

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

SEPTEMBER, 1909

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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.

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.

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

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VOL. XVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1909

No. 9 S.A.CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR

## OFFICIAL ABOUT THE DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION

Gen. William Mickle sends out from headquarters United Confederate Veterans General Orders No. 23 as follows:

There is not a member of our Federation who does not feel the keenest interest in any movement tending to honor the name of Jefferson Davis, our great leader and vicarious sufferer, and all will read with feelings of pride the following resolution unanimously adopted by the Convention held in the city of Memphis, Tenn., June 8, 9, and 10, 1909

Resolved, That this Association has heard with greatest pleasure of the effort to purchase and suitably mark the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, and hereby unreservedly approves the said movement and pledges it all possible support, and urges all who honor and appreciate the memories and glory of the Southland to contribute to this holy cause.'

The money needed to purchase the 'Davis Home Farm' has been advanced by one of the most liberal and public spirited of our leaders, but it should be the privilege and pleasure of each member of the order to make some contribution toward this purchase, so that each may have the satisfaction of feeling that in this matter he has done his full duty. The General commanding sincerely hopes that the responses may be liberal and prompt.

By command of Clement A. Evans, General Commanding

## VETERANS TO MEET IN DALLAS

Gen. W. L. Cabell issues an invitation from Dallas, Tex.

A number of our old comrades living in different States and territories of the Trans Mississippi Department report that they were unable to attend the great Reunion at Memphis, Tenn., this year, and are anxious to meet their old comrades once more. Therefore, I have requested the management of the great State Fair to designate a 'Confederate Day,' and they have kindly given us Tuesday, October 19, 1909.

Comrades of the Trans Mississippi Department, although the camp fires are now burning brightly, they will do so but a few years longer. Our old comrades unpaid soldiers of immortal principles are growing older and fewer each year. We should therefore meet as often as possible to renew old ties and old friendships formed when nothing was to be heard but the rattle of musketry and the thunder of cannon.

I therefore announce Tuesday, October 19, 1909, as Confederate Day, when our comrades from every State and Territory in the Trans Mississippi Department may attend and unite in a great love feast.

Sons of the Confederacy, sons of those grand and noble heroes, you are invited to be with us and to join us on that day in our love feast.

Daughters of the Confederacy, we extend you an invitation, for no Confederate gathering is complete without the noble women of the South who in our dark days were our strength and comfort, and to day are the angels of mercy, bringing help to the needy and the feeble.

Come on October 19, 1909, and unite with us and help us to make this the greatest day of the Fair.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commanding Division of Texas, is appointed grand marshal, and will have command that day. He will call to his assistance the Division, Brigade, and Camp Commanders throughout the Department. Then, my old comrades, come, and let us keep in touch with each other the few days left us here."

## NOTICE TO CHAPTERS U. D. C.

BY MRS. A. L. DOWDELL, OPELIKA, ALA., REC. SEC. GEN. U. D. C.

The sixteenth annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will be held in Houston, Tex., October 19 23, inclusive.

By the new constitution adopted at the last Convention in Atlanta the time of this meeting comes nearly one month earlier than usual. This change was made with a view to convenience for all. and a large Convention is wished for. It is hoped that all Chapters will recognize the importance of being represented by a duly elected representative or a proxy.

Our Corresponding Secretary General has mailed a circular of information and three credential blanks to the President of each Chapter, taking the usual precaution to have these reach the Chapters promptly. Your Recording Secretary has sent to the President of each Division copies of this circular and credential blank with the request that she have them published in the official organ of her Division and in two or three of the leading newspapers of her State, adding a note requesting the Chapters of her Division, in the event these credential blanks and circulars of information are not received, to secure them at once by applying to the Cor. Sec. Gen., Mrs. R. C. Cooley, 335 East Forsythe Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

It is important that these filled in and signed credential blanks be sent to your Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Dowdell, Opelika, Ala., or to the Chairman of the Credentials Committee, Mrs. William Christian, the Savoy, Houston, Tex., at least ten days before the Convention.

## THE MEN OF THE RANKS FROM AN ADDRESS AT HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY

In a strong, truthful, and beautiful address made at Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, sometime ago Rev. Dr. P. D. Stephenson with his subject, "The Men of the Ranks," gave some illustrations that ought to be remembered now and will be known by future historians. Dr. Stephenson averages the men of the ranks as between eighteen and twenty years. He refers to a book of war poetry with contributions largely from these "men of the ranks." He averages the men of the ranks as higher in educational lines than those of any other army that ever engaged in war. On the subject of morality and manly courage he said:

These 'men of the ranks' were as a rule upright men and manly men men actuated by the finer virtues of the heart. Of course army life with us, as everywhere, was demoralizing. It was a school of vice to many, it was the wreck and ruin of many. But I speak comparatively and I say that, compared with other armies of equal size, the moral tone of our army was exceptionally high. Thousands came out of Christian homes and retained their integrity, thousands became Christians in the army. Regular religious services, prayer meetings, protracted services, revivals were features of our army life. Stonewall Jackson attending his men's prayer meeting, Elijah Paxton, commander of the Stonewall Brigade at Chancellorsville, stepping aside to a private spot during a lull in the firing and drawing forth his Bible, then when the firing began anew springing to the front and meeting death at the head of his men these instances, friends, were not incongruities in the life of our armies. Nay, a moral tone existed and had power in restraining, correcting, elevating, transforming the men of our ranks.

These men were also manly men. I cannot dwell, but let me single out two traits only of these manly men viz., heroism and humanity! Fine blend those two traits make and found inseparable in your typical Confederate soldier.

Yes, I have heard of the saying, 'War is hell,' and of the author also. But it was not the creed nor in accord with the custom of the 'men of our ranks' Young Kirkland at Fredericksburg jumping over the breastworks strung around with canteens and braving the enemy's fire to go to their wounded and cool their parched tongues with water, Colonel Martin, of the 1st Arkansas Infantry, Cleburne's Division, jumping on the few logs behind which they had repelled repeated assaults of the foe on Kennesaw Ridge until many thousands of killed and wounded lay in the burning woods before him, and jumping up and waving a handkerchief to the enemy to stop firing, then shouting, 'Come on, boy's,' he led his men without guns down to their wounded enemies and carrying them to places of shelter, Private Sam Davis, of Tennessee, a monument to whom has just been unveiled at Nashville, Tenn., caught within the enemy's lines with plans of their fortifications and other incriminating papers upon him and going to the scaffold rather than expose the man who gave them to him, that seventeen year old Arkansas boy Dodd suffering death in a similar way and for a similar cause, Hiram T. Smith, that twenty three year old Missouri boy from Palmyra, who when told he must die in place of another man who was a husband and a father said he was ready and, going to a bucket of water, declared in his homely yet immortal words that he was 'as willing to die in such a cause as that as he was to drink a dipper of water when he was thirsty' such was the stuff of which the typical Confederate was made. Sir Philip Sidney stands out in English history glorious for all times as the paragon of mediaeval chivalry, but here are nature's noblemen from rustic Southern homes, and verily their excellency ! Yea, and there were hundreds like them! Where when the record is fully made, as it

will be surely made, where in all the annals of all time will you find so many illustrations of that rare blend of heroism and humanity that marked so generously and peculiarly the men of our ranks?'

These men of the ranks were soldierly men. True, not so as to dress! Ah, comrades, shall I set you forth before the people as you were in '65? The crown of your dingy old cotton felt hat had an ample hole at the top through which a tuft of hair waved gently to the breeze, and its limp rim generally flapped down along your cheeks, your gray jacket was dirty, brown, and ragged, likewise your trousers which were also burned or worn to frazzles, your shoes were often minus, and instead thereof your feet were wrapped in rags! Ah, I see you now! And ought not you to be ashamed of yourself? No! O no, my comrade! A man's a man for all that! And you were men those days, and you have been men ever since

So, too, as to drill and discipline! Alas! those three 'd's,' drill, dress, and discipline, they were not our strong points! Nevertheless, we were not a mob! We had enough drill and discipline for battle purposes, and I make bold to declare that not a single battle of any great importance was lost through the fault of the 'men of the ranks,' Missionary Ridge not excepted ! But what were the positive and distinctive traits that made the 'men of our ranks' 'soldierly men ?

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But, above all, the men of our ranks had the soldier's Chiefest trait of courage. The courage of the typical Confederate was peculiar. It was not dependent on discipline, on numbers, on success. It was personal and independent and individually self reliant. See them at Gettysburg charging up great heights and breaking through the heavy breastworks held by equal numbers, see them at Franklin, 17,000 infantry, charging across that mile wide level plain on works held by almost double their number and holding the outside until the enemy fled in the early morning! But Confederate courage was not mere dash, like the French, it was the bulldog English, also for defense. It was as good for one as for the other, it was French and English both.

Two great, impressive facts attest the peculiar quality of Confederate courage: The vast territory they defended. The map of the Confederacy shows that its northern border line was an irregular crescent, its horns pointing upward, the eastern horn being practically Virginia, the western, Missouri! Those two horns were a thousand miles and more apart. 'The thin gray line' had to stretch itself from point to point and along the dip of the crescent in the center. As we look upon it now, that four years of defense seems incredible. The center crumbled, but the two horns never crumbled. Those two horns glowed with the white heat of unconquerable resistance to the last! Virginia had three times as many conflicts on her soil as any other State, and her far separated daughter, Missouri, with the exception of Tennessee, comes next to her. Men of Virginia, allow a little boasting from a stranger Missourian born of Virginia parents, not for himself, but for the little known record of his native State. One organized company of Missourians fought on Virginia soil in the battle of New Market. They lost sixty out of sixty five men killed and wounded. This is a well authenticated fact. Missouri, abandoned early in the war by the Confederacy, maintained an army of her own to the last of from twelve thousand to twenty thousand men, and they never formally surrendered. Thousands of her sons fought elsewhere in almost every other battle of the war. I say these few things to show you that Missouri was no unworthy daughter of her mother. The men of the ranks there were worthy of the men of the ranks here in old Virginia. The other great and impressive fact about Confederate courage is that their huge and four fold foe was as much worn out as they were at the close. To illustrate, the Democratic platform in the North in 1864 during the war declared for a cessation of hostilities, and the campaign between George B. McClellan and President Lincoln for his second term was on that issue. A transfer of 250,000 votes would have given McClellan a majority of the popular vote, and that too despite the polls in many places being garrisoned by thousands of intimidating bayonets. Mark you, that was in November, 1864, and after Sherman had gone far on in his exterminating march to the sea. If the Army of Tennessee had not been removed from his front, who can tell the effect their continued and impending opposition would have had upon that vote? As it was, it shows well how tired the Northern people even then were of the war. My aim has been to show the typical Confederate soldiers as the men of the ranks. I deem it not too much to say that as soldiers they were in many respects unique and incomparable. The world probably will never see their like again, for the reason that, like their incomparable leader Lee, they were the product of a civilization that has passed away, they were the product of the 'Old South' civilization.

It remains now to show the 'place in history' of this unique and in some respects incomparable character. From a dozen sources the evidences increase that his place in history will be high and well assured. I can cite only a few, but they will all be significant and weighty facts.

There is a New North disposed to justice and magnanimity and to search dispassionately into Southern claims and Southern records as to the war of 1861-65. Says a Northern writer, Hamilton Mabie: 'A more radical reversal of opinion and feelings on many points than that which has taken place in the North during the last decade is hardly afforded in any other period or section.' A multiplicity of proofs bears out this strong assertion. The busts of Robert E. Lee and Commodore Maury are on the chief dishes of the silver service of the United States Battleship Virginia, and the bust of Jefferson Davis is on the chief pieces of the silver service recently presented the United States Battleship Mississippi. When the name of our President, Jefferson Davis, once chiseled off of Cabin John Bridge, is officially ordered to be restored, who can doubt that the name of the typical Confederate soldier will also be restored one day to its proper place in history?

The South is now rich and prosperous instead of a poor, despised, and prostrate South, as the decimating armies left it. Riches and prosperity, comrades, bring power. They bring much courting and caressing also, and doubt it not the South will wisely use her power and once more come into her own again. The great center of the earth's storehouse of wealth is the South. 'Think,' says the Manufacturers' Record, 'think of its coal area, three times as great nearly as the combined coal fields of Great Britain, Germany, and Pennsylvania, of its iron ore, far surpassing in quantity that which made the fortunes of Carnegie and Krupp, of its oil, promising to exceed in yield all that went to make the Rockefeller fortunes, of its sulphur phosphates, cement making material, copper, and other higher forms of minerals in like mammoth proportions.'

Comrades, was our record writ in water? Were all our sufferings, sacrifices, blood, and tears but in vain? Did those dear dead boys lying there in their dusty beds around that monument die in vain? Is this path of glory that leads out to their graves from your historic city is it to be grass grown in the coming years for want of feet to tread it? No! Ten thousand times no! The King will come into his own again. The uncrowned king, the typical Confederate soldier!

Suffer another line of thought. Explain it as we may, it is nevertheless an impressive fact that the struggle of the Southern soldier for self government in 1861-65 seemed, failure though it was, to be the signal for a wave of popular uprisings that for the half century since intervening has been sweeping over the world. True, in two instances the wheels of time seemed to reverse themselves. In this land it has been focusing more and more upon a centralized government of abnormal Federal power. And in England too we saw a few years ago a similar misuse of power to crush the gallant little free republic of the Boers for the sake of 'modern progress' and some diamond mines. But with these two exceptions the whole world tendency since our effort in 1861-65 has been toward free institutions. In 1870 France became a republic again, soon after Brazil became a republic, thereby making all South America solidly self governing. The various English colonies have since our war, while still tied to the mother country by an attenuated thread of allegiance, become every one of them practically self governing. In Europe every nation, although nominally a monarchy, has a constitution, and the people practically rule, as the conscientious autocrat, William of Germany, found out to his humiliation only the other day. Nay, at this very moment we hear the mutterings of popular uprisings, even though incredible to relate, even through all the petrified East. Russia, Persia, India, Turkey, and China are waking, moving, starting into life under the breezy visitations of the fresh air of freedom. Verily the living God of nations seems once more saying: 'Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these dead that they may live.' And they are living more and more.

Now all this vast and mighty movement toward freedom and self government dates in its new impetus from 1861-65. Nay, even in this land, where it for the moment seems under a partial reverse, there are signs of promise of its restoration in its purity. For what else is the meaning of the rise again of the agitation for State rights, an agitation limited to no party nor section and increasing more and more for the restoration, in other words, of that nice equilibrium of power between State and Federal government, the gift of our farseeing fathers and the only guarantee for the perpetuation as well as possession of self government?

Truly as this closing half century's history is written and great influences are traced to their true sources it may well be found that the typical Confederate soldier was one of the forces of the world.

I have now given some reasons for believing that the men of our ranks will some day come to their proper place in history. There is but one more. Bear with me, for it must not be left unspoken. We look to day upon a monument to the Confederate dead. For fifty years nearly we have been in mourning, and the keenest pang in all of our grief has been the thought that 'they died in vain.' But did they die in vain? Comrades, the days of our mourning are ended. Light is breaking. We see now that they did not die in vain. We see now how wise our women were. To whom are we indebted for this monument? And all through the South what see we? Monuments, monuments, monuments! And to our children's children and to the children's children of strangers from afar what will they teach, what will they stand for? They will stand for the men of our ranks, the soldiers of our Confederacy, that flaming four years' meteor whose blaze, though brief, has left in its wake a path of glory that will never fade away. And what will coming generations learn? They will learn of men who fought for constitutional liberty, who died that they might live in freedom's ways forever. To whom, I ask again, are we indebted for this hope? We are indebted to our women. Who was it that encouraged us, nerved us, revived us on to the battle's frowning front? Who was it that placed her hands on her fifteen year old boy's shoulders and dedicated him to liberty or death? Who was it that after the war, when our own hearts were ashes, with crushed but still unconquered spirits, organized into memorial associations to keep alive the memories and the honor due us and our fallen comrades? Who is it that gathers around us still, though all the world beside seems scarce so poor as to do us reverence? It is the woman of the South. In that monument to her that is coming I would have the design, like that of a monument in Baltimore, an angel, colossal, majestic, with spreading wings and countenance lit with lofty beauty, her right arm supporting the fainting form of a dying Confederate boy, her left raised high in the air bearing a wreath. Just below on the pedestal the words are 'Gloria Victis' 'glory to the vanquished!' For has not that been the woman of the South all through these years? But I would add words more. Still lower down let these words come:

'Faithful unto death

Yea, faithful after death

Faithful forever!'

Comrades, let us close up the ranks. The sun is setting.

Behold, the shadows lengthen!

O let me sink into the breach just a moment!

Dost thou believe on the Son of God?

Does any one ask, 'Who is He that I might believe?'

The answer is: 'Follow your leader, glorious Lee, and he will show thee!'

The march is long and dusty, and we are weary, the river is not far off.

Hear that voice of the long ago:

Come, let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.

Who will pilot you over? The One that Stonewall Jackson trusted.

He will pilot you safely through, and you shall 'rest under the shade of the trees.'

## THAT BLOODY ANGLE BATTLE

BY D. I. HENDRIX, CO. C, 1ST REGIMENT, S. C. V.

On May 12, 1864, at the Bloody Angle, Spotsylvania C. H., Va., was fought one of the great battles of the war. After the lapse of forty five years, we would scarce expect the few remaining private soldiers who took part in that sanguinary contest to agree as to all the details. Gen. E. M. Law in writing of this battle said: "The very mouth of hell seemed to have opened, and death was rioting in the sulphurous flames."

Comrade Robert Gambell, of Guntown, Miss., in the May VETERAN, page 225, interests the old veterans who took part in that fearful mix up. With his closing sentence, however, we do not all agree. Therein he states: "Honor to whom honor is due. It was Harris's Mississippi Brigade that recaptured those works and held them until four o'clock the next morning, when we were withdrawn."

Now we know those grand Mississippians were there, for we touched elbows with them, but there were others. And there was honor and glory enough achieved on that bloody field to give each participant a full share. We wish here to record that others besides Harris's Mississippi Brigade were conspicuous on that field and are equally entitled to honor.

Gen. E. M. Law, above quoted, after describing the capture of the works with Johnson's Division, states: "Three brigades from Hill's Corps were ordered up. Perrin's, the first to arrive, rushed forward through a fearful fire and recovered a part of the line on Gordon's left. General Perrin fell dead from his horse just as he reached the works. General Daniel had been killed, and Ramseur, though painfully wounded, remained in the trenches with the men. Rodes's right being still hard pressed, Harris's (Mississippi) and McGowan's (South Carolina) Brigades were ordered forward and rushed through the blinding storm into the works on Ramseur's right."

So there were others, and when Comrade Gambell refreshes his memory, he will be able to testify that McGowan's five regiments of South Carolinians and Harris's four regiments of Mississippians went into and came out of the Bloody Angle together.

As to the oak tree, the stump of which is preserved at Washington, my recollection is that it fell about midnight, which agrees with the official report of Gen. Samuel McGowan viz.: "To give some idea of the intensity of the fire, an oak tree twenty two inches in diameter which stood just in the rear of the right of the brigade was cut down by the constant scaling of musket balls and fell about twelve o'clock Thursday night, injuring by its fall several soldiers of the 1st South Carolina Regiment. \* \* \* The trenches on the right in the Bloody Angle ran with blood and had to be cleared of dead bodies more than once."

The 1st South Carolina Regiment was on the right of McGowan's Brigade and Company C on the right of the regiment during the fight

## OUR UNIVERSAL MEMORIAL DAY

BY MRS. W. J. BEHAN, PRES. C. S. M, A., NEW ORLEANS

The article entitled "Universal Memorial Day," page 392 August VETERAN, is most timely and should commend itself to all who desire to honor the memory of the beloved chieftain of the Southern Confederacy. What day could be more appropriate than June 3, the anniversary of his birth? June is the month of roses, which flower is known to have been Mr. Davis's favorite. In this connection I call attention to the fact that in 1895 at the Houston Convention, U. C. V., and the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., Col. John P. Hickman presented a resolution to the Committee on Resolutions which received the unanimous recommendation of the committee.

As time went on there was negligence in observing June 3 as universal Memorial Day. The subject was afterwards taken up by the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans. The resolution was adopted by the Confederated Southern Memorial Association at its Convention at Dallas, Tex., in 1902, and then presented by Gen. A. T. Watts, of Texas, to the U. C. V. Committee on Resolutions for approval and recommendation to the Convention. It was unanimously recommended by the committee, and General Order No. 287 was enacted which states:

The General commanding announces the adoption of the resolution which was passed at the Dallas Reunion on April 23, 1902, fixing June 3, the birthday of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States, as the universal Memorial Day throughout the South.

A resolution to fix the 3d of June, the anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, as Southern Memorial Day was adopted by the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association of New Orleans at a meeting held March 19, 1902, and the matter was presented to all the Camps through a circular letter. The adoption of the resolution was vigorously advocated by Mrs. W. J. Behan, the patriotic and splendid President of the Ladies' Confederated Southern Memorial Association of New Orleans and President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and also by her able associates.

### RESOLUTION ADOPTED AT THE DALLAS REUNION

In order that our children may be fully instructed in all that pertains to the rise and fall of the Confederate government and that the date of the birth of its only President may be indelibly impressed on their minds and hearts and generally observed with appropriate ceremonies, be it Resolved, That the United Confederate Veterans in Convention assembled at Dallas, Tex., do ratify and adopt the resolution as passed by the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association of New Orleans making June 3 the universal Memorial Day throughout the South, said resolution to go into effect on June 3, 1903.

The following amendment was offered by Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee: 'I move that the State of Georgia and any other State which so desires shall be exempt, and that the resolution so amended be adopted.

After further discussion the resolution as amended by Gen. S. D. Lee was almost unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

The order is signed by J. B. Gordon, General Commanding, and by George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Since 1902, three States have adopted June 3 as universal or Confederate Memorial Day viz., Louisiana, Tennessee, and Mississippi by legislative enactment through the efforts of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

Please keep the subject of Confederate Memorial Day before the minds of our people. It will make the day and the ceremonies more impressive and significant to know that in every other Southern State our people are engaged in the same holy task. In what way can we more beautifully observe the natal day of our martyr President than by making pilgrimages to the shrines where are laid to rest the men who followed their fearless and intrepid leader in the struggle for constitutional rights? What matters it if the flowers of spring have withered, has our sentiment died with them? No, our hearts are still beating with love and reverence. Duty calls us, and if flowers are not to be found, let us take evergreen, which, thanks to a bountiful nature, is always fresh and green. Let us take the evergreen and weave it into wreaths bound together with undying love. This work should be intrusted to the children of the Junior Memorial Associations, and let it be imparted to our school children as a lesson in patriotism. With the seniors leading the way, the children will follow and place these tributes with their own dear little hands upon the graves of our hero dead. The great historian Macaulay says: "A people which take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestry will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants."

Mr. Editor, do not let the matter drop, keep it alive. We know that by careful pruning a tree will grow, so will this movement become a law if brought constantly to the attention of all Confederate organizations.

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.

## ILLNESS OF MR. CUNNINGHAM

The lack of an editorial in this number of the VETERAN is due to the serious illness of the editor. Improvement in his condition is noted from day to day, and our readers may expect something from him in the next number.

### ERRATA

By an oversight a paragraph was omitted from the article, "History of Crosses," page 451, and as it is necessary to the coherency of the article in question, it is given here. The omission occurs between the next to the last and last paragraph in the first column: "Closely following the custom of the triumphant pageant came the period when military success was acknowledged by largesse of coin, accompanied by a jewel to be worn as a badge. Then the jeweled badge alone was used, and the custom once established was rapidly adopted by other countries and became the guerdon of reward for the most daring acts of gallantry."

### THE SONG OF "DIXIE"

Whenever and wherever a band strikes up "Dixie" in the South, applause follows, and it is not only in "de land ob cotton" that this occurs, but in Northern States the spontaneous applause comes to greet the ringing strains. Inquiry was made of the editor of the Cincinnati Times Star for a solution of this popularity, which has ceased to be sectional, and he replied:

Why is it that 'Dixie' when played by a band always gets more applause than anything else? There are several reasons. The snap and catchiness of the tune have much to do with it. The enthusiasm for 'Dixie' probably has in it something of a tribute, half unconscious, but still a tribute, to the gallant losing fight of the South during the Civil War. Fact or fiction has given the South an air of romance that appeals to the man in the street. One of our friends was mean enough to suggest that a Northern belief in the 'aristocracy' in the South has something to do with the popularity of 'Dixie.' When that tune is played, according to this pessimist, some people in the average Northern audience always applaud in the hope that the people next to them will be struck by the idea that in their veins runs the best blood of Virginia or the Carolinas.

Perhaps again the popularity of 'Dixie' in the North is in part a tribute from the vanishing Anglo Saxon of the Northern States to the still dominant Anglo Saxon of the South. There is no purer Anglo Saxon people in the world to day than the whites in the Southern States of the Union. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia was more purely Anglo Saxon than the army which Marlboro commanded at Blenheim, than Wellington's 'thin red line' at Waterloo, or than the troops which followed Roberts and Kitchener in South Africa. In the North and East the Anglo Saxon is being swallowed up in the rush of the newcomers from the Old World.

No American of the North objects to the popularity of 'Dixie.' The 'bloody shirt' long since lost its popularity north of the Ohio. 'Dixie' itself is an inspiring battle song. Its music is less impressive but more American than the music of The Star Spangled Banner or America. It has earned part of its popularity and the rest comes from causes to which no believer in the Union can make reasonable objection."

## LOST STATUE OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.

The Charleston News and Courier asks:

"What has become of the handsome marble statue of John C. Calhoun which was brought to Charleston from Italy in 1854 or 1855 and placed in the City Hall here?

The statue was very much admired by all who saw it, and has been practically forgotten, it appears, by all except a handful of people, none of whom know certainly its fate.

The statue was made in Rome by the American sculptor, Powers. It represented Calhoun standing wearing a Roman Senator's toga. In his left hand, which was uplifted, was a scroll representing 'Truth, Justice, and the Constitution,' the right hand of the figure was pointing toward the scroll. The cost, it is stated, was \$10,000.

The statue was shipped from Rome to New York. In transit the ship foundered. It is said one of the arms was broken just below the shoulder, and was repaired under the direction of Mr. Powers by a stonecutter named Walker.

One story has it that the statue was placed in the City Hall and remained there until the Civil War, that it was then packed and shipped to Columbia for safe keeping, that upon reaching Columbia the boxed statue was placed in the courthouse, but that when Columbia was burned the statue perished in the flames. There are other accounts given as to the fate of the statue, one of which is that it was taken from the Columbia courthouse by Northern soldiers and may still be in existence.

## MEMORIAL SERVICES TO MRS. HAYES

The Episcopal Churches of Colorado Springs held special memorial services on the Sunday after her death, July 25, in honor of Mrs. Hayes, whose many charities and noble assistance to people and strangers of her city made her much loved. The churches were beautifully decorated with quantities of white flowers and potted plants, the pew set aside for the family being also decorated. A beautiful memorial choral was sung by the choir, and the entire congregation united in her favorite hymns, "Art Thou Weary" and "Paradise." The pastor took for his theme "Home and Bedside Saints," and in his sermon told the story of the brave, bright spirit that met death with a smile.

## MISSISSIPPI CAMPS HONORED MRS. HAYES.

Maj. Gen. Robert Lowry, commanding the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., issued a general order for all Camps in that State to meet on July 25 and hold memorial services in honor of the dead daughter of the chieftain, President Davis.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT CULPEPER C. H., VA.

Mrs. T. G. Tate writes from Brandy Station, Va., that members of the Presbyterian Church at Culpeper C. H. are trying to procure from the government pay for damages to their church property during the war. She seeks information of survivors from either side who remember the church and can give any evidence on the subject. Such information might be of much help to that Church.

## ANNUAL REUNION OF TEXAS VETERANS

Mount Pleasant, Tex., had the pleasure of entertaining the great Texas Division of the United Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Veterans this year. The meeting was held July 29 and 30. The procession to the park was headed by the Cadet Corps under command of Dr. G. V. Ridley. Next in line was the Dudley W. Jones Camp, No. 121, of Mount Pleasant, about three hundred in number and in uniform. Following these veterans was a long procession of citizens on foot and in every imaginable kind of vehicle.

At the park Rev. N. A. Seale, Chaplain of the local Camp, made the opening address of welcome on behalf of the Camp and the citizens of the county. He said in part: "I assure the veterans that no place in Texas accorded them a more hearty and sincere welcome than Mount Pleasant, 'the metropolis of Northeast Texas.' You will find no prettier women on Texas soil. We have an ideal place in Dellwood Park. We have good taters and possums, but you are too early for them. Our big watermelons raised in this county will tempt your appetite. In inviting you to Mount Pleasant at the Wills Point Reunion last year I did so at the urgent request of our City Council, Commercial Club, and citizens in general. The keys to the homes of our city we turn over to you. Use them at your pleasure and make yourself at home. We are not here to discuss politics, but to mingle as one common people.

S. P. Pounders, Commander of the Sons of Mount Pleasant Camp, in welcoming the veterans in behalf of that organization, said: "I extend to you a most heartfelt and cordial welcome. Our doors are always open. We have no keys to our homes."

### REPORT OF THE HISTORIAN, JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS

[Addressing Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander of the Division, Judge Cummings made the following report.]

I have the honor to submit this my yearly report as Historian of the Division at this the eighteenth annual Reunion of the Division. The Legislature set August 3 as the time to vote on an amendment to the Constitution for authorizing the appropriation of funds sufficient to support the Woman's Home at Austin, which had been so generously donated by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The failure of this act to pass at the two previous sessions of the Legislature is attributable to the fact that the bill was unfortunately in company with some others not acceptable to the majority. The persistency with which the people demand that justice shall be done the helpless widows equally with the veterans in the Home argues that it will carry this time.

The report of Comrade John B. Reagan, in charge of the Home, to Adjutant General Col. W. T. Shaw gives the total number in the Home at three hundred and thirty seven and the deaths for six months in 1909 as eleven, or at the rate of six per cent. The general condition is good and the expenditures are within the appropriation.

The last Legislature aided materially the pension law in doing away with the pauper clause and in allowing a beneficiary to own not exceeding \$1,000 worth of property and an income not to exceed \$150 a year, also in advancing the marriage date of Confederate widows from March 1, 1866, to March 1, 1880. These two clauses will add considerably to the 8,200 pensioners now on the rolls. Our new Pension Commissioner, Comrade E. A. Bolmes, who has so long held the position of chief examiner under the law of 1899, is an excellent choice by the Governor to serve under the law of Colonel Shaw in his report suggests that the date of our annual Reunion shall be put off till the latter part of August, so as not to conflict with many of the leading Camps in their dates of meeting, which change is essential to uniformity in our annual deliberations. General Van Zandt favors advancing the date to a time when all the local Camp Reunions have been held, so as to get their influence through their attendance. Colonel Shaw notes an increase in the number of Camps, and states that an encouraging spirit of patriotism is manifest among the rank and file and officers of Camps.

Before Colonel Shaw informed me of the increased interest the Camps of Texas are taking I had noted this gain along the line not only in Texas, but all over the South in monument building and in the rivalry of local towns to make each annual gathering a little better than the one preceding it. I also noted that the last Reunion at Memphis showed the Southern chivalric spirit to be more intense than at any previous gathering. In 1907 we thought the Bowie Reunion was the limit of perfection, but last year Wills Point, an old time Southern locality, was even better. Comrade Steele, of Mount Pleasant, carried the selection of this place over competitors by his eloquence.

The Daughters of the State of Texas are a long way ahead of either the Veterans or Sons in regular systematic labor for advancing the good of the cause. The Daughters in general Reunion assembled are equally enthusiastic over the causes that can never be lost home rule and local self government. The Daughters and Sons are auxiliaries to the U. C. V. by the wording of our constitution.

Why is it that the farther we recede from the titanic struggle of the sixties the greater grows the Southern devotion to our cause? For the last twenty years I have made this subject a study and have gathered every fact tending to explain the cause.

Let us go back to the Richmond Reunion of 1896 and recall the intensity of (Federal) Corporal Tanner's appeal to that body for the union of the gray and blue in fraternal bonds. Remember his proposition was that we meet in general reunion of both colors at New York the following Fourth of July and march together side by side, so as to prove to the world that there is no longer a Mason and Dixon's line. The peerless Gordon was our leader and was in hearty accord with Tanner, but when the proposition was put to the Commander of the G. A. R., he refused to allow the blue to march by the side of the gray. So ended the first lesson. Why was this? The taxpayers have pooled their issues. Rhode Island, not as big as an average Texas county of the Panhandle variety, commands the taxing situation, and has for years, and winks while all the taxpayers nod. How well drilled the politicians up there are in this matter was exemplified this year when two of the palaverers over the South, vowing eternal love and friendship to us, dared not mention the South in the two speeches made by them. Roosevelt in declaiming at the Lincoln centennial never dared to once mention Jefferson Davis, and President Taft, so much concerned in dissolving the solid South, in his oration dedicating the monument at Gettysburg never mentioned the Confederate soldier. Compare the caliber of this man with Lincoln on the occasion of his dedicating this battle ground on the 19th of November following the battle in July. Said he: "The world will little note what we say, but can never forget what the brave men, living and dead, did in struggling here."

The prints give to President Taft a smile that will not come off, but as an expert I am compelled to pronounce him wholly void of humor, else he would not seriously propose to dissolve the solid South without in any way essaying to change solid New England. He readily homologates with Little Rhody as his ideal of the way the government should be run by the few against the many. Little Rhody stood out for two years and refused to come in till 1780, when Congress made ready to put the tariff on her as a foreign State, and then she rounded to, and "the stone which the builders rejected" has become chief in cornering the raw material for themselves,

The sixteen volumes of Cunningham's CONFEDERATE VETERAN contain more true history to the square inch than a library of Northern prints on this subject. The boys he went shooting with during the war shot it out to a frazzle, and now he has rallied them and is writing it out.

When Cunningham passes over, let the Sons and Daughters of the South succeed him and incorporate it as Cunningham's Confederate Magazine, and thus perpetuate the memory of the man who has done more for the truth of history than any other single publisher North or South.

How to tell "back numbers:" If a fellow says "ex Confederate," you may know he has laid down on his job. The prefix marks him as a quitter, and the Lord, who is busy day and night working the world for our benefit, hates a quitter. If he whines we fought for what we believed to be right, you may know he is either a coward or an ignoramus. If he calls it a lost cause, he may be put down as one who never would be able to recognize it if he should meet it in the road. If he prates about the New South, tell him Henry W. Grady called it that to tickle the fancy of the Bostonians in his great speech there and borrowed it from them for the occasion. If he doles out he is glad we lost, watch him and see if he has not got a job under a corporation or a fat place under Uncle Sam.

If such there breathe, go, mark him well!  
For him no minstrel raptures swell,  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentered all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

## NEW DIVISION COMMANDERS U. S. C. V.

C. B. Emanuel, of Sulphur, Okla., succeeds Brant H. Kirk as Commander of the Oklahoma Division.

Hallum Goodloe, of Nashville, succeeds John A. Collingsworth (who has removed to Houston, Tex.) as Commander of the Tennessee Division.

A. L. Cox, of Raleigh, is reappointed Commander of the North Carolina Division.

A. M. Lea, Jr., of Louisville, succeeds himself as Commander of the Kentucky Division.

In General Orders No. 4 Commander in Chief Dr. Clarence M. Owens pays tribute to Margaret Howell Davis Hayes, in which he states: "The Commander in Chief saw her last when her carriage was stopped in front of the great monument in Richmond erected to the memory of her distinguished father. It was but a few minutes before the unveiling ceremony. A hundred thousand loyal Southerners were there to pay tribute to the man who 'died without a country' save the Southland, which he cherished, but of whom it might be said: 'What he did, he did in honor, led by the impartial conduct of his soul.' As Mrs. Hayes stood in her carriage and surveyed the monument a veteran placed a tattered Confederate flag above her head. She grasped it and kissed its folds again and again as the tears gushed from her eyes."

## CORINTH, MISS., IN EARLY WAR DAYS

[Extracts from a paper by Mrs. F. A. Inge.]

I here were two companies of Confederate soldiers formed in Corinth, Miss., in March, 1861 one of infantry and the other of cavalry. Each company consisted of about one hundred soldiers defenders of our rights and of our homes.

Capt. W. H. Kilpatrick, a lawyer and a Christian gentleman, was elected captain of the infantry company. This was the first company to leave Mississippi. The first Confederate flag that unfurled its silken folds to the breeze in our town was made by the ladies of Corinth and presented to this company by Miss Lydia Mitchell, Captain Kilpatrick himself receiving it in a beautiful tribute to the loyalty and patriotism of the ladies of Corinth. After some weeks of drill, they were mustered into service and ordered to Pensacola, Fla.

We can never forget that sad morning in April, 1861, when good bys were taken of our gallant soldier boys, looking so handsome in their new uniforms of Confederate gray, bugle, rifle, and drum making sweet music. A large number of citizens and relatives saw them off.

Rev. J. W. Wells, minister of the M. E. Church in Corinth, who had been chosen chaplain of this company, offered up a touching and feeling prayer, after which the troops were marched single file into the cars, bearing aloft the beautiful flag, and as the cars moved off slowly, our very heartstrings were at their utmost tension loved ones were being borne away from home and all they held dear in life save their country's honor. Strong men shed tears and women wept softly. We lingered to catch a last glimpse, and as the banner faded from view, we turned with heavy hearts to vacant homes, little dreaming that there could ever come darker, sadder days into our lives. This company was the first to reach Pensacola from Mississippi, and was mustered in as Company A, 9th Mississippi Regiment.

The company of cavalry elected W. M. Inge captain. He was a West Pointer, and soon had his company well drilled in cavalry tactics. The company was being drilled one afternoon on the large lawn of the Corona Female College when a silken hand painted banner was presented to it by Miss Lucy Irion, now Mrs. Nelson, of Columbia, Miss. It was a contribution from the principal and the college girls of the college. Capt. W. M. Inge received it in behalf of his company. Mrs. Jennie Henderson, then a maiden scarce in her teens, and several of her companions held the staff steady during the presentation. She is now President of the Corinth Chapter, U. D. C.

Rev. L. B. Gaston, a Presbyterian minister, was President of this college, and his wife, Susan Gaston, was Principal. As an educator she had no superior and few equals in all our Southland. Many bright young ladies as graduates went from this institution into the great, busy world. Some have risen to distinction.

There being no call for cavalry early in the action, Captain Inge resigned and joined the 12th Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, commanded by Col. Richard Griffith. He was appointed adjutant of that regiment, then in rendezvous at Union City. After a few weeks they were ordered to Virginia, and were in several severe engagements. Colonel Griffith was promoted to brigadier general only a short time before he was killed at Savage Station.

Corinth furnished and sent out the following companies: One company in the 9th Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Captain Kilpatrick, one company in the 26th Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Captain Hyneman, who was killed at Fort Donelson (the company was afterwards in the command of Capt. Phil Hay, who was killed at Lynchburg, Va., and who was an uncle of Miss Elizabeth Kilpatrick, our Historian), one company in the 32d Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Capt. William Irion, who was killed in the battle of Perryville, one company of the 12th Mississippi Cavalry, in command of C. B. Hyneman.

Corinth furnished four colonels: Col. M. P. Lowry, Col. Eugene Whitfield, Col. A. E. Reynolds, and Col. W. M. Inge. Capt. David Hyneman, of Corinth, at the age of sixteen went out as a scout in Captain Baxter's company, which rendered invaluable service to this division of the army.

Other companies from the county contained Corinthians. In Company A, 2d Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Faulkner commander, there were six brothers named Bynum, and one brother was in the Trans Mississippi Department, making seven brothers in the Confederate service at one time. Lieut. Col. F. M. Boone was killed in the battle of the Wilderness.

Several Corinthians were in Company D, and in Company F, 26th Mississippi, and with Captain Nelms under Gen. Bedford Forrest. Major Bynum, of Corinth, carries the scars of four wounds received in four different battles.

In a few months sickness and death invaded the ranks of Company A at Pensacola, and some of our soldiers' bodies were brought home on their biers. Among the number was J. W. Wells. Dr. George C. Inge lost his life while attending the wounded in the first battle of Manassas.

In April, May, June, and July of 1861 Corinth was the rendezvous for the Mississippi troops. Regiments were formed and officers elected and fully equipped for warfare. Daily drilling was witnessed by citizens and visitors, and much interest was taken in the proficiency of the troops. As many as ten regiments were sometimes drilling on the field at one time. The social feature, the brighter side of life, had attention. Many entertainments were given the troops. There might have been some married men, but no tales were told.

May it be said of the chaplains and of the religious element among the troops that preaching and prayer service were never omitted, dying soldiers were never neglected. In camp singing the dear old familiar songs of Zion was a great joy to the men. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" and "How Firm a Foundation" would be sung in ringing notes at almost every service. Ere taps the sweet, pathetic strains of "Home, Sweet Home" from different commands in concert would come in waves of melody.

In April, 1862, many engagements had taken place between the two armies. Brave men had fallen on both sides. The rallying point of the Southern army was at Corinth, and large bodies were arriving daily for the impending battle between Grant and Johnston.

Captain Inge, who had reached home on a furlough from Virginia, met Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at the depot and extended our home to him as headquarters, which was accepted for himself and staff, and four days were passed in that home. It is now the residence of Mrs. Maggie Johns.

On Friday, April 4, 1862, ere dawn there was unusual activity, the measured tramp, tramp of moving troops, the bugle, fife, and drum were heard. Ah, the army was moving out to meet the foe! One wing of the forces marched north on Filmore Street, and as they passed headquarters in review of General Johnston and staff battle flags were given those who were without them, General Johnston himself in some instances giving them into the hands of the ensign bearers.

On and out they passed regiments, brigades, divisions, cavalry and infantry, and then battalions of artillery. The line was interspersed with music, such as "The Mocking Bird," "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," "Lorena," "Annie Laurie." The favorite seemed to be "The Girl I Left Behind Me," but the depth of pathos was reached when from the cornet soloist was heard the sweet strains of "Then You'll Remember Me."

The last command passed. Leave taking with General Johnston and his military family was tender and assuring. We had learned to know our great general as a humane man. Mounts were soon made, General Johnston, Colonel Breckinridge, Colonel Preston, and others waving farewells.

Captain Inge had accepted a position on Gen. Charles Clark's staff with a brigade of Mississippi troops, leaving mother, wife, and three little children for the field of battle. The darker, sadder days had come. How often the sweet Christian assurance in the still small voice would come, "Be still, and know that I am God!"

Saturday, April 5, 1862, dragged its weary length along in much expectancy. No engagement took place. On the next day very early in the morning the roar of cannon was heard. Then we knew the two great armies were in conflict, it seemed that the ground was vibrating with the shock of the missiles of death from cannon. The agony of that day can never be written. Couriers at nightfall brought in news of a glorious victory for Southern arms. Three thousand prisoners had been taken. Then hospital flags (yellow) were run up at most of the private residences and all public buildings, churches, and hotels. Physicians, sisters of charity, sisters of mercy, and nurses from Memphis, New Orleans, Mobile, and other points had been assigned to these places ready to receive the wounded on their way from the battlefield of Shiloh to Corinth. Ambulances soon brought in precious burdens, and the work of alleviating bodily suffering began and continued all night long. Rain set in which caused the wounded much discomfort while corning in from the field of carnage.

You ask how we stood the strain. It was only through the divine grace granted by our Heavenly Father in forgetting self and helping the helpless.

On Monday, April 7, a courier brought the writer a message to have Gen. A. S. Johnston's room in readiness for his remains, and in a short time our fallen chieftain's body, escorted by a cavalcade of soldiers and his staff, was at the door, his body wrapped in army blankets. It was lifted tenderly and carried to his room and placed on an improvised bier amid silence and tears. Three days before he had left this room in all the vigor of mature manhood, now he was asleep in the same room, a martyr to his country's cause. After his body was prepared and laid in a white pine coffin (as no other could be procured), Mrs. Ellen Polk, Mrs. Rebecca Inge, and the writer draped the ensign of the Confederacy, the stars and bars, around his body, securing some hair for his far away loved ones. He lay in state for several hours in the parlor. Many comrades and citizens came with tear dimmed eyes to look upon all that was mortal of him they loved so well. General Johnston's body was taken to New Orleans for interment that afternoon by his staff, and afterwards taken to Houston, Tex., and later to Austin for final rest. Much depression took hold of the troops at the fall of their chieftain and so many brave men left on the field of battle. "They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle.

No sound can awake them to glory again! Captain Inge returned late at night almost helpless. His horse was killed under him, and he was caught in the fall and severely bruised, but was back at his post in ten days. After the battle of Malvern Hill, he was promoted to the rank of colonel and sent back to Mississippi to raise a regiment of cavalry in North Mississippi, which he did. This regiment followed in the flank of Sherman's army from Atlanta to Savannah. It was doing picket duty at Macon, Ga., on the fateful day at Appomattox.

On Wednesday, April 9, the citizens were ordered to leave Corinth, to fall back for safety, as the Federals were following up their victory, and a fight in or near Corinth was imminent. We fell back to our old home in Aberdeen, from there to Enterprise, Miss., and returned in 1864 to find our house a shell, with desolation reigning supreme.

The women of Corinth were truly loyal to the South, giving attention to the sick and wounded in our hospitals Federals as well as our own soldiers. As Confederate money was decreasing in value, a bank was organized by three of our leading citizens, Col. C. P. Polk, Col. W. G. Campbell, and Col. W. D. Duncan, which never went into bankruptcy as long as soldiers' widows were in need of assistance or wounded and sick army men without means. In addition to the bank, they had full charge of quartermaster's supplies, a very important trust in an army. These gentlemen were the pioneers of Corinth, or Cross City, as at first named, truly loyal and sacrificing. Each beyond the age in army regulation, each gave sons for service in the army, and all have children and grandchildren who are an honor to our community to day.

In the lapse of forty seven years memory may have proven treacherous and slight inaccuracies crept in, but all is substantially correct.

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## DESIRES TO RETURN A SABER

E. T. Cressey writes from Sioux Falls, S. Dak

"A cavalry saber came into my possession in the battle of Mill Springs, Ky., January 19, 1862, which has these words cast in the hilt: 'Nashville Plow Works,' 'C. S. A.' Rudely scratched with a sharp point are these initials, 'A. T. M. R,' on the back of the belt plate. Attached to the weapon are the belt and shoulder strap of leather, on the belt is the regular U. S. A. brass plated clasp for fastening. All these are in good order. I have had these for forty seven years and shall be delighted to return them to the proper claimant. I have no desire to keep them any longer. A brief notice in the VETERAN might enable you to find relatives of the brave fighter who wore them. You had no cowards in that war. Thank God that those days can never return and that we who carried the guns no longer hate each other!"

[Private Cressey served in the 2d Minnesota Infantry. He gives with moving pictures a description of "the mystery battle" Chickamauga. He claims that Thomas won the victory, or rather that "God Almighty did it, the Yankees couldn't," to use his own words. ED. VETERAN.]

## RAPHAEL SEMMES CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH

On September 27, 1809, in Piscataway, Prince George County, Md" was born Raphael Semmes, the subject of this sketch. The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the famous admiral will recall to the memory of the patriotic men and women of the South the remarkable career of the world renowned Alabama and the great services of her illustrious captain, Raphael Semmes, in obeying so literally the orders of his chief, the Secretary of the Confederate States Navy, to "do the enemy's commerce the greatest injury in the shortest time." Never in naval history has such a significant order been so signally obeyed.

In the words of the Solicitor of the United States Navy Department who was charged with the duty of securing evidence upon which to try Captain Semmes before a military commission: "Never has there occurred so striking an example of the tremendous power of mischief possessed by a single cruiser acting upon this destructive plan as that furnished by the Sumter and her successor, the Alabama, under the command of Semmes, whose untiring activity, restless energy, and fiery zeal found no voyage too long, no movement too prompt or too rapid, no danger too great, no labor too wearisome in the accomplishment of the Confederate purpose to ruin our commerce by destroying our ships." Such testimony from the "enemy" will well serve as introductory to a brief resume of the life and services of the man Semmes so characterized.

Raphael Semmes was by birth of an illustrious Maryland family of French and English descent. His immediate progenitors were Richard Thompson Semmes and Catherine Hooe Middleton, his wife. By adoption Raphael Semmes was an Alabamian.

He was appointed a midshipman in the United States navy by President John Quincy Adams in 1826, and in the ensuing winter he made his first cruise in the sloop of war Lexington, under Captain Shubrick, dispatched to Brazil to bring home the remains of Commodore Perry. In 1832 he passed his examinations in Baltimore, coming out first in mathematics and second in

seamanship. While waiting orders as a passed midshipman he studied law with his only brother, Samuel Middleton Semmes, of Cumberland, Md., and was admitted to the practice of the law.

In 1837 he married Anne E. Spencer, of a family distinguished in Colonial and Revolutionary annals. Being commissioned a lieutenant in this year (1837), he was employed in the routine of professional duty for several years. In 1841 he was ordered on a survey of Ship Island and the adjacent waters of Mississippi Sound, and in 1842 took his family to reside near the mouth of Perdido River, in Alabama.

In the war with Mexico he was on duty as first lieutenant of the brig Porpoise, but was soon after transferred to the frigate Cumberland, and subsequently to the Raritan, the flagship of Commodore Connor, then commanding the Gulf Squadron. In November he was assigned to the command of the brig Somers, of ten guns. While pursuing a suspected vessel in a heavy norther December 8, 1846, the Somers capsized, sinking in ten minutes and losing half of her crew of a hundred men. After clinging to a portion of the wreckage for two hours, Semmes was rescued by an English war vessel in port. A court of inquiry, called at his request, not only acquitted him of all blame, but highly commended him for meritorious conduct on this occasion. Rejoining the Raritan as flag lieutenant, he assisted in planning and superintending the landing of General Scott's troops at Vera Cruz March 9, 1847. During the siege of that city, March 27, he had charge for a while of the heavy guns placed on shore by the Raritan, which rendered efficient service in breaching the walls and hastening the surrender. In the following April Semmes was ordered on a special mission to the City of Mexico to effect the exchange of certain naval prisoners who were held as suspected spies. Joining the army of General Scott at Jalapa, he became attached as volunteer aid de camp to the military family of General Worth, in which capacity he took an active part in all the battles of the Valley of Mexico, his services being repeatedly acknowledged with high commendations in official dispatches. The Legislature of Maryland passed a series of special resolutions complimenting him for distinguished gallantry and recommending him for promotion.

After the Mexican War, Lieutenant Semmes, still a lieutenant (for the United States had not then entered on a career of expansion,) was Inspector of Lighthouses for the Eighth District, with residence in Mobile. Later he was promoted to the rank of commander and assigned to duty in Washington, D. C.

It was then that he underwent the severe trial of severing the ties that bound him to his life's profession. For in those eventful days of 1860-61 the country was burning as with fever, and the air was hot with contending passions. The animosity long smoldering between the two sections burst into the flame of civil war. All men were taking sides. The sovereign State of Alabama withdrew from the Union. With Semmes was the question, the United States or his State to choose either meant acute pain. The attachment of officers, soldiers, or sailors to the flag is greater than a civilian can realize. And yet Commander Semmes felt that Alabama's call was paramount. He must follow her fortunes and do his part in defending her. He resigned his commission in the United States navy, and in a few days reported at Montgomery, in obedience to a telegram from the Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. He was immediately commissioned in the Confederate States navy with the same relative rank that he had held in the United States navy and was sent North on the perilous mission of purchasing material and munitions of war for the Confederate States navy.

Upon the fall of Fort Sumter he applied for and received orders to fit out a vessel at New Orleans for sea service. The little Sumter ran the blockade at the mouth of the Mississippi in the face of a strong blockading fleet and put out to sea.

Then commenced that brilliant and romantic, almost fabulous, career, on the high seas, before which sank into commonplace the boasted deeds of Jean Bart, Duguay, Tromir, Tromp, De Ruyter, and Drake, with their fleets issuing from the marshes of the Zuyder Zee, from the rock bound fastnesses of Cherbourg, from the white cliffs of Albion to spread terror on ocean: and inland seas Emerging from the delta of the Mississippi, the twenty year old craft, the Sumter, with Raphael Semmes as commander, soon asserted its mastery of the Gulf of Mexico, and swept from off its waters the merchant marine of the United States. After compassing much destruction, this gallant sea captain boldly shot across the ocean, and upon entering Gibraltar he abandoned its hull and worn out boilers.

Repairing to England, Captain Semmes prepared for another cruise, this time in the light, fast, shrewd craft on which has been bestowed the glorious name of his adopted State, Alabama. It was in her Clyde built ribs and with the few and gallant spirits who had joined him, notable among whom was the distinguished John McIntosh Kell, that Raphael Semmes now winged his way.

After a most glorious cruise of twenty two months continuously, sweeping all the seas and all the oceans, and which left the commerce of the United States prostrated and overcome, the way worn and weary Alabama, finding no rest for her hitherto swift moving wings other than a reluctantly permitted stay of twenty four hours in neutral ports, again sought the Atlantic Ocean. After many a hold and desperate escape from tenfold superior forces, she entered the harbor of Cherbourg for repairs, whither in three days the Kearsarge followed her.

A battle followed. Both vessels were apparently about equally matched in armament and size, but the hull of the Alabama was foul, her seams gaping, her machinery impaired, and her powder weakened by two years' constant exposure to the sea air. The Kearsarge was practically iron clad, protected by chain armor skillfully concealed. When the Alabama, shattered by shot and shell, slowly sank, Captain Semmes flung his bright sword into the sea and then plunged into those famous Norman waters, from whose depths he, with forty of his officers and men, was rescued by the crew of the British pleasure yacht, the Deerhound.

In February, 1865, Raphael Semmes was commissioned a rear admiral, being then in command of the Confederate fleet in the James River.

When Richmond was evacuated, April 2, he blew up his ship and organized his officers and seamen into a brigade with which he joined the army of General Johnston, and was paroled on the 26th of April at Greensboro, N. C., when Johnston's army surrendered.

Admiral Semmes returned to his home, in Mobile, and opened a law office. On Christmas eve of 1866 he was arrested and carried to Washington, where he was confined in the Marine Barracks for nearly four months and then released.

No charges upon which to try him were ever preferred, and no official statement was ever made of the ground of his arrest.

A few weeks after his release Semmes was elected judge of probate for Mobile County, but was prohibited by the War Department from exercising the functions of his office. his political disabilities not having been removed. They never were removed. He devoted the remainder of his life to the practice of law, and the great admiral, whose fame had once filled the four quarters of the globe and had given rise to the great international question, settled in the Geneva Arbitration, plodded over legal points and argued cases, petty and large, doing his duty right nobly and so living his life as to leave his memory as a rich heritage to his children and to his people. He died at Point Clear, Ala., August 30, 1877.

MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE'S  
DREAM OF THE ALABAMA.

The July VETERAN, page 313, has an article in regard to the centenary of Raphael Semmes, admiral in the Confederate States navy. Subsequent to its publication Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Southern Confederated Memorial Association, sent a copy of the resolution on the subject setting forth that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association set apart September 27 for a special commemoration of the centenary of Admiral Semmes by its respective Associations, also that all Associations hereunto belonging shall be informed of such resolution by the Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. Behan sends the beautiful poem by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle on this subject, which is designated "The Dream of the Alabama:"

What spirit stirs 'neath her sunless keel  
And wakes in her silent shrouds,  
O Hearts of Oak, with the grip of steel?  
Or was it the passing clouds?  
She has lain so long by a foreign shore.  
With never a watch on deck,  
With her sunken bells sounding o'er and o'er  
To the dead men in her wreck.  
And the tides sweep over her mizzenmast  
Through the sails that the channels laved,  
And the seaweed clings to the thing of the past.  
Where the stars and bars once waved.  
But, Hearts of Oak, with the grip of steel,  
Wherever ye are, what reck?  
For the spirit of chivalry stirs the keel  
And truth treads the quarter deck.  
Full twenty fathoms below she lies,  
But she wakes to night from the dead,  
Through her ghostly rigging the night wind flies,  
Or was it a cloud that sped?  
Yea, come from your graves, ye tars that have shared  
Her glory, her anguish, her pain!  
For the mystical moment of time is bared  
And she sweeps the ocean again!  
Nor port nor harbor nor home is hers  
As she breaks from her silent lair,  
But the mighty heart of the great South stirs,  
For the spirit of Semmes is there.  
Yea, corsair or viking, pirate or king?  
Let History, answering, speak!  
For out of the years shall her record ring,  
While honor stands at her peak!

The day breaks soon and the night winds sleep  
And the moon goes down blood red,  
The mists of the years have veiled the deep  
And shrouded the deathless dead.  
For the night is done and the mellowed age  
Of the past breathes out its tone,  
But the truth of History holds its page,  
Though the sea takes back its own

## BADE ADIEU TO YANKEES WITHOUT NOTICE

BY DR. C. F. KOHLHEIM (CPT. C'O. G, 11TH MISS. CAV.),  
GUNTOWN, MISS.

About November 21, 1863, Capt. Felix W. Flood, now living in Columbus, Miss., and I were with a portion of Bragg's army some twenty miles east of Chattanooga. That night in camp I was seized with a most violent attack of pneumonia. The next morning I was assisted on my horse, and almost fainted, but kept in the saddle until I reached the house of an old gentleman named Robert Elder, who had a wife, a young widowed daughter, and Miss Minerva.

When Captain Flood was leaving me, I told him that he had better take my horse to the command, but he said I would be better soon and would need the horse. I have never seen Captain Flood since, though of late years several letters have passed between us. Soon after that the battle of Missionary Ridge was fought and our army fell back. A night or so after Mr. Elder told me the Yankees were out at the barn. The weather was coil and he made a large fire in my room, which was used as a general sitting room. Presently I heard the rattle of sabers and jingling of spurs, and the door was opened and the Federals entered. The lieutenant who was in command came in to my bed, shook hands with me, and asked how I was. I told him that Mr. Elder and Dr. Tarnell, my physician, were Unon men, that he should allow them to have my horse for their services, as I had nothing else to pay them. He replied that he had no discretion in the matter. His colonel (I think named Byrd) knew I was there and had told him to get my horse. One of the men laughingly said: "You have one of our saddles." I had borrowed it from a Michigan captain at Chickamauga Sunday night while on picket line. These Federals were Tennesseans.

Soon after this I became unconscious, and the ladies told me that I continued so for fourteen days. During this time some Union soldiers went to a house about a mile off, took one of our sick soldiers from bed, and shot him to death. It is said that the summer before he and others had taken their father out and whipped him. The ladies told me afterwards that they feared they would do me the same way, in two or three weeks I was better and could speak above a whisper. General Hazen, of Ohio, and staff spent a day at Mr. Elder's. The ladies prepared dinner for them. His surgeon told me that my lungs were so badly involved I would have consumption. I asked General Hazen if as soon as I was well enough he would send me in an ambulance to Chattanooga and give me a pass to go to Northern Kentucky to visit some relatives I had there. He assured me he would but I never called on him for it.

This was in Savannah Valley, Hamilton County, Tenn. Sherman's Division was then camping around us. On the thirtieth day I tottered to the door and looked at the mountains. One Sabbath evening three young ladies came in and introduced themselves as Misses Mountcastle. I felt like angels had come. I gave them my name and my father's, also his post office address, so in time they might write if I did not live. The eldest one of them came to my bedside and told me they had a scheme by which I could escape through picket lines as soon as I was well enough. One day one of Sherman's lieutenants came in and brought a quantity of coffee in his haversack. He told Mrs. Elder that he wanted "this lieutenant to have it." I told him he might be scarce of it, that I was not accustomed to it. He replied: "It is for you in your debilitated condition. You must have it." He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He was from Ohio. I have many times regretted that I did not know his name. I hope he passed through the war unhurt.

As my strength increased I made an effort one night to get off. I got to the house of Mr. Kenner, an uncle of the Misses Mountcastle. That effort failed. About this time the wife of a Union soldier who lived in the neighborhood came to see me. She said she had one of her husband's uniforms, that we were about the same size, and she would give it to me. I explained that this would mean certain death if I was arrested with it on. She was sincere in wanting to help me. One day a Federal captain who was a provost marshal came into my room. He said there were two of our captains at the gate who had come over and taken the oath, and that our whole army would soon do it. I asked him why they did not come in and see me, I was helpless. He said he did not know. What I said about them would not be appropriate in a Sunday school. I thought I was billed for Johnson's Island. He laughed, shook hands with me, and passed on.

About a week later, during an intensely cold spell, Miss Minera Elder and Miss, Montgomery started with me on horseback two or three hours before daylight. We evaded the Federal picket lines near Ooltewab Gap, going some miles south of these, and stopped at the house of a Mr. Phillips, a relative of Miss Montgomery. We had dinner there. This was the last I ever saw of these young ladies. Miss Montgomery was thoroughly familiar with the country, but if it had not been for the extremely cold weather, I doubt that we would have gotten out.

At Mr. Phillips's it chanced just at dinner that one of our Vicksburg paroled soldiers came in. He carried me on foot over mountains, through forests, away from any houses. While on top of a mountain he pointed out Red Clay, Ga. He had heard that our pickets were a mile or so south of there. He bade me good by, telling me to avoid houses. I finally reached the railroad track. About an hour before sunset on turning a curve I saw a gray figure on horseback about three hundred yards distant. Tears came to my eyes. When in sixty or eighty yards of him, he halted me, and I told him I was an escaped prisoner. He told me where his camp was. I went there and learned that they were Alabamians. They loaned me a horse and one of them took me to their headquarters, and all were very nice to me.

The next day I saw Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He had superseded General Bragg. I gave him a package of late Northern papers. I was worn out, very weak and debilitated. His chief surgeon said he would have to send me to a hospital down in Georgia, and would send a leave of absence when he thought I could use it, which he did about two weeks later. I had not been home in two years. When I got home, General Gohlson was organizing a new brigade under General Forrest at Tupelo, Miss. I was elected captain of the company that became G of the 11th Mississippi Cavalry. I got my parole at Gainesville, Ala., then being in General Armstrong's brigade. General Gohlson had lost an arm and had been retired.

After the war and mails had been restored, my father had a letter from one of the Misses Mountcastle from Cornersville, Tenn., inquiring about me. I responded at once, but never heard any more. I also wrote Miss Minerva Elder. She had married a Union soldier. He wrote me that he was under Gen. W. Sorey Smith, and rode on ahead of Forrest's Cavalry all the way from West Point, Miss., to Memphis. He spoke of his wife "helping me off that cold day." I had gotten quite chummy with some of the Yankees who camped close around. They would bring me their latest papers every day. The Sunday after I left some of them camping in a church about a mile off were to send a horse for me to ride down and spend the day with them. They were to have something extra. I tender my apologies now for not attending that dinner. I should be glad to hear from any one I have named above. They were kind to me when I needed it most. I hope God has blessed them all.

## A CONFEDERATE IS GRATEFUL

BY J. D. HARWELL, MERIDIAN, MISS.

Responding to your request for old comrades to tell "what they are most grateful for," I state that I was a private in Company I, 20th Alabama Infantry. There are three things for which I am deeply grateful: First, that God spared my life through many dangers and hardships. I have passed my sixty fifth milepost and am still strong and healthy. Second, during Hood's last campaign in Tennessee I had scurvy on both feet nearly up to my knees, contracted after the battle of Jonesboro, Ga. When we reached Gadsden, Ala., I was barefooted, and although we waited there some days for shoes, clothing, and blankets, we did not receive them, and I started into Tennessee barefooted. My only covering, a blanket, had been cut to pieces by a cannon ball, tearing it from my back as I made my way from a charge after being wounded in my left shoulder by a grapeshot.

Though handicapped by my condition, I kept with my company until the eve of the battle of Nashville, when my command, having to move to right and left several times, broke me down and I fell out of the ranks, but I followed as best I could. The brigade surgeon, seeing me, ordered me to get in an ambulance. I tried to find the ambulances, but they were gone. I made my way to the Franklin Pike and followed it toward Franklin. I requested wagon and ambulance drivers to let me ride, but as I was not wounded they refused me.

I reached the hospital at Columbia by using two palings as crutches, but left bloody tracks behind me in the snow, for the rocks had cut my bare feet to pieces and my legs were bleeding considerably. At Columbia the doctors wanted me to remain (and be captured), as they said to go out in the snow would certainly rot my feet off. I started and met my old brigade surgeon, Dr. Murphy, who took me to his office and put a pint of good whisky in my canteen, telling me not to take it unless I felt very drowsy or benumbed. I started for Pulaski and that whisky kept me awake, for at times the snow looked as tempting as a fine feather bed.

At Pulaski the doctors wanted me to remain at the hospital, but I started for the Tennessee River. It was half a mile wide beyond the bridge. In despair I turned back. When the supply train came across the bridge, I asked permission to ride, and the sergeant asked if I was wounded. I said I was, and he told me to get in the wagon. I found it loaded with wet sacks of salt. I wrapped my

wet blanket around me and fell on the sacks, and knew no more until I waked up several miles from there, with the wagons in park and a chestnut wood fire popping behind our wagon. I felt that I would freeze if I stayed where I was, but was satisfied that the sergeant (named Covington) would have the provost guard arrest me for faking a ride as wounded, but I risked it to get to that fire. He made the guard stand aside, shared his supper, and gave me the best place to sleep by the fire, and he and his men (God bless them!) treated me as a brother, taking me across the Tennessee River. Nor would they let me help them in any way. I can never think of their kindness even to this day without feelings of gratitude.

We reached Barton Station, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and there, believing it my duty to report to a hospital, I left them after much argument on their part for me to stay, as their route led south through Alabama and they would take me home. I caught a train for Corinth and arrived there at midnight. A wounded Texan with an oilcloth and I with my scraps of a blanket slept together until daylight in a room with no weatherboarding on one side and a freezing wind blowing on us.

Now comes the third item of my gratitude. Next morning we found the hospital near by and several hundred boys standing in several inches of snow waiting for the calling of their names before going in to breakfast. My name not being on the roll, my hope for breakfast was forlorn indeed. I gave up, and was just turning away to move on when the steward opened the door and began to call the roll. My, my, how my heart jumped when I recognized in him my own brother in law ! I squeezed through that crowd to the door. He saw me and told me to go to the back door. I was soon seated in the kitchen with plenty of hot beef soup and genuine coffee. Ah me! I will never forget the taste of that breakfast. I was furnished a tub of hot water, soap, and clean clothes. My feet and legs were a sight to behold, not having been dressed since leaving Columbia, Tenn., but, thank God, they were not rotten. After a good scrubbing, I fell on a cot, and knew no more until four o'clock that evening, when my brother in law waked me, saying the Yanks were reported to be in twelve miles of Corinth. He had had my clothes washed and thoroughly boiled and had them ready and a good pair of shoes. I dressed, and he filled my haversack with crackers and a piece of bacon and my canteen with pure coffee (sweetened too). I felt I could walk a hundred miles farther.

Well, I reached Rienzi that night through a fierce sleet and rain, and two nights later landed at Guntown, forty miles south of Corinth, where I caught a hospital train which brought me to within fifteen miles of home the next evening. I walked this, arriving at midnight.

Now with my wife, four boys, and two girls, with two daughters in law and one son in law and five little grandchildren around my knees or in my lap, and with a comfortable home to shelter me, should I not be grateful to the Giver of all good for his merciful kindness and bountiful gifts to me ?

#### LINCOLN PENNIES TO BE WITHDRAWN FROM CIRCULATION

The pennies issued from the Treasury Department commemorative of the hundredth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth are being withdrawn from circulation, their thickness preventing them from being used in the "penny in the slot" machines, and their weight making them cumbersome. They are being eagerly bought up by professional numismatists and souvenir collectors.

# REMINISCENCES OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER

BY A. H. BROWN, MEMPHIS, TENN

In my letter on "Firing Line with Bragg," page 331 of July VETERAN, I left off at where we joined Bragg at Harrodsburg the night before the battle of Perryville, which was a hard old fight, the enemy contesting every inch of ground.

A member of the 48th Tennessee in P. R. Cleburne's division said "Old Pat" was riding his favorite battle horse, Dixie. The animal was struck by a cannon ball, when horse and rider went down. They thought "Old Pat" was killed, but in an instant he scrambled to his feet, spitting the dirt out of his mouth, and began to wave his sword, exclaiming, "Give 'em h , boys," and repeated the command. Then with a yell they advanced and sustained their fame for courage.

Going back to my previous letter, I mention some incidents that I recall distinctly. On Sunday evening before we withdrew from Corinth the Federals were shelling our position. A half dozen or more negro men we boys had taken out with us for camp drudgery were congregated. One of these darkies, old Wash Carter, said: "Lord sakes, did yer see dat? If dat ball had hit a nigga, it wouldn't er leff a greasy spot of him. Marse Ike, you'll have to 'scuse me. I'll come back when dey quits shootin' dem t'ings."

At Tupelo about the middle of August, 1862, we took a freight train for Mobile. The cars were full inside and on top. The train stopped at some station down in Mississippi for about ten or fifteen minutes, and quite a number of the boys jumped off to hunt for something to drink. They were buying bay rum, gin, brandy, whisky, etc. When the engineer blew the whistle, some who had not been waited upon grabbed two or three bottles and made for the train.

When we got to Mobile, several of the boys had too much of the "overjoyful." Their condition was a sore disappointment to our gallant brigadier general, Preston Smith, who had just recently donned the uniform that marked his rank. He wanted to march us through the principal streets of the city, as we were going to the wharf of Mobile Bay to take a steamer on the Alabama River for Montgomery. The next morning at about seven o'clock we marched through the city with banners flying to the tune of "Dixie" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The Alabama River was so low that we had to get off the boat, so it could pull over the sand bars.

I think our brigade acted as rear guard to the army on Bragg's withdrawal from Kentucky. We reached Knoxville about the 28th of October, 1862. That night three inches of snow fell. Our heavy United States blankets that we captured at Richmond, Ky., were of much service. We next went to Murfreesboro, and got well rested before the battle.

A night or so before Christmas two of our company persuaded me to go with them out about one and a half miles from camp to capture a fat hog. The boys said the old man had ten fine killing hogs in his pen, and that if I would go and stand watch they would do the rest. It was about eleven o'clock when we got there, and lights were out. I took a position about thirty paces from the house, while the hogpen was fifty paces farther away. The stars were bright, but there was no moon. My thoughts worked rapidly. I recalled my promise to my widowed mother when she kissed me good by. I resolved upon my course, and went running with all possible speed by the boys, telling them that the old man was coming with his gun. The plan worked like a charm. I pretended to be greatly scared. I often laugh now when I think how they knocked down fences and rushed over brush and everything in their route. That was the only time in my soldier career

that I ever attempted to steal anything, and I am proud that I saved the old man's hog for his family. He had two sons in Lee's army.

On December 31, 1862, we met Rosecrans's army on the north bank of Stone's River. At daybreak we had formed our line of battle. Our division (Cheatham's) was held in reserve to support General Withers's Alabama Division. Before the sun was up Hardee on our left was whooping them up with old Pat Cleburne's and Patton Anderson's divisions. In a little while Withers opened on them, but his men were met with such stubborn resistance that they failed to dislodge the enemy, and they fell back badly demoralized.

We were lying down until Withers gave way. Then General Cheatham gave order to rise and advance in line of battle, which was speedily executed. Our men would guff and jeer the Alabamians for taking the back track as they passed through our line. One tall fellow said in reply to one of our boys: "Yes, and you'll find it the hottest place that ever you struck in a little while." His remark was about right. They were United States regulars commanded by General Sill, who was killed that morning.

## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS PUT TO NOVEL USE.

Noel Wesley Bates reports a story which was told him by the keeper of a second hand bookstore in Savannah, Ga.:

During the war a man came into my store and asked to see some religious books, as his aunt, for whom they were intended, would read nothing else. He selected several, and asked permission to take them to his aunt, who would pay for those she kept. He returned in a short time and paid me for all the rest, but returned the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

Shortly after this an old darky called with a paper on which was written 'Pilgrim's Progress.' This he said was the name of the book his mistress had sent him to buy. He asked me if there were any pictures in it. I showed him 'Giant Despair,' 'Apollyon,' etc., and as these were the pictures by which his mistress told him to identify the book (as he said he could not read), he took it and paid me ten dollars in Confederate money. In some way I could not believe in that old darky. He seemed more like a white man dressed up than the genuine article.

There were a few Yankee prisoners confined in the Savannah jail. Capt. Dan Mabry was in charge, and he said if any Yank could break jail and get away from him he was welcome to his freedom.

One morning the guard found that all the prisoners had escaped in the night. The bars had been sawed through and twisted, showing the method of their going very plainly. No trace of how the implements used could be found. Nothing had been sent into the prison but some food, which had been well examined, and a pious old lady had sent the prisoners a copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress, which, singular to relate, they had taken away with them.

As soon as I heard this I thought of that extraordinary copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' which had been returned as too heavy for an old lady to handle, then the very suspicious old negro that had bought it after its return, and I knew at once that the cover had been prized open, filled with saws and files, and sent into the prison. As the gift came from an old lady, it passed with only a casual

examination. I learned afterwards that the 'darky' was the son of Tom Clark a well known Union man of Savannah, and that the two had engineered the scheme.

## INCIDENTAL TRIBUTES TO SOUTHERN WOMEN S. C. HICKS' OF WATER VALLEY, KY., Is GRATEFUL

You ask what veterans are most thankful for. First, I am thankful to God for sparing my life through the trying ordeal of the war to this date and for the hope of a home in heaven, and I am thankful for the true, patriotic, and kind hearted women of the South in 1861-65.

I was a private in Company G, 9th Tennessee Infantry, although I was a Kentucky boy. In the battle of Dead Angle, on Kennesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864, a Minie ball penetrated my left eye, passing out just in front of my right ear. Among the first things I remember after regaining consciousness were the kind words and tender hands of ladies bandaging my wound at Marietta. I was taken to Atlanta, and spent an awful day lying between the railroad tracks in that old car shed waiting for transportation. I think it was the 4th of July. Oh, it seemed as if my head would burst from the jar of trains and the terrible fever. But kind ladies came to my relief, giving me something to eat, dressed my wound, bathed my head with cold water, and spoke words of cheer. I was at that time perfectly blind. Soon after I partially recovered the sight of my right eye.

From Atlanta I was carried to Covington, Ga., where the good women treated me royally. They seemed to make a pet of me, a boy of twenty years.

Gangrene raged in the hospital, and clothing was scarce. To prevent the spread of the disease, an order was issued to put on other clothes, so that those then worn could be washed. I had no other clothes, so the ward master gave me a dead man's pants, shirt, hat, and shoes, all considerably worn. The pants had holes in each knee and were otherwise badly worn, besides being six inches too short, and I had no socks.

Just about the time I had donned the dead man's clothes orders came to the chief surgeon to furlough every man that could walk, as a force of the enemy would strike Covington in three hours. I could walk, but could not guide myself, my brain being somewhat affected. I wanted to go to another hospital, but the surgeon said he had his orders. So I was put on the train with a sixty days' furlough.

I did not know any one in the South, so had nowhere to go. On the train my wound bled freely, and I became sick. I lay down on a seat lengthwise the coach. At stations women would go in and feed the wounded soldiers. I was very sick, weak, and bloody, and I stayed in that coach three days and two nights. On the third evening I asked some one to help me out. I asked the name of the city, and was told that it was Macon. I was so sick that I asked to lie down on the platform, and I thought I would die there, but some ladies had me taken to a wayside hospital. I spent a terrible night. The next morning the surgeon dressed my wound, the first dressing it had had for three days. The flies had gotten to it, and the doctor said when he took the bandage off: "My God, boy, it is a wonder you are not dead, the maggots are crawling clear through your head." This almost made me faint. About the time he got my wound dressed a lady sent a carriage with a request for two soldiers that needed a home. The doctor said, "Hicks, this is a chance for you," but I replied that I wanted some clothes before going. He said he knew the people and to go on, as I was in a very critical condition.

With a soldier named Hays, from North Georgia, I got in the carriage, and we were taken out two miles to Judge Wilburn's. O, I felt so bad! When we arrived, Mrs. Wilburn, her sister, and daughter met us at the gate. My bloody shirt, worn out pants, and run down shoes made me feel worse than my wound. We started into the house, but I staggered and headed up in some rosebushes. These good women helped me up and led me into the house. After breakfast, by the help of Hays, I took a bath, and they furnished me a new suit of clothes. Mrs. W. sent for their old family physician, and they nursed me so tenderly that I improved right along. My own mother could not have treated me better.

After a long stay at Judge Wilburn's, I went to Americus or Oglethorpe and then out near Ellaville and stayed at old Brother. Cheny's, and the people were very kind to me, especially the women. The men were mostly at the front. I next went to Uniontown, Ala., and stayed at Albert Hudson's, thence to Greensboro, Ala., and stayed at Mrs. Williams's, and next to Plantersville, and was with Mrs. Peoples.

God bless the children of those good women! for I presume they themselves have gone to their reward. I remember the Southern women not with unsheathed sword, but with bandage, lint, spoon, and nourishments.

## FOURTH OF JULY TALK WITH HIS BOYS

BY CAPT. S. F. HORRALL, WASHINGTON, IND.

Your suggestion about talks with the boys. is very attractive, and I respond. As I sat on my front lawn I told my sons that fully forty five years ago I was in the biggest Fourth of July celebration ever pulled off on the American continent. It was less than a dozen miles from Atlanta and on the north side of the Chattahoochee River. The Federal army, with General Sherman commanding, had closely followed the Confederate army under General Hood. Sherman had about sixty thousand men and Hood almost as many.

At sunrise on the 4th of July both armies opened artillery fire with about twenty five or thirty hundred guns, ranging from six to twenty four pounds. On that day there was no charging except by a blunder. On our left center the 22d Michigan Infantry was cut to pieces in the vain attempt to charge the Confederate fortification. The 42d Veterans, who were supporting the Michigan troops, witnessed the slaughter. About two in the morning I was in command of the pickets, and I heard a voice say, "Hello, Johnny Rebs, we are coming to get you at daylight," and another voice answered: "If you wait till then, you will never get us, for we are on the jump. I guess we will jump in the river next. How many men have you got anyway, Yank?" "0, about a hundred thousand. How many have you?" answered Yank. "0 Lord, just about enough for another killing."

It may not be out of place to say that in the start from Chattanooga the two armies were about equal, but the Confederates, noting that Sherman's campaign was aggressive, placed theirs on the defensive, and by retreats from place to place hoped to gain great advantage. This they would have done, but the Union army was reenforced by a number of cavalry regiments. While Sherman engaged the Confederates on the line, he threw these regiments on their flank and rear, compelling retreat, often with great loss, hence the Johnny Reb's reply about another killing. I told my sons they should understand on the Fourth of July particularly why the Confederates should join in that day's celebration, that they were Southern men and practically their ancestors

were the founders of this great government, for it was Virginia, the Carolinas, together with Rhode Island, that whipped King George and made this country a nation. There were not a great many Yankees then.

## HISTORY OF CROSSES THE CROSS OF HONOR BY L. H. L.

The first conception of a cross came from one of the common modes of executing criminals in ancient times. These were fastened to trees by spears thrust through arms, legs, and abdomen. As it was not always convenient to find trees with the necessary outstanding branches for the arms, other branches were often lashed or fastened to the trunks in the required position. From these trees to crosses of wood was a short transition. The execution through being nailed to the cross continued till the time of Constantine the Great, who abolished the custom.

Christ suffered death upon a rude cross made of four kinds of wood palm, cedar, olive, and cypress which the faithful accepted as typical of "the four quarters of the globe" the gospel should reach. The cross on which the Saviour died was found near the place of execution by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine. Part of the cross she placed in a chest which was afterwards carried to Rome, and is now pontifical property in the Vatican.

The original form of the cross, the long, upright piece with the short bar crossing it, has had many modifications, producing the cross of St. Andrews, St. George, the cross of Malta, and their ramifications and combinations.

The cross, aside from its religious significance, has entered largely into the history of nations. The Carthaginians and Phoenicians used it in their sacrifice to Baal, Persians wear it as a charm against death, with the Gauls it was an emblem of the solar system and endowed with fructifying and creative powers, and the early South Americans worshiped it as the god of rain.

The graceful lines of the cross appealed alike to artists, artisans, and architects. Some of the most celebrated pictures of the old masters are of the cross either as a central figure with various groupings of the human figures on the canvas or of some holy group with the shading outlines of the cross high in air. Many of the finest cathedrals are built upon the plan of the cross either in the sublimity of the simplest form or on some of the varieties of form arising from its many combinations. The earliest work of the jeweler's art was along the beautifully simple lines of the cross, and the resultant work largely refuted Hogarth's celebrated dictum that "the curve is the line of beauty."

The early Greeks and Romans welcomed their returning generals when victorious in war with "triumphs," crowned them with wreaths of laurel and the blossoming bay, and bestowed large gifts of gold and silver upon them, for in those days the war god was most worshiped. These badges of merit have been given by every nation, and for many causes, the chief being for distinguished bravery in deed. The crosses bestowed for valor are many. Austria has "The Maria Theresa," given to generals who have served thirty years, and "The Iron Crown" for civic or military distinction, Baden "Charles Frederick Cross" and Belgium "The African Star," both given for distinction by bravery in the army, Brunswick "The Cross of Henry Lion" and Bulgaria "The Cross of Alexandria," the former the reward of bravery to be given either to soldier or civilian, the latter to soldiers alone. Hanover has the civic military cross of "Ernest Augustus," Italy the military order of "Savoy," Parma "The Cross of St. Louis" for military bravery, and

Prussia recognizes her heroes by "The Cross of Hohenzollern" for civilian and soldier, and "The Iron Cross," a military decoration,

Prussian soldiers think life well lost to obtain. Spain offers three orders to her brave sons: "The Cross of Charles the Second" for civilian and soldier, "The Military Order of Merit," and "The Maria Christine Cross," which Spanish soldiers dream of as their highest earthly reward, In Southern skies blazes a cross seen in no other portion of the world a cross whose two bright stars of almost the same inclination point out the south pole and serve to guide the storm tossed marines across the pathless seas a cross unique, mystic, beautiful, it is alone in the order of its grandeur. So on Southern hearts rests the tiny cross of bronze that too is alone in the story that it tells. No one deed of daring won it for its wearer. It whispers of patient bearing of unnumbered hardships, of long service in camp and battlefield bravely done, of hunger accepted gladly for the sake of a cause, of courage that never flinched, though the deed meant death or endurance to the end. Unseen upon that tiny cross Fame has written in letters of fire: "Fidelity, bravery, patience, and patriotism!" Not one deed, but continuous bravery has won it, not to one man was it given, but to almost an entire army ah, this is the cross of honor

### AN OLD SOLDIER

The Rome (Ga.) Tribune has a pitiful account of an old soldier wearing his tattered suit of gray and proudly pointing out his cross of honor to interested spectators who is making a precarious living by exhibiting his camp outfit of cups, pans, and canteen, and telling of the battles in which he was in. He lives with relatives who can give him only food and house room, and he takes this method of adding to his comfort.

### THAT FIGHT AT GREEN'S FARM, NEAR RICHMOND BY J. R. HAW, 700 ARMISTEAD AVENUE, HAMPDEN, VA.

In the August (1908) VETERAN I read with much interest Col. Clement Sulivane's criticism of Miles Cary's report on the fight at Green's Farm.

Colonel Sulivane was adjutant general of the brigade at that time, and for a private to differ with him may seem presumptuous, nevertheless his account differs so materially with my article, "The Armory Battalion at Green's Farm," published in the April VETERAN previous, that I must answer some of his statements.

He says the Armory Battalion was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Ayres, and that it was in line on the left of Henley's Battalion at Green's Farm, describes the final charge of Dahlgren and his repulse, and disposes of the fight by saying "that was the whole of it."

As I stated in my article, Major Ford was commander of the Armory Battalion and led it to battle, commanded it in the fight, and, seeing that we were outnumbered, outflanked, and unsupported, ordered us to "cease firing and fall back"

But to establish this point I quote from the commander in chief of the Confederate armies, Jefferson Davis, who says in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government:" "The first resistance met was by a battalion of G. W. C. Lee's force, consisting of about two hundred and twenty of the Armory men under command of their major, Ford. This small body was driven back until it joined a battalion of the Treasury Department clerks, who, in the absence of their major (Henley), were led by Captain Mellhenny," etc. (I spell the name as he spells it, but it should no doubt be Capt. John C. McAnerney.)

Captain Ayres commanded Company A, of which I was a member at this time, and was not promoted until sometime after this, but was then called "Major" by the men. I never heard him spoken of as lieutenant colonel.

On visiting the scene of the fight in November I discovered that it had become a suburb of Richmond called "West Hampton Park," and is reached by an electric line, which crosses the Three Chop road between the positions occupied by the two battalions and very near the old Green mansion. The grove, or "woods," from which the Armory Battalion fired on and fought the enemy is still standing, just across the road from the Green mansion on the Three Chop road.

## **THAT FIGHT AT GREEN'S FARM, NEAR RICHMOND**

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This was literally true in our case. The brigade, hurrying to man the breastworks, was strung out over several miles of road. The first or Armory Battalion, meeting the enemy inside the works, fought him unsupported, checked his advance, killed and wounded a number of his men, and were themselves severely punished in the fight. Dahlgren, learning for the first time from prisoners captured of Kilpatrick's defeat and that the road in his front was filled with troops, had little heart to push his advance farther, and when Henley's Battalion emptied all of its guns at them in the dark, he retreated, although our muzzle loading guns were empty.

The number of the enemy given in my article is taken from the war records, and is, I think, very nearly correct.

## LIFE SAVED BY BEING A MASON

An interesting story is told by John Grim, of the Columbus (Ohio) City Engineering Department. Mr. Grim was a member of the 7th Ohio Independent Battery, U. S. A., and in a fight at Guntown, Miss., was taken prisoner with his battery. As he rode beside his captor, a handsome lieutenant in the Confederate gray, Grim noticed the Masonic square and compass on the Confederate's watch chain, and immediately made himself known as a Mason. Grim then asked his captor if there was not some way for him to escape, as he abhorred being shut up in prison.

After long meditation, the lieutenant said that on the road they were traveling they would come to a river bank, and on this was a sycamore tree that had fallen with its roots in the water, that if Grim would make a dash for liberty just here the lieutenant would try to help him to escape, and that the Yankees were just over the river.

The lieutenant managed to fall behind the entire squad with Grim beside him. When the tree was reached, Grim made his dash for liberty, but was seen by the Confederates, and a shower of bullets followed him. Some of these struck the tree and the splinters flew in his face, wounding him till the blood came in streams. Blinded by the blood, Grim slipped and fell. A man was right beside him before he could rise, and he heard a quick whisper: "Lie still, pretend you are dead." Grim took the hint and lay rigid, and the lieutenant called out: "You fixed him that time, boys. Go ahead, we will leave him here. We have no time to bury Yanks anyway."

Grim managed to cross the river and soon found a regiment of bluecoats. He says he never knew the name of his fellow Mason, but would dearly love to find him, for he feels that he owes him his health if not his life, for the long months in prison disabled many who were captured at the same time with him. [The foregoing story is given with doubt as to its accuracy.]

## WHO FIRED THE FIRST GUN AT NEW MARKET?

BY J. N. POTTS, HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

On page 337 in the May (1900) VETERAN there is an article by Charles Warren Buchanan, who seems to have been a gunner in Jackson's Battery. By "first gun" he probably means the first shot fired from his battery, which did splendid service on that occasion. He could not have meant the first shooting of any kind or even the first artillery firing, for there had been much skirmishing and several shots from McClannahan's Battery fired before Jackson's Battery was in position.

Gen. J. D. Imboden, with the 18th and 23d Virginia Cavalry Regiments, numbering about eight hundred effective men, together with the remaining portion of the 62d Virginia Infantry, under Col. George H. Smith, and McClannahan's Battery of four twelve pound rifle guns (in all about one thousand men), had been fighting General Sigel's advance for two days before the engagement called "the battle of New Market" on the 15th of May, 1864. For corroboration of this statement reference is had to the "War Records," Series I., Volume 37.

On the 13th we charged the 1st New York Cavalry and Cole's Battalion, commanded by Colonel Boyd, and drove them into Massanutten Mountains, capturing nearly the entire detachment. We sent the prisoners up the valley, but kept their splendid horses to take the place of our badly jaded stock. (At this time I was a lieutenant of Company G, 18th Virginia Cavalry, and now refresh my memory from a diary written at the time.)

About noon on May 14 our brigade encountered Sigel's advance forces at Rude's Hill, about four miles below New Market, and we understood at the time that the enemy was about twelve thousand strong. They gave us a very hard afternoon's work. At dark Sigel went into camp at the lower end of New Market and we occupied the upper end of the town. About nine o'clock at night I was called to headquarters. I found General Imboden on his horse, and we rode a few rods down the road, when in a low tone of voice he told me he had good news, that General Breckinridge had arrived with reinforcements and was in camp at Lacey Springs, four miles above us, and had just ordered him to call off his forces and fall back to that place to avoid the danger of a night attack. "And now," said he, "I want you to hunt up Captain Stump and his company and bring them in. They are somewhere to the left of the town. At dark they were deployed as skirmishers." It was raining and very dark. I said: "General, you know Sigel occupies the hill just in front of us." He replied: "Yes, I know that, and that your mission is both difficult and dangerous, but Stump must be found and called in. It will require courage and discretion, and that is why I sent for you."

I thanked him for the compliment and rode off in the dense darkness, but failing to find Captain Stump, I came back to the main street of the town and stood still to listen, and in a few minutes I heard a horseman coming toward me, but it was so dark that neither of us could see the other. I sat still until he came within about two rods of me, when I said: "Halt! Who comes there?" He recognized my voice and told me he was Col. C. T. O'Ferrell, of the 23d Virginia Cavalry (afterwards Governor of Virginia). He was on a similar mission looking for some skirmishers of his regiment. After talking for a few minutes, he went to the right and I to the left. Pretty soon my horse stumbled over some rocks and made a noise that attracted the attention of the enemy, and they fired a volley of perhaps from fifty to one hundred shots in that direction. Captain

Stump's company at once returned the fire, and the blaze from their guns showed that they were only a few rods from me. I delivered my message and we moved up the road.

It was after ten o'clock when we reached camp. I was so worn out that after giving my horse some corn that the "boys" had drawn and saved for him I lay down on the ground with my head on my saddle and went to sleep without supper, thinking I would be all the more ready for breakfast. Instead of breakfast, however, our brigade was ordered to the front just at day dawn to bring on the engagement, and I was given command of the advance guard. We met the enemy about two miles above town. They were stubborn, but we drove them back until we occupied the position we had at dark the evening before.

McClannahan's four twelve pound guns opened up with vigor, and this seemed to cause the enemy to believe that there was nothing in their front but Imboden's Brigade, and they started to throw a heavy infantry column against us. But just at this juncture Jackson's Battery came dashing in, and from an elevation on our left sent a 24 pound shot screaming into the enemy's ranks. I don't think I ever heard a noise that seemed to mean so much, and it caused General Sigel to realize that he had foemen worthy of his steel. From this moment the fight raged with unceasing fury until late in the afternoon, when the enemy escaped across the swollen Shenandoah and burned the bridge.

General Breckinridge's short report of this fight will be found in the "War Records," Series I, page 37, as above stated, as follows: "This morning, May 15, 1864, two miles above New Market my command met the enemy, under General Sigel, advancing up the Valley, and defeated him with heavy loss. The action has just closed at Shenandoah River. Enemy fled across North Fork of Shenandoah, burning the bridge behind him."

Comrade Buchanan's memory is at fault in regard to General Breckinridge receiving a message from "Gen. Mudwall Jackson," for Jackson at that time was in Southwest Virginia, and on the day before he, in conjunction with Colonel French, met and repulsed General Averell at Newport, Va. See dispatch from C. S. Stringfellow, assistant adjutant general, in the same volume.

In closing I state that no Confederate soldier should refer to William L. Jackson as "Mudwall" Jackson, for there was not a more polished gentleman nor a more gallant and competent officer in the Confederate army than this same Gen. William L. Jackson.

## OBJECTS TO MILITARY GARB AND TITLES

Comrade Edward S. Lathrop, of Decatur, Ga., writes the VETERAN of his objections to the use of military garb and the assumption of military titles by the ladies of Confederate Choirs: "I have read the article by Mrs. Jean Robertson Anderson, of Memphis, Tenn., and I call particular attention to this very womanly warning. I gave all for the cause of Southern womanhood, and four years of service I do not regret, but if you take away their distinctive attribute the modesty that avoids the conspicuous, their sensitiveness and nobleness of purpose, which the assumption of masculine uniform and the use of soldier titles suggest then indeed we old veterans will feel that our privations and sufferings were in vain." [There is much discontent with this feature at Reunions.]

## GENERAL WHEELER AT AIKEN, S. C.

BY JOHN C. BAIRD, ARCADIA, LA.

[Rev. J. H. Wharton, pastor of the Baptist Church, Homer, La., has asked me to write for the VETERAN something of the little cavalry fight we had at Aiken, S. C, Brother Wharton was too young to be a soldier at the time, but he is a great friend to those who were and also a strong supporter of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and he never fails to attend the meetings of our Camp and make a plea in its behalf.]

I write what I remember of the Aiken (S. C.) fight, but at that time fighting had become almost an everyday occurrence with General Wheeler's command, and but for the part the fair ladies of that town took in it we would have long since forgotten the greater part of it. On that day (the date is not recalled) we marched into town, our regiment, the 1st Alabama, in advance, and we could see General Wheeler riding in our front. Kilpatrick's Cavalry was coming on behind us, and we could hear firing as we rode into town.

The ladies from the windows and balconies were waving their white handkerchiefs, and I heard some of them say: "Don't let the Yankees come into this town." I suppose General Wheeler heard the same, for at once we were about faced and in line ready for the charge. We went straight at the Yankees as they advanced. I don't think we checked up until we had driven them some distance from the town.

I was a boy then, but I don't think I ever felt as large before or since as I did when we rode down that street amid the cheers of those beautiful women.

I hope that of all those brave women who witnessed that charge and cheered us on by the waving of white handkerchiefs some are still living and will write for the VETERAN what they remember about this fight and tell if the Yankees came to that town after we left.

## GEN. STERLING PRICE IN MEXICO

Samuel Johnson, of St. Louis, Mo., an ex Federal, writes of his interest in the VETERAN, to which he contributes an incident of his service in the Mexican War: "During the war with Mexico I was under Gen. Sterling Price, then colonel of a Missouri regiment which crossed the plains for Santa Fe, N. Mex., in the spring of 1846 and returned in the spring of 1847. He was made brigadier general and took command of all the forces in that territory in the fall of 1847. About this time Lieuts. John A. Logan and Kinney had it circulated in camp and city that they would fight a duel the next morning at sunrise just north of our drill ground, and all the soldiers, as well as hundreds of Mexicans, were on the ground in time to see the brave and gallant young officers with their seconds arrive. They at once took their places, thirty feet apart, and were given pistols by their seconds. At a given signal both took deliberate aim and fired, but as neither was killed or wounded, their seconds reloaded and returned the pistols for a second round. I remember how quiet and breathless we stood while they fired the second shot, and no one killed or hurt. Then their seconds succeeded in having the duelists compromise their trouble without the loss of life. How glad we were that it was settled this way! But before sunset of that day General Price had the whole bogus outfit under arrest. They were loud to declare that they were the best of friends and there was no lead in their guns. The General kept them on the anxious seat for several days, saying their conduct was unbecoming officers and gentlemen, but upon their

faithful promises he ordered them on duty without court martial. The whole army cheered for General Price for the way in which he handled the young bloods. We thought he was a bigger man than General Scott or General Taylor."

## A UNIQUE TROUSER TRADE

BY J. MONT WILSON, SEDALIA, MO.

In the fall of 1864 General Price made a raid through Missouri. After continuous marching and fighting for weeks, a great many of the boys had trousers only in name. Kenneth Monroe, a short little Scotchman about five feet two inches high (but a good soldier all the same), orderly sergeant of a company in Col. D. C. Hunter's regiment of Missouri cavalry, was one of the boys whose trousers did not permit him to go into polite society. He went to Colonel Hunter and said: "Colonel, I want a furlough." "What for?" "To get me a pair of trousers. I have the money to buy them, and if I cannot buy them, I will beg them." The Colonel asked: "If you do neither, will you steal them?" Kenneth replied quickly: "Yes, sir." The Colonel said: "Hand me those saddlebags." He pulled out a fine pair of new blue trousers made for a man over six feet high. These he was holding as a reserve for his own wardrobe. Handing them to Kenneth, he said: "Sergeant, put these on till you can get you a pair."

In three minutes Kenneth was in the brush getting into his new possession. When dressed he had the "dude" roll at the bottom of his trousers and the waistband buckled up close under his arms. He quickly hid that by buttoning his jacket close. One of the new recruits who had on a nice brown pair saw Kenneth strutting around in his good clothes and conceived the idea that if he just had those blue trousers he would look like a soldier. This was the snap Kenneth was watching for. In five minutes after the trade was proposed they were in the brush changing clothes.

A short time after this Colonel Hunter was badly in need of his reserve trousers. Meeting Kenneth, he said to him: "Orderly, if you are through with my trousers, I would like to have them." "Your trousers?" he replied. "I haven't got your trousers." The Colonel, seeing he had brown ones on, said: "You did not trade mine off?" "I certainly did, Colonel," Kenneth answered and marched on. The joke was one sided and all on the Colonel, but he accepted it and the incident closed. Kenneth and the Colonel were both well known citizens of Vernon County, Mo" after the war.

## How THE CONFEDERATES CAPTURED JACKSONVILLE

After the St. John's Bluff was surrendered by the Confederates, Jacksonville was occupied by Sherman's troops, sent there from Hilton Head, and they were supported by a gunboat. The Confederates had a correct map of the city and surroundings, with the position of the soldiers' quarters and the anchorage of the gunboat. General Finegan and Captain Buckman conceived a plan to surprise the bluecoats by selecting the largest gun ever used in Florida. They mounted it on a flatcar, pushed it as far as prudent by a locomotive, which was backed out of danger, and then the car was pushed to the desired point by hand. When that gun was turned loose, it dropped (as the boys said) a whole blacksmith shop with all of its equipments into the midst of the bluecoats, killing and wounding several and damaging the gunboat. There was a hasty consultation, a general moving, and Jacksonville was relieved.

## GOOD SAMARITANS FOR TWO CONFEDERATES

BY R. B. ANDERSON, DENTON, TEX.

I read in the VETERAN a story headed "How I Got Home from the Army," and it recalled a story told me just after the war by one of the two heroes to it. Crutcher and Johnson were at Alton, Ill., and were paroled after the surrender. Crutcher said:

Johnson and I were so glad to get away from that hole and those Yankees that we never thought about how we were going to get home. I suppose if we had waited they would have provided transportation, but we were in a hurry. We went to the river and saw a boat going to St. Louis. The mate agreed to let us ride if we would help to load the boat. They did not give us anything to eat, and the next morning we were ravenous. A negro gave us part of his food, four crackers and a slice of bacon each, and it was the largest meal we had had for six months.

We helped to unload the boat, carrying great barrels and bales up the bank, but as they still did not give us anything to eat, we decided to run away. We crept behind the piles of barrels till we came to a man who seemed to be a merchant, as he was checking things up. We asked for any sort of work by which we could earn some food, and told him we were paroled Confederate soldiers making our way home to Texas. He looked all around as if afraid to be seen talking to us, then told us to follow him at a distance. He left us at a barber shop after saying something to the man. The barber told us to get in chairs. Just as he finished shaving us a young man carrying a huge bundle came in the room and told us to follow him. He took us to the bathroom for a hot bath. In the bundle was a full outfit, even to ties and handkerchiefs, and we fitted everything except the shoes, which were too big. When we left that room, I said to Johnson that he was not the same man who went in with me, and he said: 'No, I am leaving that man with the rags in the corner.'

The young man who gave us the clothes was waiting outside, and took us in a carriage to a very nice house. Here we were met by a young lady, who talked to us till the man we had met on the wharf arrived, when we had the finest dinner I ever ate. We told them all about our prison life and of the army, and they were deeply affected. After supper (for they kept us there all the evening talking to them) the young lady said she was going to take us to the theater. We told her we had no money and could not trespass upon their kindness, but she insisted. After the theater she carried us in the carriage to the wharf, where was a boat which she said would leave at six the next morning. She gave us two tickets and a purse with a hundred dollars in it. We begged her to tell us the name of the people who had been so good to us, but she said that was not necessary. I said: 'If this is not all a dream, I will pray for you as long as I live and Johnson said he hoped it was a dream and he would never awake.'

## RING THAT GEN. R. E. LEE GAVE MRS. JACK

Mrs. E. A. Chambliss sends the VETERAN from Manitou Springs, Colo., a very bright sketch of Mrs. Jack, "the mining queen of the Rockies," who lives alone on her ranch. She has fought mountain lions at close range. Mrs. Jack discovered one of the best known gold mines and is better acquainted with the mountains than any of the guides. She writes poetry and songs, and is soon to have a book leave the press. But her claim to interest for veterans is the ring she wears.

Capt. Charles E. Jack, of Farragut's navy, U. S. A., was in 1862 in command of the Penobscot, of the blockading squadron. In the capture of the Kate Captain Jack found himself in a position where he could do a favor to General Lee, who was a fellow Mason. There was something on the Kate (what it was Captain Jack refused to tell any one, even his wife) that General Lee was very anxious to obtain, and Captain Jack assisted him in this. A few months after this Mrs. Jack received from General Lee a diamond ring beautifully set. It was carefully packed in a small pasteboard box in cotton, and under it a paper on which General Lee had written:

Please accept from an officer and a gentleman who wears the gray.

ROBERT E. LEE

The diamond is about one carat, is mounted in eighteen carat gold, and is in an old fashioned setting of many prongs. The band is round on its edges, and inside is inscribed the well worn date 1314.

Soon after she received the ring Mrs. Jack went to Rome, and attending one of the big ceremonies of the Catholic Church, she was seized with the desire to have something that was blessed by the pope. She took off this ring and placed it on top of the solid gold box that contained the ashes of St. Peter, where it received the pontifical blessing. Mrs. Jack calls the ring her "mascot," and feels that it has had much to do with bringing her the great success she has had in life. She has willed the ring and note to the Richmond Museum.

## FLAG OF NINTH TEXAS INFANTRY

BY JOHN E. L02EDON, GAINESVILLE, TEX.

The April VETERAN gave a list of Confederate flags captured during the Civil War and held at the capitol in Ohio. One of these is said to have been captured from the 9th Texas. It may have been captured from the 9th Texas Cavalry Regiment, but I am sure it was not captured from the 9th Texas Infantry, as our regiment did not lose a flag during the war.

The 9th Texas Infantry was not in the battle of Corinth, but was in Bragg's army, then in retreat out of Kentucky after the battle at Perryville. All of the members of the 9th Texas Infantry who stayed with it until the close of the war are proud of the record the regiment made, and we do not want the readers of the VETERAN to think that we lost our flag when we know that such was not the case.

I was with the regiment in every battle during the four years of the war, I was wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro, in December, 1862, and wounded again in the battle of Nashville, in December, 1864, Both were flesh wounds, and I was able to report for duty in time to be with my comrades in the next fight. I was in the Fairground Hospital at Atlanta six weeks nursing the wound received at Murfreesboro.

At the final surrender when Ector's Texas Brigade stacked arms the color bearer stacked the flag with the guns. A comrade, C. P. Matthews, of Paris, Tex., went to the old flag, cut it from the staff, crammed it into his shirt bosom, and brought it home with him. Charlie has the old flag yet.

## SOLDIERS' CLOTHES TOO HOT

The United States War Department has taken up the question of suitable cloth for the army uniforms. The khaki cloth has the double objection of fading and being very warm. Secretary of War Dickinson has written to all the large factories requesting a competition in the making of suitable material of the desired olive drab color, holding in abeyance an order for 825,000 yards of cloth until the best obtainable is selected.

## WOUNDED BOY'S NIGHT ON A BATTLEFIELD

BY F. P. ELLIS (13TH MISS., CO. I), BELLS, TEX.

As the roar of musketry, the boom of cannon, the bursting shells and hissing grapeshot slowly subsided the shrieks of the wounded could be heard on every hand. Fervent prayers, bitter swearing, pitiful calls for water and for comrades by name or company were among the cries distinguishable. As the dense smoke, which had obscured everything, slowly lifted the setting sun as red as blood could be seen, and the surface of the earth as far as I could see appeared to be covered with a mass of wriggling, writhing men, some vainly endeavoring to regain their feet, others seeking less painful positions. Intermixed with the wounded everywhere lay the silent forms of the dead, men of the gray and of the blue.

The Federals had yielded the ground only after desperately contesting every foot of it, and both armies, having fought to exhaustion, slowly withdrew from the central part of the field and had placed their videttes. Those of us on the ground could outline the shadowy forms of these vigilant sentinels as they kept watch while their worn out comrades slept on their arms. Night had now spread her mantle over the horrid scene. The last spiteful rifle crack had ceased, the sky became overcast, and soon a gentle rain was falling as if nature were weeping because of human slaughter. The louder cries of the wounded had either been silenced by death or had given place to the low moaning of the helpless sufferer as the feeling of chilly numbness came over one who had bled profusely and was now wet to the skin by the falling rain. We had no means of determining the hour.

Far in the night I outlined against the sky the form of a half stooped man who was gliding silently and swiftly about the field, halting a moment here and there. I became very much interested, but when he stopped he stooped below my line of vision, and I did not learn his object until he came quite close to me, when I discovered that he was robbing the dead, turning pockets wrong side out and stripping the rings from cold and stiffened fingers. Turning my eyes from him after several minutes, I saw four or five others similarly engaged. I was satisfied that they were soldiers, but for the life of me I could not tell to which army they belonged.

A feeling of utter loneliness overcame me as I lay there unable to lift my head, an eighteen year old boy more than a thousand miles from home. My comrades who were near me were either dead or as helpless as myself. My command was gone, I knew not where, and I in the midst of a band of thieves

After a seemingly interminable time I saw a dim light at quite a distance in the direction from which we had come on the field. I greeted this light as the shepherds of old did the star of Bethlehem. I saw that it moved, and I knew it was the light of the litter bearers gathering the wounded and conveying them to the field hospital. O how I watched that light, and how impatient I became at their apparent deliberation ! Then I remembered that this was the seventh

day's battle, and every night and part of every day for a week those litter bearers had been on duty. The light now appeared closer and then farther off, so that my hope for relief rose and fell accordingly.

Finally gray dawn came, and as daylight appeared both lines of outpost pickets quietly retired and the robbers, like wolves, slunk out of sight. I now had quite a clear view of my surroundings. I was on top of Malvern Hill in an open field and could see quite a distance in nearly every direction.

There was a much greater number of dead on the field than I thought, and from the number of wounded between where I lay and where the litter bearers were at work I calculated that it would be two o'clock that evening before they reached me, and subsequent events proved its correctness.

## PERSONAL BRAVERY ON THE BATTLEFIELD

A member of the 11th Mississippi Regiment contributes this as an incident of heroic bravery on the battlefield and under terrific fire from the enemy. The hero was a member of Company K, Carroll Rifles, of the 11th Mississippi:

I do not believe a braver set of men ever lived than those of the old 11th Mississippi, and especially was this true of the 'Carroll Rifles,' named for the county in which the company was raised. In this company were the Hugheses, Kimbroughs, Ourys, Stanfords, Talberts, Arnolds, and many other brave spirits.

The incident referred to occurred in the battle of the Wilderness. The two men appointed from Company K to do the sharpshooting were James H. and T. A. Kimbrough, men especially fitted for this dangerous work, and it suited these two boys, as they always volunteered when volunteers were called for to do hazardous work.

It was the second day of the fight in the Wilderness, and the line of sharpshooters had been sent out under Lieutenant McMurry, as brave an officer as ever gave command. By some means we had advanced down a ridge, flanked by two ravines, so far that the enemy was about to cut us off, when the order came to fall back. These two boys, eager to get in a few more shots, were slow to fall back, and the enemy was almost upon them before they began to retreat. Just as they turned a Minie ball struck a tree, glanced, and struck Jimmie Kimbrough in the back, the effect of which, while not dangerous, for the time paralyzed his back and almost prevented him from walking. Tommie Kimbrough, seeing him wounded, made a hasty examination and saw it was not fatal. In the face of the enemy's fire he pushed his kinsman along ahead of him, while loading and firing all the time, assuring him that he would hold the enemy in check. Jimmie, believing his wound to be fatal, begged to be left, as they both must soon be killed under such a fire. With indomitable courage Tommie pushed him along in front of him and 'held the enemy in check' until he had gotten him to a place of safety within our lines,

How many instances of such daring were performed by the men of the rank and file of our Southern armies!"

## NAME OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S FIRST WIFE'S FATHER

Rev. W. W. Morrison, of Statesville, N. C., corrects an error in the July VETERAN, wherein it is stated that Rev. Dr. Jenkins was Stonewall Jackson's father in law, when the name should have been "Junkin." General Jackson married Miss Eleanor, the second daughter of Dr. Junkin, and she lived only a few months. His second wife was Miss Mary Anna Morrison, the daughter of Rev. Dr. R. H. Morrison, the founder of Davidson College in North Carolina. Miss Morrison was a sister to the wife of Gen. D. H. Hill, and General Jackson met her when she was on a visit to the home of Mrs. Hill, in Lexington, Va., General Hill at that time being professor of mathematics in Washington College, of which Rev. Dr. Junkin was president. Dr. Junkin was an ultra Union man, but his two sons in law were gallant Confederate officers.

THE "PETERSBURG MINE"

BY WILLIAM R. D. BLACKWOOD, BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL  
UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS.

When the siege lines of the Federal army had been established in front of Petersburg, it was seen that a direct frontal attack on the Confederate positions could not result in their capture unless at a loss of life which would be unjustifiable even if successful. The alternative was to block the route of supplies by way of the Southside Railroad and to make the matter one of endurance on both sides a long and tedious method. I do not use space as to what was done in other directions, but will come at once to the mine.

While looking at the Confederate defenses near the so called "Elliot salient" Lieut. Col. Henry Pleasants, of the 48th Pennsylvania Volunteers, saw that if that part of the defenses was destroyed the whole line for about a mile around must be untenable, because it dominated the works on either side for that distance. The Colonel and myself were close friends, and as we had but three engineers in the 9th Corps Captain Poe, of the Regulars, Colonel Pleasants, of the 48th, and myself, also of the 48th he and I were naturally interested in anything of that nature. He discussed the problem with me long before talking with others. Although surgeon of the 48th and brigade surgeon at the time, I had been for a year prior the engineer of the second division work, the regimental medical work being in charge of my two assistant surgeons. I agreed with the Colonel that the plan was not only feasible, but just the thing we needed to break the Confederate lines at that vulnerable and important position, and then he interviewed some of the higher officers of the army, all of whom except General Grant, who was noncommittal, decried the ability of any one to successfully mine the works at such a distance, giving varied and illogical reasons therefore. The main difficulty in the mind of the engineers was the problem of ventilation, which was really no difficulty at all. We never had trouble of that nature after we entered the drift.

After great delay we got permission to go ahead, and we did. The men of the regiment were with very few exceptions practical coal miners from Schuylkill County. We began the proximal end in a cut which afforded cover from the view of the Confederates, and it gave us the valuable assistance of a covered way through which to carry away the excavated drift. Ten triangulations gave us the actual distance of five hundred and thirty eight feet. The tunnel was originally intended to run in a straight axial line till under the salient, but difficulties cropped up as we progressed, compelling us to depart from the direct course, one of which was a sand slip which

obliged us to turn the drift upward at an angle of six degrees for a distance of sixty feet, when we again resumed the direct course. Much of the tunnel was lined with logs to keep up the roof, and the height of the drift was between three and four feet the width always four feet.

The following statement will give some idea of the problem to be met: Height of Confederate terre plein above our works, 33 feet, drop into ravine behind Federal works, 20 feet, level of excavation from ravine bottom, 12 feet, ultimate elevation of ascending slope, 17 feet, angle of sections 1, 2, 3 relatively, 15 degrees, 42 degrees, and 11 degrees, extreme length of tunnel, as stated, 538 feet, length of laterals, 154 feet, deviation angle between sections 1 and 2, 12 degrees, number of triangulations, 10, control or proving triangulations, 4, amount of powder used in magazines, 4 1/2 tons, energy in foot pounds of powder, 27,852,000, measured height of impulse, 498 vertical feet, cubic feet of earth removed from tunnel, 91,898, estimated cubical displacement of earth in crater, 456,000 tons. The mine was begun on June 25, 1864, and completed on July 27. The powder was installed on July 28 and the mine exploded on the 30th at 5:20 A.M.

The ventilation of the tunnel was obtained by running a flue eight inches square along the floor of the drift extending: from the outlet to the breast where the men were working which carried fresh air from the exterior to the breast in this manner. A fire was constantly burning in a chamber just outside the entrance of the drift, and the flue referred to was connected with the ash pit, and thus fed the fire with air brought from the extreme end or breast of the tunnel, so that fresh air flowed in through the exterior opening. The dirt removed was principally heavy clay of many colors and was called "Powhatan Clay." The men made various articles from this clay, such as pipes, miniature mortars, etc., and one very elaborate pipe was given to General Grant, which he prized highly. The dirt removed was ultimately placed on the parallels far from the mine, and was taken from the ravine only at night.

Nobody except the men of the 48th was permitted to work on the mine. Since the close of the war a considerable number of fakirs have claimed to be the originators of the mine, but they are impostors. Colonel Pleasants alone conceived the idea, and as his assistant engineer I know all about it. Pleasants was a gentleman of high extraction, a soldier of extreme bravery, and a man of the highest honor. He did what never was done in the history of war before or since till this day conceived and carried to a successful end the greatest mine ever built in the annals of military engineering and to him alone is due the credit. The mine was ten times longer than the longest previous mine ever built.

I feel that this small contribution to the items of the war of 1861 65 is quite inadequate to do justice to so important a subject, but I trust that it will give to my Confederate friends some idea of the wonderful work done before Petersburg on that memorable occasion.

The mine was successfully exploded on July 30, 1864, but the conflict after this was a dreadful defeat for our army no blame to us of the 48th, we did our work O. K. Had Meade sent in the men at once after the explosion, Petersburg must have fallen, but he waited for half an hour under a bombardment till the Confederates were prepared for an assault, and all was confusion.

It will be remembered by my friends of the Southern army that the explosion did not eventuate at the time expected, as every obstacle that could be thrown in our way by the higher authorities was done. We actually began the mine and it was well under way before the commanding officers knew anything about it. When we began to run the fuse from the entrance to the magazines where the powder was stored, the stuff was given us in small lengths, the longest about twenty feet. Of course we had then to splice the fuses four parallel lengths, and one of the splices failed about a hundred and thirty feet from the entrance. Knowing that a new splice was imperative, volunteers to enter the drift, renew the splice, light it, and lie down to die were called

for. Crowded around the entrance were our men. Every one rushed to the opening when Pleasants called for some one to do the work of death. The two nearest the opening were Sergt. Harry Reese and Lieut. Jacob Douty, and they flew to the job and the rest were held back. These gallant heroes found the defect, renewed the error, lit the fuse, and sat down to perish in the tunnel, but the others called to them to try an escape, and they just got out when the powder went up in a blaze of dazzling light. The growing sunrise was blackened by the mass of earth thrown up amid the smoke, and the trembling ground shook for miles around in the awful cataclysm. Congress gave to these gallant boys the "Medal of Honor," and their names will go down to glory till the history of war will die. I am told that in Petersburg the men of the Confederate army speak of these heroes often in their sessions.

When the tunnel had reached a point just beneath the Confederate lines, we projected the "laterals" at about right angles on either side of the drift, and in these laterals were placed the magazines containing the powder. These were square chambers of eight by ten feet, six on each side. The powder was principally in small kegs, but a quantity of ammunition from batteries was also added, and the fuses were run inside the duct formerly employed to carry the ventilating air from the outside fireplace to the breast of the tunnel. The last hundred and fifty feet of the duct was filled with loose powder together with the fuses, and when the fire reached the powder thus lying in the tube, of course the flame ran quickly to the magazines. The point where the fuses failed was within a hundred feet of the beginning point of the loose powder, hence it will be seen what a risk the two brave men ran in entering the mine to relight the failing fuses. The crater formed by the explosion was one hundred and eighty feet long, thirty deep, and from fifty to eighty wide. The noise of the rising and falling mass was heard ten miles away, and the earth tremor was distinctly felt twenty nine miles distant, according to a report made to me.

Thank God for the fraternity which thus distinguishes real soldiers, though they fought bitterly against each other in the long ago! To me it is a thought of great pride that through my mother's side I am related to the two grand soldiers of the Southland Stonewall Jackson and John B. Gordon. I also had a cousin in the Confederate army. For many years before it came to pass I did my best to cement a bond of friendship between the Confederate Veterans and the Grand Army of the Republic, in which I have the honor to be a Past Post Commander and the Past Medical Director. God grant that the gallant men of your sunny South who fought so gloriously and grandly against almost overwhelming difficulties may be held in highest esteem, and that all of us on either side may never be forgotten by our descendants as men who fought as their convictions led them to do in defense of their fair land! I feel it an honor beyond description to be asked to give in my humble and altogether unworthy manner anything that can unite in bonds of fraternity and sympathy the men of the Confederate and Federal armies. Let me assure you, my dear friends, that nobody holds in higher respect the fame and name of the men of the Confederate army.

## WHO GOT THE HONEY?

BY TOM N. SHEARER, STARKVILLE, MISS.

During the war, while we were in camp and enjoying life as best we could, no enemy being near to break our rest, a comrade and I decided to make a short trip to try to find fruit or something to eat, as we were tired out on tough beef and army rations. Col. A. G. Orr was in command of the brigade, and his orders had been issued to arrest all soldiers caught outside the guard line with their haversacks. Just before leaving camp Alex Miles tucked a haversack under his jacket. We went into a low, flat skirt of woods where we heard the sound of axes and went toward the sound. We saw that a large hollow poplar had been cut down in which was a beehive full of honey. We bought several dollars' worth of honey and started back to camp. On the way we were halted by one of the guards and told that he would have to carry us before the commanding officer. I replied that I had no haversack and Alex said he had none. The guard saw Alex's and, pulling it lower down, said: "What the devil do you call this?" Alex said: "Ding the thing, I thought I hid it."

We were carried before the commanding officer and questioned by him. We told him our names and where from, and, being told we were Mississippians from Chickasaw County, the officer said: "I will be light with you, boys. Turn the honey over to the guard and go back to your command." Colonel Orr is now living in Columbus, Miss.

Comrade Orr, poor fellow, was killed in front of Atlanta during the second battle we fought on Peachtree Creek, on July 28. I have always wondered who got the honey.

## FLAG OF THE MARYLAND INFANTRY

On the occasion of the restoring of the flag of the 2d Maryland Regiment by the Ohio Legislature Rev. Randolph McKim made a strong and earnest address. He began with an explanation of the division politically in Maryland. The State, he believed, would have seceded if allowed to follow its inclination. Taking the 2d Regiment, he followed their military record and their brilliant achievements which won them such distinction,

Dr. McKim said the condition of the Maryland soldier was peculiarly pathetic, for practically when he cast his fortunes with the South he erected a wall bristling with camps and armed men between himself, his home, and his kindred.

Dr. McKim paid beautiful tribute to the Maryland soldiers and their love of the stars and bars, a banner which he says "is no longer a national flag or a political symbol, but the consecrated emblem of the heroic epoch the sacred memento of a day that is dead, the embodiment of memories that will ever be tender and holy."

Dr. McKim's great Reunion speech at Nashville was in the issue of March, 1905.

## PRACTICAL TIME SAVER

NOT COMPLETE

"I built my fortune on the dial of my watch, seconds became pennies, minutes became dimes, hours became dollars. I gave a money value to every tick and took advantage of everything that economized time. I never procrastinated, I never waited for other people to get ahead of me. I kept my eyes and ears open for opportunities, I looked well into what seemed good to me, when my judgment approves, I act promptly and with decision. I don't know that there is any particular rule or law of success, but I'm pretty sure that one of the foundation principles is 'Don't lose time.' "

The foregoing is from one whose reputation is that of a most successful American. It is good from a business view and is cordially commended. But is it all of life to live? The "success" of such a man is worthy, but is not his philosophy short sighted ? Let us all in the race for thrift remember that "it is not all of life to live." The wise man keeps all of his accounts in hand. His duty to his fellow man requires seconds, minutes, and hours of time and its accumulations.

Just after the foregoing had been written it was observed that Mr. Roosevelt had made the same kind of argument in Africa.

## THE CADETS AT NEW MARKET

[In the fifth book by Prof. J. T. Derry, "The Strife of Brothers," he pays tribute to the young heroes of the noted Virginia Military Institute.]

Flower of Southern youth from college hall  
Where once had lived and taught our great Stonewall  
They marched away with knightly courage bright,  
Those handsome youths, of many a home the light.  
When Breckinridge would hold them in reserve,  
Their claim that they a better place deserve  
Obtains permission that they share the front  
With elders trained to breast the battle's brunt.  
And ne'er did boys upon the diamond play  
With lighter, happier spirits than had they  
When in the headlong charge they forward went  
'Gainst routed foes who, in confusion blent,  
Fled from the field where youthful valor vied  
With that of bearded men in battle tried.  
And as victorious Southern banners wave  
None than the Institute's more proud and brave  
Floated o'er truer hearts or nobler band  
Than those brave lads, the pride of Dixie's land.

Ah! lovely Shenandoah! how rich thou art  
In all that thrills and stirs the patriot's heart  
By many a sacred drop though sanctified,  
Distilled from hearts that for the Southland died,  
No holier blood in Freedom's battles shed  
Ever for home and bleeding country plead  
Than that of generous youth that stained thy sod  
And from that crimsoned field appealed to God.

## TORPEDO BOAT AT LOUISIANA SOLDIERS' HOME

BY GORDON S. LEVY, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

During the years 1861-62 Captain Hunley, Capt. James McClintock, and Baxton Watson, marine engineers and machinists, built this torpedo boat. About February, 1862, before the boat was completed, the city of New Orleans fell into the hands of the Federals and the boat was sunk.

The Confederate engineers went to Mobile, where they offered their plans to the Confederate authorities, and were ordered to build a torpedo boat in the shops of Park & Lyons. The first boat sank while it was being placed in the water for the initial trial. The second boat was built out of an old boiler with both ends tapered. After several successful attempts in Mobile Bay, General Maury ordered the boat sent by rail to Charleston, where it could do more good than in the harbor of Mobile.

The boat was given in charge of Lieut. John Payne, C. S. N., who had volunteered with eight men. Just as they were getting ready to start the boat was swamped and the eight men were drowned. A second crew was secured, and again the boat was swamped. Lieutenant Payne and two of the men escaped, while the other six men were drowned.

The boat was then turned over to a volunteer crew from Mobile in charge of Captain Hunley and Thomas Park, and with a crew of seven men they made several successful trials with the boat, practicing the crew in diving and rising again, until one evening in the presence of a number of people on the wharf she sank and remained under water some days, drowning her entire crew of nine men, making a total of twenty three fatalities up to that time.

Captain Alexander and Lieut. George E. Dixon, both of Alabama, mechanical engineers, after discussing the matter together, decided to offer their services to General Beauregard to raise the boat and operate it in guarding the harbor. On account of the former misfortunes General Beauregard did not desire to have any further attempts made, but finally yielded to their persuasion. They secured another crew after explaining the former unsuccessful tests, giving all particulars, and the number of men drowned. They managed the boat well, though no decided results were obtained, owing to the bad weather. Captain Alexander and Lieutenant Dixon decided to sink the boat and test how long they could remain under water, stating to the crew that the boat would be raised at will. After they had gone to the bottom, one of the water pipes for discharging water from the ballast became choked with seaweed, and when it had been removed, they managed to bring the boat to the surface. It had been under water for two hours and a half. They were in darkness for one hour and ten minutes. The boat had been given up for lost, and was so reported to General Beauregard.

This torpedo boat sank the Housatanic on February 17, 1864, at 8:45 P.M. It had been sighted by a battle ship, and Lieutenant Dixon sank the boat to avoid being seen. The Housatanic had undoubtedly slipped her chains and was advancing upon the torpedo boat, when the compact from the momentum rammed the torpedo boat, so that her men were unable to extricate themselves, and all the crew were drowned. When the divers were investigating the Housatanic, they found the torpedo boat at the bottom rammed in the wreck, and the battle ship sank five minutes after being struck.

#### HE HAS RUINT ME WHAT THE NORTH DID

A grandiloquent Senator was emphasizing on tariff discussion how much the North has done for the South the great debt of gratitude the South owes the North. Senator Bob Taylor rose in his place and asked permission to tell a story, he would interrupt the gentleman only a few moments. Then Senator Bob said that in a certain village there was a man who rivaled Job in his afflictions. He had had rheumatism till he was twisted all awry, had alveolar trouble with his heart, asthma till he could scarcely breathe, and lastly was almost totally paralyzed. There was a big revival in the town and Mr. Jones hobbled to it. The minister in impassioned utterances cried: "Brothers and sisters, we must all tell to night what the Lord has done for us. We must each testify to his goodness and his power. Now there is Brother Jones, he has not been able to be with us before during the meeting. Brother Jones, tell us all the Lord has done for you."

The old man rose up, trembling and almost helpless. He looked wistfully around, then, leaning on his cane, he said: "He has ruint me!" Momentary silence was followed by peals of laughter. The eloquent Senator did not further discuss what the North has done for the South.

#### U. D. C. SCHOLARSHIP IN MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi U. D. C.'s announce that the award of a scholarship at Millsaps College, Jackson, will be made this year, and that the event is open to young men of good moral character and of lineal Confederate descent. Examinations for this event will be held at the various county seats August 14. under the direction of the county superintendents. The committee in charge are Mrs. Dunbar Rowland, Jackson, Mrs. A. V. Aven, Clinton, and Mrs. Julia Jayne Walker, Brandon. The papers of competition will be forwarded to Prof. J. E. Walmsley, of Millsaps College, who will grade them as quickly as possible.

#### MISSISSIPPI AND KENTUCKY IN A CONTEST BY JOHN L. COLLINS, COFFEEVILLE, MISS.

It was in the winter of 1862 63, while sojourning in and around the quiet little city of Canton, Miss., that a spirit of rivalry arose between two crack regiments composed, in the main, of men from the first families of the two States they represented. This rivalry was upon the ground of their superiority in the manual of arms and drill movements. In order to settle the controversy, a challenge was passed between the respective colonels commanding, each for a public exhibition, Col. M. Farrell, of the 15th Mississippi Infantry, and Colonel Thompson, of the 3d Kentucky Infantry, being the officers referred to.

As an incentive toward heightening the ambition and inspiration of the contestants, some society ladies of Canton, headed by Mrs. D. Lattimer, proposed to present the victorious regiment with a fine silk flag. The weather was auspicious for a prompt and excellent display, and the troops beat time defiantly to the fife and drum, and in the manual of arms did fine work at the word of command. Every environment throughout the weeks of training was favorable indeed for a satisfactory demonstration of both the mental and physical forces of the two regiments.

An agreement was made that each regiment was to have, in addition to its commissioned officers, three hundred picked men for the test. As no enemy threatened an advance, the contest would take place without risk of interruption. Excitement ran higher and higher as the time approached, till the "field day" came, and then a buoyancy and expectancy occupied the minds and the hearts of soldiers and civilians as well. Great crowds arrived upon the drill grounds early in the morning, selecting good locations to witness the grand display. They did not have to wait long before in came from the west Gen. John Adams and staff, followed by his brigade of Mississippians, with Col. M. Farrell's regiment in front, stepping briskly to the time of a quickstep rendered by the band of the 15th, a few minutes after which the Kentuckians, headed by the 3d Kentucky, came in from another direction. A parade rest was ordered until the preliminaries could be completed.

he judges were Gen. William H. Jackson, of Tennessee, Gen. Thomas M. Scott, of Louisiana, and Colonel Forney, of Alabama, a brother of Maj. Gen. John H. Forney, who, with his command, was transferred to the Army of Virginia and fell in his first battle there. These three officers, taking their stand, were soon surrounded by most of the generals in that portion of the Tennessee Army. Conspicuous among them was Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk. The arena as a whole made a magnificent picture.

The 15th Mississippi Regiment took the lead, going through many movements. Then the Kentuckians moved out and went through about the same, each without a jostle. Thus they alternated for hours without any apparent advantage to either side. Both regiments moved like machinery, and their performances were marvelous indeed. However, Colonel Farrell had several fancy movements in both the drill and manual of arms not to be found in Scott's or Hardee's tactics which he said he had gotten from General McClellan, who had learned them in some of the European armies while on an official visit over there prior to the war. They were unique and captivating, and the regiment of Mississippians by this advantage carried the day. As soon as the decision was given by the judges Mrs. Lattimer, who was mounted upon a stylish trooper, unfurled the magnificent flag and galloped over to Colonel Farrell and his regiment, announced the decision of the judges, and very gracefully turned it over to him. Colonel Farrell very courteously acknowledged the honor conferred. He promptly moved his command up in front of the 3d Kentucky, presented arms, and gave three hearty cheers for Colonel Thompson and his gallant regiment. Colonel Thompson, without the least air of jealousy, in a very complacent manner acknowledged the demonstration of respect, and thus ended a display that has rarely ever been seen.

The keys to Canton were that night turned over to Colonels Farrell and Thompson, and the elite of this fair little city made it a memorable finale to the grand display they had given in the contest.

The brave and gallant colonel of the 3d Kentucky was afterwards transferred to cavalry with his regiment, and, it is said, fell at Paducah in his own yard by a missile from the ranks of the Federals in an engagement there.

Colonel Farrell lies in the McGavock Cemetery at Franklin, Tenn., where he fell upon that day fatal to Confederate arms. Although a Northern man by birth and education, be it said to his honor that no Spartan was ever more loyal or braver in intention and purpose than Col. M. Farrell. Peace to him.

WHY GENERAL ANDERSON WAS CALLED "TIGE." E. B. Darden, Company I, 11th Georgia Volunteers, explains how Gen. George T. Anderson came to be called "Tige." The 11th Georgia Volunteers were mustered into service on Peachtree Street in Atlanta, Ga., and were there drilled for service. Among these was a company dressed in uniforms of yellow jeans. One of these offered to escort a young lady to her home, and she replied that she did not wish a yellow dog to accompany her. This nickname clung to the company. Later in the war as they were marching Colonel Anderson called out: "You three men in the rear of the Yellow Dog Company bring your guns to your shoulders." Their captain took offense, and said if his company were yellow dogs Colonel Anderson was Tige. As Colonel Anderson was a splendid fighter, the name "Tige" seemed to suit,

[That term is more generally applied to Gen. W. L. Cabell, of Texas, to whom too much honor or distinction could hardly be given, for immediately upon the secession of the Southern States he was second to no other officer in resigning his position in the United States army to fight for the South, and his devotion to her principles and her cause has been as steadfast as that of the Southern women. Without knowing General Cabell's religious faith, deference to his favorite text grows, which is that the absolutely faithful Confederate soldier who stood to his duty throughout the war is safe for a better clime. Upon much meditation his assertion does not seem as sacrilegious as when he first made it. ED. VETERAN.]

#### REUNION AT TRACY CITY, TENN.

The Confederates at Tracy City, Tenn., had a large gathering at that place in July. Rev. J. P. Luton, Col. J. H. Holman, of Fayetteville, and Gen. J. H. McDowell, Commander of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., made appropriate addresses. Commander McDowell made his address largely a feature of reminiscences, and he gave an interesting account of a visit to the Grand Army Post in the North and the return of a captured gun. When the gun was returned to a son of its former owner, in intuitive gratitude he said: "I am glad they didn't kill you."

#### MONUMENT AT LIVINGSTON, ALA.

On June 17, 1909, the monument to "Our Confederate Heroes" was unveiled at Livingston, Ala. There was a large attendance, estimated at from fifteen hundred to two thousand. Nearly all the old veterans from the county were present. A brass band from Meridian, Miss., furnished music for the occasion, playing "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and other war time pieces. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. W. C. Clark, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Livingston. The address of welcome was made by Hon. John A. Rogers, of Gainesville, Ala. The monument was then presented to the veterans by Mrs. C. J. Brockway, President of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Livingston. It was accepted by Judge S. H. Sprott, who was a captain in the 40th Alabama Regiment,

Judge James A. Bilbro, a veteran from Gadsden, Ala., was the orator of the day. After Judge Bilbro's address, on motion by one of the veterans, it was unanimously requested that the Daughters of the Confederacy of Livingston be requested to take charge of and care for the monument. This they readily agreed to do, accepting the trust through Hon. John D. McInnis, who was a member of Company A, 36th Alabama. Mr. McInnis, by the way, was with Bennett H. Young in the celebrated raid on St. Albans, Vt., in 1864.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT

The height is twenty six feet six inches, base, eight feet square, weight, 40,000 pounds. It is built of white Georgia marble, mounted with an imported Italian marble statue of a Confederate soldier on picket duty. The monument is encircled with a retaining wall twenty five feet in diameter, with marble posts and vases at the entrance. On this monument are 1,125 names, of these, one hundred and thirty two are in panels on the shaft, showing company and command. These are the names of soldiers from Sumter County, Ala., for the war of 1861-65.

It was the purpose of the Daughters to have the name of every soldier who went to the war from Sumter County on the monument, but lapse of time and difficulty in getting complete rosters of the different commands rendered this impossible, as quite a number were left off. Sumter sent out during the war nearly fifteen hundred men.

While all of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Livingston deserve praise for their unselfish labors in the erection of this monument, to Mrs. C. J. Brockway, President of the Daughters, a daughter of Capt. Ben B. Little, who fell at Jonesboro, Ga., is entitled to and receives unstinted praise for her earnest and untiring labors in the erection of this beautiful monument.

## IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD OF ALTON PRISON

BY J. T. PITTARD, WINTERVILLE, GA.

The government has made an appropriation with which to build a monument on which will be inscribed the names of all who died in the Confederate prison at Alton, Ill. (it being impossible to identify any of the graves, so as to mark each one with a marble headstone, as originally contemplated by Congress, under the movement inaugurated by the lamented President McKinley), and to inclose the grounds with a neat and substantial iron fence.

The credit of getting this work under way is due to the untiring zeal and energy of the Sam Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Alton, Ill., composed of seven heroic women. Now these patriotic women are trying to raise sufficient funds with which to erect a handsome entrance to the grounds. To carry out their plans, they will require considerable outside help, and they request all who are interested in this work to write either Mrs. Sada Blake Grommet, 1503 Henry Street, Secretary, or Mrs. Pauline Davis Collins, 1104 Henry Street, President of Sam Davis Chapter, U. D. C., both of Alton, Ill., inclosing as liberal a subscription for this noble purpose as they can afford.

It is desirable to have this work completed commensurate with the government part by November, 1909.

## UNCLE NATH PRUITT

One of the "characters" of Georgia is "Uncle Nath Pruitt," who is known extensively in the South. He has attended every Reunion, where his hearty laughter and merry ways are as well remembered as his Georgia mountain garb of slouch hat and hickory shirt covered with many medals and his wooden leg that is slapped on at the knee. He was one of the guards of honor at the reunion of Company B of the 29th Georgia Veterans, which was held in Redwine early in August. The bayonet from the gun "Uncle Nath" used during the war will be burnished and used on the musket in the hands of a soldier to form part of a monument soon to be erected by the U. D. C. in Gainesville.

## DALTON, GA., WANTS A MONUMENT TO GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON

Patriots of Dalton, Ga" are enthusiastically engaged upon the work of collection for a monument to Gen. J. E. Johnston. The efforts of the committee are meeting with such success that Dalton jubilantly anticipates a handsome monument at a very early date. It is expected that the State Legislature will assist with an appropriation.

## BURNING OF BROAD RIVER BRIDGE

REPLY TO CLEMENT SAUSSY'S CRITICISM

BY W. C. DODSON, ATLANTA, GA.

In the June CONFEDERATE VETERAN there appeared an article from Mr. Clement Saussy, of Savannah, Ga. denying the statements made in "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry" in regard to the capture of Columbia, S. C., in February, 1865. On page 268 of the book referred to assertion is made that "General Wheeler in person directed the burning of Broad River bridge near Columbia when the Yankees had driven in our small forces at that point late in the afternoon of February 16, 1865," and that "thus fell the capital of South Carolina. Every gun fired in its defense was fired by Wheeler's Cavalry," etc. Mr. Saussy contradicts both these assertions, claiming it was a part of Butler's Division of Hampton's Cavalry which fired the bridge over Broad River, and that Wheaton's Battery, also of Butler's command, and of which he was a member, assisted in the defense of Columbia.

Now I had not the honor of being the author of "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry," my connection therewith being only that of editor of the manuscript prepared by others. But as the manuscript for our book was furnished by General Wheeler and prepared by members of his staff just after the close of the war, while the knowledge and memory of events were still fresh in mind, and as General Wheeler and the authors are no longer in life, I assume the responsibility for the substantial accuracy of every material statement made, including those referred to in Mr. Saussy's criticism. Of course I have no desire, as the authors of our book had none, of doing injustice to any other command by claiming for ours credit to which it was not justly entitled.

Usually the official records are the best authority for settling disputed matters of history, but owing to the confusion incident to the closing scenes of the great drama, reports of officers are quite meager. I can find no report from General Butler in regard to the matters under discussion, and there is unfortunately a gap in the reports of General Wheeler between February 13 and March 1, 1865.

However, there are living witnesses as to what occurred, and below I introduce my first one in a letter from Dr. J. A. Lewis, of Georgetown, Ky., who as adjutant of his regiment (the grand old 9th Kentucky Cavalry) had exceptional opportunities for personal knowledge of the events about which he writes. Dr. Lewis's letter will be found intensely interesting to even those who feel no direct personal interest in its subject matter, for no better account of the defense of Columbia has been written, and his description of the passing through the burning bridge is so graphic that in imagination one can almost hear the battle raging and see the men rushing into the crackling flames.

#### LETTER OF DR. JOHN A. LEWIS

Dear Sir and Comrade: In the June VETERAN I read the contradiction by Lieutenant Saussy, formerly of Butler's Division of Hampton's Cavalry, of certain statements made by you in the published volume entitled "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry" as to the defense of Columbia, S. C., and the burning of the bridge over Broad River at that point.

Now I trust you may pardon my seeming intrusion into the controversy between yourself and Mr. Saussy, and I am sure you will view it leniently when you consider that the matter in controversy vitally concerns the military record of the division of Confederate cavalry with whom I had the honor to serve during the last year of the war, and who as a part of General Wheeler's corps practically made the only defense which was made for the capital of South Carolina against Sherman's army in February, 1865.

Mr. Saussy requests that the VETERAN correct the objectionable statements made by you. Allow me to say that as a Confederate soldier who bore a humble part in the defense of the city of Columbia and as one who is fairly familiar with the military operations which transpired for the defense of the city from the 15th to the 17th of February, 1865, I must enter my earnest protest against the VETERAN attempting to make the corrections asked for.

In my humble judgment and from my personal knowledge of the facts under controversy I must say that your statements are substantially correct, and in the interest of truth and fair dealing ought not to be materially altered. I should be false in my duty to my comrades of Wheeler's Corps, and especially to the brave Kentuckians and Tennesseans of Dibrell's Division, who so courageously opposed General Sherman's occupancy of Columbia, did I not enter most earnestly protest against Mr. Saussy's statements. Truth demands the record that practically all the resistance that was made, except perhaps some service rendered by the artillery, was done by soldiers belonging to General Wheeler's cavalry corps. And I must add that General Dibrell's division of Wheeler's Corps, composed of his (Dibrell's) old brigade, commanded, I believe, by Colonel McLemore, and Williams's Kentucky Cavalry Brigade, commanded by Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, took a very active part in those operations. I was a soldier in the 9th Regiment of Kentucky Cavalry of Williams's Brigade, and personally took part in the engagements with

Sherman's army which occurred in the defense of Columbia on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of February, 1865.

As every one knows, there was no general engagement made by all the troops General Beauregard had collected in Columbia for the defense of the city. I suppose he clearly saw it would be a hopeless conflict. But if there were any other troops actively engaged on any of these days in the conflict which occurred on Congaree Creek on the 15th or at the fight in front of Broad River bridge on the afternoon of the 16th or in the suburbs of Columbia on the morning of the 17th after Sherman had crossed the Broad River and was on his march to occupy the city except members of Wheeler's Cavalry Corps, I never saw them nor heard of them. There may have been some of Butler's Division or other troops engaged on the roads approaching the city from the east and south, but if so, I never heard of it.

Mr. Saussy, however, states that General Beauregard ordered General Butler with part of his division and two brigades of General Wheeler's corps (certainly not Dibrell's Division) to make a reconnoissance down the Charleston road, and after a sharp encounter with Sherman's forces, General Butler slowly retired toward the covered bridge, which he set on fire, etc. Now I cannot see how a reconnoissance down the Charleston road had any connection with or led to the burning of the covered bridge over Broad River, which is situated northwest from Columbia on the other side of the city. I take it the Charleston road runs east and south from Columbia, the Broad River bridge was fired at its west end across the river from Columbia by Wheeler's men, who retired before Sherman, advancing from the direction of the Saluda across to the Broad River bridge.

The statement that General Butler and his cavalry set fire to the Broad River bridge late in the afternoon of the 16th of February and that some of his men were burned in passing through the bridge is preposterous to any one who was present and passed through the burning bridge and was personally acquainted with the facts connected therewith. I passed through the bridge with quite a number of the Kentucky brigade, many of whom were severely burned, more than twenty of them so badly that they had to be sent to hospitals or private homes to be cared for, and many of them were never able for service again during the remaining months of the war. I can truthfully say that if General Butler or any of his division were present at the burning of the Broad River bridge or had anything to do with it then I never saw them nor heard before of their being there or taking any part in it. I believe I can substantiate this statement to day by a number of soldiers now living in Kentucky and who personally bore an active part in the affair at the Broad River bridge.

I saw General Butler on February 14 late in the evening when he made a reconnoissance in front of our outposts on the State road. I saw him again on February 16 in the afternoon as our commands fell back to Columbia after the battle of Congaree Creek, but I never saw him at the Broad River bridge, I did see General Wheeler there sitting on his horse at the east end of the burning bridge as we emerged from the smoke and flames. The bridge was fired by General Wheeler's men and evidently by his order, as the bridge had been prepared for burning in anticipation of our defeat by Sherman, which was a foregone conclusion. General Wheeler was present when it was fired and says that he passed through the bridge after it had been set on fire. (See biographical sketch of W. T. Ellis in "History of 1st Kentucky Brigade," by Ed Porter Thompson.) General Wheeler must have passed through the bridge soon after it was fired, because he was sitting on his horse at the east end of the bridge, as above stated, when we of the rear guard, or rather of the delayed detachment, came out of the burning structure. It is apparent that General Wheeler and his rear guard did not know that we were still behind when they applied the torch. This rear detachment halted and made a stand on the hill about one hundred yards or more from the bridge, voluntarily, without any orders, and the fault in our being

overlooked and not notified that the bridge was about to be fired was partly ours. Thirty men or more of the Kentucky Brigade (and there may have been some from among the Tennesseans, though I did not see any of them) came very nearly being burned alive. The 9th Kentucky Cavalry had not less than ten men burned, some badly, and I could give the name and company of each.

I do not at all doubt that Mr. Saussy is sincere in his statements in regard to this affair, but I am sure he is mistaken. He was not present and has been misinformed.

As I have previously stated, the conflicts between General Sherman's army and Wheeler's Cavalry in defense of the city of Columbia occurred upon three distinct days and at three different points. The first battle occurred on the morning of February 15, 1865, at and in front of Congaree Creek, about five miles from the city on the State road. The second occurred on the afternoon of the 16th of February in the triangular space between the Saluda and Broad Rivers, formed by the junction of these rivers, and included the burning of the Broad River Bridge, which was burned late that afternoon. The third conflict was a skirmish with Sherman's advance guard after it had forced a crossing over Broad River on the morning of February 17 and took place between the Broad River and the city as Sherman advanced to take possession of the place. A short account of these engagements in the order in which they occurred will lead to a clearer understanding of the defense of Columbia.

The battle at Congaree Creek, which occurred on the morning of February 13, was brought about in this way: On the night of the 14th of February, 1865, Dibrell's Division of Wheeler's Corps went into camp on the State road about eight miles from Columbia, with General Sherman in their front and the doomed city in their rear. On the morning of the 15th at an early hour General Wood's division of Logan's Corps of Sherman's army moved forward toward the city, engaging our outposts hotly. Without waiting to complete even our scanty breakfast, which we were preparing when the firing began, we were ordered to move out of camp rapidly on foot by companies, not waiting for the entire regiment to form. We went to the front at double quick, going into line of battle on the edge of a wood confronted by a cornfield through which Wood's Division of Logan's Corps advanced. They came in a heavy line of battle with skirmishers thrown out. The conflict became at once stubborn and sharp. Our men took shelter as best they could and refused to be driven. They held their ground firmly until overwhelming numbers forced them to retire. Our loss in killed and wounded here must have been quite heavy. I recall that Colonel Breckinridge's acting adjutant general, James W. Stoner, was mortally wounded, his aid, Lieutenant Hill, was seriously wounded, and never again was able for service. The Yankees with their superior numbers drove us steadily back for about one and a half miles, when we again went into line of battle at the bridge over Congaree Creek, about five miles from the city of Columbia.

We reached this point probably by 9 A.M. of the 15th. Here the fight was renewed, our troops occupying temporary breastworks of logs and rails. Our line of battle was about half a mile long, running parallel with Congaree Creek, and about fifty yards from the creek. The center of our line of battle was the bridge over that creek. This line of battle was formed alone by men of Wheeler's Corps and was composed alone of Dibrell's Division, as I remember. Artillery was used on both sides freely. The conflict was carried on with great determination. Our lines held their ground until about 2:30 in the afternoon, when the Yankees succeeded in turning our right and crossed with pontoons over the Congaree above us. This forced us to fall back across the creek under a heavy artillery fire directed at the bridge.

In retiring we endeavored to burn the bridge, but its timbers were so wet and covered with mud

that we found it impossible to do so. We occupied for a short time some earthworks which had been constructed on the north side of the Congaree, but these works were untenable, as they were enfiladed by General Wood's troops, who had reached the Congaree above our right. We now abandoned these works, mounted our horses, and fell back in the direction of Columbia. Dibrell's Division was really mounted infantry, we rarely fought mounted. We were armed with Enfield and Springfield rifles and navy revolvers.

As we fell back slowly in front of Sherman's advancing army we witnessed on the clear plain between Congaree Creek and Columbia one of the grandest pageants of arms that it was my privilege ever to see. Several thousand men of Sherman's army advanced over this plain in line of battle, artillery thrown out in front, with long lines of skirmishers in front of the artillery, and bands were playing and flags flying. It was a scene so impressive as never to be forgotten. In retiring we endeavored to burn the bridge, but its timbers were so wet and covered with mud that we found it impossible to do so. We occupied for a short time some earthworks which had been constructed on the north side of the Congaree, but these works were untenable, as they were enfiladed by General Wood's troops, who had reached the Congaree above our right. We now abandoned these works, mounted our horses, and fell back in the direction of Columbia. Dibrell's Division was really mounted infantry, we rarely fought mounted. We were armed with Enfield and Springfield rifles and navy revolvers.

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It has been stated that the bridge was fired all the way through and that the men rushed through this fiery furnace. This is a mistake. If such had been the case, no living mortal could have passed through the ordeal alive. The bridge was fired in both pass ways, fired from the west end, the end from which we entered it. again about twenty steps farther on, then again about halfway the length of the bridge. There was no fire from the center of the bridge to the eastern end or outlet on the Columbia side. But these fires were about fifteen feet wide, and were rapidly enveloping the entire bridge both on top and sides. The air was superheated and the smoke was dense and stifling, making a fearful place through which to run the gantlet for life. If we had hesitated for a moment at the end of the bridge or realized the danger before entering the fire, I doubt if any of us would have attempted it. I remember distinctly that when starting I pulled my hat down over my face, grasped the cylinder of my navy pistol with my hand, and rushed through the first conflagration at the west end of the bridge. I was horror stricken to see another blaze just as bad a short distance ahead of me. I involuntarily shuddered and shrank and felt an impulse to retreat, but in a moment recovered my nerve and dashed into the next fire, hoping this would be the last. When I went through this fire, I felt as if I were almost burned up and as if my eyes were blistered. When I saw still another conflagration ahead of me, I summoned my strength and courage and rushed with all possible speed for my life. As I went out of this fire I fell flat over some one who had stumbled and fallen. I arose to my feet and ran for quite a distance and found that I was still in blinding smoke and hot air. I pushed on through this, hardly seeing anything, but feeling an impulse to push for daylight, which I finally reached, almost overcome with heat and suffocated with smoke. My hands and face and ears were blistered, my hat and clothing were scorched, and my brow and eyes felt as if they were on fire.

As I emerged from the bridge the first men I saw were General Wheeler and Colonel Breckinridge sitting on their horses peering anxiously into the smoke of the bridge, from which the men were emerging at short intervals. The first thing Colonel Breckinridge said to me was: "Are there any more men behind you?" I answered: "Yes, Colonel, but I do not believe any living mortal can pass through those flames after me and live." But as I spoke here came another run of men who were behind me nearly burned up. It was pitiable to see these men, some with the skin burned entirely off their hands and necks and faces, clothes scorched, eyelids blistered. Many of them, as stated, had to be sent to the hospitals or to private houses out in the country where they could be cared for. A few of them were never able for service again before the war closed, and many of them wore scars to their death. No description of that terrible rush through those flames can do it justice. It is simply a marvel that we were not all cremated alive. One lived a lifetime in the few minutes which transpired in passing through that fiery expanse. The bridge was consumed entirely in a half hour and fell into the river. The burning of this bridge occurred about 4 P.M. Our men were very soon compelled to fall back from the bank of the river, as the Yankees kept up a fire of small arms across the stream.

During the night of the 16th General Sherman's advance crossed in boats to an island in the Broad River. A pontoon bridge was made to the island. Early the next morning they crossed to the mainland on the Columbia side of the river under cover of their artillery. By eight o'clock they began their march for the city of Columbia, a mile or so away. Williams's Kentucky Brigade formed a line of mounted skirmishers in front of Sherman's advancing lines, and we fell back slowly to the city limits. A man in our line of skirmishers was killed just outside the city limits and was left there.

Just beyond the city limits we met the Mayor with a white flag, accompanied by a deputation of citizens, going out to meet the advancing foe with the purpose of surrendering the city. Near the city limits our brigade turned to the left and took up our line of march on the Winnsboro road, moving out of the range of the enemy. Lieut. Milton Overly, of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, commanding the rear guard, passed out through the city, clearing it of straggling Confederate

soldiers, and joined us later. That night we, having learned of the burning of Columbia during the day, sent scouts back into the city to learn the fate of our wounded who were left in the hospitals there. Fortunately the hospital in which they were placed escaped the flames, though it was very much endangered, and the wounded men were ordered out of the building.

In closing what I have written in regard to the defense of Columbia, I desire to say that no comrade can have a higher respect for Gen. M. C. Butler and his heroic soldiers than I. As a part of the Army of Northern Virginia they won imperishable renown, and if opportunity had been afforded them of meeting General Sherman's army before the gates of Columbia, without doubt they would have given good account of themselves, and I will further add that it was no fault of theirs that they were not at the forefront in the defense of the city, but such was not the case. By the fortunes of war it fell to the lot of other no less heroic soldiers belonging to the Army of Tennessee to occupy that position. I shall ever be proud that the Kentucky Brigade was of the troops chosen for that purpose, and we were but too glad of the opportunity of striking a blow at our common enemy in defense of the capital of South Carolina. And

I am quite sure when Mr. Saussy shall have known the facts he will not for one moment claim for his division honors which rightly belong to others.

[The foregoing is of such length that other protests have necessarily been abridged. EDITOR VETERAN.]

## BURNING OF COLUMBIA

A contributor from Chester, S. C.: "In the July VETERAN I notice that Mr. Horatio C. King, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says Sherman did not burn Columbia, that the conflagration was caused by the Confederate cavalry under Wade Hampton setting fire to the depots and bales of cotton in the streets. If this statement be true, I should like for Mr. King to inform us if this same cotton burning in the streets of Columbia fired and burned the towns of Winnsboro, Blackstock, Camden, and all of the private residences along Sherman's entire march was killed just outside the city limits and was left bia, and don't you forget it."

E. T. BASYE WRITES FROM SEATTLE, WASH.

I wish to call attention to an article, "The Burning of Columbia," by Horatio C. King, of Brooklyn, in July VETERAN.

Mr. King takes exception to the lines on the monument to John C. Calhoun at Charleston, setting forth the fact that Sherman burned Columbia, and says: "Sherman did not burn Columbia. The conflagration was caused by the Confederate cavalry under Wade Hampton setting fire to the depots and the bales of cotton in the streets." He informs us that "the whole matter was adjudicated by a mixed commission on American and British claims in the case of Wood & Hyworth vs. the United States," etc., and that "the commission was composed of Count Conti, of Italy, the Hon. Russell Gurney, M. P., of London, and the Hon. James S. Eraser, of Indiana." Mr. King concludes as follows: "And yet in spite of this adverse judicial decision by two foreign umpires of great distinction, concurred in by an American umpire of note, a majority of the Southern people still persist in believing that our troops burned the city. The error should be corrected."

While Wade Hampton may have burned cotton belonging to British subjects to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy, "the majority of Southern people" know that that disgrace to Northern soldiery under Sherman did burn Columbia, as he himself admits. Read on page 287 of Volume II. "Sherman's Memoirs:" "In my official report of the conflagration of Columbia I distinctly charged it to Gen. Wade Hampton, and confess I did so pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him." He "confessed" the lie after it had been so thoroughly impressed upon the Northern people that some of them are still using it.

I write to you on this subject because the article by Mr. King was published without editorial comment, which might lead one to believe the VETERAN gives it its indorsement.

DIAMOND STUDDED GOLD MEDAL FOR A CONFEDERATE. Maj. B. M. Hord, of Nashville, who had much care and responsibility in raising supplemental funds to complete the private soldiers' monument at Nashville, was surprised and gratified at a subsequent meeting of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac and Camp in being presented with a handsome diamond studded gold medal by the organization. The presentation was made by Mr. Hamilton Parks, an active and useful member.

The Missouri State Reunion for 1909 is to be held in Mexico September 28, 29, 1909.

## WHAT IF THE CONFEDERACY HAD SUCCEEDED?

Rev. J. H. McNeilly, D.D., of Nashville, was one of the "fighting" parsons of the war, and he holds close to his heart the needs, deeds, and customs of his beloved Southland. He has written a very careful article on the subject of what would have been the resultant effect of the South succeeding in its fight for independence. Demagogues in politics claim to their Northern auditors that the South has attained prosperity only through defeat, that success would have meant only defeat in another form loss of prosperity. Some pour libations to the god of mammon and political advancement by saying that the most advanced thinkers of the South are fast becoming converts to this idea.

Dr. McNeilly demurs to the claim that defeat is advantageous to the South. He admits, of course, "that they accepted defeat with manly fortitude and patient resignation to divine will," but he has never felt it was best that they failed. He divides the reasons the demagogues give for such assertions under three heads: The abolition of slavery, the overthrow of the doctrine of State rights, and the material increase of prosperity in the South.

Dr. McNeilly with logical arguments has taken each of these heads in turn and shows with clean cut words the fallacy of each. He shows why the negro of to day is not as far advanced morally as his slave ancestor, and how the carefree days, when the master was responsible for the negro's physical well being, were ahead of this time as far as the prosperity of the negroes is concerned. He shows what the failure to establish State rights is, how the power is taken from the individual State and placed in the hands of the government, and in case of a suit between State and government the Supreme Court would have power to decide the question and the State be helpless to resist.

Dr. McNeilly also shows very clearly how the refusal to accept State rights and the war that followed this refusal are in direct contradiction to the Declaration of Independence as established by our forefathers. He says: "If there is anything true beyond question, it is that the founders of this republic and the authors of the Constitution intended to strictly limit the powers of the central government and to guard most carefully the rights of the States. The government was only to exercise such powers as were granted by the States." But the failure of State rights makes the power almost supreme. Dr. McNeilly treats very carefully the question of the influx of prosperity claimed by demagogues to be the result of the failure to establish the Confederacy. He shows statistically that the Southern increase is from the inner force in the States themselves and not from any outer assistance through government help.

Comrade McNeilly says: "This may well make us hesitate to say that this wealth is recompense sufficient to repay the cost of preserving the Union. I confess that to my mind no amount of material prosperity can justify the methods by which the negroes were freed. The States were deprived of their rights, and the whole nature of our government was changed from a republic to a centralized nation, a prize for contending factions. I do not say that the evils that have come to the South as the results of our defeat have reached their full development nor that they are irremediable. The main body of our people, rich or poor, are honestly seeking to make the United States a great nation. I do not refute this. I am only pointing out the dangers that threaten this noble endeavor, dangers which I believe are the legitimate outcome of a war which violated the fundamental principles of our government, and a victory which enthroned brute force above right and justice a victory for which I for one am not called on to be thankful. I believe if the Confederate States had succeeded the result would have been to accomplish all the benefits the Union forces fought for, but without the attendant evils that are now upon us! It is legitimate to inquire, in view of the facts in the case, what would have been the result upon our condition and our institutions if the Confederate States had established their independence. I can only give my opinion. There would have certainly been the emancipation of the slaves. First, the sentiment of the civilized world was opposed to slavery, and though our system was misunderstood, yet no nation can hold out against a universal moral sentiment. Second, there was a feeling all through the South favorable to emancipation as soon as it could be done without danger. If the abolitionist propaganda had not aroused opposition by its bitterness and misrepresentations, the border States would have brought about the freedom of the slaves several years before the war. Third, the conduct of the slaves during the war entitled them to freedom, and all the South thought so. General Lee freed his slaves in 1863, and all the other slave owners would have followed, and the freeing would have been brought about in such a way as to have avoided the evils that have resulted from emancipation. The slave would not have been given the right of franchise, for which he was not fitted. He would have been given liberty, however, and the right to develop the best that was in him, and he would have received the hearty help of every Southern white man. There would have been a treaty of amity between the sections, offensive and defensive. This treaty, in spite of the bitterness engendered by the war, would have been necessary to the common interests of the two sections, as the corn of the Northwest and the cotton of the South were each a necessity to the other. This treaty of amnesty would have prevented any need of a long line of forts to guard our border, which is one of the needs the demagogues contend would have arisen if the South had succeeded. There would ultimately have been a restoration of the Union on well defined lines that could leave no ground for a misunderstanding as to the sphere of the Federal and State authority. State rights would have been well guarded. The only republic possible to be efficient in so wide and diverse a territory as ours would have been assured that is, a federated republic with State sovereignty coordinate with Federal sovereignty and the questions that are constantly occurring between State and government which leour institutions if the Confederate States had established their independence. I can only give my opinion. There would have certainly been the emancipation of

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## **AFTER THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX**

**BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.**

I was a member of General Gordon's Georgia brigade and relate only that which came under my observation and in which I took part. The night before Lee's surrender we bivouacked in a wooded place after a hard day's travel and continued conflict with the enemy, who were trying to cut us off in front, while pressing us hard both on the left flank and in our rear.

Very soon the camp was lit up by hundreds of little fires, and for some reason we all felt a relief as if something were about to happen. Hungry and tired, we divested ourselves of our accouterments and were soon seated around our camp fires. Among us were some from other commands who had escaped, their regiments having been captured. These were relating their

experiences of the march, when suddenly in the direction of the courthouse we heard the sharp rattle of small arms and the boom of cannon. We were soon on the road toward the battle. The night was dark, but our men seemed to be in good spirits and ready for any duty. Before we reached the village the firing ceased, and we found the place deserted. Several pieces of artillery were standing in the streets of the little town. Remaining here for a while and not seeing the enemy, the brigade was ordered to camp, and we remained there until four or five in the morning, when we were again marched over the same road to the courthouse. In the heavy fog we could see only the outlines of an artillery company standing at their guns. Their position was just to the right of the public road leading south and almost in the edge of the village. Beyond them was General Rhodes's old division drawn up in line of battle. Our line extended from the road where the artillery was posted to the left.

The battle was opened that morning by Rhodes's men, supported by the battery to our right. The infantry advanced into the thick fog, and soon we could tell by the Rebel yell that they had struck the enemy and were driving them back, and the artillery were throwing shells into the enemy's ranks. Our brigade was ordered forward, and advanced two or three hundred yards, which drew the fire of the enemy. We immediately opened upon them in a trot and advanced, shooting and shouting all the time, as was our custom. Their lines broke and they abandoned a battery which our men captured and turned on them. The guns were elevated by the Yankees when they abandoned them, so that the shells passed over the heads of the fleeing enemy and burst far in their rear. Sergeant McReery, of Company G, 31st Georgia, fired the last cannon discharged at the enemy by Lee's army.

At this moment, when we had captured a battery and the enemy in our front was fleeing, orders came to cease firing and return to the rear. We suspected what it meant, and some of our brave men wept as we marched back. The column halted a moment to rest when we saw a Federal general (Custer) galloping toward us mounted on a lean bay horse. He shook a red handkerchief as he approached us and inquired who was in command. A soldier standing with tears trickling down his cheeks threw up his rifle in position to shoot, when a comrade knocked up his gun and said: "No, John, you had better not, may be General Lee has surrendered." If John Thursby had fired that gun that morning, Custer would never have fought the Indians at the massacre on the Big Horn.

Far toward the north we could see our men scattered about, and were told that General Lee was there and had surrendered the army. Our men were heartbroken. Some of the men resolved to make their escape to the mountains, where they would fight or force the enemy to better terms. So in the darkness the soldiers took the regimental colors and tore them into pieces and the men hid pieces in their bosoms as a memento.

General Gordon found what was going on and made a speech to his soldiers and advised them not to attempt to cut their way through, but to return to their homes and take up the life of peaceable citizens. He commended them for their bravery and begged them not to do anything rash, since General Lee had surrendered, it might cause him (Gordon) trouble. This last remark had its effect, and we waited to be paroled.

We had had little to eat from the time we left the works at Petersburg until now, and were nearly starved. We were kept in camp five days surrounded by Yankees and not allowed to hunt anything to eat. The next day after the surrender Grant sent us two pounds of fresh beef. This was all we had to eat while we were at Appomattox. Finally when we were almost too weak to stand we were ordered to take our arms. The brigade was marched to the public road and formed in front of a long line of Yankees. Here we stood for some time awaiting orders. At first the enemy looked at us in silence, but after a while began to curse and abuse us. Our men were too

hungry to have much spirit, and knew they were not in any position to take notice of this vile abuse. In rear of this line the officers sat silently on their horses listening to what was said. Finally a major could stand it no longer and spoke to them in very forcible language and told them that they were cowards, that these Confederate soldiers were brave men, and that if they had been as brave as "these ragged men before them they would have defeated us long ago." He wound up his address by telling them that if he heard another one curse a Confederate soldier he would strike him down with his sword. Our men raised a genuine Rebel yell for the major.

Colonel Lowe, of the 31st Georgia, who was in command of the brigade, now spoke to the men and told them to stack arms. "Now," said he, "if any of you have anything that belongs to the Confederacy, put it on the stack of guns." Then Captain Walker, our efficient commissary, sitting on his horse in the rear of the line, told the men to follow him and Dr. Butts, our regimental surgeon, to where they could get corn meal and that on the next day he would take them to where they could get both meal and meat. We were then ordered to break ranks.

At first we were too weak to go more than a few hundred yards, as we were exhausted, and we had to sit down and rest, but as the day advanced we felt better, and kept in sight of our officers, who led us to a mill. Late in the evening they had the miller to start the mill. I had a new frying pan which some one had thrown away a day or two before and a tin cup and spoon. I soon had my cup under the spout and a few minutes later had a cake of bread which was the sweetest morsel I ever ate. My frying pan did duty that night for many of my comrades. Why we were kept at Appomattox four or five days after the surrender when all the other Confederates were gone has always been a mystery to me.

#### DIXIE DAY AT ALASKA YUKON EXPOSITION

Dixie Day was appointed with elaborate ceremonies at the Alaska Yukon Exposition for August 241 with Thomas Nelson Page and Henry Watterson as guests of honor and with elaborate plans by the Daughters of the Confederacy for receptions, etc.

#### THE LAST ROLL LORD, THY KEEPING.

Now the laborer's task is o'er,  
Now the battle day is past,  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.  
There the tears of earth are dried,  
There its hidden things are clear,  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.  
There the penitents that turn  
To the cross their dying eyes  
All the love of Jesus learn

At his feet in Paradise.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Here we leave Thy servant sleeping.  
There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace,  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,  
He who died for their release.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Here we leave Thy servant sleeping.  
Earth to earth, and dust to dust,  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Left behind, we wait in trust  
For the resurrection day.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Here we leave Thy servant sleeping.

MAJ. Z. W. EWING.

Although Maj. Z. W. Ewing had been in failing health for the last two years, the notice of his death in Pulaski, Tenn., August 9, 1909 was a shock to his friends, who are found from one part of Tennessee to the other. He was in his sixty sixth year, and in his death the State loses one of her most useful and influential citizens. He was a lawyer of great ability, and his whole life was characterized by devotion to his State and her people and the keeping of a clean legal record that had never a spot or a stain.

He gave up the active practice of his profession when his health began to fail, but continued in his trusteeship of the University of Tennessee and his presidency of the State Bivouac of Confederate Veterans. His war record was marked by distinction throughout. He enlisted in 1861 in the 17th Tennessee Regiment, under Albert S. Marks, was appointed second lieutenant, and rose steadily in his command till he was captured at South Petersburg while serving under General Beauregard and was carried a prisoner to Fort Delaware.

At this time the Federals were firing on Charlestown indiscriminately, not confining their cannonading to the military portion. The Confederates, in order to protect the city, placed a number of Federal prisoners there, feeling sure the Yankees would not fire where their men would be injured. The Federals in retaliation took six hundred prisoners from Fort Delaware, among whom was Major Ewing, and placed them where they were directly exposed to the Confederate guns. These were kept there three months half starved and less than half clad.

After the war Major Ewing returned to Pulaski and began the practice of law, soon having a large clientele. He was made President of the People's National Bank and was elected to the State Senate by a large majority. Here he was made Speaker, and his ruling that a man should be counted as present who did not answer to his name was afterwards accepted and used in the United States Senate, Speaker Reed giving Major Ewing's ruling as his precedent in his own ruling on the same subject.

Major Ewing was a member of the Presbyterian Church and had charge of its Sunday school. He was a Mason and Knight of Pythias and the head of the U. C. V. of the State. He leaves a wife, a daughter, and several brothers and sisters.

REV. J. L. WILSON, D..D.

Died in Abbeville, S. C., July 9, 1909, in the seventy first year of his age, Rev. John Lowrie Wilson, at the manse of the Presbyterian Church, of which he had been the beloved pastor for more than twenty three years. He was a man greatly beloved and honored by all who knew him, of widely extended usefulness, and singularly gifted as a loving and lovable man, a true and sincere Christian, and a princely preacher of the gospel.

Born at Allahabad, North India, on the banks of the Ganges, as the son of missionary parents, he was brought to this country as a child to receive his education, and grew up under its beneficent influences. When duty called, he responded to the summons of his country and volunteered in her service. He was living in Knoxville, Tenn., at the time. His company, of which he was made one of the lieutenants, formed part of the 63d Tennessee (Gracie's) Brigade, and served at one time under Bragg and afterwards in Virginia under Gen. Bushrod Johnson. He served faithfully and efficiently until disabled by the loss of a foot in a battle near Drewrys Bluff, Va., in May, 1864. In the same battle he received two other wounds, either one of which would have been fatal had not the bullet in both instances been providentially turned aside. But God had other work for him to do in the army of the cross, and for forty years he carried aloft with unfaltering zeal and courage "the royal banner" which under him never "suffered loss."

He was one of the most prominent as well as most beloved ministers in the Synod of South Carolina. Few men in that State were better posted than he in everything pertaining to the history of the great Civil War, and none maintained to the very last a more unswerving, unfaltering devotion to that cause than did this loyal son of the Confederacy. His regiment, with which he remained until the loss of his foot, served gallantly at Cumberland Gap, Chickamauga, with Longstreet in his East Tennessee campaign, and finally under Beauregard and Bushrod Johnson in the battle near Drewrys Bluff, when his connection with it ceased.

He never married, and leaves behind him but two brothers, one older and the other younger than himself, both of whom, like himself, served in the Confederate army. His life's work is done, yet many a long year will pass away before his loving memory will fade from the recollection of men. It was a life given to God's service and to the uplifting and saving of his fellow men, and such a life can never fade away from the remembrance of mankind. He now sleeps among his people in the old cemetery of Upper Long Cave Church, near Abbeville, where so many of his beloved people had already preceded him. "And thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.

[Several beautiful poems have appeared in the VETERAN from Dr. Wilson, and during many visits to relatives in Nashville he was a frequent visitor to the VETERAN. It would be difficult to exaggerate his virtues and exalted characteristics.]

## W. F. READ

W. F. Read died at Lampasas, Tex., July 4, 1909, in his sixty first year. He was born near Edwards, Miss., on March 20, 1849.

His three older brothers having enlisted in the Confederate service, he was left at home with his widowed mother and young sister. When Grant's army went to Raymond, he went out to see the battle, and finding a gun in the clutch of a dead Confederate, he took it, fell into ranks, and engaged in the fight. He retreated with the army. Being familiar with the country, he was given a horse and acted as guide. He participated in the severe battle of Champion Hill or Baker's Creek. His horse was shot under him, but he was remounted and went with the retreating army as far as Big Black River, where, with a number of others whom he guided, he made his escape. He returned to his home, which was near by. After the surrender of Vicksburg, he rejoined and went with Cockrell's Missouri Brigade to Mobile and back to Mississippi to meet Sherman's raid from Vicksburg to Meridian, acting as courier to General Cockrell. He continued with Cockrell's Brigade as courier under the personal guardianship of the General, who treated him as a son, sharing his tent and rations with him during the whole Georgia campaign.

Young Read was only sixteen years old when the war ended. After the war he spent a year at school, and then went to work on the farm for a short time, then he entered a drug store as clerk. He went to Carroll County in 1871, and was married to Miss Kate Trotter in 1872. In 1879 he moved to Texas, and after farming several years he again embarked in the drug business. In September, 1885, he became a drummer for Thompson & Ohmstede, of Galveston, wholesale druggists, traveling for them and other firms up to June 30, 1909, when he was stricken with paralysis, and died four days later.

He is survived by a wife and four children two married daughters and one married son, James J. Read, and one single son aged sixteen, both of Lampasas, Tex. One brother, Dr. J. D. Read, of Sherman, survives. The oldest brother, Capt. C. W. Read, was conspicuous in the Confederate navy, and another, Rev. J. J. Read, was for many years a missionary to the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. These two have been dead for several years.

Comrade Read was a Royal Arch Mason and a Christian. Many were recipients of his charity. He was a noble, brave, and generous man. Those who knew him loved him.

## JOHN B. SEWELL

John B. Sewell was born in Gallatin, Tenn., in 1828, and died in Atlanta in August, 1909.

When quite young his family moved to Lebanon, Tenn., and he was placed at the law school, but he manifested a decided inclination toward mechanics. He made the acquaintance of Joe Travis, a master machinist, who gave him all the facilities for learning this trade. Finding that his family insisted upon his becoming a lawyer, young Sewell ran away to Nashville, taking the name of Joe Travis to prevent being discovered. He remained in the machine shops till the war, when he enlisted under his assumed name in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, and served with bravery through the war in this regiment.

At the close of the war he went to Atlanta, Ga., and rose rapidly in the machine shops there till he was given control. he was foreman at the Inman Yard at the time of his death, which took place suddenly on August 14. He was talking to a friend who was telling him of the death of a mutual friend, when he fell to the ground, and was dead before help could reach him. He was a Mason, a member of the Camp of Confederate Veterans, and a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and these three organizations attended the funeral in a body. The interment took place at Marietta, Ga., and the six sons of Captain Sewell were his pallbearers. His wife also survives.

## COBB

Judge Howell Cobb, son of Gen. Howell Cobb, died in Atlanta, Ga., August 12, 1909, from a stroke of paralysis. He was born in 1842, and married Miss McKinley while he was very young. He attained great celebrity as a jurist, and was distinguished for his bravery during the war, in which he served as a Confederate soldier.

## JOHN C. LATHAM

John C. Latham was born in Hopkinsville, Ky., in 1844 , and died in New York City August 18, 1909.

At the age of seventeen he enlisted with Gen. N. B. Forrest, and received his baptism of fire at Fort Donelson, where he proved his worth as a soldier. Later he was transferred to General Beauregard's command, in which he served with distinction. After the war he went into business in Memphis, but moved first to Hopkinsville, then to New York, where he organized the Wall Street banking firm of Latham, Alexander & Co.

Being a natural financier, and conducting his business with unswerving honor and on the highest principles, he rapidly acquired great wealth, which he used as a vehicle for doing good or giving pleasure to others. He ever retained his love for his native city, and in Hopkinsville he kept up the family homestead in princely style. His many donations to the welfare of this city caused him almost to be regarded as its patron saint. When the good roads movement in Christian County began, Mr. Latham subscribed fifty thousand dollars. Later he caused the bodies of about a hundred and twenty five Confederate soldiers who were interred in various parts of the graveyard to be reinterred in a triangle in the center of the cemetery, and had a ten thousand dollar shaft erected over them.

Mr. Latham invested twenty five thousand dollars in the first tobacco warehouse of Hopkinsville, thus establishing the beginning of an industry that has made that city famous. He gave five thousand dollars to the Episcopal Church for an organ and seven thousand dollars to the Methodists for a church. He fitted out the military company with arms and accouterments, and erected at the cost of fifty thousand dollars a family mausoleum, where he will be buried. His private charities were numerous and far reaching. His first wife was Miss Mary Allen, of Memphis, and his second wife, who survives him, was Miss Elsie Gaylor, one of Louisville's social favorites and a reigning beauty. Of this marriage two children were born, a girl and a boy, of whom the girl alone survives.

## REV. M. G. TURNER.

Rev. M. G. Turner died at the family residence, in Ellisville, Miss., on June 26, 1909. He was born in Alabama November 1, 1838, but moved to Mississippi early in life, and lived a true and loyal son to his adopted State as well as to the whole South.

On May 28, 1861, Mr. Turner enlisted in the Confederate cause, becoming a member of the famous "Jasper Grays," under the command of Capt. (later Col.) J. J. Shannon. He fought bravely for the Confederate cause throughout the four horrid years of the Civil War. He participated in the battles of Cross Keys, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Winchester, Battle of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., and several other minor engagements. He was wounded in the thigh at Cross Keys, June 8, 1862. He was captured at Fort Gregg, near Petersburg, and was taken to City Point, from thence to Point Lookout, Md., and was kept there a prisoner from April 6 to June 21, 1865.

He reached his home, in Jasper County, Miss., on July 6, 1865. On September 15, 1864, while at home on sick furlough, he was married to Miss Susan M. Thompson, who survives him with their children.

For several years after the war Comrade Turner labored as a licentiate, and in 1874 he was ordained to the full work of the Baptist ministry. The remainder of his life was devoted to a sincere and earnest effort to spread the doctrine of faith and good works not only from the pulpit but in practice and example as well.

The war record of Mr. Turner was conspicuous for his bravery and loyal defense of the Confederate cause. During his whole life he staunchly defended the right as he saw it and just as staunchly condemned that which he conceived to be wrong. He was not only true to the Confederacy but to his friends, true to justice and honor, true to his God. He was an enthusiastic Confederate veteran, attending all of the local and State Reunions and most of the general Reunions. He was Adjutant of the Jefferson Davis Camp of Confederate Veterans in Ellisville, and always took a lively and active part in its affairs. A large number of his comrades in arms attended his funeral as honorary pallbearers.

## DR. ALBERT PRENTISS RYALL

Dr. A. P. Ryall enlisted in the 26th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., and served as assistant surgeon for more than a year, when he was detached from his regiment as surgeon in the hospital at Montgomery, Ala, for nearly another year. He was then sent for hospital service in Columbus, Ga.

After the war he entered the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1875. He located for the practice of medicine in St. Augustine, Fla., but after two years he returned to his native county of Bedford, Tenn., where he continued the practice of medicine until his death, June 19, 1909.

When the fatal illness came, he was sweetly resigned, saying: "I will never get up from this sickness, my time has come. I am not afraid to die. God put me in this world for some purpose. I have tried to meet it, and am now ready to go. The Lord has been good to me, and I feel that he is with me and will take care of me."

## LESLIE WARNER

Mr. Leslie Warner was born in Chattanooga, Tenn., in August, 1853, and died August 16, 1909.

Though he had been in delicate health for several years, the news of the death of one so well known and loved as Leslie Warner came as a shock to the entire city, and brought heart throbs of pain to many households in Nashville. With Mrs. Warner he had spent the summer at Atlantic City, but wearying for home, they returned, reaching Nashville early in the evening of Sunday, the 15th of August. Many friends and relatives were assembled to welcome him, and he gave them cordial greeting, lovingly embracing his mother, to whom he sent a message a short time later that he was comfortably in bed and she must go home and return in the morning for a long talk, but the coming of morning found the great, true heart of Leslie Warner silent forever. Death came so softly and gently that the passing was as one who sweetly falls asleep.

Mr. Leslie Warner was a son of James C. Warner, one of Nashville's metal magnates, and he early showed a great aptitude for business. He was largely connected with his father in the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company and enthusiastic in the metallurgic development of Tennessee. He was secretary of the company and an officer in the Whorley Furnace Company, as well as in the Southern Iron Company. He owned the Chattanooga Street Railroad, and its rapid advance in prosperity was due to his untiring efforts and clear brain. About twenty years ago failing health cut short his brilliant business career, and since that time he has traveled extensively, bringing from many lands and climes priceless treasures of art, which showed the highly cultured taste of the collector and his insight into the world of beauty. Many of his pictures and objects of virtue are rare gems, and his cases contain many perfect specimens of ceramic art, miniatures, and bric a bric so valuable that they are duplicated only in national museums. The highest productions of the genius of art and science were exhibited in his home, but even above their wonderful power to attract was the spirit of hospitality that met and welcomed one at its threshold, for Leslie Warner was the embodied soul of hospitality. Every pleasure to him was an added pleasure if shared with friends. He seemed endowed with some inner power to put self entirely aside and to live for the happiness of others. Even suffering could not quench this spirit light, which seemed to burn the brighter for the enshrouding darkness of pain.

He was married in 1880 to Miss Katherine Burch, the beautiful elder daughter of John C. Burch, editor of the American, a man who was foremost in the advancement of Tennessee and the South. The marriage took place in Washington while Colonel Burch was Secretary of the Senate, and was an exceptionally happy one, the death of their three little children being the only cloud to its sunshine, and this grief only drew husband and wife closer together. Their home became the center of Nashville culture, and many prominent in art and science have been the recipients of its gracious hospitality.

Mr. Warner was an active member of the Nashville Art Club, and, aided by his wife, he did much to insure its prosperity, he was also a member of the Nashville Historical Society, and took a warm interest in its work. The Watauga Club had him on its roll, and he was the only man in Nashville who was a member of the Order of Cincinnati, which was established by George Washington and his officers. He was a man of wide charity, giving freely of his abundance. tender hearted, considerate, courteous, a true friend, a loving husband, a noble citizen, and a humble, devout Christian.

#### W. H. SINK

The J. H. Lewis Camp, of Glasgow, Ky., has lost another of its worthy members. Adj. W. Wood writes: "Comrade W. H. Sink, of near Cave City, died on July 23, 1909, aged seventy one years. Comrade Sink was a member of the 6th Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade. A good man has gone. He was born in Franklin County, Va., and came to Kentucky in early life. He leaves one child, Mrs. Letia King, with whom he had lived. Two brothers survive him. He was a life long member of the Christian Church, and was beloved by all who knew him. He was a man of sterling integrity He was buried by his old comrades at his home.

#### C. M. REDDICK

C. M. Reddick was born in February, 1842, and died suddenly in Laurel, Miss., in July, 1909. He volunteered early in the war and served till the end, being in several severe battles. He was a devout Baptist, and was largely instrumental in establishing that Church in his home town. He was an enthusiastic veteran and attended many Reunions. He died just after his return from the last one in Memphis. He leaves a wife and nine children.

#### LORRAINE DAVENPORT ROBY

Miss Lorraine Davenport Roby died at the Retreat for the Sick, Richmond, Va., August 14, 1909. and was buried in Hollywood Cemetery two days later. Miss Davenport Roby was the sister of Sister Esther Carlotta, the President of the U. D. C. in Florida, and the two ladies were enthusiastic workers in the Confederate interests. They were at the head of Resthaven, an orphanage they organized in St. Augustine, Fla., and managed alone, and which was supported entirely from contributions obtained by these two ladies or by their untiring personal efforts to make money for the little children whom they had taken to rear. Many of the children have obtained good homes through adoption; some have married, while all are given a lucrative trade.

Miss Roby was very delicate, but even ill health could not make her relax her efforts for her little charges, and she denied herself all luxuries and many necessities in order that the children might be cared for. In character Miss Roby was so modest that few realized the wonderful moral and mental strength that was behind the frail physique. Her gentleness of life, her purity of soul, and charity of word and deed endeared her to all, and many others besides the little children of her

orphanage and the little Children of the Confederacy, who were her charge, will call her blessed, for many are the better for having known her. Like the perfume of heliotrope that lingers after the flower is taken from the room, her sweet influence will be felt in her home and among her friends, even though in person she is gone.

#### DR. JOHN DUDLEY USHER

Dr. John Dudley Usher, born January 1, 1839, graduated at the Military Institute of Kentucky, and enlisted in the Confederate army in September, 1861, as lieutenant in the Black Hawk Rifles, Company G, 22d Mississippi Infantry. He served in the Army of Tennessee, and was severely wounded during the siege of Vicksburg. He was captured at the battle of Franklin and confined for nine months at Johnson's Island. After the war he remained a few years on his plantation, then continued his practice as a physician until a short time before his death, on July 10, 1909, at his residence on Sicily Island, La. He had been in that section since 1872, and during the reconstruction period he was ever regardless of self in his efforts to redeem his State. As a citizen he was public spirited and useful, and in matters pertaining to the Confederate element most prominent, being an aide on the staff of the General Commanding.

#### STEVENS

John Henry Stevens, a prominent planter and a veteran Confederate soldier, died at his home, near Blevins, Ark., July 28, 1909, in his sixty seventh year. He was born in Hempstead County, Ark., and had spent practically all of his life there. His wife and eleven children survive him.

#### LIEUT. P. R. BREWER

Lieut. P. R. Brewer, whose death occurred recently at his home, in Liberty, Miss., was a member of the first company organized in St. Helena Parish, La., in November, 1860, of which he was elected orderly sergeant. This company was known as the St. Helena Rifles, and in April, 1861, went to New Orleans and was attached as Company F to the 4th Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers. Later on he was elected lieutenant, and served as such throughout the war. He was in the battles of Shiloh, Jackson, Miss., New Hope Church, Allatoona, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Jonesboro, Franklin, and Nashville. Lieutenant Brewer was a quiet, peaceable man, brave and cool in battle, for which his company all loved and admired him. He was married in 1872 to Miss Fannie Dixon, who survives him.

## W. W. GIBBS

W. W. Gibbs, one of the famous Gibbs triplets, died at his home, in Atlanta, Ga., August 4, 1909. The triplet brothers were Confederate soldiers. They were born in Wilkes County, N. C., in May, 1833. At the beginning of the Civil War the three brothers enlisted with Wade Hampton's legion, and served with distinction till the surrender of that army.

After the war W. W. Gibbs moved to Atlanta, his two brothers remaining in North Carolina, where they still reside, hale and strong. Comrade Gibbs is survived also by his wife and six daughters.

## CAPT. CONNALLY T. LITCHFIELD.

Capt. C. T. Litchfield passed into the great beyond recently at Abingdon, Va. He commanded Company D of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, A. N. V., up to the fateful 9th of April, 1865. He was a gifted officer and beloved by all his command, and some fifteen of his old company followed his remains to the cemetery. The casket was wrapped in the regimental flag of the 1st Virginia, which was brought home by one of his men who was color bearer. He had reached a ripe age, having entered on his eighty first year.

## J. M. GILMORE

James M. Gilmore was born in Giles County, Tenn., in 1846, and died at his home, in Lawrenceburg, Tenn., August 2, 1909. At the beginning of the war he joined the Compbellsville company of the 3d Tennessee Regiment, and served with it till the surrender. After the war he moved to Lawrenceburg, and there filled many positions of trust both civic and business. As a soldier and a citizen, he was always at his post of duty, and his death is a loss to many besides his wife and two children, who survive him.

## SMALL

Alex S. Small, who served in Company A, 12th Virginia Cavalry, died in Allegany County, Md., in February, 1909.

## MRS. W. C. DOWDELL

BY MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE, PRES. GEN. U. D. C.

One of the most noted women of Alabama passed away at Dovedale, her home in Auburn, Ala., on August 16, thus closing a long and useful life of nearly eighty years. Mrs. Dowdell was one of the founders of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was for thirty one years President of this Society in the State of Alabama. In the prosecution of this work Mrs. Dowdell showed herself a fluent and forceful writer and speaker. Her home has long been renowned as one of the hospitable centers of her State, and many men

and women of prominence have gathered there and enjoyed the benediction and bounty of her entertainment.

Her death has come as a shock to some of the prominent members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. These are: Her daughter, Mrs. B. B. Ross, President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., of Auburn, and Mrs. Andrew L. Dowdell, her daughter in law, the Recording Secretary General U. D. C., of Opelika. Seven children, four daughters and three sons, are left to mourn their loss, with a large family of grandchildren and great grandchildren.

The Dowdell family have long been prominent in Alabama in Church and State. The present Chief Justice of the Alabama Supreme Court, Judge James R. Dowdell, and the Hon. William J. Samford, former Governor of Alabama, are nephews of Mrs. Dowdell's husband, Col. W. C. Dowdell.

On behalf of the General Association U. D. C. the deepest sympathy is extended the sadly stricken family.

MONUMENT AT CANDLER, N. C.

BY W. T. ROGERS, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

At Candler, Buncombe County, N. C., I gathered some statistics worthy a place in the VETERAN. Candler is a small station on the Southern Railway, about ten miles from Asheville. It has a unique cemetery. Crowning a hilltop near the village stands a neat, handsome little brick church of the M. E. Church, South. The cemetery is "the churchyard." In the center of this churchyard there is a plot of ground twenty five feet square in the center of which stands a beautiful shaft of East Tennessee marble fifteen feet high.

This square and monument are dedicated to the memory and heroism of Company I, 25th North Carolina Volunteers, C. S. A., and it was erected by private subscription. It is incidentally a tribute to the gratitude and patriotism of the good souls who put up the money. On it are inscribed the names of the members of the company mentioned with their rank and service. They were mustered in at Harmony in a Baptist church July 22, 1861, and stacked their arms at Appomattox April 9, 1865.

The ground upon which this monument stands was donated by W. G. Candler and Mr. J. H. Courtney, the latter a Confederate veteran. Mr. Courtney lost a leg at Malvern Hill.

There are one hundred and seventy names on the shaft, including Capts. G. W. Howell, W. Y. Morgan, and A. B. Thrash.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR GEORGIA

Georgia is soon to introduce a bill favoring the appropriation of a hundred thousand dollars for a monument to the Confederate dead. It will be a close copy of the Jefferson Davis monument in Richmond. It will be erected on the Capitol grounds at Atlanta.

# ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

## REPORT OF TREASURER FOR MONTH ENDING JULY 31, 1909.

Receipts. Receipts reported, \$10,691.81.

Menefee Chapter, No. 177, U. D. C., Waverly, Ala., \$5. Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$5. Contributed by Marion Chapter, No. 38, U. D. C., Marion, S. C.  
Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$30. Contributed by Mrs. Robert Bowie, Annapolis, Md., \$6, fete of June 3, Maryland Line, \$14, Maryland Line Confederate Home, \$10.  
Mrs. I. W. Faison, Director for North Carolina, \$175.89. Contributed by Monroe Chapter, No. 766, Monroe, N. C., \$3.87, Statesville Chapter, No. 276, U. D. C., Statesville, N. C., \$14, Brierfield Chapter, No. 1171, U. D. C., Thomasville, N. C., \$1.46, Cleveland Guards Chapter, No. 443, U. D. C., Shelby, N. C., \$20, R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 324, U. D. C., Lexington, N. C., \$3.25, Rockingham Chapter, No. 586, U. D. C., Reidsville, N. C., \$1.29, Cape Fear Chapter, No. 3, U. D. C., Wilmington, N. C., \$20, Frank M. Parker Chapter, No. 1090, U. D. C., Enfield, N. C., \$1.88, Perquimans Chapter, No. 789, U. D. C., Hertford, N. C., \$1.70, Graham Chapter, No. 944, U. D. C., Graham, N. C., \$19, W. G. Quackenbush Children's Auxiliary, Lawrenceburg, N. C., \$20, Johnston Pettigrew Chapter, No. 95, U. D. C., Raleigh, N. C., \$9.20, Roanoke Minute Men Chapter, No. 938, U. D. C., Littleton, N. C., \$5, Asheville Chapter, No. 104, U. D. C., Asheville, N. C., \$5, Thomas Ruffin Chapter, No. 349, U. D. C., Goldsboro, N. C., \$12.50, Anson Chapter, No. 357, U. D. C., Wadesboro, N. C., \$1.50, Southern Star Chapter, No. 477, U. D. C., Lincoln, N. C., \$2, Gen. George B. Anderson Chapter, No. 335, U. D. C., Hillsboro, N. C., \$21.50, Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte, N. C., \$12.74.  
Van Dorn Chapter, No. 682, U. D. C., Holly Springs, Miss., \$40.  
Mrs. Thomas S. Boccock, Director for Virginia, \$40. Contributed by Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 74, U. D. C., Martinsville, Va.  
T. C. Hindman Chapter, No. 408, U. D. C., Lonoke, Ark., \$10.  
J. D. Barnett, Montgomery City, Mo., \$5. Mrs. G. J. Grommet, Director for Illinois, \$2. Contributed by Hon. Campbell S. Hearn, Alton, Ill. W. Marion Seay, Lynchburg, Va., \$1.  
Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Director for Tennessee, \$75. Contributed by 1st Tennessee Regiment Chapter, No. 1064, U. D. C. Nashville, Tenn., \$25, N. B. Forrest Chapter, No. 926, U. D. C. Humboldt, Tenn., \$10, Kate L. Hickman Chapter, No. 596, U. D. C., Nashville, Tenn., \$10, John Lauderdale Chapter, No. 356, U. D. C., Dyersburg, Tenn., \$15, John W. Morton Chapter, No. 1171, U. D. C., Camden, Tenn., \$5, John R. Neal Chapter, No. 1153, U. D. C. Spring City, Tenn., \$5, Junior Memorial Association, Memphis, Tenn., \$5. Miss Caby M. Froman, Director for Kentucky, \$105.50. Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$10. Contributed by Harfort Chapter, No. 114, U. D. C., Belair, Md.  
Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$71.13. Contributed by Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 498, U. D. C., Fayetteville, Ark.

Balance on hand August 1, 1909, \$11,267.33.

WALLACE STREATER, Treas.

## SOUTHERN CROSS OF HONOR ITS SIGNIFICANCE

[The following paper upon the significance of "The Southern Cross of Honor," prepared by Mr, Walter A. Dark at the request of the U. D. C. Chapter in Augusta, Ga., was read on Memorial Day by Hon. H. C. Roney.]

I have been asked by these fair women whose gentle hands have done so much to rescue and preserve the sacred memories of the past to voice for them as truly as I can the real import and significance of this bronze emblem with which they are to honor these old veterans to day, to say as best I may what this Confederate cross of honor means to me and to my comrades of the old war days. It is a little thing, and in the great marts of trade it would not count for much, and yet to him who wears it worthily it has a world of meaning. What is it?

It means that eight and forty years ago there came into this life a stern and stubborn duty, that he dared to face, that under the clarion call of a newborn flag and with the tearwet kiss of mother, sister, wife, or all of them upon his brave young lips he left the comforts of his home to suffer hardship, peril, and privation, to feel the bitterness of cold and weariness and hunger, to tread the lonely, shivering path of midnight picket with no companions but the stars, to face the thunder of belching cannon and the music of hissing Minies, and to meet if need be a soldier's death with no complaint upon his loyal lips.

It means that during those four years, in infinite self denial and supreme self sacrifice, in loyal and sublime devotion to patriotic duty, he reached a higher plane of moral manhood than had ever touched his life.

It means that he, if any mortal could be, was worthy of the glorious Southern womanhood, who wrought with tireless fingers at their hearthstones or ministered with glad and willing hands in wayside homes or trod with angel step and angel heart the fevered aisles of ghostly hospitals, where pain and death held cruel sway the radiant womanhood, whose patient heroism amid the dread suspense that came between the battle and the published list of slain and wounded, amid the wearing agony of a separation that seemed so endless, amid the weary watching for footsteps that never came again, glorified the loneliness of their battle shadowed homes.

It means that he was part and parcel of that immortal gray clad host whose uncrowned valor won the homage of the world, and that "through its shifting fortunes of victory and defeat" he fought beneath a flag whose crimson folds were never stained by cruelty or wrong.

It means companionship with glorious John B. Gordon" whose hero heart and brave right arm made him "the man of the 12th of May," and a fellowship with Nathan Bedford Forrest, the "Wizard of the Saddle," whose untrained genius revolutionized the art of war. It means a brotherhood with Albert Sidney Johnston, with Hill and Stuart and Longstreet, with Walker and Polk and Cleburne, with Hampton and Wheeler and Butler, with all that radiant band whose gleaming swords flashed always and only in the forefront of battle. It means a comradeship with that strange, saintly soldier who dazzled with his genius the camps and cabinets of both the continents and then went down to death "with the love of the whole world" Stonewall Jackson.

It means a glorious kinship with the noblest knight of all the generations, kinship with him within whose royal soul there bloomed the fairest flower of Southern grace and Southern chivalry yes, thank God, kinship with the courtesy and the courage, the virtue and the valor, the goodness and the greatness, the world crowned grandeur of Robert Edward Lee. And, meaning

this, my comrades, I adjure you to cherish it in your heart of hearts as a priceless heritage, and when the eternal bugler sounds the "taps" that end your waning years transmit it to your children and your children's children for all the years to come. For well I feel assured that when posterity, unblinded by prejudice or passion, shall give to all the claimants in the Pantheon of fame their just and proper meed, as high in purest patriotism as any Rebel that fell at Lexington or starved at Valley Forge, as high in lofty courage as any hero that rode with Cardigan at Balaklava or marched with Ney at Waterloo or died beneath the shadow of the Persian spears at old Thermopylae, will stand the Rebel soldier of the South clad in his tattered gray beneath whose faded folds is shrined the stars and bars of an invisible republic that lives in history only as a memory.

## **ABOUT THE BURNING OF RICHMOND**

BY H. H. STURGIS, SANFORD, FLA.

At the evacuation of Richmond I was on duty at the Soldiers' Home, more generally known as the Crow's Nest, in charge of Sergeant Crow. The Home was a stopping place for soldiers going on furloughs or returning to their commands, and also a place to keep any soldiers who were in Richmond without leave. Rations were furnished, and also guards for city police duty.

I returned from a trip as escort to Danville with some soldiers on Sunday morning and found that preparations were being made to evacuate the city. About 10 P.M. I was given the keys to a large tobacco warehouse with instructions to burn the tobacco, which was, I suppose, government property. Another soldier was detailed to assist me. We knocked in the heads of three hogsheads, pulled out the hands of tobacco, and my comrade shaved up some splinters and I struck the match and saw the fire well started. We went out and locked the door, returning the key to the officer in charge, from whom I had received it. The responsible source of the order I know not.

The city was in great confusion. No one seemed to be concerned about it. Barrels of whisky had been emptied into the street drains, while many dipped it from the gutters and drank it. After crossing the Mayo bridge, it seemed that the entire city was ablaze. The magnificent flouring mills, the Gallagher and the Haxall, were ablaze, and there was apparently no effort to extinguish the flames. No pen can adequately portray it. I don't like to discuss it, and give the foregoing as record for history.

## **LAST CONFEDERATE COMMAND TO LEAVE RICHMOND**

D. B. Sanford writes from Milledgeville, Ga.: "There seems to be some dispute as to what soldiers or command of soldiers was the last to leave Richmond on the morning of the 3d of April, 1865. My recollection is that Phillips's Georgia Legion Infantry were the rear guard and the last soldiers to leave that city on that day. When this command crossed the bridge over the James River, the bridge was on fire in many places on each side, and we had to run with all our might and shinney from side to side of the bridge to keep from being burned to death. No other soldiers could have crossed this bridge after we did. This command left camp near Drury's Bluff about twelve o'clock Sunday night, April 2, 1865, and reached Richmond a little after daylight

Monday morning. I was captain of the Greene Rifles, Company A, Phillips's Georgia Legion Infantry. Does any other old veteran remember differently?

#### CLEBURNE AND HIS COMMAND.

Irving A. Buck, a former captain and assistant adjutant general to Pat Cleburne's division, has written a fine history of this command and the important part it took in the War between the States. He gives a careful estimate of Cleburne the man and of Cleburne the soldier. It is a keen sighted but just estimate of circumstances, success and failure, and the part they play in military affairs. Captain Buck's book is well written and is a valuable contribution to our war history. Such men as Pat Cleburne adorn any times or places, and this book, which has all the minutiae of a biography, well portrays the man and glowingly recounts the events of the war and Cleburne's part in it. The book is well printed and illustrated, and is the output of the Neale Publishing House, New York. (It is supplied by the VETERAN. Price, \$3.)

#### GEN. PAT CLEBURNE.

History demonstrates the fact that in every fight in which he engages an Irishman is pretty sure to be in the front ranks. This fact is well exemplified in the story of the life and deeds of Pat Cleburne as told by Captain Buck in his excellent book, "Cleburne and His Command."

Patrick Ronayne Cleburne was the third child of Joseph and Mary Anne Cleburne, and was born ten miles from the city of Cork in March, 1828. His father, Joseph Cleburne, was a physician of much eminence, a graduate of the Royal College of Surgery in Dublin. Mary Anne Cleburne, his mother, was a daughter of Patrick Ronayne, of Annebrook, so that on both sides Patrick Cleburne was descended from the best old stock of Ireland. His having been born on St. Patrick's Day gave him his name.

Pat Cleburne had a tutor till he was twelve, then was sent to school. He was fond of literature, history, and travels, but in some way failed to acquire any taste for Latin or Greek. He desired to follow his father in the profession of medicine, and as a stepping stone to this apprenticed himself to a druggist preparatory to standing a medical examination. Had chemical tastes or pharmaceutical knowledge been the only requirements for the diploma he wished, Gen. Pat Cleburne would have been a doctor and never attained his great celebrity in the profession of arms. In his examinations his Greek and Latin were so faulty that he failed to pass. This seemed such a disgrace to the high spirited boy that he determined his family should never know of his humiliation. So he immediately enlisted in the 41st Regiment of Infantry (Dublin) which he supposed was under marching orders for India. For a year none of his family heard from him at all, then only through the son of a neighbor whose regiment was quartered near the 41st. Cleburne served three years with this regiment, then quit the army, and with one brother and sister emigrated to America. He brought letters of introduction to New Orleans, but, acting upon his life long principle that every man should depend upon himself, he went to Cincinnati, where he had a position in a drug store, later moving to Helena, Ark., where he took his degree as a lawyer. He remained here till the beginning of the war, when he volunteered as a private in the Yell Rifles.

As a citizen of Helena Cleburne won distinction, for he was scrupulously honest, enterprising, and public spirited. At no time in his life did he display more heroism than when in 1855 Helena was stricken with yellow fever and the public in a panic fled in every direction. Cleburne remained in the plague tortured city, and went daily his rounds among the fever patients, nursing them and helping to bury the dead.

Personally Cleburne was of striking appearance. He was six feet in height, spare in build, and with broad shoulders and erect carriage. In his large gray eyes was ever seen the twinkle of humor, save when they grew black in the face of danger or in the smoke of battle. He was a man of great endurance and unswerving tenacity of purpose, but in society he was awkward and embarrassed, and he was very sensitive to the opinion of others. He was not a good conversationalist save in the presence of intimate friends, when his fluent language and vivid imagery held all spellbound. He was dreamy and absent minded save in the presence of need or in defying circumstances, then he was indeed tireless and sleepless, for the earnestness of the occasion obliterated all thought of self and concentrated his energies, showing the true nobility of his nature. The predominant trait in his life was courage, as one of his strongest characteristics was the sense of justice.

An incident which occurred in the first days of the war influenced his life to the end. He was holding some prisoners in a house in Greenville, Miss. Among these prisoners was a citizen who was the victim of somnambulism. Walking in his sleep, this man made his way to Cleburne's room and assaulted the sentry. Cleburne, hearing the noise and thinking it an attack of the enemy, sprang to his feet and with his revolver shot the man, mortally wounding him. Cleburne was entirely exculpated for this act, but all his life was tinged with the melancholy of remorse.

## R. E. LEE AND THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY

It would seem that nothing new could be found to write about Gen. R. E. Lee. Yet in Henry A. White's book, "Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy," he has written an account that is vivid, personal, and new in form. It will prove a joy to genealogists, for in this he has given an exhaustive tracing of the house of Lee back to its founder in Stratford, England, down to the present time. Richard Lee was the first to cross to America and establish his line in this country. Two generations after him was Thomas Lee. Queen Caroline, to show her love for this distinguished family, gave him money sufficient to build a beautiful mansion befitting the dignity of the President of the Colonial Council, which Thomas Lee was at that time. This spacious home, with lofty ceilings and rambling porticoes, was built of brick, which at that period was very rare. Between the tall chimneys were laid platforms from which a wide survey of the surrounding country could be obtained. These platforms were strongly suggestive of the battlements of mediaeval castles and the strongholds of ancient barons.

The students of heredity will also find the book especially attractive, as the wonderful military genius of R. E. Lee is distinctly traceable through the line of his ancestry as well as is his broad grasp of subjects to his progenitors, who were brain carrying statesmen and Governors. Mr. White has carefully investigated all the motives that influenced Lee's actions, and the history of his life is unusually well portrayed, for his character stands out from its setting like the fine lines in a cameo. The author has gathered his data from the widest and most authentic sources, and accepted facts only after careful research. For instance, speaking of the slavery question, he

says: "I have read nearly all the literature on this subject from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and Wilson's 'Slave Power' to the most recent biography of William Lloyd Garrison."

The book is well written and forcefully word pictured, being excellent from a literary standpoint and most excellent historically, for it contains many things explanatory of the war and its causes. Putnam & Sons, of the Knickerbocker Press, New York and London, are the publishers, and the book is well up to the standard of their publications in fineness of paper, clearness of print, and general finish. The book will be supplied by the VETERAN for \$3 net. It will be sent free postpaid for a club of eight subscribers at \$1 each.

## HE LURE OF THE INDIAN COUNTRY

This little pamphlet by Oleta Littleheart, daughter of the Chickasaw Chief Littleheart, deals with the Indian Territory at the date of transition into Statehood, the men, whites and Indians, whose influences were most potent in its development. It treats exhaustively of the natural medicinal springs, "medicine" and "bromide," and tells of the cure for all ills that flesh is heir to which is found in their waters. One chapter is devoted to Platt National Park and its advantages natural, acquired, and assumed. The fortunes that have been amassed through real estate deals are logically accounted for by Miss Littleheart, who wisely leads one on to the thought of fortunes still to be made by her deft handling of her subject. She writes in good English with an occasional lapse into odd sentence construction that is the only trace of her Indian ancestry to be observed in the book. It is beautifully illustrated with half tone engravings of the natural beauties of the State and of towns and places showing unprecedented growth. Through the book is woven a sweet little romance of which Donald McDonald, one of Flagler's henchmen, and Anthula, a highly educated Indian princess, are hero and heroine, Flagler being the "god in the car" of the story. For sale by Oleta Littleheart, Sulphur, Okla. Price, 25 cents.

## KUKLUX KLAN THE TRUE AND THE FALSE

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, State Historian of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., has written a most entertaining pamphlet on the subject of the organization, uses, and abuses of this klan. The true klan was composed of the best men of the States for the purpose of assisting the South in the trying period of reconstruction. The false klan as depicted by Dixon was engaged in all the evils of the times. Mrs. Rose quotes two letters which were written her by the only two survivors of the famous klan of which Nathan Bedford Forrest was Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire. The booklet is to be sold for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis Soldiers Home in Mississippi. Price, 25 cents. Address Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Miss.

## GEN. BOB TOOME'S PLEA FOR "JIM."

The story is told that a negro under the charge of murder was being tried in a Georgia court. Much testimony had been taken, and it seemed to be very serious for the defendant, whose plea was selfdefense. An old man in the court room arose and, addressing the court and jury, said: "Please your honor and gentlemen of the jury, years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of Gettysburg. He lay there bleeding to death, with no one to help him. Shot and shell, the fierce, fiery stream of death were sweeping the earth about him. No friend dared go to him, no surgeon would approach him. The singing of bullets and the wild music of shells were his

only requiem. My brother had a body servant, a negro man, who waited on him in camp. The negro saw his master's danger, and straight out into that hell of battle and flame and death he went. A cannon shot tore the flesh from his breast, but on he went, and gathering my brother in his arms, the blood of the man mingled with the blood of the master, he bore him to safety and to life. Jim, open your collar." He did so, and the jury saw on his breast long, jagged scars where the shell had ripped its way. Continuing, General Toombs said: "Jim's skin is black, he is a negro, but the man that would do what Jim did for my brother has a soul too white ever to have killed a man except in defense of his own life." Jim was cleared.

#### BURIAL PLACE OF COL. ROBERT A. SMITH

A correction by Luther Manship, of Jackson, Miss.: "It seems that in a recent article in the VETERAN it was stated that 'Col. Robert A. Smith, of Mississippi, killed at Munfordville, Ky., was buried on the banks of Green River, Ky' and sleeps in an unmarked grave.' Col. Robert A. Smith's remains were removed to Jackson, Miss., a few years after the war by his brother, Mr. James Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland. A stone shaft marks the place where he fell on the battlefield, near the track of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and a magnificent Scotch granite monument was erected over his grave at Jackson years ago with great honors, and another monument was erected by this devoted brother to his memory in his native city of Glasgow, Scotland. Colonel Smith left Jackson at the opening of the war in command of a company, and was soon advanced to the command of the 10th Mississippi Regiment as its colonel. His brother, James Smith, who had once been a citizen of Jackson, but returned to his native Scotland before the war, presented the Mississippi Rifles with their first equipment of rifles."

J. A. Cox, of Kathleen, Fla., writes: "I was a lieutenant in Company C, 14th Mississippi Infantry, and in the battle of Fort Donelson of Buckner's command. On Saturday morning we were moved from the right to the left of our lines, just in the rear of Graves's Battery. While there Captain Graves called for volunteers to go to the front and unmask a body of men concealed a little to the left of his position. I sprang to his side as he stood on the breastworks, and he called for five men to go with me. They came promptly, and after advice from Captain Graves we went forward and found the concealed men to be Federals. We gave the designated signal, got out his line of fire, and had a little fight on our own hook. Of these five men, I can recall the names of but three viz., G. G. Dillard, John Moseley, and Weathersby. The latter was shot in the army, Moseley was killed afterwards in front of Atlanta. If any of the other boys are living, I should be glad to hear from them. Dillard's commission as Consul at Guyaquil was the first one signed by Cleveland after his first inauguration."

#### ANOTHER REMARKABLE FAMILY RECORD

F. M. Mumford, Commander of West Feliciana Camp, St. Francisville, La., responds to W. T. Hardison in the July VETERAN, page 329: "We have here three old veterans, William Town, aged eighty eight years, and his two sons, William M., aged sixty five, and Thomas, aged sixty three years. They all served in Scott's Louisiana Cavalry Brigade, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala., on March 5, 1865. They are all members of my Camp."

Sam G. Duffie, of Gatesville, Tex., inquires for the address of any surviving members of Buster's Battalion, Company D, Arkansas Cavalry, or of John B. dark's 9th Regiment Missouri Infantry.

End  
Confederate Veteran Magazine  
September 1909

Margie Glover Daniels