort Fisher. In the line were carried

a number of battle flags and war relics. Governor Hughes, Senator Root, Vice President Sherman, and General Custis made addresses.

With their ranks reduced from six hundred at their first meeting fourteen years ago to two hundred at the meeting held in September of this year the Confederate veterans of East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia met in annual reunion in Bristol, Tenn., under the auspices of Faulkerson Camp. The chief speaker was Judge Samuel W. Williams, the Democratic nominee for Attorney General in Virginia.

At Terrell, Tex., the Reunion of Ross's, Ector's, and Granbury's Brigade and Douglass's Battery was held in September, 1909. A large and enthusiastic crowd was present, and the day was made memorable by a fine address by Judge W. M. Pierson, his subject being the "Southern Cause." In glowing words he told of the place the South had won in history and of the heroes whose laurel crowns were won on Southern battlefields.

Enjoyment mellowed with tender memories marked the Reunion of the 20th Regiment of Tennessee and Rutledge's Battery, which was held in Centennial Park, Nashville, in September, 1909. About sixty battle battered heroes and many friends met to keep the anniversary of the battle of Chickamauga, in which this regiment met heavy loss. G. H. Baskette and Judge S. F. Wilson both made strong and patriotic addresses.

#### THE "WILDERNESS" AS IT NOW IS

The "Wilderness," which was the scene of one of the hottest fought and bloodiest battles of the war, is now as peaceful as can be well imagined, the brooding silence of the forest being broken only by the soft steps of some denizen of the woods or the flutter of wings or song of birds. The dense growth of trees seems centuries old and almost pathless. It is made up chiefly of scrubby low limbed oaks and pines scarcely large enough to use for railroad ties. Here and there are groups of pines of larger growth whose aspiring tops try to reach heavenward, but the trees generally, especially on and near the spot where the battle was fought, are stunted and small and so close together and with such thick growth between as to be almost impenetrable. It seems almost an impossibility that only forty odd years ago great cannon were dragged here by hand and armies met in mighty conflict.

#### LUDICROUS CONTROVERSY OVER TWO WARS AND ITS RESULT

A funny story comes from Louisville. Two veterans, a grizzled, battle scarred hero of the sixties, and a natty veteran of the Spanish American imbroglio, boarded at the same house and spent much time when together in "telling moving incidents by field and flood" and in coping with each other in their tales of carnage and courage. This was all very well till John Hudson, the Spanish war soldier, insinuated that the soldiers of the sixties never knew how to fight, that the Spanish veterans were the only soldiers worth the name. That was too much for the old veteran, and he sprang on the young man and beat him into insensibility before the bystanders could interfere. Hudson was carried to the hospital and Hailman went triumphantly to jail, feeling assured that he had vindicated the fighting qualities of the South. Hailman was sixty nine, while Hudson was not half that number of years.

## FLAG OF 33D VIRGINIA REGIMENT RETURNED.

The return of the battle flag of the 33d Regiment Virginia Infantry to the survivors of that regiment and to the Shenandoah Camp was a notable occasion. A procession met at the courthouse in Woodstock, Va., August 11 and, preceded by the Timberville band, marched to the Massanutten Academy grounds. A float of young ladies in uniforms of red and white was one of the special features. These were the choir that sang so sweetly during the ceremonies.

Capt. James Bumgardner, of Staunton, who was formerly adjutant of the 5th Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, which presented the flag to the 33d Infantry, was orator of the day. He said that the flag had been preserved from capture or destruction by Capt. Charles Arnall, who at the close of the war was either adjutant general of Stonewall Brigade or acting as such. At his death his widow presented the flag to Stonewall Jackson Camp. This Camp, realizing that more survivors of the old 33d Infantry were to be found in the Shenandoah Camp than in their own, presented it to that Camp. It will be one of the most prized and honored relics of the Camp.

## THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE BY FATHER RYAN

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,  
Flashed the sword of Lee  
Far in front of the deadly fight,  
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,  
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,  
Led us to Victory.  
Out of its scabbard, where, full long,  
It slumbered peacefully,  
Roused from its rest by the battle song,  
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,  
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,  
Gleamed the sword of Lee  
Forth from its scabbard, high in air  
Beneath Virginia's sky  
And they who saw it gleaming there  
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear  
That where that sword led they would dare  
To follow and to die.  
Out of its scabbard! Never hand  
Waved sword from stain as free,  
Nor purer sword led braver band,  
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,  
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,  
Nor cause a chief like Lee  
Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed  
That sword might victor be,  
And when our triumph was delayed,  
And many a heart grew sore afraid,

We still hoped on, while gleamed the blade  
Of noble Robert Lee  
Forth from its scabbard  
All in vain  
Bright flashed the sword of Lee,  
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,  
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,  
Defeated, yet without a stain,  
Proudly and peacefully.

### CONFEDERATE DEAD IN NASHVILLE CEMETERY THESE MEN WERE MAINLY PRISONERS

[This list has long been held in the hope of procuring its completion. It was supplied by the wife of Capt. T. E. Steger, daughter of the eminent Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter.]

Allen, Henderson, 26th Tenn., C, age 26.  
Anderson, T. P., 8th Ark., H, age 40.  
Abercrombie, John, 2d Tenn., H, age 30.  
Ashwell, L. W., 7th Texas, H, age 30.  
Aycock, B. D., 7th Texas, A, age 29.  
Allen, S. A., 6th Ark., B, age 30.  
Allen, Nathan, 8th Ark., K, age 22.  
Augustine, William, 7th Texas, Raylum's, age 21.  
Alexander, Elijah, 2d Ark., H, age 28.  
Allman, Nathan, 7th Ark., B, age 37.  
Aaron, John B., 8th Ark., D, age 19  
Akin, John H., 1st Miss., G, age 27.  
Alexander, J. A., 24th Tenn., Thompson's, age 24.  
Aaron, George, 3d Miss. Bat., A, age 35.  
Austin, Stephen, 5th Ark., H, age 38.  
Allsom, R., 1st La. Cav., K.  
Alexander, J. N., 14th Miss., H, age 20.  
Allen, H. C., 36th Va., C, age 20.  
Acton, Albert, 26th Tenn., C.  
Arnold, Eldridge, citizen of Louisiana.

Boyd, Bransford, Tenn., age 25.  
Bates, B. M., 24th Tenn., age 40.  
Baney, Peter, age 35.  
Bates, Adolphus, Allison's Tenn., Easley's, age 20.  
Bowmond, O. B., 7th Miss., B, age 35.  
Bromley, James, Patterson's Ark., Anthony's, age 22.  
Barker, W., 5th Ark., C, age 30.  
Bradley, M., 8th Ark., age 29.

Boysen, John., 4th Ky., Thompson's, age 24.  
Bush, James H, Terry's Tex. Rangers, Wharton's, age 21.  
Barklett, J. J., 7th Miss., Townes's, age 26.  
Berry, Col. Christopher, 8th Ark., G, age 19.  
Baley, William M., 2d Ky., age 19.  
Binegar, M., 4th Ky., H, age 21.  
Boardman, R., 7th Ark., Deason's, age 21.  
Biles, W. H., 6th Ark., D, age 25.  
enson, M. R., 3d Ky., E, age 25.  
Booth, Timothy, 8th Ark.. C, age 31.  
Bethany, J. F., 1st La., E, age 35.  
Beard, William, 2d Ky., F, age 30.  
Bullard, Joseph, Wert Adams's Miss., Barnes's, age 25.  
Baird, W. H., 8th Ark., K, age 30.  
Barlow, J. T., 2d Ky., C, age 23.  
Bridges, Jacoe J., 44th Tenn., I, age 30.  
Bradley, Benjamin F" Ky., A, age 22.  
Beuregard, J. N., 1st Ark., D, age 40.  
Boyd, Samuel, 1st Miss. Batt., A, age 47.  
Brewer, J. N. 7th Ark., F, age 25.  
Bruton, John R., 7th Ark., A, age 21.  
Barker, F. M., 19th Tenn., C, age 20.  
Black, E. W., Terry's Texas Rangers, D, age 19.  
Beard, Ira W., 32d Tenn., Winston's, age 19.  
Brown, Thomas, 10th Ark., age 18.  
Baker, M. V., Pfeiffer's Ark. Bat.. age 27.  
Bordelon, Mr., 1st La. Cav., G. Brooks, Emerson.  
Barnes, William, 27th Tenn., H, age 21.  
Black, James, Wright's Ala., D.  
Butler, M. J., 3d Miss. Bat.  
Bruce, James, 1st Ark.  
Baily, James G., 23d Tenn., K.  
Boling, Uriah, 7th Ark., age 18.  
Bishop, W. Bays, W. N., 8th Ark.  
Biddle, 26th Miss., H.  
Beaden, A. J., 21st Tenn., E.  
Boaz, John, 1st Tenn., A, age 19.  
Ballard, Lieut. J. E., wounded at Murfreesboro.  
Barnes, W., 3d Fla., G. Beard, J. G., 52d Ala., N.  
Barnes, N., McCanns's Cav., B. Brock, R., 10th Miss., H.  
Brown, J. C., 10th Miss., H.  
Bridge, John, 19th Ala" B.  
Byrd, J. R., 43d Ala., E.  
Baird, P. C., 45th Tenn., H. Baird, Miles, 1st Ky., E.  
Barlow, J. J., 38th Ala., 1.  
Barnes, I. H., 9th Miss., F.  
Bird, Wiley, 47th Ga" C.  
Bean, Joseph B., citizen of Georgia.  
Berhs, L. N. J" 27th Miss., 1.  
Bradford, Andrew, 28th Ala" B.

Boyter , George M., 25th Ga.  
Bedsane, Elisha, 63d Va" 1.  
Benson, Thomas H., 16th S. C., K.  
Bryan, William J., 17th Tenn., H.  
Brigham, Samuel, citizen of Georgia  
Blaik, B. F.  
Cummings, Maj. N. S., age 35.  
Costenberry, H., 7th Miss., D, age 45.  
Carter, R. Y., 8th Ark., C.  
Cureton, H. T., Terry's Texas Rangers, B, age 19.  
Carlton, Lemuel I., Terry's Texas Rangers, C, age 23.  
Carroll, Alexander, 8th Ark., F, age 22.  
Clark, F. M., 7th Miss., N, age 21.  
Calhoun, R. F., 7th Miss., B, age 21.  
Cypret, W. F., 9th Ark., D, age 30.  
Costello, John, Burns's Tenn. Art., age 24.  
Coker, S. B., 7th Miss., G, age 20.  
Compton, William, 4th Ky., F, age 21.  
Cassely, James, 23d Tenn., K, age 25.  
Curtis, J. W., 5th Ark., Smith's, age 24.  
Carcuff, J., 2d Ark. Bat., 1.  
Carraco, John, 3d Ky., B, age 18.  
Cheatham, Lieut. P., Terry's Tex. Rangers, Stroble's, age 28.  
Coats, James, Hindman's Ark. Legion, G, age 20.  
Crinshow, Mr., 1st Miss., I, age 18.  
Clark, R. H., 8th Ark., K, age 30.  
Cooper, F. C., 7th or 8th Ark., C, age 26.  
Campbell, Samuel, 6th Ark., G, age 30.  
Coldwell, J. W., French's Art., age 24.  
Cameron, H., 9th Ark., K, age 25.  
Chambliss, M. H" 16th Ala., K, age 24.  
Coleman, F. M., 2d Ark., C, age 28.  
Collinsworth, T. B., 10th Ark., F, age 23.  
Copeland, J. B., Buckner's Ky. Guide, age 22.  
Clinton, Henry, 32d Tenn., Wharles's, age 45.  
Colier, E. J., age 26.  
Chamberlain, F. N., 9th Ark., A, age 28.  
Coats, James.  
Crose, Joseph, 32d Tenn., E.  
Crone, George, 10th Ark., A.  
Choat, W. V., 26th Tenn., H, age 27.  
Cuff, D, C., age 26. Collins, J., 26th Miss, F, age 26.  
Chumbley, L, P., Edwards, age 25.  
Copeland, Anderson, Brown's Tenn., Wade's, age 19.  
Cogbra. Claibourn, W. D., 24th Tenn., age 22.  
Cannon, ., Tenn. Craig, 1. L. B., 60th N. C., H.  
Cartin, J. S., 1st Ark., 1.  
Connolly, Thomas, 4th La. Bat., B.  
Clark, Jeff, 16th La., 1.  
Collans, R. C. Craven, J. C., 8th Miss., G.

Crosby, William, 5th S.  
C., E. Cunningham, M. L. D., 32d Miss.,  
C. Cherry, John R., 35th Ala., D.  
Calhoun, F. J., 4th Fla., B.  
Curtis, James F., 3d N. C., E.  
Dunlap, Capt. W. R., Tenn., age 29. Puff, J. B., 7th Texas, Jones's, age 23.  
Davis, John, 8th Ark., Wright's, age 35.  
Dabbs, Joel, Tenn., age 35.  
Decker, John F., 9th Ark., A, age 24.  
Dean, Jesse, Terry's Texas Rangers, H, age 35.  
Dafron, A. M., 8th Ark., F.  
Douglass, Lawrence D., Terry's Texas Rangers, A, age 25.  
Dunn, H. V., Terry's Texas Rangers, Evans's, age 21.  
Depriest, W. F., 24th Tenn., I, age 18. Diggs, S., 5th Ark., G, age 35.  
Downs, Jesse C. C., 1st Ark. Bat., age 27.  
Davis, M. G., Dearrens's, Jones's, age 18.  
Dalton, G. R., 16th Ala., B, age 24.  
Donnaphin, James, 17th Tenn., A, 27.  
Donouald, George, 3d Miss., E, age 17.  
Duncan, B. H., 7th Texas, D, age 27.  
Dolen, Floyd's La. Brig. Pewalt,  
Mr. Dechard, H. B., 7th Texas, Anderson's.  
Duvall, J. P., 31st La., D.  
Duffy, H. H., 47th Tenn., F.  
Davidson, J., 4th Ala., 1.  
Drumn, G. Davidson, R. W. Darby, James, 2d Ky., C.  
Dowling, B. M., 1st Fla. Cav., D.  
Dickerson, S. W., 25th Ga., D.  
Dansmore, William, 37th Tenn., B.  
Drakes, P., 66th Ga., A.  
Dillond, Michael, 49th Ga" A.  
Derrick, George, citizen of Alabama.  
Daningan, Charles, 32d Ala., H.  
Dabridge, R. D., 4th Texas, B.  
Derberay, William, 28th Tenn., E.  
Eskew, James, 8th Ark., Williams's.  
Eskew, Andrew, 7th Miss., Fitches's, age 21.  
Edens, J. P., 8th Ark., C, age 35.  
Estes, Andrew, 3d Ky., A.  
Elliott, E., 7th Ark., H, age 21.  
Ethrige, W. E., 9th Ark., F, age 23.  
Ellis, W. B., 5th Ark., H, age 23.  
Ellison, G. R., 9th Ark., B, age 30.  
Elliott, Q. H., 1st Ark., B, age 28.  
Eireland, H. C., 9th Ark., C, age 24.  
Edwards, J. R., Wright's, D.  
Evans, R. C., Stewart's Ala., age 32.  
Ethrige, W. S., 36th Ala., D.  
Edglman, W., 5th Tenn. Cav., B.  
Edison, Edwards, 33d Ala., C.

Fry, John W., 7th Miss., C, age 18.  
Faulkner, H. J., 2d Ky., age 23.  
Ferguson, John, 6th Texas, Evans's.  
Fields, Samuel, 7th Miss., C, age 17.  
Farrell, Michael, 2d Ark., B, age 30.  
Finley, Maj. S. L., Tenn., age 43.  
Ferguson, W. F., 7th Ark., D, age 25.  
Flarnery, J. F., 3d Ky., K, 23.

The address of P. D. Cureton, of Easley Station, S. C., is given in the report.

OUR COMRADES IN REUNION  
BY W. W. SLOAN, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

Well, comrades, once again we've met  
And clasped each other's friendly hand  
And seen each other eye to eye  
Ere passing to the silent land.  
These forty years have left their trace  
Your manly form old Time has bent,  
His sign is on your soldier face,  
And many a one to his home he's sent,  
Let's sit down here and recall the past,  
As round our camp fire we'd sit at night  
And pass the hours in tale and song  
Sometimes until the morning light.  
We yearned for firesides far away  
And for each form we held so dear.  
Alas ! alas ! how these have changed  
Let's brush away the falling tear.  
The mother dear who watched her boy  
As he left his home for the field of strife  
And prayed that God in his own good way  
Would keep and shield and spare his life  
Has long since gone to her quiet home  
Away beyond the stars so bright,  
And while he lives 'mid gathering gloom,  
She waits for him where comes no night.  
The father and the sisters dear  
And another one who often came  
Their smiles will greet us here no more,  
On the churchyard stone you'll read their name.  
Those years with many a hardship fraught  
Were not unmixed with pleasure's cup,  
And many a joyous hour we knew,  
As well did bitter sorrow sup.  
And here to night we hear them sing

Who sang in days of dire distress,  
Their songs are much the same as when  
Our soldiers found no time for rest.  
Their songs recall our hard camp life  
When on the front we met the foe  
And made the fight for the dear old South  
That time's now forty years ago.  
Here's my hand with the parting prayer  
That all the remaining days you live  
May be filled with the best of our country's store  
And all the good our God can give,  
That when you strike your tent down here  
You'll pitch it on the heavenly shore,  
Where foes ne'er meet and friends ne'er part,  
And you're safe from harm for evermore.

## JACKSON'S MARCH TO REAR OF POPE'S ARMY

BY JAMES M. HENDRICKS, SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

After McClellan's defeat below Richmond, Jackson's Corps marched to the north of Gordonsville and encamped for a few days. General Banks, Jackson's old enemy of the Valley, better known as Jackson's commissary, pushed his forces too uncomfortably near and Jackson gave him battle and defeated him at Cedar Mountain. This sudden check of Pope's forces undoubtedly opened the way and suggested the move around Pope. The daring of this movement was never exceeded by any general. A careful study of the situation will show how hazardous it was.

In the evening of the 24th of August, 1862, orders were received to cook three days' rations and be ready to move at any time. We baked our slapjacks, and this finished our preparation, for at this time we never cooked our bacon, but ate it raw. Early on the morning of the 25th sixty rounds of ammunition were issued with the following orders: "No straggling, every man must keep his place in ranks, in crossing streams officers are to see that no delay is occasioned by removing shoes or clothing."

The morning was bright and the men in the best of humor. The 2d Virginia was in front. There is system in the order of marching as there is in all military movements. The regiment in front to day is the 2d, to morrow the 3d, and so on to the last in the brigade. The same rule applies to divisions.

Jackson's force at this time was composed of Ewell's, A. P. Hill's, and Jackson's old division, now commanded by Taliaferro. Two brigades of cavalry accompanied the expedition. I do not believe that there was a man in the corps that knew our destination except Jackson. Our course was toward the north, and as the day advanced you could hear all kinds of rumors. It looked like madness to march away from our supplies and support with only Jackson's forces, but we had learned to obey and to blindly follow. Each felt that something extraordinary was contemplated, and nerved himself for the expected task. We did not always follow roads, but went through cornfields and bypaths, waded streams, and occasionally we marched right through some one's yard.

Our regiment was passing through a beautiful green lawn close to a house when a lady came out. At first she seemed dumfounded, but she soon expressed her thoughts: "Get out of here. Who told you to come through here? You won't leave a spear of grass. I tell you to get out." A lank old Reb in Company B directed her to Jackson, who just at that time was passing. "That old fellow over there with the greasy cap on riding the sorrel 'boss' is the cause of all of this." She bolted for him. I saw him smile. I do not know what he said, but she carried her point, and we defiled.

We marched about thirty miles the first day and a portion of the night. The men slept on the spot where they halted. At early dawn the march was continued, but not in the same direction. We now headed for the east. As usual, our scant rations had been eaten the first day, but we had plenty of green corn, but no salt, and no old cow ever wanted it as we did. Now at the end of the second day's march we were near Manassas Junction. A detachment was sent to take it, which was done with little loss on our side. In two days Jackson had marched sixty miles, placed himself in the rear of Pope's army, which had five men to Jackson's one, and in this battle of Manassas Junction captured the whole of Pope's army supplies, five hundred prisoners, eight cannon, and numbers of renegade negroes. This loss alone would have compelled Pope's retreat. We never had rations issued to us so liberally. Men were detailed to carry boxes of crackers and bacon to each company, and then "Help yourself" was the order. Unfortunately what was not used had to be destroyed.

A brigade of infantry from Washington on the way to join Pope came in sight as we were rationing ourselves, and a shell or two from their battery dropped among the negroes. Such yelling and stampeding I never saw. The 2d Infantry was placed in the fortifications and awaited their coming it was a grand sight to see, for they came in fine order. Though our artillery made gaps in their ranks, they closed up and still came on. However, they were compelled to retreat with the loss of many prisoners, wounded, and dead, including their General Taylor, who was killed. We rested the remainder of the 27th. At dusk we moved silently away toward Sudley Mills. We were marching and halting at intervals all the night. So far Jackson had completely deceived Pope as to his intentions, and if he could mystify him one day longer, Longstreet could join us.

Nearly the whole of the 24th was spent in maneuvering. We would take one position and soon abandon it for another, and we expected an attack at any moment. Late in the evening the enemy appeared in force. Jackson immediately attacked with vigor. Their artillery fire was so severe and destructive that it compelled our guns to take new positions. At this stage the situation began to look critical.

Jackson on leaving the Junction the night before had stayed with his old division, and at this moment was with his old brigade. Instantly he gave the order for it to charge, and the brigade never did better. Under both artillery and infantry fire it moved out into the open in splendid order, and forced the enemy to retreat to an old railroad cut some distance away. There they stood for a time, but were finally driven back. This successful charge of Jackson's old brigade pleased him immensely. Just thirteen months before and only a short distance from this field the old brigade had won for Jackson the title of "Stonewall" and helped him win the name and fame that will live as long as history endures.

The brigade lost heavily in this encounter, and ever afterwards was weak in numbers. A very unfortunate occurrence caused much of this loss. The Federals had been driven from their

position, but the firing was still heavy. It was now getting dusk, and with the smoke of battle the exact situation was not known to our commander. The 28th Georgia was sent to our support. They mistook us for the enemy and opened a low and rapid fire, and not meeting with any resistance, they doubled their efforts. We were ordered to lie down, and some even attempted to run to their lines, but were shot before they had gone far. The firing ceased finally, but many were killed and wounded. The regiment rested on their arms on the field, and the enemy were not disturbed in gathering their wounded and dead.

Early on the 29th the brigade was ordered to the left to be held in reserve. But as we were moving slowly along, as we supposed to the rear, with empty guns and very little ammunition, a volley was poured into our ranks, which for a moment caused some confusion. Hurriedly the regiments were thrown into line and the enemy checked. It proved to be a heavy skirmish line of their infantry. There was no rear, for the enemy seemed to be on all sides except in the direction of Thoroughfare Gap. Wherever the view would permit you could see lines of blue. We knew another day had come for a hard conflict, but we also knew help had arrived, for Longstreet's columns were in sight, and a loud and prolonged cheer arose from both corps.

Longstreet moved into position on the right of Jackson, which was a very strong point, being a disused railroad cut. For hours the enemy concentrated every effort against Jackson, but line after line was hurled back in confusion. The only success gained at any time, and that but temporary, was on Jackson's extreme left, where their lines extended beyond ours.

Lee's war horse,

Longstreet, was not long idle. At the critical moment and when Jackson seemed to be hardest pressed, with all his infantry and every gun in use, Longstreet rushed ten or twelve guns on a gallop to Jackson's aid. They took the best position for artillery I ever saw right in the rear of the cut, which our infantry were holding. They opened with grape and canister and shrapnel into the columns, advancing for the third time. Our guns fired over our men's heads.

They faced this murderous fire of our guns, and many of them fell. I asked a wounded Yankee soon after the repulse if he knew those men lying about him. He said: "Yes, there lie my captain and our lieutenant, and most of these are of my company." During the war I never saw dead men lying thicker than on the three or four acres of that slope to the railroad cut.

At this moment Longstreet was pushing his lines and driving everything before him. The day was ours, and Pope's career ended as a commander of an army.

General Pope has said somewhere in his writings that if King's Division had stayed in position when he first struck Jackson on the 28th instead of moving on to Manassas he could have crushed Jackson. It was not a matter of privilege with King. He was whipped, and if he had not slipped away in the night, Jackson would have driven him in the direction Longstreet was advancing, and doubtless would have destroyed his entire division.

Again, in his dispatches to Washington at the time and since in his writings on this campaign he talks as though he had Jackson in a trap, and from failure of Porter and others to cooperate and obey his orders the campaign failed. We know that Jackson deliberately put himself in the position with his eyes open, and at no time while in the rear of Pope was he in danger of being crushed or destroyed. He deceived Pope completely and had him marching from one place to another, utterly at a loss where to strike. Jackson's Corps at this time were in excellent condition, full of confidence in themselves and their leader. If the occasion had demanded, he would have

concentrated at some point and forced his way through, as Pope's army was not strong enough to surround and hold him. Jackson knew this and the men felt it.

At no time during the war did Jackson's generalship show more conspicuously than in this campaign. If the fine army that opposed him had been ably handled, Jackson undoubtedly would have had to cut his way out, and no one can tell what his loss would have been.

#### CORRECTIONS OF TWO ARTICLES

BY M. M. MOORE, SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

Although it is a small affair, permit me to correct one or two inadvertent statements in the article, "Valiant Coleman, Veteran of Two Wars," in the VETERAN for May, where it was stated that he (Coleman) raised the 4th Missouri Cavalry and became its colonel, led his regiment in the battle of Hartville, Mo.

It was recruited in St. Louis County August 12, 1862, and two or three weeks later our squad enlisted in the 4th Missouri Cavalry, which was then encamped near Thomasville, near the Arkansas line. Col. John Q. Burbridge was then its colonel, and remained such until near the surrender. At Hartville, Mo., the regiment was led by its lieutenant colonel, John M. Winer, ex Mayor of St. Louis, who was killed in this, his first battle. Colonel Burbridge was absent from his command on sick leave. Colonel Coleman may have organized, or, as elsewhere stated in the article, he may have assisted in organizing the regiment, but certainly from the time of my enlistment he had no connection with the regiment, unless my memory has completely failed me. Assuredly he did not lead the regiment at Hartville, which battle was fought in January, 1863. The picture printed of Colonel Coleman I could easily suppose to be that of Colonel Burbridge at seventy years.

Also let me correct a misstatement that occurs in the very interesting sketch, "Career of Gen. Joseph Lancaster Brent," in the July VETERAN. The article states that "after the defeat of Banks at Mansfield the entire Trans Mississippi Army remained practically inactive." Not so. After that battle many of the troops (all of the Missouri Infantry, I think, and some Texans) were rushed by forced marches to Arkansas, where the particularly vicious battle of Jenkins Ferry was fought with General Steele, and where our loss in killed and wounded was over a thousand. Gen. Kirby Smith was in immediate command at this battle. Later Gen. Sterling Price made a diverting raid into Missouri with some ten thousand cavalry, where battles and skirmishes were numerous, and in one of which General Marmaduke was captured.

#### STATUES OF WASHINGTON AND LEE.

Virginia was allotted space for two figures in the Statuary Hall in the National Capitol. One of these statues by natural suggestion is of George Washington, and is an exact replica in bronze of the marble that stands in the State Capitol at Richmond. This figure is by Houdon, and is regarded as among the finest in the country, and is the only one made from authentic measurements, taken by the sculptor during the lifetime of the colonial chief.

Fearing the animus that might arise from the suggestion of placing a statue of Lee in the Hall of Fame, many of the more conservative Virginians advocated accepting a bust of Thomas Jefferson as their second statue, but the majority opposed this idea. They were very proud of this

great statesman, but Virginia felt that her noblest son, her best representative was Robert E. Lee. Few outside of his native State appreciate fully the idolatrous love Virginia (and all the South as well) gives Lee, and the deification is too widespread to accept any substitute for him in the Hall of Fame. The statue that was sent to Washington is from a model by Edward V. Valentine, of Richmond, Va., made according to lines and measures taken during the lifetime of the famous general. It is of bronze, in full Confederate uniform, and is indeed a beautiful work of art. Both bronze statues have been placed in the Hall of Fame, Lee standing between Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, and J. L. M. Curry, of Alabama. Washington was placed in the east end of the hall between Gen. Ethan Allan, of Vermont, and Gen. Peter Muhlenburg, of Pennsylvania. There has been no formal presentation as yet, but the Virginia Statue Commission, with the permission of Congress, will have an elaborate unveiling and presentation at some future date.

## THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

Forty two days under fire of our own guns, Morris Island, Charleston Harbor. Sixty five days on rotten corn meal and pickle. Eighteen days on Prison Ship Crescent.  
I would sing a song of heroes, where grim courage opened wide  
The throttle valve of valor with a test past human ken,  
I would hang a golden scroll of fame where each Immortal died  
And where that ragged line of gray stood forth the kings of men.  
They shall troop through History's pages, when eternal truth shall write  
The screed of their integrity through agony and grief.  
The world shall know the glory and the story of their might  
The might of their endurance through the strength of their belief.  
In the fever heat of battle men have died for what they thought,  
Have rotted in the trenches or have filled an unknown grave,  
Have gangrened in the still white wards but after fields well fought  
In the clash of honest warfare for the cause they sought to save.  
These are heroes, and we hail them, whether on the road of life  
Or sleeping in the low green tents that honor proudly keeps,  
But grander still the warriors held as captives of the strife,  
Who kept their knighthood spotless through the slime the dungeon steeps.  
Tossed on the crest of hatred, helpless targets of man's rage,  
With hope deferred and hunger gnawing through their vitals' core,  
With grim starvation stalking where death only could assuage,  
These men of battle kept their faith and told it o'er and o'er.  
But they lived to tell their story in the sunlight of to day  
Lived to twine a fadeless garland for their fallen ones bereft,  
And with heads bowed low in reverence gentle homage we would pay  
To the dauntless old Six Hundred, to the remnant that is left.  
I would sing a song of heroes, where grim courage opened wide  
The throttle valve of valor with a test past human ken,  
I would hang a golden scroll of fame where each Immortal died  
And where that ragged line of gray stood forth the kings of men

Virginia Frazer Boyle was a busy woman during the Reunion, performing her duties with the C. S. M. A, looking after her Drum and Fife Corps, and reading four poems during the three days. Of course Confederate poems are spontaneous with her. They would make a large book. Some one said she could write one of those when asleep, and in reply she said she would be awake ere it was finished.

The foregoing was read at the luncheon the Harvey Mathes Chapter gave to the "Immortal Six Hundred" at Mrs. Collier's. Mrs. Boyle in referring to the survivors said: "These brave old fellows, after all they have suffered, have the grit to want to erect a monument to their fellows before they die. So after I read the poem as a member of the Memorial Association I volunteered a subscription, and in less than five minutes nearly \$200 was subscribed as a beginning. I think that the South has produced the greatest people the world ever saw."

#### BRIEF STRONG HISTORIC FACTS.

Judge H. H. Cooke, one of the "Immortal Six Hundred," in an address to his fellow sufferers at the Memphis Reunion said:

Comrades:

I am indeed pleased to meet you again. Since our last meeting at Birmingham in 1908 we have had cause for sorrow.

Comrades **George W. Finley, George K. Cracraft, W. H. Frizzell, J. L. Lytton, A. J. Kirkman, W. E. Allen, and U. G. Demas** have passed from the trials and sorrows of this world.

Since we first met as the Six Hundred on the Crescent City at Fort Delaware more than forty four years ago many of our number have passed to the land of spirits. About five hundred and forty are on the other side of the river, and only forty two remain to tell the story of the Six Hundred. May we not say that the Six Hundred are all present with us to day, for how can the brave, the faithful, the conscientious, and the true ever be separated?

You ask me to repeat again the story of the Six Hundred, but why repeat it, for we all know it too well? Many of the Six Hundred were cut off from this life by starvation in young manhood. Who can or will say that it is wrong or improper to repeat a true story of 1864 and 1865? The truth must bring good and not evil results.

On the 20th of August, 1864, six hundred Confederate officers were selected at Fort Delaware and sent to Charleston, S. C., and placed under fire of the Confederate guns. Our breakfast was four moldy crackers and one ounce of meat, and our dinner was one half pint of bean soup, we had no supper. This treatment upon Morris Island continued for about forty days. What led up to this cruel retaliation is not very clear. The Washington government did not then inform us, and has not since done so. From the official records such as have been made and preserved we can learn that much credence was given the stories of deserters and negroes and no effort made to verify the truth of these statements.

There never were any Union soldiers of war under fire of their own guns at Charleston. There never were any prisoners of war treated harshly or cruelly by order of the Confederate authorities.

The truth is that the Confederate government was not intentionally responsible for the suffering of Federal prisoners. The Richmond government was at all times willing and anxious to exchange prisoners, and was willing to do and did do all that was possible to be done to feed and care for Federal prisoners.

We are indeed rejoiced to make this statement without the fear of successful contradiction. It is love, sympathy, and pity that distinguish men from the brute.

It will some day be declared that the South had a much higher and a more refined Christian civilization than did the North. This point will be settled to a great extent by the manner in which the two governments carried on the war and the manner in which prisoners were treated.

Which government, the Washington or the Richmond, displayed the highest standard of Christian civilization? Having more provocation, yet we fought and conducted the great war more in accordance with the high and humane principles of Christianity!

There is one matter about which I feel that I must speak. We were sent to Fort Pulaski and then a portion of the Six Hundred were sent to Hilton Head, and during the months of December, 1864, and January and February, 1865, we were fed upon ten ounces of rotten corn meal and pickles. The corn meal was ground at Brandy Wine Mills in 1861. It was a brutal mind that conceived the corn meal and pickle diet.

On this diet of rotten corn meal with no meat or vegetables scurvy soon came to add to our sufferings. We could not eat the pickles. It took stout hearts to bear the cruelties practiced upon us. But our little band remained true and faithful almost to a man. This will forever be a monument more durable than brass to the honor, virtue, patriotism, and sincerity of the Southern soldier.

On the 6th of February, 1865, medical officers came from Savannah and inspected our condition and reported that we were in a condition of great suffering and exhaustion for want of food and clothing, but it was sometime after this, and about the 15th of February, 1865, before we received relief.

Had this treatment continued two weeks longer, there would not have been one of us left alive.

When we left Morris Island, we supposed we were to be treated as prisoners of war, and our treatment was good for about ten days. Why the Washington government ordered, sanctioned, or permitted this cruel and inhuman treatment at this time has not been explained and cannot be justified or excused.

On August 27, 1864, General Grant ordered that the Six Hundred should not be exchanged. He preferred to feed Southern soldiers to fighting them, even if his own men must suffer in Confederate prisons, where there was not sufficient food to give them.

The government at Richmond had made every effort to relieve the condition of the prisoners of war, but the Washington government had rejected every proposition. At this time the Confederate government was offering to return all sick and disabled Federal prisoners without

exchange. The Washington government had only to send ships to receive from Southern prisons all of the sick and disabled.

I am proud that in the midst of all this suffering we were true and faithful to our ideals, that we were willing to meet death upon the battlefield and from starvation in prison in defense of local self government and our rights as citizens of the States. We know what has been and we know what is, but we do not know what might have been.

It is well with those who have passed over the river to the shades of peaceful rest. We know not what the coming hour veiled in thick darkness brings to us. If we say what is, is best, then indeed there is no incentive to improve conditions. We submit to what is from necessity, and as good citizens cheerfully accept present results and energetically join in every effort to improve conditions.

#### GRANDSON OF FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

A tender hearted woman physician of Mexico City writes the VETERAN of the pitiful condition of the grandson of Francis Scott Key, whose "Star Spangled Banner" has thrilled the hearts of all true Americans. Mr. Clarence Key was a resident of a foreign country when the War between the States was declared. He was born in Maryland and reared to manhood in Texas, and every instinct of his heart was for the South. He returned to Texas and enlisted in the 2d Texas Cavalry, was transferred to the 23d Cavalry in 1862, and served gallantly to the end of the war. Some years since he was acting as Secretary for the Chinese Legation, but a change in the ministry put him out, and increasing feebleness and ill health have prevented his securing anything else. He had not been able to save anything toward old age, as his invalid wife required all he could make. Some time since he was taken to the American hospital in Mexico City, where he still remains, dependent upon the charity of that institution. This hospital keeps its patients only temporarily, and Mr. Key is helpless, alone, and in abject poverty, having nowhere to go.

One of the conditions for admittance to a Home for Confederate veterans is residence in the State where the Home is situated, and that is required of him by Texas, with whose troops he served. Mr. Key is a gentleman of the old school, polished, courteous, elegant, and his bitter destitution is grievous. Surely there are many in this broad and prosperous land of ours who will be glad to contribute something to his support in Texas for the time necessary to gain admittance to the Home in that State. Remember he gave his best in defense of our country, and now in his old age, sickness, and sorrow he is alone and helpless. Help the grandson of the immortal Key, who while he could helped the South, and even now does not ask your help, as those who know his pitiful condition are taking this means of asking help for him.

The VETERAN departs from its rule in making this appeal for help, but the circumstances of the case are such as to merit the deviation. Ill and helpless in a strange land, with only two friends to minister to his need, he is indeed deserving of our tender solicitude. Any contributions sent the VETERAN for his relief will be properly forwarded.

TWO BRIDGES BURNED NEAR COLUMBIA  
BY CLEMENT SAUSSY, SAVANNAH, GA.

I have read with much interest the article by Dr. John A. Lewis in the September VETERAN in reply to my criticism made in the June issue to certain statements made by Comrade Durden in his book, "Wheeler and His Cavalry." As regards the burning of the bridge at Columbia, it has turned out that both Dr. Lewis and I are correct, for it will be seen by the letter of Comrade U. R. Brooks (which I inclose), who is now living in Columbia, that there were two bridges, Butler and his men burning the one over Congaree and Wheeler burning the other over Broad River.

But as to the statement by Comrade Durden that Wheeler's men were the only defenders of Columbia and the only ones who fought, bled, and would have died in her defense the letter of General Butler (which I herewith inclose) will clear the matter without further controversy on my part. Corporal O'Byrne and Privates Lovell and Tearney, of Wheaton's Battery, as well as fifteen of our battery horses, were wounded by Sherman's sharpshooters while we were shelling his army across the river and preventing him putting down his pontoon bridges. Thomas R. Lovell, of Wheaton's Battery, now living in Bloomington, Ill., bears a long, deep scar on his shoulder received at Columbia February 17, 1865. O'Byrne and Tearney have passed to the great beyond,

U. R. BROOKS, OF COLUMBIA, TO CLEMENT SAUSSY

My Dear Comrade: In response to your favor of the 15th inst., I would say that there were two bridges at and near Columbia. The one General Butler ordered to be burned about 10.30 P.M. on the night of February 6, 1865 (which I crossed with General Butler at that hour), was at the foot of Gervais Street in the city of Columbia, across the Congaree River, and the other, which General Wheeler had burned at 4 P.M. on the 16th of February, 1865, so graphically described by Mr. Lewis, was across Broad River, and never was in the city limits, and is about one and a half miles from the Congaree River bridge. The Broad River bridge connects the Lexington Fork with Richland County. About halfway between the bridges Saluda River empties into Broad River, and next to it is the Congaree River, over which General Butler crossed on the night of February 6, 1865, and then had the bridge burned, as above stated. On the exact sites of the burned bridges there are to day bridges across the Broad and Congaree Rivers. On February 16, 1865, Butler's Cavalry fought the Yankees just below Columbia across the Congaree, and all of that day Wheeler's Cavalry fought the Yankees in the fork of the two bridges, Saluda and Broad, east of the Saluda and west of the Broad. None of Sherman's army crossed either the Broad or Congaree until the morning of February 17, 1865. All day of the 16th of February, 1865, Sherman shelled the city of Columbia, S. C., which was full of women and children, and on the night of the 17th his men burned the city, as Lieutenant McQueen, of the 15th Illinois Cavalry, in Sherman's army at the time, will testify if he is still alive. (See "Butler's Cavalry," pages 418 and 419.) The above is history which should be preserved.

GEN. M. C. BUTLER TO CLEMENT SAUSSY

My Dear Sir: Replying to your request of the 4th inst., I make this statement. As it was not known definitely whether Sherman would cross the Congaree River at Gueneis Ferry or some other point below Columbia, I was directed by General Beauregard, then in command of the Confederate troops, to take a part of my own cavalry division and a part of Wheeler's and make a reconnaissance down the Charleston road on the west side of the river and if possible uncover Sherman's advance. Two brigades of Wheeler's command, commanded respectively by General Dibrell and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, reported to me early on the morning of February 15, 1865. With these two brigades and my own division I moved across Congaree Creek and encountered Sherman's advance some miles below the creek. After a sharp encounter, in which I compelled Sherman's column to deploy and disclose its strength, I reported by courier to General Beauregard and retreated slowly across Congaree Creek and the broad plateau on the upper side and reached the Lexington Heights, opposite to Columbia, about dusk. Remnants of Hood's army with some field batteries that were encamped on Lexington Heights were moved across the river to Columbia while my movements were in progress. I crossed the covered bridge over the Congaree after dark, and the bridge was fired by my orders and under my direction. The next morning Wheaton's Battery, being posted at Granby, were shelling Sherman's column moving up the other side of the river. The effect of your fire was to cause Sherman's column to move more rapidly to the hills out of the range of your guns. I recall the gallant action taken by Wheaton's Battery when they had no infantry support and Sherman had lined the west bank of the river with a strong line of infantry, and yet after it had done brave service, there was nothing to do but to withdraw it. The firing of your guns was about the only resistance made to Sherman's advance on Columbia, except the reconnaissance above mentioned. Mr. Dodsens in his book where he says, "Thus fell the capital of South Carolina, every gun fired in its defense was fired by Wheeler's command and every soldier who fell in its defense belonged to Wheeler's brave command," must have drawn very extravagantly on his imagination.

FROM ONE WHO HELPED BURN THE LARGE BRIDGE

W. P. Lake writes from Vidalia, Ga.: "I was one of two from the Jeff Davis Legion detailed to burn the large bridge at Columbia, Dan Leahy was the other. I belonged to Butler's Division. I went rather far in the bridge and was nearly caught in the fire. If any of Wheeler's men were there, I did not see them. I got separated from my command and stayed in Columbia until the last soldier was gone. We halted about two miles out and gave them a few rounds. I think Wheeler's men left sometime before dark."

## FROM SURVIVORS OF WHEATON'S BATTERY

We, the undersigned survivors of Wheaton's Battery, Butler's Division of Cavalry, C. S. A., hereby corroborate the statements made by Comrade Clement Saussy in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of June, 1909, pages 267, 268, as regards the shelling of Sherman's army February 16 and 17, 1865, by Wheaton's Battery, for we were there, and that Corporal O'Byrne and Privates Tearney and Lovell and fifteen battery horses were wounded by Yankee sharpshooters stationed on the west bank of the Congaree River, just across from the city of Columbia, on the morning of February 17, 1865. A. T. GRAY, First Sergeant, F. A. GARDEN, Second Sergeant, A. W. HARMON, HARRY S. DREESE.

[Other reports on this subject will be of interest.]

## TUNNELS TO RELEASE PRISONERS BY J. W. MINNICH.

An account of "Tunneling Out of Prison" in the VETERAN, page 114, recalls to mind the many tunnels, successful and the reverse, dug in Rock Island. Scarcely any barrack on either side was without a tunnel, yet only forty five prisoners all told escaped. Sometime during the summer of 1864 it became whispered in the camp that a tunnel was in process of completion under Barrack No. on the south side, and that it would be finished the same night and that any who might feel disposed to seek freedom by the underground route were welcome to make the trial.

But for once the boring engineers failed either in properly estimating the difficulties to be overcome or the distance still remaining to be burrowed through, and it was not until daylight at least, too light to permit of evading the sentries on the wall overhead. So the attempt for that night must be deferred, hoping that the very small hole outside the fence would not be discovered and that the succeeding night would enable them to make full use of the "underground." Vain hope. Sometime during the day a bluecoat, nosing about no doubt for the very purpose of detecting "rat holes" by the fence, put his foot in it, the thin crust giving way under his weight. He of course reported the "rat hole," and the matter was kept quiet and a trap set to catch the Rebs. But word had come to us inside to keep away from it, and so our friends outside had their watching for their pains. Not a "rat" showed himself to be caught. That was one of the few tunnels not "given away" from the inside. But it had some comicalities attached.

After discussing the possibilities of success with "Uncle" Jim Ford, who took small stock in the venture, I went out about eleven o'clock on a voyage of discovery, crossed the avenue, and was surprised at the number who were waiting in the deep shadows between the barracks for the signal to tell them the exodus had begun. But what was more surprising was the "get up" of some of the would be absconders. Some came just as they stood in their clothes, while others were rigged out in various degrees of "heavy marching order." One had about all his camp equipage slung to him blanket, saucepan, tin cup, and all. How they expected to get through the tunnel and make their way through a hostile country in full regalia is more than any one can figure out. It was grotesque, to say the least. Next day it was learned that more than a hundred, more or less equipped for a long march, were waiting to make the venture. But the most surprising part of it

was that, with such publicity on the inside, not an inkling of the project had reached the guards outside.

We had more than a plenty of spies within the inclosure, as was proven by the fact that many attempts to tunnel out were revealed to the guards and punishment in various forms was meted out to the offending tunnelers. Another case on the north side I recall. There the diggers got but a few feet beyond the "dead line" when they found their progress barred by a ledge of rock which rose almost to the surface.

In some way the news was conveyed outside, and the diggers were rounded up (there were three of them) and were made to do a "pas de marche" for nearly a half day in a broiling heat under the cloudless midday sun on the side of the barrack next to the fence, and the sentries were given orders to shoot any of them who for a moment failed to "mark time." If any one wishes to know how that feels, let him walk on the same ten square inches of ground under a summer's sun with the mercury at ninety degrees for four to five hours at a stretch without the solace of a drink of water. There is relaxation in the swinging stride of the march, even though it is fatiguing in the long run. But "marking time" is quite a difficult proposition. No man can stand it for a day at a time unless he is iron, and the fare we were then enjoying ( ? ) was not conducive to continued efforts.

But the "spotter" in this adventure was in turn "spotted," and only prompt action on the part of the officers saved him from stretching a rope made of the inner bark of cottonwood. He was taken out, and I never saw him again. He had never been seen conferring with the guards in daytime, but I had seen him conversing in a low tone with an officer at night near a tree on the main avenue. I came upon the pair suddenly from the rear on my way to my barrack, and they were both plainly startled. I was then firmly convinced that the fellow was a spotter, and from that day he was "trailed" and his guilt established thoroughly.

An incident worth recording was at Jay's Mill September 19, the first day of Chickamauga, when the 1st Infantry came into action through the open field just south of the mill and within two hundred yards of the left of Davidsor.'s hard pressed brigade. I stood almost alone at the extreme left on our line and saw those men walk into that death trap in the woods, and saw the double line of blue rise seventy five yards in their front and pour into their ranks a volley which tumbled them one on the other by the hundreds before they had a chance to fire a shot. A moment later I saw dozens of wounded make for the rear. Of these, one from the end of the line started down the road with his gun over his right shoulder and his left arm dangling useless at his side. I could not help noticing what long strides he made for a surgeon. When he reached a stump about two feet high by the roadside near the corner of the fence, he stopped, wheeled about, dropped to one knee behind the stump, laid his gun across the top, and, taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger. As the Federals were pretty close together directly in front of him, it is very probable his bullet found a billet not of wood. Rising to his feet, he threw his rifle over his shoulder again, and I lost sight of him behind the hill to the rear. I have often thought of what a satisfaction it was to him that he need not carry a loaded gun to the rear. I should like to meet him or at least have word of him if still living.

COL. ANGUS M'DONALD. BY R. D. BEALL.

On the 12th of June, 1864, it was my misfortune to become a prisoner of war, and one of the first prisoners I recognized as an addition to our crowd was Col. Angus W. McDonald, of Winchester, Va. He was colonel of Turner Ashby's command before it was brigaded, and at the time appeared to be about seventy years old.

At the breaking out of the war he was a lawyer in extensive practice and one of the most influential men in his section. His personal appearance was striking, being a man of heroic stature and every inch a soldier. Colonel McDonald had been sick and was getting out of the way of the advancing enemy, accompanied by his son Harry, a youth of scarcely fifteen years, when overtaken by a squad of Hunter's Cavalry between Lexington and Buchanan. Despite the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, Colonel McDonald and his son Harry made a brave resistance, and the former was shot in the hand before surrendering.

When I met him at Buchanan and introduced myself, Colonel McDonald had his wounded hand bandaged and in a sling, but despite his wound and his venerable years, he was uncomplaining, partook of the same fare that was dished out to us, and by his cheery words encouraged others who had become faint hearted under the depressing surroundings. Rations were scarce and inferior, and at best there was a long and exhausting march before us.

The next day we marched from Buchanan to the Peaks of Otter, Bedford County, Lynchburg being General Hunter's objective point. Colonel McDonald footed it all day, though there was an abundance of conveyances in which he might have ridden had the Federal train master so ordered. The following day was a repetition of the previous one, and we went into camp on Otter River, seventeen miles from Lynchburg. That night I found Colonel McDonald ailing considerably. He was greatly exhausted by the long march and suffering from his wound, but his spirit was as proud as ever.

The next morning bright and early a mounted staff officer rode into the prisoners' camp and ordered us to get ready to march to the rear. Then addressing himself to the venerable Colonel McDonald, this coward in the uniform of a soldier said: "You will go with us, you old scoundrell General Hunter has not decided what he will do with you whether he will shoot or hang you."

At this outburst Harry McDonald as brave and noble a boy as ever lived advanced a step and begged to be permitted to go with his father, urging his request on the ground that his father was aged and sick and wounded and needed his ministrations. But the Federal officer was obdurate, seeing which, Harry commenced shedding tears. At this point Colonel McDonald addressed Harry in a fatherly but firm tone, saying: "Harry, my son, do not shed a tear, but if necessary shed your blood in defense of your country."

That scene I shall not forget as long as memory performs its office. The Roman firmness of the old Colonel vexed the Federal officer, and he ordered the guard to march him off. But here Colonel McDonald's superb courage again asserted itself, and he said not one foot would he march, that he was foot sore and exhausted. Then the order was given to assist him to march by an application of the point of the bayonet, whereupon the old Confederate hero threw open his vest, exposed his bosom, and exclaimed: "You may shoot and kill me, but you cannot make me march. Now do your worst!" The Federal officer quailed under this superb exhibition of Scotch

courage, and he relented to the extent of ordering up "the roughest wagon in the train," into which the guard was directed to throw what he termed "the old scoundrel," but who was in fact one of the bravest of the brave, a Confederate colonel, and one of the most high toned and respected gentlemen in the State, in whose defense he had enlisted.

I never ascertained fully the reasons for this inhuman treatment, but heard it intimated that one of the members of General Hunter's staff claimed that his father had been unkindly treated by Colonel McDonald while the latter was in command on the northern border of Virginia in the winter of 1861-62. But if such was the reason, I am sure it had no foundation in fact, for while Colonel McDonald was a man of soldierly instincts and bearing, he was a gentleman of genial and kindly feelings, and I know that he was never intentionally harsh or unkind to any one whom the fortunes of war placed in his power.

I never saw Colonel McDonald after parting with him that morning on the Otter River. When Hunter was hurled back from Lynchburg by Jubal Early's veterans, he struck for the Kanawha Valley, taking Colonel McDonald with him, I heard afterwards that this venerable gentleman was subjected to great hardships and cruelties on the march and afterwards in the Federal prisons, and this is partially borne out by a letter received from his son, Capt. William N. McDonald, who resides in Berryville, Va., who writes: "My father died in Richmond a few weeks (not more than four and possibly less) after his return from prison, the cruel treatment of the Federals being the main cause."

The Confederate prisoners left the Otter River in charge of the 161st and 162d Ohio Regiments under command of Colonel Putnam. On the first day of the backward movement Harry McDonald told me that he intended to make his escape if possible, and while making a night march over a mountain in Greenbrier County he succeeded in doing so.

The guards on the lower side of the road were not more than four feet apart, when the cry of "Halt! Halt!" rang out, and glancing back a few feet, I saw Harry's blanket and canteen flying through the air, while he was going down the mountain side at a rate of speed which would have done no discredit to a fast horse, and he disappeared in the darkness.

## LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION OF AMNESTY

Whereas in and by the Constitution of the United States it is provided that the President shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States, and whereas a rebellion now exists whereby the loyal State governments of several States have for a long time been subverted, and many persons have committed and are now guilty of treason against the United States, and whereas with reference to said rebellion and treason laws have been enacted by Congress declaring forfeiture and confiscation of property and liberation of slaves all upon terms and conditions therein stated, and also declaring that the President was thereby authorized at any time thereafter by proclamation to extend to persons who may have participated in the present rebellion in any State or part thereof pardon and amnesty with such exceptions and at such times and on such conditions as he may deem expedient for the public welfare, and whereas the conditional declaration for limited and conditional pardon accords with well established judicial exposition of the pardoning power, and whereas with reference to said rebellion the President of the United States has issued several proclamations with regard to the liberation of slaves: and whereas it is now desired by some persons heretofore engaged in said rebellion to

resume their allegiance to the United States and to reinaugurate loyal State governments within and for their respective States:

Therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known to all persons who have directly or by implication participated in the existing rebellion, except as hereinafter excepted, that a full pardon is hereby granted to them and each of them, with restoration of all rights of property except as to slaves and in property cases where the rights of third parties who shall have intervened, and upon the condition that every such person shall take and subscribe an oath and thenceforward keep and maintain said oath inviolate, and which oath shall be registered for permanent preservation and shall be of the tenor and effect of the following to wit: "I do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States thereunder, and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all acts of Congress passed during the existing rebellion with reference to slaves, so long and so far as not repealed, modified, or held void by Congress or by decision of the Supreme Court, and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all proclamations of the President made during the existing rebellion having reference to slaves, so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court. So help me God."

The persons excepted from the benefits of the foregoing provisions are all who are or shall have been civil or diplomatic officers or agents of the so called Confederate government, all who have left judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion, all who are or shall have been military or naval officers of said Confederate government above the rank of colonel in the army or of lieutenant in the navy, all who left seats in the United States Congress to aid the rebellion, all who resigned their commission in the army or navy of the United States and afterwards aided the rebellion, and all who have engaged in any way in maltreating colored persons or white persons in charge of such otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war and which persons may be found in the United States service as soldiers, seamen, or in any other capacity.

And I do further proclaim, declare, and make known that whenever in any of the States of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, and North Carolina a number of persons not less than one tenth in number of the vote cast in such State at the presidential election of the year of our Lord 1860, each having taken the oath aforesaid and not having since violated it and being a qualified voter by the election law of the State existing immediately before the so called act of secession and excluding all others, shall establish a State government which shall be republican and in no wise contravening said oath, such shall be recognized as the true government of the State, and the State shall receive there under the benefit of the constitutional provision which declares that the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion and on application of the Legislature, or the executive when the Legislature cannot be convened, against domestic violence.

And I do further proclaim, declare, and make known that any provision which may be adopted by such State government in relation to the freed people of such State which shall recognize and declare their permanent freedom, provide for their education, and which may yet be consistent, as a laboring, landless, and homeless class, will not be objected to by the national executive. And it is suggested as not improper that in constructing a loyal State government in any State the name of the State, the boundary, the subdivisions, the Constitution, and the general code of laws as before the rebellion be maintained, subject only to the modifications made necessary by the

conditions hereinbefore stated and such others if any not contravening the said conditions and which may be deemed expedient by those framing the new State government.

To avoid misunderstanding, it may be proper to say that this proclamation, so far as it relates to State governments, has no reference to the States wherein loyal State governments have all the while been maintained.

And for the same reason it may be proper to further say that whether members of Congress from any State shall be admitted to their seats constitutionally rests exclusively with the respective Houses, and not to any extent with the executive. And still further, that this proclamation is intended to present to the people of the State wherein the national authority has been suspended and the loyal State governments have been subverted a mode by which the national authority and the loyal State governments may be reestablished within the said States or in any of them, and while the mode presented is the best the executive can suggest with his present impressions, it must not be understood that no other possible mode would be acceptable.

Given under my hand at the City of Washington, the eighth day of December, A.D. one thousand eight hundred and sixtythree, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty eighth.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

### PITIFUL TRAGEDY OF ALFRED LAWRENCE

A tender hearted woman of Belleview, Ky., sends the VETERAN a clipping cut from the Kentucky Post, hoping by giving it publication in this magazine that some help may be given a pitiful victim of one of life's tragedies in California. In 1907 and 1908 Alfred Lawrence lost in six months his sweetheart and six close relatives from death. The nervous shock was so great that he was carried to a hospital in Rock Springs, Wyo. He went in a young man of about thirtyfive years, he left it fifty years old in appearance and with his memory gone, he had forgotten even his name and home. His hair is snow white, and his sea blue eyes are vacant of all thought, only the strains of "Dixie" can arouse him, and he will say that he used to live there, and mutter of a house with colonial pillars and his mother, who he knows is waiting for him. He plays the piano, and when not engaged with his music he paints strange, weird creations in water colors, he loves the flowers and birds. Mr. and Mrs. Hall, managers of a hotel in San Diego, Cal., have taken, in the pitiful waif and are trying to find his friends. If any reader of the VETERAN can help trace his relatives, these good people would be very grateful.

Camp "Tige" Anderson, of Atlanta, Ga., recently elected officers, making N. T. Gann Commander and Joseph S. Alford Adjutant, S. Z. Dyer, G. H. Edge, A. C. Bearden, Lieutenants, M. J. Brysock, Treasurer, T. C. Parker, Commissary, Dr. C. R. King, Surgeon, J. M. Bosworth, Assistant Surgeon, J. W. Pearce, Color Bearer, J. D. Binion, Sergeant at Arms, Rev. J. W. Black, Chaplain, J. W. King, Historian.

## DUMFRIES ON THE POTOMAC SPRING OF 1861

BY FRED D. OSBORNE, DUMFRIES, VA.

There is perhaps no place in all the Southland better calculated to bring out from a rapidly fading past pathetic memories of the early days of our war with the North than Dumfries. It is now a straggling village of one hundred and fifty or two hundred inhabitants, with no aggressive business ambitions, but it was once an active competitor with Richmond for the seat of government of the commonwealth of Virginia. While four or five miles from the Potomac, its commerce had attracted the attention of some of the shrewdest men of the country, and it promised to be the center of a prosperous trade. The men who came to push the town to the front and make it a worthy competitor of other bustling places were of that same sturdy blood of the Washingtons and Lees. The pride of ancestry still lingers there a distinct civilization.

In the spring of '61, at the very beginning of our national conflict, the Confederate authorities undertook to scatter the transports which were piling up great quantities of military stores at the national capital. The 2d and 3d Virginia, Hay's Louisiana Regiments, and the Washington Artillery were sent to the Potomac. Four siege guns carrying the largest missiles, thought to be adequate for any emergency that might arise even with United States gunboats, constituted the equipment. Though at that time but few knew it, Dumfries was the objective point, and upon the approach of the Confederate army the town of Dumfries, which had been asleep for fifty years, was stirred with new life. A frenzied zeal animated everybody. The old men flocked to the military encampments with their wise counsels, the old mothers came with repairs for the damaged uniforms, and the patriotic maidens made haste to welcome the defenders of Southern homes. Contrary to expectation, the garrison had to be encamped and the heavy guns mounted some four miles from Dumfries near the Quantico road and in close proximity to the Potomac River. Then the location of buoys in the river and the establishment of flag stations on the Maryland side where the public highways reached the riparian border line was attended to. This especially dangerous duty was intrusted to three daring, accomplished Confederates viz., Billy Mead, of Alabama, with his joyous laugh and bright, sparkling eyes, ever ready to do the commands of his superior officer, De Lahousey, of Louisiana, a stanch Creole, with a university education, stalwart in physical make up, frank and pleasing in manner, and Henry Dillard, a levee engineer, who had served on the Mississippi River, a true Virginian. He was a man of unusual culture and sterling habits, reared at Lynchburg, Va., and educated at the University of Virginia.

Day after day new buoys were placed and the flag stations were renewed. By some occult agency these flags would disappear during the night. The cause of these removals was a mystery. The three soldiers engaged in map making, distance calculations, projectile courses, and flag stations treated the nightly interference on the Maryland side with indifference, and they appeared delighted in their work. But there was something in the manner of the three soldiers together, including their long delays across the river, that aroused a suspicion among their comrades. Investigation was made, and it was discovered that Idlewild, a lordly estate, with its open doors of hospitality, a cultured family with three rosy cheeked maidens of rare accomplishments, was at the bottom of all this mystery. At the head of the Idlewild manor was Dr. B., a Vermonter, who had been attracted to the South by a salubrious climate and the blandishments of a rich widow. Night after night the parlors at Idlewild rang with merry laughter, and often during the day the clatter of horses' hoofs roused the wood nymphs along silent bridle paths as the patriotic girls with their Confederate troubadours came in from some tour of inspection.

In the midst of these unalloyed pleasures the boys in gray found out that a squad of Northern cavalry was making reconnaissance's in the vicinity of Idlewild, and was often entertained there by the old Doctor and the eldest daughter of the household. An Ohio major, young and captivating in manner, as loyal to the refinements of society as to his flag, had rudely ingratiated himself into the good will of the family, and so an impending catastrophe appeared imminent. The threatened peril which the Confederates "sniffed in the breeze" developed that a plot had been made to capture the Rebels. The scheme was concocted by the Vermont financier, the Federal major, and the elder girl.

This disloyal girl, either pricked by the consciousness of hypocrisy or from a sense of duty to her mother and younger sisters, revealed the plot just before its execution, and of course it was immediately conveyed to Confederate headquarters. To the surprise of the household, which was in the secret, Dillard, Mead, and De Lahousey made their appearance at Dr. B.'s, as previously agreed upon, and before any conference could be held the Ohio major and twelve soldiers clad in blue adroitly entered the parlor and surprised the boys from the Confederate garrison. Everything for a moment was confusion, but in another moment a company of Confederate soldiers stealthily entered and took charge. Of course it was a counterplot arranged at Confederate headquarters.

Soon the forces there were ordered to Manassas Junction. The belligerent atmosphere about the garrison and Dumfries had vanished and the prisoners were turned loose. How and for what special reason this was done was never explained, and there is but one man, if he is living, who could open the secret and tell why such an unusual proceeding resulted. Of all that evidence of defiance to Federal aggression but one gun remains, and there it is to this day in its rust and ruins.

As the beauty of a narrative is frequently in the sequel, the reader will want to know what became of all these characters. The old Doctor and his lovely wife, the idol of Confederates, sleep in the St. John Episcopal Cemetery, in the vicinity of Idlewild. The girls moved to congenial environments at Washington City during the war and there took upon themselves matronly responsibilities. The Federal major was killed at Manassas. Mead passed over the river at Harper's Ferry, and his truest friend wrote in his epitaph: "The brave never die." De Lahousey became a Parisian, and Dillard became a civil engineer in the land of the Montezurnas, but finally became a cattle man in West Texas, where perhaps he is still living and spending the twilight of an eventful but beautiful life among the lowing herds.

**RETURN OF A SWORD DESIRED.** During the seventies Dr. James Addison Nash resided in Jefferson, Tex., for about four years. He went to Jefferson from Mississippi. While living in Jefferson some one took from his residence a sword presented to him by Company K, 5th Mississippi Infantry. Dr. Nash was captain of that company. His name was engraved on the sword. His relatives are anxious to find this sword and if possible have it returned to their address. [Inquiry by P. A. Blakey, Mount Vernon, Tex.]

## HOW JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS SHACKLED.

Rev. J. W. Kaye, now the minister of one of the Episcopal Churches in Philadelphia, tells of his connection with the shackling of President Davis in words whose depth of feeling shows the hold the distinguished prisoner took upon the hearts of all who came in contact with him. Mr. Kaye says he also wants to show to the South exactly where the blame lies for one of the greatest indignities ever perpetrated on a military prisoner. Held under the terms Mr. Davis was, he should have been protected and not have been handcuffed and chained.

Mr. Kaye was lieutenant in the 157th Pennsylvania Volunteers, which command had charge of President Davis during his incarceration at Fortress Monroe, and he was present when the manacles were placed on the great Southerner.

Mr. Kaye said: "I never would speak of my connection with the matter except that I want to keep history straight and to exonerate General Miles from the charge that Southern people have made against him that he was to blame for the indignity that was heaped upon the leader of the Southern Confederacy. General Miles had no more to do with the putting of irons on Jefferson Davis than I did, and I was nothing but a lieutenant. Charles W. Dana, who was Assistant Secretary of War under Stanton, came to Fortress Monroe and examined the prison and the way Mr. Davis was kept. On his return to Washington General Miles received orders to put irons on the distinguished prisoner, and there was nothing he could do but obey, as any soldier should. I had charge of the detail that went to Mr. Davis's cell to put the irons on him. Mr. Davis knew that not a man in that party was acting from his own desire. He resisted strongly, and cried out that he would rather die than submit. Mr. Davis was thrown on his back on his cot in his cell and the blacksmith welded the irons on his hands and on his ankles, and not till this was done did he break down. He threw himself on his bed and cried like a baby and begged some one to give him a gun to shoot himself. There was not a man in that detail who would not have gladly given his life to save Mr. Davis from the great indignity to which he had been subjected. The irons were kept on Mr. Davis only a few days, and after that he was allowed to receive gifts, and shortly afterwards his wife was allowed to see him. We all knew it was a mistake to put irons on Mr. Davis, but there was nothing else to do but to obey orders."

Mr. Kaye told a touching story of something that occurred during Mr. Davis's imprisonment that was well illustrative of his great and tender heart and his consideration for others: "It was my duty to take Mr. Davis on his daily walks around the fort. One night late Mr. Davis was very restless and unable to sleep, and he and I went for a walk around the fortress. It was my custom to rattle my sword as loudly as possible so as not to catch a sentry asleep at his post, but this night even my rattling sword did not serve to arouse a man whom we found asleep fully ten feet from his gun. The man sprang to his feet and saluted, and as we passed on Mr. Davis said that the war was over and enough blood had been shed, and that if the man was reported most possibly he would lose his life, and as a great favor to him he would beg me not to report the sentry, to forget that I had seen him. Of course I knew that I should have reported him, but I could not find it in my heart to do so after Mr. Davis's earnest appeal. I always wished I could tell this story to his children, for it showed so well the great and tender heart of the man and that courteous consideration for others that was his marked characteristic and which never left him even in prison."

## TO A DRUMMER BOY

BY R. W. GRIZZARD, LOUISVILLE, KY.

The robins nest in fair Cave Hill  
And gentle zephyrs blow  
Where sleep both braves of blue and gray  
Soldiers of long ago,  
The slabs are white, the sunshine's bright,  
The turf is light and green  
Nobler sires nor braver soldiers  
The world has never seen.  
Hard by Louisville's gay, bustling streets,  
Where grim Death bears his own,  
Where dwell the dead in their long sleep,  
The Reaper has his throne,  
And there upon a cloudless day  
I paused beside a tomb  
To dwell in thought on life and death  
In that lone place of gloom.  
Many deep wrought inscriptions there  
On serried grave stones gleamed,  
But of them all none held my eye  
Nor to my fancy seemed  
So fraught with love's tender tribute,  
So tense with woe to come,  
As that which simply told but this:  
Boy, we miss thee at home.  
Long years have flown since he went forth  
To live a soldier's life,  
The stone that marks his resting place  
Tells he fell in the strife.  
Gone now the friends who vigils kept  
Where his young feet did roam,  
But biding through all the years this  
Boy, we miss thee at home.

A GAMBLER AT CARDS IN DALTON, GA.  
BY S. R. WATKINS.

A thrilling event occurred during our stay in winter quarters at Dalton, Ga. Having to keep indoors much of the time, the boys got to playing cards poker and chuck a luck. A few men would read their Bibles and hymn books, but not many.

One day a regular "blackleg" came into camp prepared to clean up everybody who would gamble. He first fleeced the officers, next the sergeants and corporals, and then got what money that class of privates had. The man was about thirty five years old. He had mild blue eyes, was of fair skin and freckled. He looked like an honest fellow, but he seemed to have the best of "luck." He soon became popular and played for large stakes.

At these places when the gambling was going on Tom Tuck and Jim Morton supplied the whisky desired. One day "blackleg" tackled old Tom Tuck. On being seated at the gaming table old Tom pulled out his Bowie knife and put it on one corner of the table and his pistol, already cocked, on the other corner. "Look here," said he to the professional gambler, "you have been getting everybody's money, and I have been watching you, and I am satisfied that you have been cheating, but I'll tell you now that if I catch you cheating me I'll put my Bowie knife between your ribs as sure as h ." "Certainly," said the gambler, "I will play a fair, honest game." "Well, deal the cards," said old Tom.

They began playing. One would win or lose large sums and then the other. I watched the game, and would frequently see both hands. Sometimes I would see the professional when he had four aces throw up his hand and not bet, as if he had no hand. I became very much interested and excited. Old Tom was my friend, and I was going to stand to him. Occasionally the gambler would call for treats of whisky and was very liberal with his money. After a while the "luck" began to run all to the gambler. I heard old Tom say:

Well, here goes my last dollar, I'm busted." And that gambler raked in the stakes.

I quickly grabbed up the deck of cards and, running them through my hands, saw that they were marked. The gambler sprang to his feet from the table, when I said: "Hold, these cards are marked." "Where?" said old Tom. "Look there on the left hand corner."

Old Tom grabbed up the cards and said with an oath: "I see the marks, and I told you if I caught you cheating what I would do. Now I am going to keep my word." He took his knife in one hand and his pistol in the other, and the gambler broke for the door, with old Tom right after him. They made a terrible racket. They were soon on the streets, and I heard two pistol shots in quick succession, then a shriek of mortal agony. I approached and saw old Tom bending over the prostrate form of the gambler. Soon he and I went off in the darkness.

The Chattanooga Rebel, then published in Dalton by Henry Watterson (now of the Courier Journal), had a notice of a man found dead with his throat cut and two pistol holes in his body. He was found lying dead near the depot the next morning. Many old soldiers now living remember the dead man found near the depot in Dalton.

## WHERE A GENERAL IS BURIED

Gen. John Dunavant, who was killed at Vaughan Road, Va., is buried in the family burying ground three miles northeast of Chester, S. C. General Dunavant was a native of Chester.

## BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG RETALIATORY.

An interesting contribution to war literature is an account of the burning of Chambersburg, Pa., by a Baltimore lawyer who was present at the destruction of the town as a member of the 1st Maryland Cavalry. For twenty five years this narrative has been tucked away in archives, and now appears in a Baltimore paper. It is a letter to Mr. Ephraim Hiteshew, of Chambersburg, Pa., and is a reply to some reminiscences compiled by a Mr. Hoke, of Chambersburg. The letter tells of the destruction.

Fielder C. Slingluff, of Baltimore, wrote on August 1, 1884, to Mr. Hiteshew at Chambersburg, Pa.:

My Dear Sir:

I have received the papers sent me by you containing Mr. Hoke's reminiscences of the burning of Chambersburg and have carefully read them. At your request I give you my recollection of the events which immediately preceded and followed that occurrence. I write from the standpoint of the private soldier, having had no knowledge of the reasons which dictated official orders at the time, nor had my associates. We simply obeyed orders.

Mr. Hoke's articles are as temperate as possible from one whose house was burned by an enemy and, as he thinks, without justification. It is true he calls us 'villains' occasionally, and says we seemed accustomed to the business from the expert way in which we proceeded to the task. I will not quarrel with him for this, but will take a look at these villains to see who they were then and what they are now. I had just left college when I joined the Confederate army. When we went to Chambersburg, I belonged to the 1st Maryland Cavalry. This regiment was composed of the very first young men of our State. If they were not guided by the strongest instincts of principle in going into the Southern army and staying there, they were certainly a very peculiar set of young men, for there was anything but pleasure and comfort in our lives. We were generally hungry, slept winter and summer in the open air on the ground, got no pay that we could buy with, were scantily clad, and were apt to be killed in battle. I believe the unbiased man must say this was patriotism, although he can if he wishes reconcile his conscience by calling it 'misguided' patriotism. And you may be surprised to know that these young 'villains' have generally developed into good citizens and successful men. Go where you will through our State, and you will find them respected and at the head of the communities in which they live. In business I can name you a dozen of the leading houses in this city whose members were with Johnston and McCausland. The bar throughout the State is full of them, and they are in many cases among the leaders of their circuits. They are doctors in good standing in their profession, and many of the most thrifty farmers in this State, whose fine farms attest devotion to duty and to home, especially in such counties as Howard and Montgomery, were also present on that occasion. In addition to our regiment, there were five or six other regiments in the brigade, most of them from Southwest Virginia and the Valley of Virginia. The men who composed these regiments

were the substantial citizens of their respective counties, and would compare favorably with the like number selected from any agricultural community in our country.

Now you would like to know if the men whom I have described justified the burning of your town in their individual capacity irrespective of the orders from headquarters under which they acted. I must say to you frankly that they did, and I never heard one dissenting voice. And why did we justify so harsh a measure? Simply because we had come to the conclusion that it was time for us to burn something in the enemy's country. In the campaign of the preceding year, when our whole army had passed through your richest section of country, where the peaceful homes and fruitful fields only made the contrast with what he had left the more significant, many a man whose home was in ruins chafed under the orders from General Lee, which forbade him to touch them, but the orders were obeyed, and we left the homes and fields as we found them, the ordinary wear and tear of an army of occupation alone excepted. We had so often before our eyes the reverse of this wherever your army swept through Virginia that we were thoroughly convinced of the justice of a stern retaliation.

It is no pleasure to me to have to recall the scenes of those days, nor do I do so in any spirit of vindictiveness, but I simply tell the truth in justification. We had followed Kilpatrick (I think it was) in his raid through Madison, Greene, and other counties, and had seen the cattle shot or hamstrung in the barnyards, the agricultural implements burned, the feather beds and clothing of the women and children cut in shreds in mere wantonness, farmhouse after farmhouse stripped of every particle of provisions, private carriages cut and broken up, and women in tears. I write of what I saw myself. We had seen a thousand ruined homes in dark, Jefferson, and Frederick Counties barns and houses burned and private property destroyed but we had no knowledge that this was done by 'official orders.' At last when the official order came openly from General Hunter and the burning was done thereunder, and when our orders of retaliation came, they met with the approbation, as I have said, of every man who crossed the Potomac to execute them.

Of course we had nothing personal against your pretty little town. It just so happened that it was the nearest and most accessible place of importance for us to get to. It was the unfortunate victim of circumstances. Had it been farther off and some other town nearer, that other town would have gone and Chambersburg would have been saved.

And now, having given you the feelings and motives which actuated us, permit me to give my views of how your people felt about the affair. I must be frank enough to say that I think the reason the tribute demanded of you was not paid was because you people had no idea that the Rebels would carry out their threat to burn, nor was this confidence shaken until the smoke and flames began to ascend. I know that this is directly in the teeth of Mr. Hoke's tribute to the patriotism of his fellow townsmen, that sooner than pay money to the Rebels they saw their homes laid in ashes, but he is himself a little illogical, for he gives greater condemnation to a cruel enemy for burning out a helpless people after they had shown to them that the banks had removed their deposits, and it was impossible for them to get the money demanded. Had your people believed that the town was actually in danger, I think they could have raised enough money to have avoided the catastrophe.

Why this confidence of security? It grew out of the position taken by your people during the war that we were Rebels, soon to be conquered, and that whatever cruelties were inflicted upon the homes of these Rebels were in the nature of penalties for rebellious conduct, and that such like acts would never dare to be attempted against loyal men. It was further strengthened by the fact

that when the whole of Lee's army was in your State no atrocities were committed. I saw this confidence, almost amounting to contempt, on our march to your town itself, when the negotiations preliminary to the fire were in progress. I happened with a comrade or two to get behind the command on the march to the town, and in passing through a village of some size (I think it was Mercersburg) the knots of men on the corners poked fun at our appearance and jeered us, and never seemed to consider that the men upon whom they expended their fun had pistols and sabers in their belts and might use them. The strange part of the matter to us was to see able bodied young men out of service a sight never seen in the South during the war. In Chambersburg itself it seemed impossible to convince your people that we were in earnest. They treated it as a joke or thought it was a mere threat to get the money, and showed their sense of security and incredulity in every act.

When the two brigades of Confederate cavalry marched to your town, the order came for certain regiments and portions of regiments to enter and burn it. Our regiment as a whole, according to the best of my recollection, was not sent in, but there were several detachments from it on different kinds of duty sent there, and I was with one of them. It was afterwards a source of congratulation to our men that they had not been detailed for the purpose, for although they regarded it as a proper measure of retaliation, they did not seek the unpleasant task. The men who actually applied the torch may be classed in three divisions: First, those whose own homes had been ravaged or destroyed or whose relations had suffered in that way. These men were anxious for the work to begin, and the spirit of revenge which actuated them made them apparently merciless. There were many such in the brigade. Second, the far larger portion who simply obeyed orders as soldiers and who saved what they could and to whose humanity and liberal construction of the orders given them no doubt you must be thankful for the portion of the city that was saved. Third, the men to be found in all armies who looked upon the occasion as an opportunity to plunder and who rejoiced in wanton destruction. This last element was, I am glad to say, small, but I have no doubt to those who unfortunately came in contact with them they were but types of the whole command.

As I had never seen the town before and did not know the names of your streets, I can give you no detailed account of the burning. After it began, it was quickly done. Men pleaded to have their houses saved, but the women acted in a much calmer manner after they understood the thing was inevitable, and in some cases excited our admiration by their courage and defiance. I saw a number of houses fired, but I saw no abuse of the citizens. Through the scenes of terror which your people passed I have read Mr. Hoke's annals in vain to find mention of an unarmed citizen injured or a woman insulted. Some of the men became inflamed with liquor, but I believe they were few. The most usual method of burning was to break the furniture into splinters, pile it in the middle of the floor, and then fire it. This was done in the beginning, but as the fire became general it was not necessary, as one house set fire to another. Most of the houses were vacant when fired, the occupants having fled.

When the command was given to retire, it was quickly done. One little incident which happened after we left the town will illustrate all I have said about the feeling which actuated many of our soldiers. I think it was two or three miles from town (it may have been more or less) that some of us halted for a few minutes for water and perhaps something to eat. A brick farmhouse with a porch was located on the road with a pump to the side of it. Not far off was what we called a Pennsylvania 'Dutch barn,' larger than the house.

It was full of the recently gathered harvest, and bore all the evidence of a plentiful yield to a good farmer. I hitched my horse to the lightning rod on the side of the barn next to the house, and was returning to get him when some one cried: 'Fire!' In an instant the barn was in flames. I had

hardly time to unhitch my horse. Some of our party demanded in angry tones of two troopers who came from the barn and mounted their horses what they meant by such uncalled for vandalism. The reply was, 'Why, d it, they burnt our barn,' and on they rode. \* \* \*

We recrossed the Potomac with some little opposition from an iron clad car in our front on the track of the B. & O. Railroad, which was struck by a ball fired by the Baltimore Light Artillery and immediately left. We also had quite a severe little fight in the Blue Ridge Mountains, near Cold Spring, on the advance, in which several from our regiment were killed and wounded, and in which a body of your cavalry showed great spirit and determination, but aside from this we had no fighting at all. Hoke says that when Averill came up to us in the Moorefield Valley and captured and scattered our command they charged us with the cry of 'Remember Chambersburg,' and cut us down without mercy. The fact is, we were down when he charged us. I will give you the plain, prosaic facts, of which I was an unfortunate witness and victim.

After we recrossed the Potomac, we marched to the Moorefield Valley to rest and recuperate after a severe campaign. There is no lovelier spot in all Virginia than this little mountain locked valley, and as it had escaped the desolation of war, it was the very spot for rest. Our regiment was camped nearest the river, and the company to which I belonged was nearest the river of all. My messmate and I had crossed the fence from the field in which the regiment was camped to make our bed in a soft green fence corner, so that I believe we were the nearest of the whole brigade to the enemy. We had camped quietly for a day or two, when in the middle of the night the order came to 'saddle up.' We were soon ready for a reported advance of the enemy, but after waiting an hour or two with no further orders the men gradually got under their blankets and went to sleep. Just at the break of day I felt a rude shock, which I supposed came from the careless tread of a comrade, and I made an angry remonstrance. This was followed by a kick which I thought came from a horse. I, furious, threw the blanket from over my head and found a couple of Averill's men with cocked pistols at my head, one of whom said: 'Get up, you Chambersburg burning!' I got up at once, and mildly intimated that I had nothing to do with the burning of Chambersburg, and considered it altogether wicked and unjustifiable.

As soon as I collected my thoughts I took in the situation. I saw the blue back column of Averill winding down the road and breaking off into the fields where our men slept. I saw them. to my utter humiliation and disgust, dashing in among the men and waking them up from their sleep. Some of our command who had heard the rush of the charge succeeded in mounting their horses and escaping. With such some shots were exchanged, but the greater part of our regiment was caught asleep and captured without firing a shot.

As soon as the comrade with whom I was sleeping (a cousin of mine) and I had given up our arms the usual and almost invariable compliments which pass on such occasions took place. I want them boots, said trooper No. 1. I had just gotten them in Hancock a day or so before, and as they were regular cavalry boots and worth, with us at least, \$150 to \$200 in Confederate money, it nearly broke my heart to part with them. But the occasion was pressing, and they were soon exchanged for a very sorry looking pair. My hat, which was also a recent Maryland acquisition, with a martial black plume, was appropriated by trooper No. 2. My pockets were carefully investigated, but that part of the raid was a complete failure. I had myself paid the same compliment to my guests when the situation was reversed,

And how was it that the burners of Chambersburg were thus ignominiously routed, scattered, and captured by a foe whom I have said they despised? The answer is a simple one. It was through the carelessness of our commanding officer, and was inexcusable. It happened in this way, and I am again in position to give the exact facts: When we camped in the little valley, a detail was called on for picket duty. That duty fell to the lot of Lieut. Samuel G. Bonn, of my company. No

truer man or more charming gentleman ever wore a saber. After the war he settled in Macon, Ga., became a prosperous merchant, and died some years ago. He went out on the picket post with about ten men some two or three miles from our camp. This was the only guard between Averill and our sleeping men, and it must be remembered that when this little band went on the outpost they were worn out with the fatigue of the nearly incessant marching for the four or five previous days and nights. So wearied were the men that after their first night's duty Lieutenant Bonn sent word back to camp and begged to be relieved, stating that his men were absolutely unfit for duty. I take it for granted this message was sent to headquarters, but whether it was or not, it was an unjustifiable piece of cruelty to keep those wearied men on duty. His appeal was unheeded. He told me after the surprise was over that the men on the outpost actually went to sleep upon their horses, and that in addition to all this no provision was made for their rations.

While in this condition just before the dawn of day they heard the welcome sound of what they supposed was the relief picket coming from our camp, and soon they welcomed twenty or thirty troopers in gray in their midst. Their rejoicing was short lived, for as their supposed friends surrounded them they quickly drew their revolvers, and in an instant our men were prisoners. To run down the outpost of two men was the work of a moment, and then there was nothing between Averill and the men who burned Chambersburg but a few moments of darkness and a couple of miles of dusty road. These men in gray were what in those days were known as 'Jesse Scouts.' They were familiar with the country, knew the little mountain roads, and had clothed themselves in the Confederate gray. They slipped in between our main body and the picket post and then played the part of the relief.

As we were captured, we were gathered together in a circle, and soon poor Bonn and his pickets were brought in looking unhappy and dejected. He felt keenly the responsibility of his position, but after his story was told no one ever attached any blame to him. About five hundred of our brigade were captured and taken to Camp Chase, Ohio, where for eight long, miserable, weary months we bewailed the day that Chambersburg was founded, builded, and burned."

## U. D. C. CHAPTER AT DENVER, COLO

There are many Southern women at Denver, Colo., some transient, some permanent, and these have organized the first U. D. C. Chapter of Colorado. Mrs. A. J. Emerson, formerly of Virginia, and Mrs. I. M. P. Ockenden, of Alabama, are the leading spirits in this movement.

## RARE CONFEDERATE RELICS

BY R. D. STEUART, STAFF OF BALTIMORE SUN

I am collecting data for an article on arms and equipment used in the Confederate armies, of which I have a large and interesting collection. Perhaps you or some of the VETERAN'S readers may be able to give me the desired information.

One of the gems of my collection is a revolver (forty four caliber) made on the Colt's model, so popular in both armies. It was used by Col. Henry Gilmor. On the barrel is stamped "Leech & Riccon, C. S. A." I understand that Leech & Riccon were a private firm working under government contract) but I have been unable to learn where their factory was.

Another interesting relic is a well made musket, sixty nine caliber. On the lock plate is "Dickson, Nelson & Co., C. S. Ala. 1865." The gun is brass mounted, as are most Southern made weapons,

but all the other metal parts, even the barrel, show a brassy grain. Brass was used because it was easier to manipulate, skilled mechanics being scarce in the Confederacy.

A sword in my collection bears on the bronze guard: "C. S. A." and "Nashville Plow Works." Can you tell me anything of its makers?

One of the largest private arms makers in the South was S. Sutherland, of Richmond. Sutherland also worked under government contract, most of his work consisting of repairing and remaking weapons from parts gathered from battlefields by ordinance officers. I have a fine specimen of his work in a pepper box pistol, the parts of which bear the names of the original makers, with "S. Sutherland, Richmond, Va.," on the barrels.

I also have a rifle lock made on the Enfield model which is stamped "Texas Rifle, Tyler, C. S." I know there was an arsenal at Tyler, Tex., but I have been unable to learn whether only the gun locks were made there or the entire gun made and assembled. I have never seen any of these locks mounted, and would like to know if a complete Tyler gun is preserved in any Southern museum or by any individual.

On a blockade runner captured near the close of the war were a lot of belts with lion head buckles which had been shipped from England. I have never met a Confederate soldier who saw any such belt plate in use in the Southern army, which leads me to believe that the lot captured was the only cargo sent to the South.

If you can give me any information relating to the relics I have mentioned, it will be very much appreciated by a subscriber to the VETERAN.

#### CORRECTIONS IN REGARD TO THE "MEN OF THE RANKS."

Rev. P. D. Stephenson, of Woodstock, Va., whose address at Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, begins on page 43 September issue, calls attention to two errors in the VETERAN'S report. One of them states that the ages as a rule were from eighteen to twenty five, not eighteen to twenty, and the other near the close should have been, "O let me sink into the preacher," instead of "breach."

#### A SILK HANDKERCHIEF WHAT IS ITS HISTORY?

Mrs. E. D. Potts writes from Lexington, Ky

Will some reader of the VETERAN give the history of a curious war relic that is supposed to have been made in South Carolina? It is a large white silk handkerchief, upon which there is in the center a picture of President Davis and around it pictures of Mason, Slidell, Admiral Semmes, and Gen. J. E. Johnston. Then in the corners there are pictures of Lee, Beauregard, Morgan, and Jackson. There are engravings of cotton plants on the four sides, each picture is in a wreath, each wreath being different from the others. One of these handkerchiefs was displayed lately at the meeting of the Lexington (Ky.) Chapter, U. D. C., for the purpose of learning its history and negotiating its conversion into money for the family possessing it. It was shown by a Miss Potts, whose uncle was a Confederate soldier and with whose effects it was found. Another

of these handkerchiefs is in the possession of Mr. C. F. Gardner, of Rhode Island, who received it in Florida during the war upon the occasion of an exchange of prisoners.

## MEN DISMISSED FROM CONFEDERATE HOMES IN TEXAS AND ARKANSAS

It seems that admissions have been made to Confederate Homes in Austin and Little Rock of men who were not entitled by the law to their benefits. Report from Austin September 11 states.

"It was announced to day by J. H. Holmes, State Pension Commissioner, that he will drop from the Confederate pension rolls of the State all pensioners who took the oath of allegiance to the United States following General Grant's proclamation of amnesty. Similar action will be taken as to the inmates of the State Confederate Home." From Little Rock on the same date it was announced that the Board of Trustees of the Arkansas State Ex Confederate Home had let out fourteen inmates for having accepted General Grant's offer of amnesty before the Civil War closed, and six others are on the list ready to go. Charles F. Martin, Secretary of the Board, in explaining said: We have sent to Washington and secured copies of the amnesty rolls. We found the names of the men who have left our Confederate Home upon these rolls and gave them permission to withdraw after having an opportunity to show their papers and failing.

## FLORIDA, MY FLORIDA

[Written for the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the Florida Division, assembled in fourteenth annual Convention in St. Augustine, Fla., and dedicated to them by Sister Esther Carlotta, Historian Florida Division, who was elected President to succeed Mrs. Loulie Hayes Lawrence.]

The sunlight sparkles on thy shore,  
Florida, my Florida,  
And falls thy dimpling waters o'er,  
Florida, my Florida.  
It brightens many a lowly bed  
With pall of brilliant blossoms spread  
Where slumber our heroic dead,  
Florida, my Florida.  
Thy towering palms keep watchful ward,  
Florida, my Florida,  
When soldiers sleep beneath thy sward,  
Florida, my Florida.  
Thy restless pines a requiem sigh,  
Thy soft, sweet winds go whispering by,  
And birds low sing thy lullaby,  
Florida, my Florida.  
Thy daughters' hearts beat high with pride,  
Florida, my Florida,  
For glorious sires who proudly died,  
Florida, my Florida.  
On shaft and shield each holy name

The homage of thy sons shall claim,  
And memory guard immortal fame,  
Florida, my Florida.

## AN EVENING WITH A "COPPERHEAD"

BY MAJ. BEN C. TRUMAN

One day in 1862 President Lincoln sent word to Andrew Johnson, then military Governor of Tennessee, that Clement L. Vallandigham, the noted Copperhead of Ohio, would be sent into the Confederate lines via Nashville, and requested the military Governor to attend to his further transportation after his arrival at the Tennessee capital. And it devolved upon me to escort Mr. Vallandigham through the lines, partly because it would have been my duty to do so and because I desired to do so, knowing the parents or other relatives of many of the Tennessee boys at the front. I had been kind to everybody in Nashville who was not too terribly "secesh," and expected therefore to be properly treated at the Rebel line. Besides, the fathers of Generals Maney and Rains, commanding Rebel brigades, Mrs. James K. Polk and Mrs. Aaron V. Brown, of Nashville, and Mrs. Carter, of Franklin, had provided me with letters to Forrest, Morgan, and Breckinridge, to be used in case of emergency.

There were several pikes running south, so upon the arrival of the distinguished Copperhead I asked the Governor which way I should take him.

Just as near to the smallpox hospital as you can, answered Johnson ferociously. "But," he added, "not near enough to endanger your escort." "When shall we take him?"

This very night, confound him. We don't want him here in Nashville, the Rebels would lionize him. Take him to old Riddleburger's and give him some Robertson County whisky and a good supper and then set him a going.

It was after dark when Mr. Vallandigham arrived. I shall never forget the impression he made upon me. I had pictured him as ugly, mean, lank, and generally repellent. I had a good deal of respect for the Rebels and their families, but a Copperhead! Ugh ! How we men at the front hated Copperheads ! And here was the rankest one of all. But my charge was as handsome as Col. Thomas A. Scott or Col. John W. Forney. He had a nose like a hawk, an eye like an eagle, and the handsomest teeth I had ever seen in a man's head. His voice was so resonant that it fascinated me. He addressed me as follows: "My young friend, what are you going to do with me?"

I am going to give you a good supper and then take you out on the Granny White Pike and turn you adrift in the South.

You are going to hand me over to the Rebels?

Such are my instructions. How far are the Rebels away?

Just a little distance. See their camp fires all around?

When at the restaurant I asked for Robertson County whisky, he said: "But, my dear young friend, I don't know what whisky is. I never drank any. When I started for college, my mother told me never to touch liquor, and I have never disobeyed my mother. In 1843 I wrote down some rules for myself as follows:

Always prefer my country and the whole country before any and all considerations of party, to harmonize the conflicting interests and sectional jealousies of the North and South, and always to support religion, morality, and the cause of education.

Great God I exclaimed, "I thought you were a Copperhead." I did not mean to say it disrespectfully, and he knew it, but he made no reply nor took offense at my exclamation. I gave him a good supper, and in an hour or so thereafter I delivered him into the safe keeping of Maj. Dick McCann, whose mother I knew in Nashville and who was indebted to me for many passes.

Vallandigham was the son of a preacher, but his habits were better than those of preachers' sons in the average. His morals were so pure for his youth and his life so exemplary that people wondered he was not a preacher. At college labor and thought were his amusements, and his only relaxation was to take long walks, thinking intensely. A good many Southern students were at his college provided with spending money and of spreeing habits, but he would not go with them. Strange that this man should have become the principal defender of the South in the North . At twenty five he was sent to the Ohio State Legislature as a Democrat. He had a set of rules to guide him in the Legislature, and, indeed, appeared to be a young man of hard, regular, cast iron pattern who regarded everything as if it were important. He seemed constantly afraid that he would be misinterpreted. His temperament was too much his guide. His first speech was in defense of common schools. His first client was a Quaker who had been cheated in a horse trade and who employed him before he was a member of the bar. The case came on at Salem in a carpenter shop. Vallandigham denounced the horse trader with such fury that the latter got up and threatened to whip him then and there, but was defied in kind and crawfished out of the controversy.

Strange as it may seem, the distinguished exile was not lionized or cared for in the South. Indeed, General Bragg suggested his departure, and so Vallandigham went to Canada. That country also had no use for him, so he took chances on returning home to Ohio, and as Copperheadism was on the downgrade, he was not deemed a further disturbing element. But the Ohio Democrats put him up for Governor in 1863, and Brough, the Union candidate, defeated him by 102,000 majority. Some years afterwards Vallandigham accidentally killed himself in court while attempting to show to the jury how his client had accidentally shot himself a few months before.

There were many strange characters brought to the front during our four years of civil war, and one of the strangest was Clement L. Vallandigham, the distinguished Copperhead of Ohio, who was exceedingly troublesome for nearly two years, or until absolutely squelched in the fall elections of 1863. [The Confederate soldiers in the army at the front entertained for Vallandigham the most profound esteem, and will not concur in what our entertaining correspondent writes as to his loss of esteem so far as they were concerned. EDITOR.]

#### AN ERROR CORRECTED

W. Marion .Seay, Adjutant of Garland Rhodes Camp, U. C. V., Lynchburg, Va., calls attention to an error in the advertisement for C. S. A. markers where an offer of a 6x10 foot battle flag was made to a purchaser of these markers. Comrade Seay says no such battle flag was ever used in the Confederacy, the flag used there being square. He says all the flags made by Northern manufacturers have this mistake, and advises some Southern firm to take up the matter, so that a correct flag can be obtained.

## WISHES TO FIND PICTURE OF FORMER GOVERNOR

Mr. William J. Cummins, 115 Broadway, New York, wishes to secure a picture of Hon. Joseph McMinn, who was the Quaker Governor of Tennessee from 1815 to 1821.

In the Southern Room of the Carnegie Trust Company they have all the Tennessee Governors except Governor McMinn. They will have the picture copied and will return original to its owners and pay for the privilege of using it.

## THE LAST ROLL

### **SIDNEY BORDER AND H. M. SANDERS**

A committee composed of R. M. Brown, J. W. Lackey, and J. V. Belton, acting for Buchel Camp, Wharton County, Tex., reports resolutions on the death of two members, both of whom served the Confederacy most loyally. **Sidney Border** was a member of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, and **M. H. Sanders** served through the war in Terry's Rangers.

### **CAPT. CONLEY T. LITCHFIELD**

From a tribute by a friend who followed him and shared the hardships and trials of the war period the following sketch of Captain Litchfield is given:

After many years of suffering from a wound received in the battle of Winchester, Va., Capt. Conley T. **Litchfield** died at his home, in Abingdon, Va., on August 6, 1909. He was the last commissioned officer of the Washington Mounted Rifles, a company of mountaineers from Washington County, Va., organized in April, 1861, and led into the service by Capt. William E. Jones, who gave up his life at Piedmont, Va., in June, 1864, as colonel of his regiment, the 1st Virginia Cavalry, to which he had been promoted in the fall of 1861.

Conley T. Litchfield was elected to the captaincy of his company in April, 1862, when reorganization took place, and remained in command to the end of the war. He was of a genial nature, a favorite with superior officers, and idolized by his men, with whom he was always ready to share whatever his store afforded. He was three times wounded during the four years, one of which caused him much suffering until his death. In the battle of Winchester he was struck in the face with a pistol ball just under the left eye, the ball lodging in the heavy muscles of the head, where it remained for thirty two years. During a paroxysm of suffering the ball was dislodged and dropped from his mouth, yet the trouble was not overcome, and the result was total blindness in his last months. Through it all, however, the cheerful, kindly spirit of early years was maintained. He died in his eightyfirst year and was laid to rest by his comrades at Abingdon. His casket was draped with the old battle flag of the 1st Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, brought home from the surrender by the young trooper, David Lowry, the flag bearer, who concealed the flag when captured.

Captain Litchfield was a son of George V. and Rachel Trigg Litchfield. A brother and two sisters are now left of the family, noted for its generous hospitality and charity.

### **MISS W. E. S. TISON**

After a severe illness of typhoid fever, Miss Willie E. S. Tison died at her home, in Baldwin, Miss., on July 17, 1909. In her passing the community lost a leader in good works and her family a solace and comfort. She was the eldest daughter of the late Col. W. H. H. Tison, and her characteristics followed closely those of her distinguished father. Her ideals were high, and her superior advantages in education enabled her to have the leading part in whatever she undertook. She was active in all matters pertaining to the Confederacy, and through her efforts the local Chapter was organized. She was an ardent Christian as well, and used her influence to the uplifting and betterment of humanity.

### **CAPT. P. H. LYON**

Capt. Pat H. Lyon, Commander of Camp Skid Harris, U. C. V., Canton, Ga., died at his home, at Ballground, in September. He was successor to Col. John D. Attaway, who was for many years the able Commander of this historic Camp. Its first Commander was Capt. Howard W. Newman, a Tennessean.

### **GEN. FRANK C. ARMSTRONG**

Gen. Frank C. Armstrong, of Philadelphia, Pa., was one of the most brilliant soldiers of his rank among the cavalry commanders of the Confederacy. "It was my good fortune to be in his brigade from August, 1862, to May, 1863," writes Mark W. Searcy, of Memphis. "During that time he captured Courtland, Ala., Iuka, Miss., and played a conspicuous part in the three days' fighting at Corinth and Hatchie's Bridge in October. He was with the Van Dorn raid on Holly Springs, and later in all the fighting in Middle Tennessee Spring Hill, Thompson Station, Franklin, and Brentwood. His movements on the field were an inspiration to his men, he was a perfect horseman, and in battle was a most fearless man. It was my fortune to see him in all these fights, and in my judgment we did not have a cavalry commander his superior. His splendid military education and superior courage as a soldier made his services indispensable to his ranking generals. He deserved to be honored with a major general's commission. He was a modest man, but had the courage of a lion. Peace to his ashes. I served in Company A, Sanders's Battalion.

DR. LEWIS BROYLES IRWIN.

After an illness of twelve days, Dr. Lewis B. Irwin, of Savannah, Tenn., died at his home on September 29, aged seventy five years and seven months. He leaves his widow (Mrs. Mary Bailey Irwin), two brothers (John Sevier and Capt. James W. Irwin), and four sisters (Miss Sue Irwin, Mrs. Hettie Irwin Hardin, Mrs. Edgar Cherry, and Mrs. D. A. Welch).

Dr. "Lute" Irwin, as he was familiarly known, was the oldest physician in his town, and had practiced medicine in Hardin County for about fifty years. His paternal ancestry was from Pennsylvania, his mother was Nancy Sevier, a grandniece of John Sevier and granddaughter of Col. Henry Conway, of Virginia.

In the spring of 1861 he and fourteen other impetuous young men, not waiting for the raising of a company in his own county, went to Columbia, Tenn., and joined Capt. George Campbell's company, which was assigned as Company G to Colonel Maney's 1st Tennessee Regiment. The regiment was ordered to Virginia, and during the winter of 1861 was in that arduous campaign in the mountains of West Virginia under the command of Gen. Robert E. Lee. At the reorganization of the regiment in Virginia Lute Irwin, although enlisted among strangers as a private, was elected captain of his company. In April, 1862, the regiment was transferred to Tennessee. Colonel Maney with five of his companies, including Capt. Lute Irwin's, arrived on the field of Shiloh in time to participate in the two days' gigantic struggle, April 6 and 7, in that memorable battle. The regiment was in the desperate battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, in Cheatham's Division. Captain Irwin entered this engagement with his company, which had been reduced to forty men, and only thirteen came out unhurt. Every officer in his company was either killed or wounded. Captain Irwin was severely wounded, and was left in charge of the surgeon with hundreds of other wounded to be surrendered to the enemy. Their bed was straw spread upon the ground in a lot inclosed with a rail fence, their covering the canopy of heaven, which constituted the field hospital.

After Dr. Irwin had recovered from his wound and was exchanged, he reported to his command, but being no longer fitted for further field service, he was assigned to post duty until the close of the war. Returning home after the war, he resumed the practice of his profession. His few surviving comrades and numerous friends and many families to whom he ministered in their affliction lament his taking off. His funeral was conducted in the Methodist church, of which he had long been a member, by the pastor, Rev. W. T. S. Cook, a large number of friends and relatives attending. His Masonic brethren in a short, beautiful ceremony participated in the service at the grave in Savannah Cemetery.

## JOHN J. FELPS.

John J. Felps, a Confederate veteran, Commander of J. 1. A. Barker Camp, No. 1555, U. C. V., died at his home, near Jacksonville, Tex., on September 1, 1909. He was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., December 11, 1841, and went with his parents to Cherokee County, Tex., in 1849.

He was mustered into the Confederate army as a member of Company C, 3d Texas Cavalry, in June, 1861, and was a valiant member of that gallant old regiment until the end, ever loved and trusted by his officers and comrades for his bravery and patriotism. He was in all the battles and hard marches engaged in by his regiment from Oak Hill, or Wilson's Creek, in Missouri, August 10, 1861, to the last fight in General Hood's retreat from Nashville, at Sugar Creek, except the time in which he was disabled by wounds. He was severely wounded and captured in the battle of Iuka, in September, 1862.

As a citizen after the war he was one of the best in his section of Texas, commanding the respect of all who knew him. A man of strong convictions, a loyal, consistent Democrat, he was frank and bold to advocate what he deemed to be right on all questions touching the interest and welfare of his fellow citizens of the community and the State in which he lived.

In 1865 he was married to Miss Amanda Ruth Kendrick, who preceded him some years to the beyond. He leaves four sons and four daughters. [Sketch sent by S. B. Barron, of Rusk, Tex.]

## HENRY C. EDMONDSON

Among the papers left by the late Henry C. Edmondson, who died at his home, near Brentwood, Tenn., was the following sketch of his military career: "I enlisted in April, 1862, in Dick McCann's squadron. We acted as scouts in Bragg's army till the fall of 1862, and then were scouts for Forrest until the battle of Murfreesboro. While in camp at Lavergne we were detached and put in the commissary department, under Major Bridgewater, of Martin's Division. After the battle of Murfreesboro we were pickets for four months for Bragg's army, during which time we had control of all the mills between Shelbyville and Columbia. A few days before Bragg fell back we were ordered to Columbia to recruit the command, and after a few days we were ordered to report at Tullahoma. The command advanced and left me in charge of the cattle with no orders. Leaving Columbia, I went to Fayetteville, and from there to New Market, and crossed the Tennessee River at Fort Deposit with one hundred and seventy five head of cattle. These I left and reported to my command at Chattanooga, which I found destitute of food and the cattle one hundred miles away. I went up on Lookout Mountain and found the finest lot of cattle we had during the war. The command left me at Bridgeport, and I returned for the cattle, taking them to Alexandria, Va., where they became diseased and all died. We had a hard time to feed the army at Alexandria. From there we went to Cartersville, Ga., for a few days until ordered to the front. We were in the battle of Chattanooga, after which we were ordered to Knoxville with Longstreet to capture Burnside, who, however, was reinforced, and made our way through the mountains to North Carolina and Virginia with Burnside in pursuit. Later from Cartersville, Ga., we became rear guard for Bragg's army back to Kennesaw Mountain. Major Bridgewater died while there, and Captain Bird took command. Then I was transferred to Hume's command, and

we were ordered to Mississippi, remaining but a short time, and were then ordered to report to Coffeerville to get out ticks from the Mississippi bottoms. Shortly afterwards the war closed. I was sent to Senatobia, and from there to Memphis, where I was paroled and given transportation home.

#### HENSON. G. H.

Henson was born in Rockingham County, N. C., in 1832, and died near Stantonville, Tenn., July 26, 1909. He enlisted in Company D, 20th Mississippi Infantry, and served faithfully throughout the war. He was a member of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of Shiloh Battlefield, Tenn., and a citizen esteemed by all who knew him. His Church membership extended over nearly fifty years.

#### JOHN R. WILLIAMS.

John R. Williams, who died at his home, in Mobile, Ala., on June 28, 1909, was a Scotchman by birth and went to Mobile as a young man. From that city he enlisted for the Confederacy as a member of the "Guarde Lafayette," organized in Mobile, and was assigned to the 12th Alabama Regiment and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. For conspicuous bravery he was made lieutenant of his company. He was in charge of the brigade sharpshooters, and always at the head of his men in their many perilous engagements. He served to the close at Appomattox.

Comrade Williams possessed unusual histrionic ability, and often used this talent for the benefit of charity, and in other ways as well he gave his time and money for the benefit of others. He was harbor master of Mobile for a number of years, discharging the trying duties of that office with wonderful ability. He was well known throughout the city, and "Jack Williams," as he was affectionately called, is sadly missed.

#### COL. MARCELLUS POINTER.

On July 10 at the old Atlantic Hotel in New York a man was found dead in one of its rooms, and investigation showed that he had died in great poverty. Beside him on a table was a package of letters which showed him to be Col. Marcellus Pointer, of Holly Springs, Miss., an honored member of the staff of Gen. Joe Wheeler. Several letters from General Wheeler showed the high personal esteem he gave Colonel Pointer and the respect he awarded him for his bravery and brilliant military career. In the pockets of the worn coat were found several pawn tickets. Among them and the latest in date was one for his Confederate cross for distinguished gallantry, showing that he clung to this cross to the very last, and only gave it up when driven by direst necessity. The U. C. V. Camp took the body in charge and gave it military burial.

## R. W. TRIBBLE

Camp N. B. Forrest, of Cedar Bluff, Miss., sends memorial to its late Adjutant, R. W. Tribble, who died on August 24, 1909. He was born in Lowndes County, Miss., in 1847. He served the Confederacy under General Forrest as a member of Capt. Bill Robinson's company, Colonel Duff's regiment, from January, 1864, to April, 1865, receiving an honorable parole at Gainesville, Ala. The community has sustained a distinct loss in his death. He was a consistent Christian and a devoted husband and father.

## RITCHIE

James Brown Ritchie was born in Marion County, Tenn., in 1830, and died in McMinnville, Tenn., in August, 1909. He began life as a blacksmith, devoting every spare moment to his education. Later he taught school in his native State. He served during the entire time of the war in the medical and quartermaster departments of the 16th Tennessee Regiment. Afterwards he engaged in business in McMinnville, where he had a large drug store. He was connected with the produce business, and was one of the organizers of the National Bank and the People's Bank of McMinnville. He was big hearted and generous, and helped many young men to attain a business footing. He leaves a wife and two children.

MITCHELL. John Mitchell, a leading farmer of the county, dropped dead on the streets of Roanoke, Va., September 17, 1909. He was a Confederate veteran aged seventy three.

## SERGT. H. C. CANTRELL.

H. C. Cantrell was born at Gallatin, Tenn., July 4, 1836, and died at Fort Worth, Tex., April 16, 1909. He was of a prominent family of Gallatin, and he and his three brothers, one of whom was his twin brother Charles, served the Confederacy with creditable records. In 1862 Comrade Cantrell assisted in organizing a company of Confederates at Canton, Miss., known as the Semmes Rifles, with Hugh Love as captain. In March of that year they reported to Gen. A. S. Johnston at Corinth and were assigned to the 9th Mississippi Regiment, becoming Company H. Shortly afterwards Cantrell was appointed ordnance sergeant of his regiment, in which position he served most creditably until the surrender under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Comrade Cantrell was a resident of Madison County, Miss., until after the war, when he returned to Tennessee for some years, then removed to Texas, settling in Tarrant County.

About five years ago he became a resident of Fort Worth. He was twice married, and leaves a wife, five sons, and four daughters. Faithful to duty in all things, his reward awaits him.

## LAST CALL TO S. C. WIGGINS

As the bugle call rang out for the veterans to fall in line for parade at the Reunion in Charlotte, S. C. Wiggins, a battle scarred warrior of Whiteville, started to leave the home of his son and join the line. As he did so he fell, and was dead before help reached him, He was sixty nine years old, and had served with distinction throughout the war.

## CHILDRRESS

Dr. W. A. Childress, one of the pioneers of Atlanta and a brave and faithful soldier of the Confederacy, died in Atlanta in October, 1909. He leaves a wife and three sons.

## FREDERICK H. HONOUR

Frederick H. Honour, sergeant Company A, Washington Light Infantry, 25th South Carolina Infantry, Hagood's Brigade, Hokes's Division, A. N. V., was a native of Charleston, S. C. In early manhood he became a member of the historic Washington Light Infantry, which was organized in 1803, with William Lowndes as captain, whose ranks furnished many officers and men in the several wars since its organization. In 1812 this command was ready for service, as it was in the Seminole War in Florida. It sent some of its best soldiers to the war with Mexico in the Palmetto Regiment. In the war for Southern independence three fully equipped companies were formed from its members Company A, Hampton Legion, and Companies A and B, 25th South Carolina Volunteers. One major general and two brigadiers were promoted from its ranks and many brave officers of field, line, and staff, and well they served the Confederacy. Four Honour brothers enlisted, and all bore prominent parts from Fort Sumter to the surrender of Averysboro, N. C.

Fred H. Honour rose to the grade of sergeant, and was true to every patriotic duty. The war over, he returned to civil life, and for about thirty years held a responsible position in the Clyde Steamship service. When the State troops were reorganized after the horrors of reconstruction had done their worst for the prostrate State of South Carolina, he again became an active member of the company, and bore in all parades the historic Eutaw flag of Col. William Washington's Revolutionary command, given by his widow to the keeping of the Washington Light Infantry. He was for forty years the treasurer, and three years ago he was presented by the company with a gold medal to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of his membership. Active in all organizations, he was a devoted member of Orange Lodge, No. 14, A. F. M., Treasurer of Camp Sumter, No. 250, U. C. V., and Treasurer and Vestryman of St. Paul's Church, Radecliffeboro, until his death.

Ready to meet his Maker, he died suddenly on August 7, 1909, and as the shades of a beautiful summer evening lowered and the songs of the mocking birds resounded through the deep vistas of live oaks and magnolias, the beautiful promise of resurrection from the dead was declared in the committal service, and with the drooping colors of the Eutaw battle flag and the Confederate colors of Camp Sumter draped and at rest taps, which had so often called this war worn soldier to rest, again sounded through the cloistered arches of the oaks in Magnolia Cemetery, a fit and solemn requiem over the true Confederate veteran, who will calmly rest with his kindred until

the last trump shall sound the reveille to summon him to the presence of his God, whom he served so well.

#### MAJ. MOSES WADELL McKNIGHT

Maj. Moses W. McKnight, a distinguished officer of Forrest's Cavalry, was born in Cannon County, Tenn., in June, 1833, and died in Waxahachie, Tex., in July, 1909. He was the son of Alexander McKnight and grandson of Moses Wadell, the founder and President of North Carolina University. He practiced law till the beginning of the war. Being of old Whig stock, he opposed secession, but said in the last Union speech made in Nashville before the secession of Tennessee that he would follow his State whatever she did and would fight for her to the end.

He enlisted as a private in Capt. T. M. Allison's company of the 1st Battalion and was elected sergeant major, and when his company reenlisted he was made captain, his company becoming C of the Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry, which was part of the brigade of General Bell. Leading his regiment as temporary commander in the battle of Okolona, Miss., he was shot in the breast, but did not leave the field. He was again wounded by having his head crushed by a chimney falling on him, the chimney being knocked down by a shell from the enemy. He had his leg shattered in the battle of Harrisburg, and was so disabled that he could not accept his promotion as colonel of his regiment.

#### CAPT. W. H. HARGROVE

Capt. W. H. Hargrove was born in Davidson County, N. C., in 1844. He enlisted in Knoxville, Tenn., as a private in Company H, 26th Tennessee, and was transferred to the 1st Georgia, Company K. He was elected second lieutenant, and served till the surrender. He was wounded twice at Chickamauga and once at Atlanta, and was paroled from prison in June, 1865. He assisted in laying out Chickamauga Park, and donated the ground on which stands the monument to the Tennessee cavalry. He died May 9, 1909.

#### EAST

Thomas J. East was born in 1843, and died at the Old Soldiers' Home in Tennessee in September, 1909. In 1861 he enlisted in Company C, 32d Tennessee Infantry. He was wounded and captured at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and held in prison at Camp Morton until his exchange in September of that year, when he rejoined his regiment. He was in many of the hottest battles of the war.

JOHNSON. George W. Johnson died at Locust Grove, Ga., in August, 1909, aged seventy one. The funeral was conducted by the pastor of the Baptist Church from Atlanta, and his pallbearers were selected from his comrades in service in the Civil War. He served with distinction in Cobb's Legion, Company C. He was twice a member of the Georgia Legislature. He leaves a wife and three children.

#### GEN. M. C. BUTLER

Gen. Mathew C. Butler, of Edgefield, S. C., was elected to the Legislature of his native State at the age of twenty three, at twenty five he left for the seat of war in Virginia as captain of the Edgefield Hussars. A year later he was made colonel of the 2d Carolina. At the head of this regiment he lost a leg at the fight at Brandy Station. As soon as he could ride he returned to the army and was made brigadier, and at the age of twenty seven he won his spurs as major general. He was at the head of the First Division, with Gen. Wade Hampton in command of the Second Division, which made the celebrated coup which prevented Sheridan from cutting off Lee's army from their supplies at Gordonsville and Charlottesville, and the purposed destruction of Lynchburg East was prevented by this division.

General Butler was in command of the division which attacked the camp of General Kilpatrick, surprised and put them to rout, and took a number of prisoners. After the war he did noble work through the dark days of reconstruction. He went as major general of the Second Army Corps to Cuba in the war with Spain. On the death of General Butler, in 1900, the Confederate Memorial Association of the District of Columbia passed the following resolution of great respect:

Resolved, That in the death of General Butler South Carolina has lost a devoted son, faithful in weal or woe, one chosen by nature for the courage which in whatever danger scorns to fly, that the societies of Confederate veterans have lost from their rolls a distinguished captain of their cause, and that the members of this Camp share the general sorrow for one so fitted to command in war or peace.

#### NEAL

Robert B. Neal was born in Choctaw County, Miss., in August, 1834, and died at the Tennessee Soldiers' Home in 1909. He enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, and served faithfully till May, 1865. He was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga. He was buried at the Home. He leaves three children.

#### REED

Monroe Reed was born in December, 1839, and died in September, 1909. He served in Company D, 1st Georgia. He was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga and captured in the battle of Nashville, and was held as a prisoner till the end of the war. He ever continued faithful to the cause he served.

## BILBO

Thomas Bilbo was born in Heard County, Ga., in 1822, and died August 5, 1909. He served throughout the war in Company B, 66th Georgia, and was imprisoned at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, and paroled at the surrender. He was a good soldier and a faithful citizen.

## COL. R. B. SNOWDEN

Robert Bogardus Snowden was born in New York in April, 1836, and died in the St. Charles Hotel, Atlantic City, in October, 1909.

The home of Gen. Robert Bogardus, the father of Robert Snowden's mother, was situated on Broadway, New York, on the site where the St. Nicholas was afterwards built, and it was here that Robert Snowden was born, who was legally a Tennessean, as his father was of that State. He was reared and educated in Tennessee till large enough to enter the Military Academy in Kentucky, where he was under that strict disciplinarian, Gen. Bushrod Johnson. He was in business in Nashville when the war began, and he at once enlisted, being made adjutant of the 1st Tennessee Regiment in 1861. In 1862 Gen. Bushrod Johnson made him assistant adjutant general of his brigade, and in 1863 he was made lieutenant colonel in the 25th Tennessee Regiment, in which he did valiant service, leading his regiment into the hottest of battles with dauntless courage. He made a brilliant record in the battle of Chickamauga, where by an expert maneuver he took a Yankee battery in the flank and captured it and its guard of a regiment of infantry. He was publicly complimented by his commanding general for this daring feat.

Colonel Snowden was with General Johnson in Virginia, and assisted in all the arduous service around Petersburg.

After the war he went into a very successful business venture in New York. In 1868 he married Miss Annie Brinkley, one of the richest heiresses in Tennessee. She was a granddaughter of Judge John Overton.

Colonel Snowden was very successful in all his business affairs, which he conducted on the strictest principles of honesty and carefulness to detail. At his death he was estimated to be worth from four to five million.

His home life was as successful as his financial career, and it was brightened by several children, who survive him. As a boy, young man, soldier, and business man Colonel Snowden amply filled every requirement, and his life was rounded out by his beautiful Christian death. His body was interred in Elmwood Cemetery, Memphis.

## MRS. SUSAN WINTER LYON

The sad and sudden death of Mrs. Susan Winter Lyon in Nashville, Tenn., on April 8, 1909, caused by fire, was a great shock to her family and to a wide circle of devoted friends.

She was the daughter of the late William Hooe Winter, of Grenada, Miss. Near this little city on one of her father's cotton plantations she was born, but was removed to Grenada in infancy and was reared there. She was descended from Virginia and Maryland colonial stock. Her father's mother was a daughter of Henry Washington, son of Baily Washington, and a brother of William Augustine Washington, renowned in the War of the Revolution, who was awarded a silver medal by Congress for gallantry in the battle of Cowpens as captain of troopers. He was later a brigadier general. Her paternal great grandfather Winter, of Maryland, was also captain in General Washington's army.

Her father, W. H. Winter, was a half cousin of Admiral Raphael Semmes, the mother of the Admiral being a half sister of Mr. Winter's father. Capt. Isaac Newton Brown, of the Confederate States navy, who built the ram Arkansas on the Yazoo River and, descending, wrought single handed great consternation in the Federal fleet at Vicksburg in 1863, was an own uncle of Mrs. Lyon. Her oldest brother (half brother), Col. Samuel B. Elliott, was a member of Gen. Joe Wheeler's staff, and his sister was the wife of Gen. Walter S. Statham, the first colonel of the famous 15th Mississippi Regiment. A younger brother joined Gen. N. B. Forrest when in his sixteenth year and faithfully served till the end of the war.

With this martial ancestry and militant home environment it was but natural that this spirited young girl, then in her early teens, should have been thoroughly imbued with the cotton belt sentiment of the sixties. She was therefore intensely Confederate in every aspect, and as long as she lived refused to be entirely "reconstructed."

In December, 1874, she was united in marriage to Dr. A. A. Lyon, of Columbus, Miss., later of Shreveport, La., and now of Nashville. To them five children were born, three sons and two daughters, all of whom survive the mother except the youngest, a daughter, who died early in 1906 in the eighteenth year of her age. Dr. Lyon, her husband, entered the Confederate service in the medical department in September, 1861, was a surgeon in the Army of Northern Virginia, and was with General Lee at the surrender at Appomattox.

Mrs. Lyon was a woman of rare refinement, of vigorous intellect, and great strength of character. She was a conscientious Christian, a close Bible student, an active Church worker, and a special friend of the poor. She was a faithful and devoted wife and a most watchful, painstaking, and self sacrificing mother. She was a member of the Bate Chapter, U. D. C., and of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville.

The untimely death of this good and useful woman is not only a grievous stroke to the bereaved husband and children, but a loss to the entire community in which she lived.

## JOHN B. REAGAN

John B. Reagan, a member of Ross Ector Camp, U. C. V., No. 513, of Rusk, Tex., and Superintendent of the Confederate Home at Austin, Tex., died at the home of his son, Dr. John H. Reagan, in Nacogdoches County, Tex., September 24, 1909.

He was buried in the City Cemetery at Rusk, Tex. He was born in Blount County, Tenn., on March 13, 1843, and came with his father, Richard B. Reagan, to Cherokee County, Tex., in 1855.

He was mustered into the Confederate army as a private in Company C, 3d Texas Cavalry, at Dallas, Tex., in June, 1861, in which command he served faithfully and gallantly, being in many hard battles until the surrender. The regiment served successively in the brigades of Gen. Ben McCullough, Gen. J. W. Whitfield, and Gen. L. S. Ross.

John B. Reagan was a nephew of Judge John H. Reagan, Postmaster General of the Confederate States. After the close of the war, the first public service in which he engaged was as deputy sheriff, and as such he collected the taxes of Cherokee County under his father, who was Sheriff and Tax Collector, after which he was elected Sheriff of his county, and served in that capacity altogether for fourteen years. He was the superintendent of the penitentiary at Rusk for four years during Governor Lanham's administration, and from the beginning of Governor Campbell's administration had been Superintendent of the Confederate Home at Austin, which office he held at the time of his death. He was married to Miss Mary Ann Dossett on October 27, 1868, and is survived by his wife and two sons, Dr. John H. and Forrest Reagan, both of Nacogdoches, Tex., and both worthy sons of a noble sire. [Sketch by James R. Gibson, of Rusk, Tex.]

### CONFEDERATE REUNION AT CLARKSVILLE.

The Association of Confederate Soldiers in Tennessee, Bivouacs and Camps, met in reunion at Clarksville October 13, several hundred being present. The city was handsomely decorated in honor of the event, and everything imaginable was done for their pleasure.

Reports were made by special Pension Examiner Capt. Frank Moss, giving the number of applications for pensions during the last year and the vacancies on the roll made by death. A most satisfactory report from the Old Soldiers' Home was also made. The election of officers followed: J. T. Williamson, Columbia, President, J. P. Hanner, Franklin, and Judge C. W. Tyler, Clarksville, Vice Presidents, J. P. Hickman, Nashville, Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. J. H. McNeilly, Nashville, Chaplain, J. B. Armstrong, Sergeant at Arms.

United States Senator James B. Frazier addressed them in the afternoon, and his speech contained many beautiful tributes to the noble dead who died in the cause thought gems for the casket of memory.

In the afternoon the Camps held their reunion, and the utmost harmony prevailed. After the business several able addresses were made. Gen. George W. Gordon, Commander of the Army of the Tennessee Department, U. C. V., and now a member of Congress, was a leading speaker. His expression of regret that the South failed in its contention during the sixties was approved most heartily. He declared that it was an outrage upon the South to assume that her statesmen and people would have failed to make proper advance in the civilization and elevation of mankind and that the slavery question and adjustment of sectional differences would not have been properly made.

Both days of the Reunion elaborate dinners were served to all present, and the last day of the meeting was marked by a large entertainment, the offering of the hospitable Daughters of the Confederacy in Clarksville.

#### KENTUCKY DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY IN CONVENTION

In October the Kentucky Division, U. D. C., assembled in convention in Hopkinsville, and in harmonious deliberation attended to the business of the body and elected officers for the ensuing year, the roster being: Mrs. L. M. Blakemore, President, Mrs. Andrew Broadus, Mrs. J. D. Sory, Mrs. James Koyer, Vice Presidents, Miss Mamie Geary, Recording Secretary, Mrs. Charles Meacham. Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Peter Thornton, Historian, Miss Lena Benton, Registrar, Mrs. Mattie Bruce Reynolds, Chaplain, Mrs. E. H. Marriott, Vice Chaplain, Mrs. W. N. Escott, Treasurer. The local chapter were hostesses, and gave delightful entertainment to the visitors. Louisville was chosen as the next place of meeting.

#### CONFEDERATE REUNION AT BRISTOL

Bristol, Tenn., in September was the jolly scene of a reunion between two hundred old veterans and their friends. They had several interesting addresses, much inspiring music, and such a dinner as was never pictured even in the dreams of these same men in war times. This is the fourteenth reunion of the local Camp, and the spirit of good comradeship seems to grow with every meeting.

#### TEXAS DIVISION U. D. C. TO MEET IN CONVENTION

The Texas Division, U. D. C., will meet for the fourteenth annual convention at Brownwood December 6.

#### ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1909.

#### Receipts

Junius Daniel Chapter, No. 600, U. D. C., Weldon, N. C., \$5. Mrs. Thomas S. Boccock, Director for Virginia, \$2. Contributed by Warren Rifles Chapter, No. 934, U. D. C., Front Royal, Va. Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$30. Contributed by Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., St. Joseph, Mo., \$5, M. A. E. McLure Chapter, No. 119, U. D. C., St. Louis, Mo., \$25. Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$5. Contributed by J. F. Fagan Chapter, No. 1209, U. D. C., Benton, Ark. Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$3, Contributed by Gen. William Loring Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, St. Augustine, Fla. Mrs. J. B. Roberdean, Chairman State Committee Texas Division, \$41. Contributed by Baylor College Chapter, No. 726, U. D. C., Belton, Tex., \$5, Carrie Hancock Chapter, No. 935, U. D. C., Oakwood, Tex., \$1, May West Chapter, No. 26, U. D. C., Waco, Tex., \$10, Emma Gray

Cobbs Chapter, No. 1062, U. D. C., Engleton, Tex., \$10, Navarro Chapter, No. 108, U. D. C., Corsicana, Tex., \$10, Mrs. Fannie Halbert, Corsicana, Tex., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoock, Director for Virginia, \$29.82. Contributed by Scottsville Chapter, No. 1167, U. D. C., Scottsville, Va., \$3.82, Kirkwood Otey Chapter, No. 10, U. D. C., Lynchburg, Va., \$25, sale of ribbons, \$1.

Brooksville Chapter, No. 71, U. D. C., Brooksville, Fla., \$5. Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Director for Tennessee, \$95. Contributed by Joe Wheeler Chapter, No. 1077, U. D. C., Stanton, Tenn., \$5, W. B. Bate Chapter, No. 245, U. D. C., Nashville, Tenn., \$10, M. C. McCorry Chapter, No. 5, U. D. C., Jackson, Tenn., \$10, Baker Lemon Chapter, No. 51, U. D. C., Covington, Tenn., \$5, R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Humboldt, Tenn., \$5, Sarah Law Chapter, No. 110, U. D. C., Memphis, Tenn., \$50, Ab Dinwiddie Chapter, No. 613, U. D. C., McKenzie, Tenn., \$10. Fincastle Chapter, No. 797, U. D. C., Fincastle, Va., \$5. Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$23. Contributed by Blackoak Chapter, No. 73, U. D. C., Pinopolis, S. C., \$1, Abbeville Chapter, No. 62, U. D. C., Abbeville, S. C., \$5, Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 29, U. D. C., Columbia, S. C., \$5, R. A. Waller Chapter, No. 687, U. D. C., Greenwood, S. C., \$5, Michael Brice Chapter, No. 1029, U. D. C., Blackstock, S. C., \$2, Pickens Chapter, No. 656, U. D. C., Pickens, S. C., \$5. Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoock, Director for Virginia, \$12. Contributed by W. R. Terry Chapter, No. 580, U. D. C" Bedford City, Va.

Mrs. Helen M. G. Paul, Acting Director for Minnesota, \$15. Contributed by R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1131, U. D. C., Minneapolis, Minn., \$5, Mrs. F. L. Burnett, Minneapolis, Minn., \$3.75, Mrs. C. L. Bouton, Minneapolis, Minn., \$1, Mrs. Robert Fitch, Minneapolis, Minn., \$3, discount from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, \$1.25, a Virginian, \$1.

Mrs. J. D. Roberdean, Chairman State Committee Texas Division, \$19. Contributed by Capt. E. S. Rugely Chapter, No. g42, U. D. C" Bay City, Tex., \$5, X. B. DeBray Chapter, No. 303, U. D. C., Lockhart, Tex., \$14.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$30. Contributed by Calvin Crozier Chapter, U. D. C., Newberry, S. C., \$25, Ellison Capers Chapter, No. 70, U. D. C., Florence, S. C., \$3, Mary Ann Buie Chapter, No. 61, U. D. C., Johnston, S. C., \$2.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$65. Contributed by Kansas City Chapter, No. 149, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo., \$25, Cape Girardeau Chapter, No. 629, U. D. C" Cape Girardeau, Mo., \$10, McDonald Chapter, No. 630, U. D. C., Sedalia, Mo., \$5, Mrs. E. D. Hornbrook, Kansas City, Mo., \$25. Mrs. Elijah Conklin, Director for Nebraska, \$1. Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoock, Director for Virginia, \$236. Contributed by Mary Custis Lee Chapter, No. 7, U. D. C., Alexandria, Va., \$30, Carolina Chapter, No. 166, U. D. C., Croxton, Va., \$5, sale of ribbons, \$2, Mrs. T. R. Hardaway, member State Committee, \$46, miscellaneous collections, \$53, Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, No. 41, U. D. C" Alexandria, Va" \$100.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$16. Contributed by Cheraw Chapter, No. 84, U. D. C., Cheraw, S. C., \$11, Lancaster Chapter, No. 462, U. D. C., Lancaster, S. C., \$2.50, John Braxton Chapter, No. 929, U. D. C., Winnsboro, S. C., \$2.50.

Mrs. I. W. Faison, Director for North Carolina, \$122.11. Contributed by Guilford Chapter, No. 301, U. D. C., Greensboro, N. C., \$1.41, J. L. Carr Chapter, No. 355, U. D. C., Durham, N. C., \$20, Albemarle Chapter, No. 1023, U. D. C., Albemarle, N. C., \$2.50, Faison Hicks Chapter, No. 539, U. D. C., Faison, N. C., \$5, W. A. Allen Chapter, No. 936, U. D. C., Kenansville, N. C., \$1, Hertford County Chapter, U. D. C., Winton, N. C., \$1, Anson County Chapter, No. 357, U. D. C., Wadesboro, N. C., \$1.09, Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte, N. C" \$6, Cleveland Guards Chapter, No. 443, U. D. C., Shelby, N. C., \$2, Mecklenburg Camp, U. C. V., Charlotte, N. C., \$25, Graham Chapter, No. 944, U. D. C., Graham, N. C" \$1, Jackson Chapter, No. 220, U. D. C.,

Charlotte, N. C., \$28 (collected by Miss Dixie Alexander, \$18, collected by Mrs. Burkheimer, \$10), J. B. Gordon Chapter, No. 211, U. D. C., WinstonSalem, N. C., \$25, Brierfield Chapter, U. D. C., Brierfield, N. C., \$1.11, Julia Jackson Children's Auxiliary, Charlotte, \$2.

Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville, Director for Georgia, \$170. Contributed by Rome Chapter, No. 28, U. D. C., Rome, Ga., \$10, Charlotte Carson Chapter, No. 1140, U. D. C., Tifton, Ga. \$5, Newnan Chapter, No. 599, U. D. C., Newnan, Ga., \$2.50, Ida Evans Eve Chapter, No. 137, U. D. C., Thomson, Ga. \$5, C. A. Evans Chapter, No. 138, U. D. C., Brunswick, Ga. \$1, Conyers Chapter, No. 760, U. D. C., Conyers, Ga., \$1, McIntosh County Chapter, No. 438, U. D. C., Darien, Ga., \$4, O. C. Horn Chapter, No. 282, U. D. C., Hawkinsville, Ga., \$2, Liberty County Chapter, No. 480, U. D. C., Hinesville, Ga., \$2, LaGrange Chapter, No. 121, U. D. C., LaGrange, Ga., \$1.50, R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1157, U. D. C., College Park, Ga" \$2, Mitchell Kidd, a Georgia grandson living in Alabama, \$1, Mrs. W. S. Coleman, Cedartown, Ga., \$5, Rosemont Chapter, No. 1147, U. D. C., Chauncey, Ga., \$1, C. D. Anderson Chapter, No. 658, U. D. C., Fort Valley, Ga. \$10, Henry County Chapter, No. 921, U. D. C., McDonough, Ga., \$2.50, Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, No. 980, U. D. C., Stockbridge, Ga., \$1, Statesboro Chapter, No. 100, U. D. C., Statesboro, Ga., \$1, Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 1026, U. D. C" Cuthbert, Ga., \$2, Vienna Chapter, No. 1097, U. D. C" Vienna, Ga. \$2.50, Phil Cook Chapter, No. 451, U. D. C., Montezuma, Ga. \$1, Savannah Chapter, No. 2, U. D. C., Savannah, Ga" \$10, R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Milledgeville, Ga., \$2, two veterans, Brunswick, Ga., \$1, Alice Beale Matthews Chapter, No. 576, U. D. C., Talbotton, Ga., \$1, John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 778, U. D. C., Louisville, Ga., \$2, Ladies' Memorial Association, Atlanta, Ga., \$10, Sarah E. Hornaday Chapter, No. 884, U. D. C., Ellaville, Ga., \$1, Newnan Chapter, No. 599, U. D. C., Newnan, Ga., \$2.50, Helen Plane Chapter, No. 711, U. D. C., Canton, Ga., \$10, Cordele Chapter, No. 7931 U. D. C., Cordele, Ga., \$5, Margaret Jones Chapter, No. 27, U. D. C., Waynesboro, Ga., \$5, Wayside Home Chapter, No. 1030, U. D. C., Millin, Ga., \$5, Laura Rutherford Chapter, No. 88, U. D. C., Athens, Ga., \$10, Pelham Chapter, U. D. C., Pelham, Ga., \$2.50, Agnes Lee Chapter, No. 434, U. D. C., Decatur, Ga., \$5, Atlanta Chapter, No. 18, U. D. C., Atlanta, Ga" \$25, Screven County Chapter, No. 1086, U. D. C., Sylvania, Ga., \$10.

Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$1. Contributed by Sister Esther Carlotta, St. Augustine, Fla.

Mrs. Chappell Cory, Director for Alabama, \$91.76. Contributed by Cradle of the Confederacy Chapter, No. 94, U. D. C. Montgomery, Ala., 12, Tuscumbia Chapter, No. 201, U. D. C., Tuscumbia, Ala., \$5, Tuskegee Chapter, No. 419, U. D. C., Tuskegee, Ala., \$2, R. E. Rhodes Chapter, No. 64, U. D. C., Tuscaloosa, Ala., \$5, Florence Chapter, No. 309, U. D. C., Florence, Ala. \$7.76, Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 894, U. D. C., Sheffield, Ala., \$25, James Canty Chapter, No. 548, U. D. C., Seale, Ala., \$2, William L. Yancey Chapter, No. 722, U. D. C., Birmingham, Ala., \$13, Dixie Chapter, No. 20, U. D. C" Montgomery, Ala \$20. Percy S. Edmunds, Washington, D. C. \$3. Mrs. Thomas Ashby Blythe, Director for Pennsylvania, \$50. Contributed by Philadelphia Chapter, No. 972, U. D. C., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Florence D. Johnston, Director for California, \$5. Contributed by Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 540, U. D. C., San Francisco, Cal.

Capt. John M. Hickey, Chairman Arlington Memorial Day (1909) Exercises, balance after payment of expenses, \$616.40. Balance on hand September 30, 1909, \$13,140.94. Expended nothing.

## CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS

Since publishing the lists of Confederate monuments in the October VETERAN several letters have been received giving information of additional ones. This was expected, and it is desired that all be reported. There should be a report of every monument erected to Confederates in existence. There is a monument at Port Gibson, Miss., one at Greenville (report of which awaits a photograph), and one at Clarksdale. All of these are handsome shafts, erected by the U. D. C. of the respective counties. Chester, S. C. has a sixty two foot granite shaft, surmounted by cannon balls, erected on the Public Square by the Chester Chapter, U. D. C. Cartersville, Ga has two handsome monuments, costing several thousand dollars. One was erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the other by the Ladies' Memorial Association before the U. D. C. was organized. Both are in the cemetery near Cassville. Cartersville has a new cemetery in which is located the monument to Maj. Charles H. Smith ("Bill Arp"). Tuskegee, Ala. has a monument to the Confederate dead, which was unveiled October 6, 1909, with appropriate ceremonies, including fine speeches, good music, and a luxurious dinner. Wadesboro, S. C., has a monument of stone, surmounted by a figure of the typical private soldier. The three thousand dollars for this monument was raised by general subscription.

The annual reunion of Co. G, 32d Tennessee Regiment, was held at Lewisburg, Tenn., with a number of this gallant band in attendance. An interesting program of exercises was observed.