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The  
Confederate Veteran  
Magazine  
1893

**BROADFOOT'S BOOKMARK**

ROUTE 3, BOX 318

WENDELL, N. C. 27591

# Confederate Veteran.

*Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.*

PRICE 5 CENTS.  
YEARLY 50 CENTS. }

Vol. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1893.

No. 1.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.

Application made for entry at the Post-office at Nashville as Second-class Matter.

Special club rates to the Press and to Camps—25 copies \$10.

An extra copy sent to each person who sends six subscriptions.

Advertisements: Ten cents a line, \$7.50 a column, \$20 a page. Discount: Half year, one-eighth; one year, one-fourth.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN greets you! It is not sent to any one at random, but addresses you through friendship, personal obligation, or because you have been commended as one who might take an active interest in the cause for which it is published.

Please read it carefully. Although the first issue has been edited from a sick room, and there is defect in the arrangement, you will find its contents useful and interesting. Read every article.

Please consider this: If each person addressed would send two subscriptions with \$1, the publication would be assured as a perpetuity. Get a friend to join you in it, please. If you cannot send a single subscription, please read it carefully and persuade others, as you think it deserving.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is intended as an organ of communication between Confederate soldiers and those who are interested in them and their affairs, and its purpose is to furnish a volume of information which will be acceptable to the public, even to those who fought on the other side. It will at once be sent to every Confederate Veteran organization in existence and the patronage of such bodies is earnestly sought.

The commendation of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN from extremes of the South and from our friends at the North gives an immediate promise of usefulness and influence which should enlist the pride of every Southerner and the respect of all others.

It is designed to publish advertisements in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, but the illness referred to prevented that feature in this issue. No other publication of equal circulation is as good a medium for notice of Southern literature. The next issue will contain a list of books as premiums.

Whatever may be desirable to put before representative people of the entire South and Southerner elsewhere may be printed advantageously in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Put the thought in your pipe and smoke it. Smokers read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. A hint to the wise!

THE next issue may be expected earlier in the month (February).

CAPT. R. E. PARK, of Macon, in sending subscription says: "I wish you success in your enterprise, and stand ready to help you in any way that I can."

MRS. ALICE TRUEHEART BUCK, who is spending the winter in Washington, is zealous for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and offers to be agent and correspondent gratis.

DR. J. WM. JONES, Atlanta: "The prospectus is all right unless, indeed, it is too modest. Put me down as a subscriber and count on me to do all in my power to promote its circulation. I'll write for you occasionally."

MONROE PARK, the place selected by a committee of United Confederate Veterans, is a very happy one. It is about a mile west from the old Confederate capitol, and promises ere long to be a very central point. Now the entire Southern people are to build this monument. Who will be slow to do his part?

THE *Old South*, published at Coleman, Texas, has a very kind article in behalf of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which concludes as follows: "We expect that every Confederate and every son of a Confederate will become a subscriber at least to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. They can use their judgment about the *Old South*."

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS  
NEW ORLEANS, LA., September 20, 1892.

S. A. Cunningham, General Agent Jefferson Davis Monument Fund,  
Nashville, Tenn.:

Your prospectus of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to be published monthly "in the interest of the Davis Monument Fund and Veterans in general," promises to supply a very useful place. It will enable the Southern people to see from what sections the money is given, and also by whom. It will enable Veteran organizations to know of each other, whether of the U. C. V. organization or not, and it will create renewed zeal generally in behalf of those who stood together throughout the South's great struggle for separate independence. It will give me pleasure to supply you with data from this office as frequently as desired.

GEORGE MOORMAN,  
Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff.

## HONOR FOR THE SOUTH.

ALL THE PEOPLE TO BUILD A MONUMENT IN HONOR  
OF JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HIS FELLOW  
CONFEDERATES.

The impulse to build to Jefferson Davis a monument, typical of the South in the war, was so universal when the great hero died that a general agreement was had in a few hours by telegraph. The movement was inaugurated by the Southern Press Association, and it is co-operated in by Confederate veterans everywhere. The Jefferson Davis Monument Association at Richmond, chartered under the laws of Virginia, has special charge of the work. The active co-operation of every newspaper and periodical in the South is sought in behalf of this Fund. It is very desirable to procure name and postoffice of every contributor of \$1 or more.

Let every Southerner and friend of his people look at the situation, and he or she will want to do something. In our National Capital there is an equestrian bronze statue at nearly every turn, to some hero of the war, but none of them are for our side. Proud patriots want for this final tribute not less than \$250,000. Twice as much has been raised at the North for one individual monument. Shall we stop short of half as much for one symbolic of our cause?

Here are a few extracts from the thousands that have been published:

R. M. Johnson, editor *Houston Daily Post*, Houston, Texas, says: "I will give the matter attention at once, and will aid the movement in every way in my power."

C. A. Read, editor *Times*, Lewisville, Texas, says: "I am fully in accord with the movement and will give the matter prominence in the *Times*. It will afford me pleasure to help the cause all I possibly can."

"Mr. Davis deserves a monument, as lasting as our native hills, for the splendid record he made in the cause of liberty. As an exemplar his character should be held up to the youth of the country; as an embodiment of everything good in human nature."

An ex-Union soldier, a popular humorist and lecturer, volunteered to "give a night anywhere at any time for Jeff Davis," and added: "Think of that man's integrity, of what he accomplished with the resources at hand—he was an American!"

A beautiful sensation occurred at a reunion of the ex-Confederates of Tennessee at Winchester, Gen. G. W. Gordon, of Memphis, in an oration said:

"There is one whom we would remember to-day. We cannot forget him who has left to his countrymen and to posterity one of the noblest examples—unflinching devotion to truth and principle of which the political history of the human race gives an account; one who presented in his own person a sublime instance of an uncomplaining and heroic endurance of unmerited suffering. When feeble, sick and helpless, and in prison indignities and chains were added. He loved the people of the South, and was true to them

to the last. And I trust they will erect a monument to his memory so magnificent and imposing that it will have no equal upon the vast shores of America—a monument that will tell the world that he was a patriot and that the cause for which we fought and our comrades died was constitutional, right and just. Then let the monument be built. And let it be built with a munificence and magnificence commensurate with the fame and fidelity of the man and the grandeur of the principle it is intended to commemorate."

Just here Chief Justice Turney handed him this letter from a venerable lady seventy-eight years old, who was the architect of her own fortune and is dispensing it with Christian zeal:

*S. A. Cunningham:*

Seeing from the papers that you have been appointed by the committee to collect funds for our beloved and honored Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, I desire to offer you the small sum of \$500—the widow's mite. I had the pleasure of entertaining him and his wife at my home in Havana, Cuba, soon after his release. To Mr. Davis, one of the brightest intellects of his time, the truest and most honorable of men, who sacrificed everything for the South and those he loved, I hope every man, woman and child will do all they can to raise the highest and grandest monument ever built to mortal man. Resp'y, S. E. BREWER.

The committee appointed by Gen. J. B. Gordon, of Georgia, Commandor of the United Confederate Veterans, of one from each state, met in Richmond, Sept. '92, by direction of the Chairman, Gen. W. L. Cabell, of Texas, to consider the location, cost of construction, plans, etc., for the Davis Memorial. Richmond Association participated in the proceedings by invitation.

The general purpose was set forth by the Chairman and a series of resolutions were adopted:

They were that "as Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy, and has been selected by Mrs. Jefferson Davis as the burial place of her husband, it is regarded the most appropriate place for the erection of a monument to his memory. The United Confederate Veterans will co-operate with the Davis Monument Association of Richmond and the Southern Press Association in its efforts to erect the same."

Also, that State organizations be formed, and "that the Chairman appoint for each Southern State and for the Indian Territory a sub-committee of five members, each of which shall have within its territory the entire control and supervision of all matters pertaining to this sacred object, including the collection of funds by popular subscription, and shall have authority to name a suitable and responsible person as Treasurer, to receive the same and forward quarterly to the Treasurer of the Richmond Association."

Monroe Park was selected for the location of the monument. It was resolved, too, that the character, probable cost and plans be determined by the Richmond Association, and as soon as a sufficient amount of money is in hand to justify it, the work of erecting the monument be commenced.



In an address to the Southern people, the committee has ratified the preference expressed by Mrs. Davis for Richmond, Va., as the proper site for such memorial. It has determined that not less than \$250,000 shall be raised for that purpose, and that there shall be an organization in every state in the South, through which the offerings of the people may flow to the accomplishment of this patriotic and pious work. Continuing its appeal the committee say:

"This money will be raised speedily. This monument will rise, and soon, to be an everlasting memorial, not only to the patriot and statesman who purely and bravely led your fortunes in the times that wrung your souls, but of the ineffable valor and devotion of the most heroic soldiery which the world ever saw, whom he typified while he commanded.

No other hands than ours can be relied upon to put stones upon this pile. Our own hard-earned mite must mainly accomplish its rearing. Our own sweat must chiefly stream upon its uplifting.

If our poverty has been and continues to be great, it has at least made us rich in love for each other. If our lives have been one long tale of sacrifice, and threaten more, the most willing of those to come must be that one which will keep green forever the memories of our loved land and of our dead brothers.

Love and self-sacrifice build more monuments than money ever did or ever will, and we now gladly and confidently bid you to illustrate it. The men and the women who fought for the Confederacy and their descendants, must quarry this monument out of their heart's blood if need be. It were best in every case that they should. There is not a discordant element anywhere. Let us all be at work!

All remittances for this purpose should be made to John S. Ellett, President of the State Bank at Richmond, Va., who is the bonded Treasurer of the general organization."

THE KIND OF MEMORIAL.

Various opinions prevail about the kind of structure to be reared. Some want a shaft with Mr. Davis on horseback, others want groups of figures in a temple, etc. In his oration before the United Confederate Veterans at their last reunion, New Orleans, Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, said:

"Let there be reared no unmeaning shaft, but a temple, in which his own figure shall be the central object, and around which shall be grouped the heroic relics of the battles of the Confederacy, and the pictured faces and the sculptured forms of the great and true and brave men who fought them. I hope to see the movement grow until the temple shall stand—the Battle Abbey of the South—the undying memorial of the people who fought their own battles in their own way, for their own liberty as they conceived it, for their own independence as they desired it, and who need give to the world no other reason why."

STORY OF AN EPITAPH.

Soon after the fall of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at the battle of Shiloh and the transfer of his remains to New Orleans, a lady visiting the cemetery found pinned to a rough board that rested on the temporary tomb the following beautiful epitaph. It was written in a delicate hand with a pencil, and the rain had nearly obliterated the characters, but she made a verbatim copy of the manuscript and sent it to one of the New Orleans papers with the request that if possible the name of the author should be published. This was gladly done, and the exquisite lines went the rounds of the press of this country and England as a model of English composition. Lord Palmerston pronounced it "a modern classic, Ciceronian in its language." Public curiosity being aroused, the authorship was traced to John Dimitry, a young native of New Orleans, and a son of Alexander Dimitry, who before the war occupied a distinguished position in the State Department at Washington. Young Dimitry, though only a boy, served in Johnston's army at Shiloh, and on visiting New Orleans and the grave of his dead chieftain wrote the lines on the inspiration of the moment and modestly pinned them on the headboard as the only tribute he could offer. When the question arose concerning the form of epitaph to be placed on the monument erected to the memory of the dead Confederate General the committee of citizens in charge with one voice decided upon this, and it is now inscribed upon the broad panel at the base of the statue.—*Exchange*.

IN MEMORY.

Beyond this stone is laid,  
 For a season,  
 Albert Sidney Johnston,  
 A General in the Army of the Confederate States,  
 Who fell at Shiloh, Tennessee,  
 On the sixth day of April, A. D.,  
 Eighteen hundred and sixty-two;  
 A man tried in many high offices  
 And critical enterprises,  
 And found faithful in all.  
 His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience;  
 And even that life, on a woeful Sabbath,  
 Did he yield as a holocaust at his country's need.  
 Not wholly understood was he while he lived;  
 But, in his death, his greatness stands confessed in a people's tears  
 Resolute, moderate, clear of envy yet not wanting  
 In that fier ambition which makes men great and pure.  
 In his honor—Impregnable;  
 In his simplicity—sublime.  
 No country e'er had a truer son—no cause a nobler champion  
 No people a bolder defender—no principle a purer victim  
 Than the dead soldier  
 Who sleeps here.  
 The cause for which he perished is lost—  
 The people for whom he fought are crushed—  
 The hopes in which he trusted are shattered—  
 The flag he loved guides no more the charging lines,  
 But his fame, consigned to the keeping of that time, which,  
 Happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine,  
 Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends.  
 In honor, now, our great captain rests;  
 A bereaved people mourn him,  
 Three commonwealths proudly claim him  
 And history shall cherish him  
 Among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience unmix'd  
 with blame,  
 Have been, in all conjectures, true to themselves, their country  
 and their God.



JEFFERSON DAVIS AT EIGHTY.

JEFFERSON DAVIS was born in 1808, and lived 81 years. His birth place was in a broad, low house at Fairview, a small village in Christian—now Todd—County, Kentucky. He visited the place in 1886 and participated in the dedication of a pretty brick Baptist church, that had been erected on the site of the old house. There was a large gathering of people from the neighborhood, while others had gone many miles through excessive rain. It was a most disagreeable day. As the venerable gentleman stood in the midst of the congregation, whose happy faces are indelibly impressed upon the mind of the writer, he used this language: "Many of you may think strangely of my participation in this service, not being a Baptist. My father was a Baptist, and a better man."

In her Memoirs of Jefferson Davis his wife copied just as he furnished them to a stenographer, facts about his family and his own career, points of which are embodied in this little sketch.

Three brothers came from Wales in the early part of the Eighteenth Century and settled in Philadelphia. The youngest, Evan Davis, subsequently removed to Georgia, then a colony of Great Britain. He was the

grandfather of Jefferson Davis. The father, Samuel Davis, had moved from Augusta, Ga., to Southwestern Kentucky, and resided at Fairview when Jefferson, the tenth and last child, was born.

Samuel Davis had entered the army of the Revolution at the age of sixteen, with two half brothers named Williams, and while a boy soldier, met the beautiful Jane Cook in South Carolina, who became his wife and the mother of Jefferson Davis. In his infancy the family moved to Louisiana, but ill health induced their return to Wilkinson County, Miss. Three of his brothers were in the War of 1812, and the fourth volunteered, but "was drafted to stay at home." The Mississippi home of Samuel Davis was rather on a divide, whereby to the west on rich land were Virginians, Kentuckians and Tennesseans, and to the east on inferior soil were South Carolinians and Georgians. The settlements were sparse, however, for Mississippi was then of the territory ceded by Georgia to the United States, and there were but few schools. At the age of seven Jefferson Davis was sent on horseback through the "wilderness" to a Catholic school in Washington County, Kentucky. He journeyed with Maj. Hinds, who commanded the Mississippi Dragoons in the battle of New Orleans, and his family. On reaching Nashville they went to the Hermitage for a visit to Gen. Jackson. In the reminiscences Mr. Davis dwells upon that prolonged visit of several weeks and upon his "opportunity to observe a great man," and he had always remembered "with warm affection the kind and tender wife who presided over his house." Gen. Jackson then lived in "a roomy log house, with a grove of fine forest trees in its front."

In that Catholic school for a time young Davis was the only Protestant boy and he was the smallest. He was very much favored and roomed with the priest. One night he was persuaded by some associates to blow out the light in the reverend father's room that they might do some mischief, which they did in a hurry. He was interrogated severely, but said he "didn't know much, and wouldn't tell that." Finally he agreed to tell a little about it on condition that he be given his liberty. That little was that he blew out the candle. After two years steamboats had been put on the river, and by a steamer the lad returned home from Louisville.

Conforming to a plan proposed by his brother, who went after him, the happy lad, with throbbing heart, approached his dear old mother and asked if she had seen any stray horses round there. She had seen a "stray boy," and clasped him to her arms. He ran to the field where he found his father, who took him in his arms with much emotion and kissed him.

Young Davis went afterward to neighborhood schools, which were very poor, but one Mr. Shaw, from Boston, advanced him more than any other teacher he ever

had. Shaw married in Mississippi, and he preached while teaching.

Jefferson Davis was sent again to Kentucky, and placed at the Transylvania University, near Lexington. Afterward he was one of six United States Senators who were fellow-students at that University. At the early age of fifteen he was given a cadetship at West Point.

Here is a literal extract from his dictation: "When I entered the United States Military Academy, that truly great and good man, Albert Sidney Johnston, had preceded me from Transylvania, Ky., an incident which formed a link between us, and inaugurated a friendship which grew as years rolled by, strengthened by after associations in the army, and which remains to me yet, a memory of one of the greatest and best characters I have ever known. His particular friend was Leonidas Polk."

Mr. Davis then gives an account of Polk's religious convictions, and of his joining the church. It is known that he afterward was a Bishop in the Episcopal Church. Polk was a Lieutenant General in the Western Army with Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, whom he confirmed into church membership only a few weeks before he was killed by a cannon shot from the enemy. The dictation ended too early. In referring to it, he said to his wife, "I have not told what I wish to say of Sidney Johnston and Polk. I have much more to say of them."

The history starts on from the dictation in a manner worthy the distinguished wife.

Our people generally know quite well how meanly the publishers treated the author in regard to the royalty on her book, and that she succeeded in stopping its sale when they owed her a little more than \$4,000. When legal technicalities are removed, and she can procure what is due her on sales, there will no doubt be many orders given for the work, both because of its merits and the wish to show an appreciation of her noble service in its presentation.

#### FROM TWO TRIBUTES TO MR. DAVIS.

In one of the successful entertainments given at Nashville for the benefit of the monument fund, there were two short addresses, from which the following is taken. Col. H. M. Doak, the first speaker, said:

"Jefferson Davis built his own monument firmly in the history of his country—a heritage for the world. It rises, firm and true, out of his struggles as a typical American youth; out of his service to his country on the fields of Mexico; out of his planter's life, adorned by domestic love and the affection and confidence of neighbors and slaves; out of his earnest, stormy political struggles; out of his able organization and support of the American military system, as Secretary of War, and as a statesman; out of his far-sighted projection of a transcontinental railway; out of his long and able career as a statesman; out of his faithful struggle to preserve the Union as it was, and out of his

sad but resolute departure to enter upon inevitable civil strife; out of his able civil administration as President; out of his capable preparation for and conduct of war; out of his clear and able State papers; out of his unflinching devotion to civil liberty, in the midst of arms, when laws are silent; out of his preservation of the forms and spirit of civil government, when the military necessity for a dictator must have tempted him strongly to sweep aside all that stood in the way of the military arm; out of his stubborn endurance in war; out of the ignominy of unjust chains and prison; out of his long and dignified endurance of obloquy; out of his life as a man and a citizen, a neighbor, husband and father; out of his quiet but able part in church and business assemblies, when he was denied all part in political affairs. Out of these conditions of his busy life rises the monument he builded—more enduring than bronze or marble. To ourselves we owe it to build a material monument symbolic of these virtues."

Mr. Arthur H. Marks, of Winchester, gifted, and of great literary promise, but who has since died—he was the son of the late ex-Governor Marks—said:

"Jefferson Davis was the man not only of his generation, but of his day. His unique personality would have fitted nowhere else. His destiny was as broad as his country, and there was no other gap of American history wide enough to receive it. To us, as to all the world, he still stands for the Confederacy. He was covered with it. Between the dates of his birth and death was written all of that stormy chapter. In the name of Jefferson Davis we must raise a monument to the Old South, for in his long career the glory of that Old South lies like a sword within its scabbard, inclosed from hilt to tip with years of precious service. To you Confederate veterans Jefferson Davis is a memory, but to the young men of the South he is an inspiration. For you he revives the past, but for us he animates the future. To you he is a majestic figure of battle smoke looming up in the haze and distance of a generation ago. But to us he is a living presence, an example of a man striding on before all of our ambitions, showing us by his knightly footsteps where we should tread."

#### A CHRISTIAN'S NEW YEAR GREETING.

To My Dear Aunt, S. E. B.:

Again the clock of time doth strike, 'tis eighteen ninety-three;  
Again the love-chords of my heart, dear aunt, I'll tune for thee.  
Our Father in His wisdom hath kindly shut from view  
All that the coming future shall bring to me and you;  
But may His richest blessings be sent thy heart to cheer,  
And may no bitter sorrow becloud thy glad new year.  
The angels sang a chorus of "peace on earth, good will;"  
May the spirit of that anthem our hearts forever fill!  
Again, the loving words, "I'll not leave thee, nor forsake,"  
Inspires our fainting energies, and we fresh courage take.  
Thus on and on we journey, still trusting in His word,  
Waiting still and watching for the coming of our Lord.  
With the rapids almost past, we can see within the veil—  
Our God doth hold the rudder, and safe will be our sail;  
And when we reach the haven we'll lay our burden down,  
And with the many ransomed receive the promised crown.  
Jacksonville, Ala., Jan. 1, 1893.

MARY D. C.

The recipient of the above stands first in practical advancement of the Monument cause.

PLEASE supply information to this journal about contributors to Confederate Homes or Monuments.

*FAVORS RECEIVED AND PETITIONS REFUSED.*

Public and grateful acknowledgment is made for favors from many railroad and navigation corporations. In the list is the Atlantic Coast Line, the Richmond & Danville Railroad Company, Georgia Railroad Company, Central Railroad Company of Georgia, Atlanta & Florida Railroad, Savannah, Americus & Montgomery Railroad, Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Memphis Railroad, St. Louis & Southwestern Railroad, East & West Railroad of Alabama, Knoxville, Cumberland Gap & Louisville Railroad, Rome Railroad, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, Missouri Pacific Railroad, Louisville, New Orleans & Texas, Tennessee Midland, the Texas Pacific Railway, Evansville & Terre Haute Railroad, St. Louis & Tennessee River Packet Company, Nashville, Paducah & Cairo Packet Company, Nashville & Evansville Packet Company, the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad, and the Louisville & Nashville Railroad gave liberal aid to some profitable entertainments.

Nearly all the foregoing companies have been stinted in furnishing transportation, and in addition to this, acknowledgment is made to many other railroads for transportation on application.

In this connection report is made to the Southern Press Association and to the public, that application was made to the Pullman Palace Car Company, with request for favor, and a special visit was made to Chicago, with strong letter of introduction to Vice President Wickes, and credentials of which any man might be proud. Maj. Wickes was absent, and at the suggestion of his clerk, request was made of Superintendent Garcelon. After waiting more than half an hour on one clerk and another, I was finally told that I could not see Mr. Garcelon. I then made request of him for trip pass from there to Dallas, and was refused. In subsequent correspondence with Vice President Wickes, I explained to him that the Pullman Company had not done its share towards the press with the railroad companies, and that I made earnest plea for favor, representing the newspapers of the South and the Southern people generally, in behalf of the cause that was dear to them all, and insisted upon his granting the request, but no concession was made.

Seeing that the Pullman company did more than ten millions of dollars of business last year, with a large proportion in the South, and on learning that its President, Mr. Pullman, contributed more than \$75,000 to the last Republican campaign fund, and early after the election he was in conference to consider what further might be done for the benefit of his party, it occurred to me that his subordinates may have known well enough that no concession in the direction of my plea would be tolerated.

*REUNION OF HANSON'S KENTUCKY BRIGADE.*

Col. W. L. Clarke, of the famous Orphan Brigade, who now resides in Nashville, attended its last reunion at Paris, and was one of the speakers. After words of greeting that thrilled the many thousands present, he said:

I am not here to indulge in sentiment—although the sentiment allied to the service of these old gray-haired and battle-scarred veterans is deep enough and broad enough to justly merit the poetic strains of a Father Ryan, as he mused of them in years gone by, or of the outbursts of praise of their virtues, as they have gone forth in melodious rapture from the almost hallowed lips of our idolized women of the South. We are here to-day as surviving members of that heroic old brigade, whose deeds of prowess will adorn the brightest pages, when passion shall have subsided, and impartial history be recorded. We are here as living exponents of the greatest truth ever contended for by brave and self-sacrificing spirits.

More than a quarter of a century has passed, since by the arbitrament of war we sheathed our swords and laid down our arms. Not, however, with spirits crushed and characters gone. Conscience told us with unmistakable emphasis that we were right—and he who is right is true and brave.

We accepted the decrees of war. Lost fortunes had to be recuperated and prospects all blasted re-established.

This was hard indeed, but remembering our loved ones, we brought into requisition the same persistency of purpose, the same energy of will, and the same old redoubtable spirit, that characterized us in days of horrid war—never forgetting for a moment that the sacrifices, denials and anxiety, made and shown for us, by our much loved ones, demanded this labor of love that the brave only can truly appreciate.

How well we have succeeded is evidenced by the benignant smiles of Providence that have attended us. But seldom do you hear of a worthless, improvident, returned Confederate, especially a follower of the fortunes of this old brigade. \* \* \* \* \* God helping us we will never, by word, deed or thought, make explanation of our conduct that would compromise our lofty standard of honor and right—bring reproach upon the memory of our fallen heroes—or endeavor by canting words of a cringing suppliant to ingratiate ourselves with those who did not have the moral or physical courage to go out and battle for principle and truth, or whose conceptions of right and wrong were of such a nature as to prefer ignominious submission to a manly strife for the glorious blessings of civil liberty.

All honor to the brave men who fought us—who were honest in their convictions and sincere in their actions. They have no respect or toleration for such a miserable apologist. Therefore, with no apologies to make, no excuses to offer, we will go along with our heads up during the remainder of our days, with the proud consciousness of having done our duty, cherishing the memory of our lamented and much-loved heroes who fell by our side on the crimson field of battle or who have since left us and are now in the last sweet embrace of sleep, while we indulge in the blessed assurance of hope that it may be ours to meet them in the blissful realms above. \* \* If I had nothing else to bequeath my children, my service and connection with this old brigade would be a sufficient heritage.

## CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.

*RECORD AS PROCURED IN REGARD TO THE MONUMENTS ERECTED AND UNDER WAY.*

New Orleans has taken the lead. The following sketch of her monuments was kindly furnished by Mr. W. Miller Owen. He did not give the cost as published, but that was procured by a committee of gentlemen who were familiar with all the enterprises.

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT in Greenwood Cemetery, built by the Ladies' Benevolent Association, is of white marble, surmounted by a figure of a Confederate infantryman "on guard." Around the pedestal are the busts of Lee, Sidney Johnston, Polk and "Stonewall." Under the mound on which it stands are vaults containing the remains of many Confederate soldiers. It was unveiled 1867. Value, \$25,000.

MONUMENT OF THE ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA.—A column 50 feet above the ground, or 38 feet above the mound on which it stands. On the summit is a stone statue of Stonewall Jackson, 8 feet 9 inches high. Under the mound are vaults for the dead. Jefferson Davis' remains are deposited there at present. Unveiled May, 1881. Value, \$25,000.

MONUMENT OF WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.—Marble shaft on mound, statue of an artilleryman on top, sponge staff in hand. On the base are inscribed the names of those members of the command who were killed or died in service, also the names of sixty engagements in which the command participated. Unveiled Feb. 22, 1880. Value, \$15,000.

ROBERT E. LEE MONUMENT.—A Doric column of granite on a grassy mound, surmounted by bronze statue of Lee 15 feet high. Entire height, 106 feet 8 inches. Column, 60 feet. Unveiled Feb. 22, 1884. It is in St. Charles Street. Value, \$40,000.

MONUMENT OF ARMY OF TENNESSEE.—Mound containing tombs for deceased members, surmounted by equestrian statue of Albert Sidney Johnston in bronze. At the entrance to vaults is a marble life-size figure of a Confederate Sergeant calling his roll. Value \$35,000.

Winchester, Va., has erected a \$10,000 monument to the unknown Confederate dead in Stonewall Cemetery. In addition to this principal monument, different States have erected shafts. There is one for Virginia that cost \$1,000. Maryland has a superb structure, capped with a statue of a private soldier, by O'Brien, that cost \$2,500. The statue was made on an order that failed and the work was procured at a small percentage of its value.

Culpepper, Va., has a monument that cost \$1,000. Woodstock, Va.: Subscriptions have been made in this county for the Lee monument at Richmond, Jackson, Lexington and elsewhere.

A monument is being erected near Newport News, Va., to cost between one and two thousand dollars. It is the work of the Lee Camp of Confederate veterans and their friends at Hampton Va.

Shepardstown, Va.: A Confederate monument has been erected at Shepardstown at a cost of \$2,500. It is a marble shaft.

The ex-Confederate Association of Grayson County, Texas, are preparing to erect on the public square at Shannon a \$2,500 monument to the memory of Confederate soldiers.

Anderson, S. C.: "Our noble women have organized a Confederate Memorial Association and are now raising funds to erect a monument in our city."

Newberry, S. C.: "Our ladies have erected a Confederate monument on the public square which cost \$1,300. It is of marble."

Natchez, Miss.: "We have built a very handsome monument to our Confederate dead costing \$3,000. It is a shaft with life-size soldier in marble. Statue made in Italy."

The Ladies' Association of Montgomery, Ala., has well under way a monument on Capitol Hill, where the Confederate Government was first established. The monument is an imposing structure to cost \$45,000. About half of this money has already been expended.

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 30, 1892.

*Editor Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.:*

MY DEAR SIR—At your request I enumerate, relying on my memory alone for the facts and figures, the following Confederate Monuments here:

Monument to 12,000 Confederate dead in Hollywood Cemetery, a granite pyramid 45 feet square and 90 feet high, erected by the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association at a cost of about \$50,000, now almost covered by that beautiful evergreen vine, the Virginia creeper.

Monument to 17,000 Confederate dead in Oakwood Cemetery, a massive granite obelisk, erected by the ladies of the Oakwood Memorial Association, at a cost of about \$5,000.

Monument to the Private Soldiers and Sailors of the Confederacy, in Marshall Park, overlooking the site of Libby Prison, a copy of Pompey's Pillar, surmounted by a heroic bronze figure of the Confederate Infantryman, erected by private subscriptions at a cost of about \$50,000.

Bronze Equestrian Statue of Gen. R. E. Lee, by Mercie, ornamental granite pedestal, from designs by Pujot, at the western extremity of Franklin St., erected by private subscriptions at a cost of about \$75,000.

Heroic Statue, in bronze, of Gen. T. J. Jackson, by Foley, presented by admiring Englishmen to the people of Virginia, erected in Capitol Square on a granite base, at the expense of the State. Aggregate cost, about \$15,000.

Bronze Heroic Statue of Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Hill, by Sheppard, erected over Hill's remains on the Hermitage Road just north of the city, by private subscriptions, at a cost of about \$15,000.

Bronze Heroic Statue of Gen. Wm. C. Wickham, by Valentine, provided by private subscription, and erected in Monroe Park on a granite base at the expense of the city. Total cost, about \$15,000.

Collections of the Southern Historical Society, office in the State Capitol, R. A. Brock, Esq., Secretary, which cannot be valued by a standard of dollars and cents.

Monuments over the grave of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, in Hollywood Cemetery, to the dead of Pickett's Division and the dead of Otey Battery—both on Gettysburg Hill in Hollywood—and to the Richmond Howitzers, on Howitzer Place, just west of Monroe Park, represent an outlay of approximately \$10,000.

There may be others which I cannot at the moment recall. I think that three quarters of a million dollars in the aggregate will about represent the invest-

ment in Confederate Memorials at present existing here. This includes the Confederate Home, Davis Mansion, etc.

"In addition to these, besides the great crowning monumental work in which you are so active, movements are well advanced for an Equestrian Statue of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and a monument to Gen. John R. Cooke."

The ex-Confederate Association of Grayson County, Texas, are preparing to erect on the public square at Sherman, a \$2,500 monument to the memory of ex-Confederate soldiers.

A monument is being erected near Newport News, Va., to cost from one to two thousand dollars, to be erected by the Lee Camp of Hampton, Va., and three friends.

Newberry, S. C.: "The ladies have erected a monument to the Confederate dead from this county in the court house square. It is of marble, and costs \$1,300."

Anderson, S. C.: "Our noble women have organized a Confederate Memorial Association, and are now raising funds to erect a monument in our city."

A Confederate monument has been erected at Shepardstown, Va., a marble shaft to cost about \$2,500.

The people of Tipton Co. Tenn., are raising funds for county monument, and have contributed more than \$50 to the Davis monument.

A movement was started for a Confederate monument at Fayetteville, Tenn., but it was abandoned on account of a disastrous cyclone which swept the town.

All honor to our good women at Knoxville, Tenn., who organized a Memorial Association in May, 1868, and struggled on persistently, year after year, until they have secured one of the most beautiful monuments in the country. The monument is a graceful, well-proportioned shaft, twelve feet square at the base and twenty-four feet high. It is surmounted with a heroic statue of a private soldier, standing at parade rest. The inscription "Commemorates the heroic courage and unshaken constancy of more than 1,600 soldiers of the South, who, in the great war between the States, 1861 to 1865, were inspired by the holiness of a patriotic and impersonal love, and in the mountain passes of Tennessee, whether stricken in the field or in hospital ward, gave ungrudgingly their lives to their country." The monument is of Tennessee gray marble, and is extremely handsome for the cost, \$4,500. The unveiling was last Memorial day, May 19. The general address was by Senator W. B. Bate. ex-Union soldiers co-operated in making the event a success. The daily press, Republican and Democratic, gave very eulogistic accounts of the event. Many gentlemen were helpful to the ladies in their work, one of whom was Col. F. A. Moses, a member of the Davis Monument Committee for Tennessee.

The Confederate monument in the grassy court-house yard at Bolivar, Tenn., is very beautiful. It cost \$2,700, is of marble, about thirty feet high from ground to top, urn on top, shaft draped with flag. The ornaments are cannon, tents, drums, flags, etc. Inscription on south side, "To the Confederate dead of Hardeman County;" west, "Hardeman County erects this monument to the memory of her sons fallen

in the service of the Confederate States;" east, "In hope of a joyful resurrection;" north,

"Though men deserve,  
They may not win success,  
The brave will honor the brave,  
Vanquished none the less."

There is no place in Dixie where more credit is due for the Confederate cemetery and monument than Fredericksburg. The wife of Capt. J. N. Barney, of that old town, who raised \$5,100 for the Confederate cemetery, with which marble headstones replaced rotting wood, and a creditable statue of a private soldier was placed in the center. In telling of the work she said: "I received several shower baths of cold water thrown on me by doubting people, who said the South was too busy trying to make a living to attend to putting headstones to its dead soldiers, but I did not mind a word they said. First, I put a box on my hall table for the babies to drop pennies in. It was fine fun for the servants to make the little fat hands unfold for the purpose. Then the children brought me the five-cent pieces; boys and girls on their way to school would contribute their money to put tombstones to the soldiers who died to save their homes. I succeeded in stirring my poor, little battle-scarred town until I secured \$250 from voluntary contributors. Then I branched off into all the States. Maj. Spurr, of Nashville, will tell you how I tormented his unflinching courtesy and patience. Simply by using my pen and bringing the matter to the hearts of the dear Southern people, I raised \$5,100, and you saw the result." In conclusion, she said: "We must have that monument to Mr. Davis, and that shortly, while our generation lasts. It is due our Lost Cause that we should."

Helena, Ark., has done herself credit in local monuments. Mrs. Paralee Haskell, Secretary of the Association, writes: The main monument cost \$4,500. The soldier is of fine Italian marble (through M. Muldoon & Co., of Louisville), was sculptured in Italy and cost \$1,000. The monument is worthy to commemorate our heroes. It was dedicated on May 25 last, with appropriate ceremonies, the orator of the day being Col John R. Fellows, of New York. Every dollar for the monument was paid before it was dedicated. Near by stands a monument erected a year previous to the memory of Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne. It is a shaft of white marble, 25 feet in height, with the following inscription on the western side:

PATRICK RONAYNE CLEBURNE,  
Major-General of C. S. A.,  
Born in County of Cork, Ireland, March 17, 1828,  
Killed at the Battle of Franklin, Tenn.,  
November, 1864.

On the north side the word "Chickamauga" and the Confederate seal, and the following words from the poem of Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle:

A rift of light  
Revealed the horse and rider, then the scene was dim;  
But on the inner works the death hall  
Rang in Cleburne's ears a battle hymn.

On the east side was the sunburst and the legend "Franklin." On the side facing the south was the harp of Erin entwined with the shamrock, below which was the stanza, "Memory ne'er will cease to cherish deeds of glory thou hast won." After appropriately decorating the graves, Confederate and others, the spectators departed for the outgoing trains and boats, which bore away the various crowds who joined in commemorating and honoring the noble Confederate of rank and file.

Jackson, Tenn., has erected a tall shaft 70 feet high, including the figure of a Confederate soldier at parade rest. It is in the court-house yard.

Hon. D. N. Kennedy, of Clarksville, kindly furnishes us the following data about a monument in course of erection there: It is to be 48 feet high, 9 feet by 13 feet at base; will be capped by a bronze statue 9 feet high. There will be two granite statues 7 feet high, 12 feet above the base. The monument is being constructed from Barre granite. It is to cost \$7,500, and to be completed in the early spring, and to be dedicated in May. In a strong speech for that movement at the last Confederate reunion there Mr. Kennedy made the effective point that he would not be willing to omit having a part in it. [It is a fact worthy of note that Mr. Kennedy is president of the oldest bank in Tennessee. It was established in 1854 and never suspended, not even during the war. He and the vice president, Mr. James L. Glenn, have ever been associated in the institution.]

Savannah, Ga., has a Confederate monument that would be a credit to any city and to any cause. An extended description of it may be expected in our next issue. The cost was about \$35,000.

The greatest monument to a Confederate that has ever been erected, size and quality of material considered, is the Lee monument in Richmond. In the reference to it elsewhere no idea of its magnitude can be had except that it cost \$75,000. A more accurate description may be expected hereafter.

Macon, Ga., has a superb Confederate monument in the most prominent street crossing in the city. It is of very white Italian marble, is 37 feet high, including the statue of a private soldier, 10 feet 6 inches. The base is of (Georgia) Stone Mountain granite. The inscriptions: Great seal of the Confederacy, by copy belonging to Charles Herbst, a Kentuckian, but "resident of Macon almost long enough to be a native," to quote from the Irishman. Then it is ornamented with the coat-of-arms of Georgia, cannon and other implements of war. It is decorated on all memorial days by the ladies and cared for constantly by Mr. Herbst. It cost \$4,500. Hon. John P. Fort, then of Macon, paid the expenses of its dedication in 1878—\$500.

#### HOMELESS VETERANS IN GEORGIA.

The general public, interested in such matters, knows how zealously and successfully our people in Georgia worked to secure a Home in the vicinity of the capital for disabled Confederate veterans, and that the State Legislature has refused again and again to accept the property, coupled with a provision to appropriate a maintenance fund. The trustees, not content to surrender the cause, have considered several plans for carrying it on. Col. Brewster submitted a plan to them, which meets with general favor, for organizing a stock company of persons who will take the property, giving so much annually, as necessary to its support, and then to own it when its special uses are done.

The *Constitution* says:

"It is fortunate that the trustees of the Soldiers' Home have been called together for an early meeting.

"Public sentiment has crystalized into the proper shape for action, and we are gratified to see that the suggestion of Colonel Brewster, in regard to organizing a stock company to run the Home is very generally indorsed. Other good suggestions will doubtless be made, and it is to be hoped that the trustees will feel encouraged to make another effort to save this splendid charity for our needy and homeless veterans."

The *Richmond Dispatch* says:

"It is a lamentable sight to see a battle-scarred soldier of the Confederacy in a poor-house. It is well-calculated to arouse the suspicion that there is more buncombe than heartfelt sympathy in the often-heard praise of the men who fought our battles.

If these Soldiers' Homes did no more good than to save a few of these veterans from the poor-houses, we could well afford to maintain them. It is disgraceful that any worthy veteran of the Confederate Army should be forced to live the life of a pauper. It is a fact, too, that many veterans who have homes, so-called, are neither welcome nor comfortable in them. To these, also, the Soldiers' Homes offer shelter, food and respectable companionship.

We shall not presume to offer any advice to the galling people of the great State of Georgia, but we can truly say that the Confederate Home here has been of vast service. It could be of greater service still, if it had more funds at its disposal. \* \* \*

"This we know from what we saw of the Georgia soldiers in the battles around Richmond, that no provision the Legislature of that State could make for caring for them in their old age and helplessness would be beyond their deserts."

The *St. Louis Republic* urges the Trustees not to give up the Home, and hopes that the people of Georgia will support it freely and voluntarily. It thinks that the ladies of the State would take care of it.

"From every quarter come expressions of surprise and indignation at the defeat of this patriotic enterprise. In self-defense—in order to set Georgia right before the world—our people must come to the rescue of the home, and show that they do not propose to have any of their old defenders sent to the poor-house while they have it in their power to aid them.

"We are not committed to any particular plan, but we hope that the trustees will give the situation their careful consideration, with a view to opening and maintaining the Home for the next twenty years. A stock company organized on the proper basis can make the institution a success, and get its money back out of the property with a good profit."

"Comment upon the situation by the *Sunny South*: The Legislature is of fifty days and full of buncombe; it assembleth with great dignity and adjourneth with much joy, and four dollars per diem; it maketh a trip to the World's Fair, and payeth its expense out of an appropriation; it cometh back and sitteth down on the old veterans with a loud noise; it appropriateth much lucre to educate the colored man, but verily it knoweth it to be a good investment, for it shall return after many days through the convict lessee."

IF New Orleans can erect \$150,000 worth of Confederate monuments, and Richmond near that amount, should the entire South hesitate in an undertaking to cost only \$250,000?

## WORK OF THE VETERANS.

## PLANS ADOPTED FOR A PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION IN MISSISSIPPI.

The State Committee appointed to raise funds for the monument to Jefferson Davis, at Richmond, Va., for the state of Mississippi, met in the Governor's office on Thursday. The members of the committee present were Maj.-Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Chairman; Gov. J. M. Stone, ex-Gov. Robert Lowry and Col. C. C. Flowerree, Lieut.-Col. Fred J. V. LeDand, the other member, absent.

The committee passed the following resolutions:

1. That Col. J. L. Power be appointed a committee of one to correspond and ascertain what amount of money has been subscribed in different localities in the State to erect a monument to Jefferson Davis, and if said money can be used for the monument in Richmond.

2. That for purposes for organization, the Chairman of this committee, Gen. Lee, open correspondence with the Sheriff of each county in the State, who, with the Chancery and Circuit Clerks, will be requested to send him the names of six representative Confederate ladies of the county, who will be a Central Committee for the county to raise funds for the "Jefferson Davis Monument," in Richmond, with such other local committees throughout the county in each supervisor's district, as they may appoint to assist them. That Jan. 2, 1893, be named as a day to get subscriptions for the monument, and thereafter on each first day of succeeding months till the amount is obtained. Subscriptions to be not less than 25 cents or more than \$1 for each individual. Gen. Lee to perfect the organization and arrange for the receipt of the money.

3. That the Chairman of the committee, Gen. Lee, appeal to comrades Col. J. L. Power, Col. J. R. Binford, Col. T. H. Jones, Col. P. M. Savery and Col. J. R. McIntosh, to deliver addresses or lectures in their own and adjacent counties and in such other localities as they desire in the State, for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of the monument to President Davis at Richmond, Va., and that Gen. Lee, in making this request known to the comrades mentioned, state that this committee feels confident that they can rely on their compliance in this work that is so near the heart of every Confederate veteran.

4. That the Chairman, Gen. Lee, be requested to appeal to the press of the State to assist the committee, the different local organizations, the lecturers and other instrumentalities in carrying out the purpose in view.

Gen. E. D. Hall, Chairman for North Carolina, in a recent letter says: "Please forward to me all information possible that may assist in the work. As you will see by the papers I have commenced operations,

and I intend to push it to the utmost of my ability. I shall have the bulk of the work, but North Carolina will do her share.

Gen. B. T. Duval reports organization of the following Camps in Arkansas: The Ben T. Duval, at Fort Smith; Ben McCulloch, at Greenwood; Stonewall Jackson, at Hockett City; Cabell, at Alma; John Wallace, at Van Buren; Gratoit, at Hope; Joe Neal, at Nashville; Haller, at Centre Point; R. W. Harper, at Morrilton; Jeff Davis, at Conway; W. H. Brooks, at Fayetteville, and that there are others in process of organization.

In an address to Mississippians, Col. J. L. Power says: "Being anxious to discharge the duty assigned me to the best of my ability, I will be thankful for information as to the whereabouts of amounts already subscribed for, a monument to Mr. Davis. Immediately after his death a State Monument Association was organized in Jackson, and subscriptions were made in several places—some on condition that the Monument should be in Mississippi, and others without such condition. The Commanders of Camps of Confederate Veterans, and the Sheriffs, are specially requested to inquire as to these funds, and have them forwarded to John S. Ellett, President of the State Bank, at Richmond, Va., and advise me of the amount and date when forwarded."

## IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Hon. John L. Webber, of Charleston, S. C., sends out this circular: "*Dear Sir*—I desire to call your attention to the action recently taken by the combined associations working to raise funds for the erection of a monument to President Jefferson Davis. It has been decided that this monument shall be erected at Richmond, the Capital of the Confederacy, and \$250,000 is wanted for the work. We feel sure that this amount will be easily and quickly raised. The Southern people owe it to themselves that a fitting memorial should be erected to the man who will stand in history as the chief representative of principles that are dear to their hearts. I feel that it is useless to urge this matter. I hope you will take steps at once to raise as much money from your friends as you can. I would suggest the enlistment of the ladies in this cause, and feel sure that considerable money can be raised during the fall and winter through entertainments of various kinds. All moneys collected should be sent at once to Mr. John S. Ellett, Richmond, Va., who is the bonded Treasurer of the combined Monument Funds.

Gen. Ben T. Duval, Chairman for Arkansas, expects to convene his committee at Little Rock this month during the session of the Legislature.

Some of the States have not organized because of the inability of the Chairman to take charge of the work. Preparation is being made to supply these deficiencies, and it is expected that organization will be completed in the States, also in New York and Chicago.



UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The first article of the constitution of the association declares: "The object and purpose of this organization will be strictly social, literary, historical and benevolent. It will endeavor to unite in a general federation all associations of the Confederate veterans, soldiers and sailors, now in existence or hereafter to be formed; to gather authentic data for an impartial history of the war between the States; to preserve the relics or mementoes of the same; to cherish the ties of friendship that exist among the men who have shared common dangers, common suffering and privations; to care for the disabled and extend a helping hand to the needy; to protect the widow and orphan and to make and preserve the record of the services of every member, and as far as possible of those of our comrades who have preceded us in eternity."

The last article provides that neither discussion of political or religious subjects nor any political action shall be permitted in the organization, and any association violating that provision shall forfeit its membership.

Gen. J. B. Gordon, the Commander of the Veterans, in an address to the soldiers and sailors, said:

Comrades, no argument is needed to secure for those objects your enthusiastic indorsement. They have burdened your thoughts for many years; you have cherished them in sorrow, poverty and humiliation. In the face of misconstruction you have held them in your hearts with the strength of religious convictions. No misjudgments can defeat your peaceful purposes for the future. Your aspirations have been lifted by the mere force and urgency of surrounding conditions to a plane far above the paltry consideration of partisan triumphs. The honor of the American government, the just powers of the Federal government, the equal rights of States, the integrity of the constitutional union, the sanctions of law and the enforcement of order have no class of defenders more true and devoted than the ex-soldiers of the South and their worthy descendants. But you realize the great truth that a people without the memories of heroic suffering or sacrifice are a people without a history.

To cherish such memories and recall such a past, whether crowned with success or consecrated in defeat is to idealize principle and strengthen character, intensify love of country and convert defeat and disaster into pillars of support for future manhood and noble womanhood. Whether the Southern people under their changed conditions may ever hope to witness another civilization which shall equal that which began with their Washington and ended with their Lee, it is certainly true that devotion to their glorious past is not only the surest guarantee of future progress and the holiest bond of unity, but is also the strongest claim they can present to the confidence and respect of the other sections of the Union.

In conclusion, I beg to repeat, in substance at least, a few thoughts recently expressed by me to the State organization, which apply with equal force to this general brotherhood.

It is political in no sense except so far as the word "political" is a synonym of the word "patriotic." It

is a brotherhood over which the genius of philanthropy and patriotism, of truth and of justice will preside; of philanthropy, because it will succor the disabled, help the needy, strengthen the weak and cheer the disconsolate; of patriotism, because it will cherish the past glories of the dead Confederacy and transmute them into living inspirations for future service to the living republic; of truth, because it will seek to gather and preserve as witnesses for history the unimpeachable facts which shall doom falsehood to die that truth may live, of justice, because it will cultivate National as well as Southern fraternity and will condemn narrow-mindedness and prejudice and passion, and cultivate that broader, higher and nobler sentiment, which would write on the grave of every soldier who fell on our side: "Here lies an American hero, a martyr to the right as his conscience conceived it."

I rejoice that a general organization too, long neglected, has at last been perfected. It is an organization which all honorable men must approve and which heaven itself will bless. I call upon you, therefore, to organize in every State and community where ex-Confederates may reside, and rally to the support of the high and peaceful objects of the United Confederate Veterans, and move forward until by the power of organization and persistent effort your beneficent and Christian purposes are fully accomplished.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

ALABAMA.

POST-OFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Bessemer.....	Bessemer.....	157..	W. R. Jones, N. H. Sewall.
Birmingham.....	W. J. Hardee.....	39	Gen. F. S. Ferguson, R. E. Jones.
Eutaw.....	Sanders.....	64	Capt. G. H. Cole, T. H. Mundy.
Mobile.....	Raphael Semmes.....	11	Capt. Thos. T. Roche, Wm. E. Mickle.
Montgomery.....	Lomax.....	151	Capt. Emmet Sebels, J. H. Higgins.

ARKANSAS.

Bentonville.....	Cabell.....	89..	Capt. N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates.
Fort Smith.....	Ben T. Duval.....	146..	Capt. P. T. Devaney, John T. Duval.

FLORIDA.

Brookville.....	W. W. Loring.....	13..	Gen. John C. Devant, Col. Fred L. Robertson.
Dade City.....	Pasco C. V. Ass'n.....	57.	Capt. John B. Johnston, A. H. Ravesles.
Fernandino.....	Nassau.....	104	Thos. A. Hall.
Iverness.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	148	Capt. W. C. Zimmerman, W. S. Turner.
Jacksonville.....	R. E. Lee.....	58..	Gen. Wm. Baya, C. W. Smith.
Jasper.....	Stewart.....	155..	Capt. H. J. Stewart.
Lake City.....	Columbia Co.....	150..	Capt. W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives.
Marianna.....	Milton.....	132..	Capt. W. D. Barnes, Frank Phillip.
Monticello.....	Patton Anderson.....	60..	Capt. W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge.
Ocala.....	Marion Co. C. V. A.....	56..	Capt. J. J. Finley, Wm. Fox.
Orlando.....	Orange Co.....	54.	Capt. W. H. Jewell, B. M. Robinson.
Palmetto.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	53..	Japt. J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles.
Pensacola.....	Ward C. V. Ass'n.....	10..	Gen. Geo. Reese, C. V. Thompson.
Quincy.....	D. L. Kenan.....	140..	Capt. R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan.
St. Augustine.....	E. Kirby Smith.....	175..	Capt. J. A. Enslow, Jr.
Sanford.....	Gen. J. Finnegan.....	149..	Capt. A. M. Thrasher, C. H. Lefler.
Tallahassee.....	Lamar.....	161..	R. A. Whitfield.
Tampa.....	Hillsboro.....	36..	Capt. F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane.
Titusville.....	Indian River.....	47..	Capt. Jas. Pritchett, A. D. Cohen.

GEORGIA.

Atlanta.....	Fulton Co., Ga.....	159..	Gen. W. L. Calhoun, John F. Edwards.
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## CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Dalton.....	Jos. E. Johnston.....	34.....	Capt. A. F. Roberts, J. A. Blanton.	Miss. City.....	Beauvoir.....	120.....	Gen. J. R. Davis, F. S. Hewes.
Spring Place.....	John B. Gordon.....	50.....	Capt. R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey.	Natchez.....	Natchez.....	20.....	Lieut.-Col. F. J. V. LeCand, E. L. Hopkins.
ILLINOIS.				Port Gibson.....	Clalborne.....	167.....	Capt. A. K. Jones, Wm. W. Moore.
Chicago.....	Ex-Con. Ass'n.....	8.....	Capt. John W. White, R. Lee France.	Rosedale.....	Montgomery.....	52.....	Col. F. A. Montgomery, Chas. C. Farrar.
INDIAN TERRITORY.				Tupelo.....	John M. Stone.....	131.....	Gen. John M. Stone, P. M. Savery.
Ardmore.....	John H. Morgan.....	107.....	Capt. J. L. Gaut, R. Scales.	Vicksburg.....	Vicksburg.....	32.....	Capt. D. A. Campbell, Clem Davis.
McAlester.....	Jeff Lee.....	68.....	Gen. N. P. Guy, R. B. Coleman.	Woodville.....	Woodville.....	49.....	Capt. J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett.
KENTUCKY.				Yazoo City.....	Yazoo Camp.....	178.....	Capt. S. D. Robertson, W. R. McCutcheon.
Bowling Green.....	Bowling Green.....	143.....	Capt. W. F. Perry, James A. Mitchell.	MISSOURI.			
Cynthiana.....	Cynthiana.....	99.....	Capt. D. M. Snyder, Thos. S. Logwood.	Kansas City.....	Kansas City.....	80.....	Capt. Jos. W. Mcreer, Geo. B. Spratt.
Georgetown.....	Georgetown.....	88.....	Capt. A. H. Sinclair, Thos. S. Logwood.	NORTH CAROLINA.			
Harrodsburg.....	Harrodsburg.....	96.....	Capt. Bush W. Allen, Thos. S. Logwood.	Clinton.....	Sampson.....	137.....	Capt. R. H. Hollday, C. F. Hening.
Lawrenceburg.....	Lawrenceburg.....	101.....	Capt. P. H. Thomas, Thos. S. Logwood.	Newton.....	Catawba.....	162.....	Capt. J. G. Hall, L. R. Whitener.
Lexington.....	Lexington.....	100.....	Gen. John Boyd, Thos. S. Logwood.	OKLAHOMA.			
Paducah.....	A. P. Thompson.....	174.....	Capt. W. G. Bullitt, J. M. Browne.	Oklahoma.....	C. L. D. H. Hammon.....	177.....	Capt. J. W. Johnston, John O. Custer.
Paris.....	Paris.....	95.....	Capt. A. T. Forsyth, Thos. S. Logwood.	SOUTH CAROLINA.			
Russellville.....	John W. Caldwell.....	139.....	Maj. J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty.	Aiken.....	Barnard E. Bee.....	84.....	Capt. B. H. Teague, J. N. Wigtall.
Versailles.....	Versailles.....	96.....	Capt. Jos. C. Bailey, Thos. S. Logwood.	St. Georges.....	Stephen Elliott.....	51.....	J. Otey Reed.
LOUISIANA.				TENNESSEE.			
Alexandria.....	Jeff Davis.....	6.....	Gen. Geo. O. Watts, Capt. W. W. Whittington.	Chattanooga.....	N. B. Forrest.....	4.....	Gen. J. F. Shipp, L. T. Dickinson.
Amite City.....	Amite City.....	78.....	Capt. A. P. Richards, G. W. Bankston.	Clarksville.....	Forbes.....	77.....	Capt. T. H. Smith, Clay Stacker.
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Donaldsonville.....	Maj. V. Maurin.....	38.....	Capt. S. A. Poehle, P. Ganel.	Jackson.....	John Ingram.....	37.....	Capt. E. S. Mallory, S. E. Ker-toff.
Evergreen.....	R. L. Gibson.....	33.....	Col. Wm. M. Ewell, I. C. Johnson.	Knoxville.....	Felix K. Zollcoffer.....	46.....	Capt. John F. Horn, Chas. Ducloux.
Lake Charles.....	Calcasieu C. Vet.....	62.....	Capt. W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hutchings.	Knoxville.....	Fred Anlt.....	5.....	Col. Frank A. Moses, Maj. J. W. S. Frierson.
Mansfield.....	Mouton.....	41.....	Capt. Chas. Schuler, T. G. Pegues.	Lewisburg.....	Dibrell.....	55.....	Capt. W. P. Irvine, W. G. Lloyd.
Merrick.....	Isalah Norwood.....	110.....	Capt. D. T. Merrick, J. Jewell Taylor.	McKenzie.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	42.....	Capt. Marsh Atkisson, Dr. J. P. Cannon.
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New Orleans.....	Wash. Artillery.....	15.....	Col. B. F. Eshelman, Lieut.-Col. L. A. Adam.	Shelbyville.....	Wm. Frierson.....	83.....	Capt. John M. Hastings, Jno. G. Arnold.
New Orleans.....	Henry St. Paul.....	16.....	Gen. Jos. Demoruelle, Col. M. T. Ducros.	Tullahoma.....	Pierce B. Anderson.....	173.....	Capt. J. P. Bennett, W. J. Travis.
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Plaquemine.....	Iberville.....	18.....	Capt. Chas. H. Dickinson, John L. Dardenne.	TEXAS.			
Rayville.....	Richland.....	152.....	Capt. John S. Summerlin, O. T. Smith.	Abilene.....	Abilene.....	72.....	T. W. Dougherty.
Rustin.....	Rustin.....	7.....	Capt. Allen Barkdale, J. L. Bond.	Abilene.....	Taylor Co.....	69.....	Col. H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyck.
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Tangipahoa.....	Camp Moore.....	60.....	Capt. O. P. Amueker, G. R. Taylor.	Athens.....	Howdy Martin.....	65.....	Capt. D. M. Morgan, W. T. Eustace.
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Columbus.....	Isam Harrison.....	27.....	Dr. B. A. Vaughan, W. A. Campbell.	Beaumont.....	A. S. Johnston.....	75.....	Capt. Jeff Chaisson, Tom J. Russell.
Crystal Sp'gs.....	Ben Humphreys.....	19.....	Capt. C. Humphries, J. M. Huley.	Beltow.....	Bell Co. ex-Con. As.....	122.....	Capt. H. M. Cook, R. H. Turner.
Edwarda.....	W. A. Montgomery.....	26.....	Capt. W. A. Montgomery, H. W. Barrett.	Bonham.....	Sul Ross.....	164.....	Capt. J. P. Holmes.
Fayette.....	J. J. Whitney.....	22.....	Capt. W. L. Stephen, W. K. Penny.	Brownwood.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	118.....	Capt. Carl Vincent, R. L. Archer.
Hattiesburg.....	Hattiesburg.....	21.....	Capt. Geo. D. Hartfield, Evan H. Harris.	Bryan.....	J. B. Robertson.....	124.....	Capt. H. B. Stoddard, W. H. Harmon.
Holly Springs.....	Kit Mott.....	23.....	Capt. Jas. F. Fant, Sam. H. Pryor.	Buffalo Gap.....	Camp Moody.....	—.....	Capt. Ben F. Jones, J. J. Ewbank.
Jackson.....	Robt. A. Smith.....	24.....	Capt. W. D. Holder, George S. Green.	Calvert.....	W. P. Townsend.....	111.....	Capt. J. H. Drennon, C. W. Higginbotham.
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Meridian.....	Waltball.....	25.....	Capt. W. F. Brown, B. V. White.	Canton.....	James L. Hogg.....	133.....	Capt. T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson.
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 Madisonville.....Johh G. Walker.....128...R. Wiley.  
 Meridian.....A. S. Johnston.....115...Capt. Robert Donnell, J. W. Adams (acting).  
 Merkel.....Merkel.....79...Capt. J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.  
 Mexia.....Joe Johnston.....91...Capt. C. L. Watson, H. W. Williams.  
 Minneola.....Wood County.....153...Capt. J. H. Huffmaster, Geo. A. Cago.  
 Mt. Enterprise.....Kosser.....82...Capt. Thos. Turner, Ben Bldrwell.  
 Mt. Pleasant.....Col. Dud Jones.....121...Capt. C. L. Dillahunty, J. C. Turner.  
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 McKinney.....Collin County.....109...Gen. W. M. Bush, H. C. Mack.  
 Navasota.....Pat Cleburne.....102...Capt. W. E. Barry, B. M. West.  
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MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN CHICAGO.—An address of the Ex-Confederate Association of Chicago says: "This Association has appointed a committee for the purpose of raising funds with which to erect a monument over 7,000 American soldiers who died while prisoners of war at Camp Douglass, and who now lie in unmarked and neglected graves at Oakwoods Cemetery, near this city, where several acres have been assigned us through the medium of the War Department, on which we purpose to erect this monument as a fitting memorial to our former companions in arms. And we trust that as it is lifted toward the peaceful skies it may be symbolical of that sweet and enduring peace with which a great nation emphasizes its unstinted, brotherly reunion. On our committee are the names of three honorary members of our Association who were gallant soldiers of the Union Army, viz., Gen. I. N. Stiles, Gen. Joseph Stockton and Charles P. Packer, President of the Park National Bank of Chicago, which is the depository of the fund. We request our friends to send contributions to the above-named bank. Any information in regard to the matter can be obtained by addressing either Col John George Ryan, chairman, or F. R. Southmayd, secretary, Room 615, No. 225 Dearborn street, Chicago.

PENSIONERS UNDER PAY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—The annual report of Mr. Greene B. Raum, Commissioner of Pensions, made public to-day, shows that there were on the pension rolls June 30, 1892, 876,068 pensioners, an increase during the year of 199,908.

The total amount expended during the fiscal year was \$139,035,612. For the present fiscal year \$144,956,000 is appropriated. The Commissioner estimates that a deficiency appropriation of \$10,508,621 will be necessary. An estimate of \$165,000,000 is submitted for the next fiscal year.

THE PERCY GREG HISTORY.

Messrs. West, Johnston & Co., of Richmond, have published recently a history of the United States "from the foundation of Virginia to the reconstruction of the Union." It is an octavo volume and sold at \$2.50. The work is by an enlightened Englishman, who "has been brave enough" to give the South an impartial and just place in history, and, as such, merits the approval and interest of all Southerners.

The English edition is entirely out of print, copies of it cannot be had at any price.

*THE REBEL YELL.*

Many people think of the three measured huzzas given now and then as "the rebel yell." It is shocking to an old Confederate to consider such deception. The venerable widow of Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes, in attending a Confederate reunion at Memphis a couple of years ago, modestly expressed her wish to hear "the rebel yell." Something of an old time cheer came from the throats of men who gladly tried to compliment the wife of the eminent naval commander. Kellar Anderson, who was of the Kentucky Orphan Brigade and had heard the yell, wrote a reminiscence for the Memphis Appeal. It is this same Anderson, called Captain and again Gen. Anderson, who honored his native Kentucky, his adopted Tennessee and American heroism some months ago at Coal Creek, in defying the miners who had captured him and demanded ransom for his head, when it seemed but madness to refuse their demands. One thing is sure, he had heard "the rebel yell."

"There is a Southern mother on this stand who says she wants to hear the rebel yell once more."

The announcement transforms, and in an instant I find myself acting the humble part of file-closer to Company I, Fifth Kentucky Infantry, with pieces at the right shoulder, the brigade in route column. With the active, strong, swinging stride of the enthusiastic trained soldier, they hold the double quick over rocks, logs, gullies, undergrowth, hill and vale, until amid the foliage of the trees above them, the hurling shell and hissing shot from the enemy's field guns gives notice that if retreating they have missed the way. Yet, there is no command to halt. Direct, on unchanged course, this battle-scarred and glory-mantled battalion of Kentucky youths continues, and as they reach the open woods, in clarion tones comes the order, 'Change front, forward on first company,' etc. The order executed found them formed on ground but recently occupied by a battalion of their foes, and few of these had left their positions. The battalion of Kentuckians were in battle array where once were they, but now the ground was almost literally covered with the Federal dead, the entire length of our regiment of 700 men. Men, did I say? Soldiers is the word; there were few men among them, they being youths, but soldiers indeed. The increasing spat, whirl and hiss of the minnie balls hurrying by, left no doubt of the fact among these soldiers. They are about to enter the action again and forward is the order. 'Steady, men, steady; hold your fire; not a shot without orders. It is hard to stand, but you must not return it. We have friends in our front yet. They are being hard pressed, and their ammunition is almost expended, but they are of our proudest and best, and Humphries' Mississippians will hold that ridge while they have a cartridge.'

"It is nearing sunset, and after two days of fearful carnage—aye, one of the best contested battles of the times, the enemy has been driven pell-mell from many parts of the field. Our losses are numbered by thousands, and we are now advancing in battle array, the little red flag with blue cross dancing gaily in the air over heads of those who were there to defend it.

The last rays of the setting sun had kissed the autumn foliage when we stepped into open ground and found that we were amid the wreck of what a few short minutes ago had been a superb six-gun battery. The uniform of the dead artillerymen and the gaily caparisoned bodies of the many dead horses, proclaimed this destruction the work of our friends. We look upon the dead, pull our cartridge boxes a little more to the front and resolve once more to face the destruction we are now entering. The boom of artillery increases. The rattle of musketry is steady—aye, incessant and deadly. The sulphurous smoke has increased until almost stifling. Only fifty yards of space separates us from the gallant Mississippians, we are there to support. They have clung to the ridge with a death-like grip, but their last cartridge has been fired at the enemy, and their support being at hand these sturdy soldiers of Longstreet's corps are ordered to retire.

"Simultaneously the support was ordered forward. As the Mississippians retired, the deep-volumed shouts of the enemy told us plainer than could words that the enemy thought they had routed them. Oh, how differently we regarded the situation! If they could have seen them as we—halting, kneeling, lying down, ranging themselves in columns of files behind the large trees to enable us to get at the enemy with an unbroken front, each man as we passed throwing cap high into the overhanging foliage in honor of our presence—then I imagine their shouts would have been suppressed. 'Steady in the center! Hold your fire! Hold the colors back!' The center advanced too rapidly. We are clear of our friends now, only the enemy in front, and we meet face to face on a spur of Mission Ridge, which extends through the Snodgrass farm, and we are separated by eighty yards. Thud! and down goes Private Robertson. He turned, smiled and died. Thud! Corporal Gray shot through the neck. 'Get to the rear!' said I. Thud! Thud! Thud! Wolf, Michael, the gallant Thompson. Thud! Thud! Thud! Courageous Oxley, the knightly Desha, and duty-loving Cummings. And thus it goes. The fallen increase, and are to be counted by the hundreds. The pressure is fearful, but the 'sand-digger' is there to stay. 'Forward! Forward!' rang out along the line. We move slowly to the front.

"There is now sixty yards between us. The enemy scorn to fly; he gives back a few paces; he retires a little more, but still faces us, and loads as he backs away. We are now in the midst of his dead and dying, but he stands as do the sturdy oaks about him. We have all that is possible for human to bear; our losses are fearful, and each moment some comrade passes to the unknown. At last Humphries' Mississippians have replenished boxes and are working around our right. Trigg's Virginians are uncovering to our left. I feel a shock about my left breast, spin like a top in the air, and come down in a heap. I know not how long before came the sounds 'Forward! Forward! Forward!' I rise on my elbow. Look! Look! There they go, all at breakneck speed, the bayonet at charge. The firing appears to suddenly cease for about five seconds. Then arose that do-or-die expression, that maniacal maelstrom of sound; that penetrating, rasping, shrieking, blood-curdling noise, that could be heard for miles on earth, and whose

volumes reached the heavens; such an expression as never yet came from the throats of sane men, but from men whom the seething blast of an imaginary hell would not check while the sound lasted.

"The battle of Chickamauga is won.

"Dear Southern mother, that was the Rebel yell, and only such scenes ever did or ever will produce it.

"Even when engaged, that expression from the Confederate soldier always made my hair stand on end. The young men and youths who composed this unearthly music were lusty, jolly, clear-voiced, hardened soldiers, full of courage, and proud to march in rags, barefoot, dirty and hungry, with head erect to meet the plethoric ranks of the best equipped and best fed army of modern times. Alas! now many of them are decrepit from ailment and age, and although we will never grow old enough to cease being proud of the record of the Confederate soldier, and the dear old mothers who bore them, we can never again, even at your bidding, dear, dear mother, produce the Rebel yell. Never again; never, never, never."

#### JUDGE TURNEY ON MR. DAVIS.

##### THE JURIST'S OPINION OF THE FALLEN CHIEFTAIN.

In a speech at Clarksville, Tenn., Judge Turney said he did not care to make a speech except to keep himself identified with the immortal idea of constitutional government.

This was not altogether an occasion of mourning. The South had much to be thankful for. Her grand leader had lived long enough to see the intense hatred and slander born of the war pass away, and to know that the divisions among his own people were healed, and all believed that he acted upon conscientious and upright judgment.

He spoke of Mr. Davis as a comrade as well as a statesman. He had seen him risk his life on two battlefields. He remembered seeing him at the first Manassas, and he felt outraged that the great guiding brain of the Confederacy as he considered Mr. Davis, should take such risks. Again, when the noble Hatton fell Mr. Davis was on the field. He saw Hatton's troops go into the fight, and, noting Hatton at its head, Mr. Davis said: "That brigade moves in handsomely, but it will lose its commander." Mr. Davis thought for others but not for himself.

He thought Mr. Davis the ablest defender of constitutional law in the Union. From his sacrifice he could come to no other conclusion than that Mr. Davis believed in the justice of the South's cause as he believed in the Christian religion. He had absolutely no doubt of the right of a State to go out of the Union when the terms of the Union were violated. His State papers would live as long as Jefferson's. He was the equal of Jefferson, Calhoun and Webster, and superior to all who lived when he breathed his last. Mr. Davis was immortal. He would live while manhood lasts.

#### RELIGION IN THE SOUTHERN ARMY.

[From the New York Evangelist.]

*Dear Dr. Field:* I have just read your article on Stonewall Jackson in Harper's Magazine, and it is as if I had been to a good church service. Indeed, I could hardly have shed so many tears under a sermon. When you speak of the religious spirit in the Southern army, it takes me back to Dalton, and the great Johnston-Sherman campaign. That you can see the truth so clearly, through the many mystifying glasses through which you looked before coming face to face with us, amazes me when I read from your pen, that is always so kind and just.

There has never been, even in the army of Cromwell or Gustavus Adolphus, a stronger religious feeling than there was in the army under Joseph E. Johnston. That great commander, who strengthened the confidence of his men while on retreat, was confirmed in the Episcopal Church by one of his Lieutenant Generals, Bishop Polk. That day was a sort of half holiday in the army.

But it was to tell you of the experiences among the boy soldiers that I intended to write, and to tell you of my own personally.

Late one afternoon I asked to go with me, to a secluded spot, a young comrade, who had been my schoolmate, classmate, and intimate associate, whose conversion a few days previous had caused his face to be changed so that he exhibited a meekness which was not natural to him. He was thoroughly converted. I sought an interview with him, that I might get comfort. We left our place of conference just before dark, to go directly to the night service. It was a new camp near Dalton, and just before the beginning of that campaign of one hundred days' fighting over the one hundred miles back to Atlanta.

After the sermon I was off in the dark in an agony of prayer that something would arouse me to realize the uncertainty of life. My friend had remained in the altar place, talking and praying with penitents. Suddenly there came a heavy, dull thud, like the falling of a tree in the forest, as indeed it was, an old oak that had been burned off at the roots. But the tragical part of it was, that it struck in its fall a file of young men who were in its path, of whom ten were killed by the stroke, and lay dead in a row under the huge trunk. They were all bright young fellows, full of life and promise. Of the number was this life-long friend, whose sweetest counsel had been given me just before that service. I was his only watcher that night. Profanity, which is so common among soldiers, was almost entirely given up. There were no scoffers at the religion that had such a hold upon the army.

Thank you, Dr. Field, for the tribute to Stonewall Jackson, and for all your generous and courageous words about the South!

S. A. C.

The above was written as a private letter. Its appearance in print was a surprise, and this reproduction is rather accidental.

## The Confederate Veteran.

Fifty Cents a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. Money paid for it does not augment the Monument Fund directly, but as an auxiliary its benefit certainly makes it eminently worthy the patronage of every friend of the cause.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN appears as an organ of all the brotherhood in the Southern States, and wherever else they may sojourn. It has for a leading object their complete organization into such enterprises as will promote their general welfare. It will merit the co-operation and favor of every survivor of the Confederate service. It rises for duty.

First, it is committed to a cause that should and will illustrate the undying devotion of the living to the memories of their sacred dead. The misfortunes of the struggle through those awful years of privation and trial, wherein some blamed others for failures that at last proved fatal to all, are remembered now with the utmost commiseration, and not only have controversies between generals ceased, but every true man is devoted to all of his fellows, and all alike revere devoutly the memory of our Chieftain, whose intelligence and devotion to principle caused him to suffer without murmur to the end. Since Mr. Davis' death the sentiment has grown to erect a memorial to him at Richmond, where he is to be buried, at the request of his wife, and to make it typical of the South's heroism and sacrifice.

THIS issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will give a sort of outline of what it may be expected to contain. Some practical requests are made of every reader who desires to aid it.

First—Consider its circulation, solicit subscribers, and send the money. There are club rates, so any one can get it free who will procure five others with as many half dollars.

Second—Suggest to business men who want to reach the best people everywhere South that they advertise. The rate is low. It is an excellent medium to make known the merits of Southern literature.

Third—Please examine the lists of contributors to the monument and report any errors. Maybe you can have names added; suggest some kind of entertainment to aid it.

Again, look to the reports of Confederate monuments and supply any omission and correct any error. It is intended to republish and revise until this feature becomes a matter of much interest.

A REVISED LIST of the committees appointed by General Cabell for the States, etc., will be published February. It was not possible to get an accurate revision for this issue.

RICHMOND has shown a very patriotic spirit in regard to the Davis monument. Early in the action of Southern people upon the subject, resolutions were adopted favorable to liberal action regardless of where the monument may be located. A subscription fund was started there and about \$4,000 raised. It is understood that the city will supply not less than \$20,000, since the location has been given to Richmond.

In the preparation of this first issue, under the serious disadvantage referred to elsewhere, it was decided to use a story of the battle of Franklin, under the heading, "Death of Gen. O. F. Strahl," as it was mainly in type, but there was not room enough in the space assigned, and these notes are given:

The author of the article, who is the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, made a visit last Summer to Mrs. J. S. Sigler, near Hepler, Kansas, a favorite sister of Gen. Strahl, and learned, with much interest, details of the life of the General. Inquiry was made of Mrs. Sigler as to her theory of why her brother, an Ohioan, could have become so enlisted for the South as to fight to his valiant death in her cause. The following explanation was given: His grandfather, Philip Strahl, married Miss Mary Lee, of Virginia, a sister of Jonathan Lee. She was a loyal Southerner, and a slaveholder. His maternal grandmother was a Miss Anderson, of Baltimore. She, too, was a slaveholder.

The article as published on page 31 is a carefully prepared account of S. A. Cunningham's experience, and what he saw. It lacks to complete it, as originally published, the following:

These personal recollections are all that I can give as the greater part of the battle was fought after nightfall, and once in the midst of it, with but the light of the flashing guns, I could see only what passed directly under my own eyes. True, the moon was shining; but the dense smoke and dust so filled the air as to weaken its benefits, like a heavy fog before the rising sun, only there was no promise of the fog disappearing. Our spirits were crushed. It was indeed the Valley of Death.

An earnest plea is made to every person who is friendly to this enterprise to do as quickly as practicable what is merited. Write to correct errors, names of contributors and amounts immediately. If you like the publication and intend to subscribe, do so as speedily as possible. If you want to procure other subscribers, please attend to it right away. It is intended to furnish as complete list of Confederate monuments as it is possible to procure, giving description and cost, and pictures occasionally. Please help in this. It is also intended to give as full accounts as possible of Confederate Homes.

THE fund aggregating nearly \$1,800 raised by the Young Men's Democratic Club, of Nashville, is the largest yet furnished by any single organization for the Davis monument. At first a ball was planned, but the management concluded a different sort of entertainment to be more fitting the cause.

Then a "benefit" at the Vendome was undertaken, the leading feature of which was an address from Chief Justice, now Governor-elect Turney. Mrs. J. W. Childress, Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, Miss White May, Mrs. A. H. Stewart and Miss Annie Brennan were the committee of ladies. They were assisted by Mrs. John Overton, Mrs. H. W. Clark and Miss Henri Ewing.

The club agreed in the outset to guarantee \$500, but when they got to work they far exceeded that amount, as the following statement will show: John H. Reeves, manager, became responsible for 100 tickets at \$1. Thomas J. Ryan took a like number. John P. Hickman, Jesse Johnson, Chas. E. Curry, Allen G. Hall, W. L. Granberry, Chas. A. Miller each took 50 tickets in like manner. Jesse Johnson and John P. Hickman sold many more than their fifty each. Then W. O. Vertrees, W. T. Smith, T. J. Slowey, E. M. Carell, P. F. Cleary, Jr., J. F. Lipscomb, D. B. Cooper, J. W. Childress, Chas. Sykes, C. P. McCarver, G. H. Armistead, E. W. Carmack and M. A. Consadine each took 25, and Jere Baxter bought \$250 worth. Many others deserve mention, but these comprise the committee. That entertainment may be referred to as a model. The net receipts, it is believed, are in excess of any entertainment ever given in Nashville in one evening for any charitable purpose.

THE Cumberland Almanac for 1893 appears with the opening day of the year, under the careful and excellent supervision of Mr. W. H. Trafford. The Cumberland Almanac is the property of the Nashville *American*. It is sixty-two years old, and has had a fine reputation for a half century. The present issue is nearly twice as large as its predecessors, and it has an extensive collection of interesting data and is, perhaps, as accurate as can be found in any periodical of the kind. The liberal and patriotic act of devoting a page to the Davis monument and CONFEDERATE VETERAN is acknowledged.

IN Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, there is an irregular-shaped, small spot of ground, enclosed with a neat iron fence. On the gate is the name "Jefferson Davis," and on the marble headstone is engraved:

JOSEPH,  
Son of Our Beloved President  
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Erected by the Little Girls and Boys of the Southern Capital.

It will be recalled by the older people that the lad lost his life by falling from a window of the Confederate "White House," during the war.

THE CAMP that will send 100 subscriptions can have appropriated one column in its interest this year.

COL. WELLS H. BLODGETT, of St. Louis, who saw much of Mr. Lincoln before he became President, tells this funny story: Mr. Lincoln was sitting in the office of his friends, Judd & Blodgett, in which young Blodgett was reading law. When Mr. Judd asked him if he was going to the National Convention, he said: "Well, Judd, I do not know; I am almost too much of a candidate to go, and hardly candidate enough to stay away." It was the convention that nominated him.

COL. WM. HENRY STEWART, of Norfolk, who did much gallant service in the intersectional war, publishes an account of the battles and engagements where he took part. The narrative, while generally interesting, will amaze those who have not had experience at man's capacity for endurance. His great grandfather, Charles Stewart, was an officer from Virginia in the Colonial army of the American Revolution. His story of the battle of "the Crater" will have attention in our next issue.

A MOVEMENT has been inaugurated in Washington City for holding a series of entertainments in aid of a fund for the establishment of a Confederate Veterans' Home in Washington. Col. M. S. Thompson, of the Confederate Veterans' Association, called to order the assembly, consisting mostly of ladies, and explained the object of the meeting. It was in furtherance, he said, of a plan proposed some time ago to erect a home for Confederate soldiers and their widows in Washington.

ROBT. L. TRAYLOR, Esq., of Richmond, has been so thoughtful in behalf of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that acknowledgment must be given. Mr. Traylor is a native Virginian, but resided in Tennessee by the great river long enough to capture one of our loveliest women. He is diligent, as he has opportunity, in collecting rare volumes and curios. He has perhaps the finest collection of autograph letters of eminent men of all nations and generations to be found in the South. He had the special good fortune to get an original daguerreotype of Edgar Allan Poe, which is believed to be his last portrait, and the only one of him known to be in existence which has never been reproduced. It was taken at the gallery of Pratt, of Richmond (builder of the unique structure known as Pratt's Castle), and was presented by Poe but a short time before his death to Mrs. Sarah Elmira (Royster) Shelton, whom he had engaged to marry. The purpose of a trip to the North, undertaken by him about that time, was to complete arrangements for his wedding to that lady. On his way to New York he was seized at Baltimore by the illness which resulted fatally Oct. 7, 1849. The portrait was treasured jealously by Mrs. Shelton until a few years since, when it came into the possession of Mr. Traylor. He has refused \$1,000 for it. It is not for sale.

## THE OLD VIRGINIA TOWN, LEXINGTON.

WHERE LEE AND STONEWALL JACKSON ARE BURIED—  
REMINISCENCES OF STONEWALL JACKSON.  
BY DR. J. WM. JONES.

Lexington, Va., is the most interesting town of its size in the South. The Washington-Lee University founded by the "father of his country" and presided over by Robert E. Lee, when he surrendered life's duties, is the most prominent and conspicuous institution of the place. It has a beautiful chapel, across the campus from the University main building, in which the body of Gen. Lee rests, and over which is that life-like work of Edward V. Valentine, representing, in white marble, the soldier and Christian as if asleep on his couch. The old mansion in which Gen. Lee resided is near by, and it is the residence of Gen. Curtis Lee, his son, and successor as President of the University. It is the family residence as well, the daughters residing there.

The Virginia Military Institute grounds adjoin those of the Washington-Lee University, and are entered through its campus. This old place, with its ancient cannon ornamenting the grounds, was especially interesting on the occasion of the visit which induces this article, for it was in honor of its President, who went to the front with its corps of cadets in 1861, and never returned until he had "crossed over the river," honored second to no soldier hero of any country or time.

This writing is from memory of an only visit made there July 21, 1891, an account of which was written at the time but never published, and the copy lost.

The Lees were all at home and cordially interested in honoring the memory of Gen. Thos. J. Jackson. It was the greatest day in the history of old Lexington, for the attendance was much larger than that when the formal presentation of the recumbent figure of Gen. Lee occurred.

A superb colossal bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson had been provided, and his body had been removed from the original family lot to the central circle in the old cemetery of the town, and the bronze figure (it is also by Mr. Valentine) was in position.

The principal ceremonies were had under the broad shades of the University campus, some half a mile away, at the conclusion of which the great procession, numbering perhaps 20,000, passed through the main streets and near the old church, where Jackson taught his Negro Sunday-school. The military—infantry, cavalry and artillery—passed by the cemetery and formed on an adjacent slope in rear.

By the statue, still under a white mantle, there was a platform-covered in white bunting, upon which Mrs. Jackson ascended, taking her two grand-children with her. She was dressed in black, her heavy black veil thrown over her shoulders, and the noble face

giving cheer to the little children who were to pull the veil cord. Both children were dressed in white, their white faces and waxen curls producing the strongest contrast with the devoted widow of Stonewall Jackson. The writer occupied a position that could not have been improved for the sight and, meditating upon it all, he thought much of whether he would not give his life, if by so doing all the South could have the comfort of the scene.

At the signal little Julia Jackson Christian pulled the cord, and the magnificent figure of the Christian soldier stood as if in life, amid the shouts of thousands who followed him to the death, and other thousands of women, maidens and young men who had grown up in the faith that a greater soldier than Stonewall Jackson had never gone to battle. The bright child who exclaimed "I underveiled it," was frightened by the noise of cannon, musketry and human voices that followed her act.

The hospitality of the people was remarkable. The pride and gratitude that their little town among the hills was the home and the burial place of Lee and Jackson was enough to bestir the entire people to the utmost to make every visitor a guest. The writer was fortunately assigned to the delightful home of Mr. McDowell.

Every old soldier present must have wished that he had served under Stonewall Jackson. The negro men of the town who had the honor of being taught by him in his Sunday-school, when boys, were proud of it. One practical old man of the town, in commenting upon him as teacher at the Institute, said he was never proud of him until the Sunday that he started for the war. Then, dressed in military uniform, with spurs and on horseback, he seemed to be exactly in the proper place.

DR. J. WM. JONES' RECOLLECTIONS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

It seems fitting in this connection to give reminiscences of Gen. Jackson, by Dr. J. Wm. Jones, who was first to write and commend the CONFEDERATE VETERAN through its prospectus. It was written at the time referred to above for the *Atlanta Journal*:

I have to-day, after a lapse of thirty years, a very vivid recollection of his appearance, and how he impressed me.

Dressed in a simple Virginia uniform, apparently about 37 years old, six feet high, medium size, gray eyes that seemed to look through you, light brown hair, and a countenance in which deep benevolence seemed mingled with uncompromising sternness, he impressed me as having about him nothing at all of "the pomp and circumstance" of war, but every element which enters into the skillful leader, and the indomitable, energetic soldier, who was always ready for the fight.

At First Manassas Jackson won the sobriquet of "Stonewall," which has supplanted his proper name, and will cleave to him forever.

The chivalric and heroic Bee, who had been steadily



borne back all of the morning, and his little handful of brave fellows nearly swept away by the blue waves which threatened to overwhelm everything before them, rode up to Jackson and exclaimed almost in despair: "General, they are beating us back." "No, sir," said Jackson, his eyes fairly glittering beneath the rim of his old cadet cap, "they shall not beat us back. We will give them the bayonet."

It was then that Bee, about to yield up his noble life, galloped back to the scattered remnant of his command and rallied them by exclaiming: "Here stands Jackson like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians! Let us determine to die here and we shall conquer!"

And thus was the name of the heroic Bee linked forever with that of "Stonewall"—

"One of the few immortal names,  
That were not born to die."

But the soubriquet given was as inappropriate as can be imagined. Jackson was more like a cyclone, a tornado, a hurricane, than a stone wall.

Jackson was accustomed to keep his plans secret from his staff and his higher officers as well as from the people, and once said: "If I can deceive our own people I will be sure to deceive the enemy as to my plans."

It was a very common remark in his corps: "If the Yankees are as ignorant of this move as we are old Jack has them."

#### HIS QUICK DECISION AND CRISP ORDERS.

Jackson was noted for the quickness with which he decided what to do, and his short, crisp orders on the battlefield.

It happened to be sitting on my horse near by, when Col. A. S. Pendleton, of Jackson's staff, rode up to Gen. Early, at Cedar Run, and touching his hat quietly said: "Gen. Jackson sends compliments to Gen. Early and says advance on the enemy and you will be supported by Gen. Winder."

"Gen. Early's compliments to Gen. Jackson, and tell him I will do it," was the laconic reply, and thus the battle opened.

On the eve of another battle a staff officer rode up to Jackson and said: "Gen. Ewell sends his compliments and says he is ready." "Gen. Jackson's compliments to Gen. Ewell and tell him to proceed," was the quiet reply. And soon the noise of the conflict was heard. At Cold Harbor, on the memorable 27th of June, 1861, after he had gotten his corps in position, the great chieftain spent a few moments in earnest prayer, and then said quietly to one of his staff: "Tell Gen. Ewell to drive the enemy." Soon the terrible shock was joined, and he sat quietly on his sorrel sucking a lemon and watching through his glasses the progress of the fight. Presently a staff officer of Gen. Ewell galloped up and exclaimed: "Gen. Ewell says, sir, that it is almost impossible for him to advance further unless the battery (pointing to it) is silenced." "Go tell Major Andrews to bring sixteen pieces of artillery to bear on that battery and silence it immediately," was the prompt reply.

Soon the battery was silenced. "Now," he said, "tell Gen. Ewell to drive them," and right nobly did Ewell and his gallant men obey the order. When on his great flank movement at Chancellorsville, Gen. Eitz Lee sent for him to ascend a hill from which he could view the enemy's position, he merely glanced at

it once, when he formed his plan and said quickly to an aide: "Tell my column to cross that road."

Just before he was wounded at Chancellorsville he gave to A. P. Hill the order, "Press them and cut them off from the United States ford," and as he was borne off the field bleeding, mangled and fainting, he roused himself to give, with something of his old fire, his last order, "Gen. Pendleton, you must hold your position."

#### HIS RIGID DISCIPLINE.

He was very stern and rigid in his discipline, and would not tolerate for a moment the slightest deviation from the letter of his orders. He put Gen. Garnett under arrest for ordering a retreat at Kernstown, although his ammunition was exhausted and his brigade was about to be surrounded, preferred charges against him, and was prosecuting them with utmost rigor when the Chancellorsville campaign opened. He insisted that Gen. Garnett should have held his position with the bayonet; that the enemy would have retreated if he had not, and that under no circumstances should Garnett have fallen back without orders from him (Jackson). After the death of Jackson, Gen. Lee, without further trial of the case, restored Gen. Garnett to the command of his brigade, and this brave soldier fell in in the foremost of Pickett's famous charge on the heights of Gettysburg. A brigadier once galloped up to Jackson in the midst of battle, and said: "Gen. Jackson, did you order me to charge that battery?" pointing to it, "Yes, sir, I did. Have you obeyed the order?" "Why, no, general; I thought there must be some mistake. My brigade would be annihilated, literally annihilated, sir, if we should move across that field." "Gen. —," said Jackson, his eyes flashing fire and his voice and manner betraying excitement and even rage. "I always try to take care of my wounded and bury my dead. Obey that order, sir, and do it at once."

I heard one day, on the Valley campaign, a colloquy between Jackson and a colonel commanding one of his brigades. Jackson said quietly: "I thought, Col. —, that the orders were for you to move in the rear instead of in the front of Gen. Elzey's brigade this morning." "Yes, I know that, general; but my fellows were ready before Elzey's, and I thought it would be bad to keep them waiting, and that it really made no difference anyhow." "I want you to understand, colonel," was the almost fierce reply, "that you must obey my orders first and reason about them afterwards. Consider yourself under arrest, sir, and march to the rear of your brigade." Jackson put Gen. A. P. Hill under arrest (for a cause that was manifestly unjust) on the second Manassas campaign, and he probably put more officers under arrest than all other of our generals combined. There is no doubt that Jackson was sometimes, too severe, and that he was not always just, and yet it would have greatly increased the discipline and efficiency of our service if others of our Confederate leaders had had more of this sternness and severity towards delinquents.

#### HIS ATTENTION TO MINUTE DETAILS.

He was unceasingly active in giving his personal attention to the minutest details. He had an interview with his quartermaster, his commissary, his ordnance and his medical officer every day, and he was at all times thoroughly familiar with the condition of these departments. It is a remarkable fact that, despite his

rapid marches, he rarely ever destroyed any public property, or left so much as a wagon wheel to the enemy.

Not content with simply learning what his maps could teach him of the country and its topography he was accustomed to have frequent interviews with citizens, and to reconnoitre personally the country through which he expected to move, as well as the ground on which he expected to fight. Being called to his quarters one day to give him some information concerning a region with which I had been familiar from boyhood, I soon found out that he knew more about its topography than I did, and I was constrained to say, "Excuse me, General, I have known this section all my life, and thought I knew all about it; but it is evident that you know more about it than I do, and that I can give you no information at all."

Often at night, when the army was wrapped in sleep, he would ride out alone to inspect roads by which, on the morrow he expected to move, to strike the enemy in flank or rear.

After all the crowning glory of Jackson, as it was also of Lee, was his humble, simple-hearted piety, his firm trust in Christ as his personal Savior, his godly walk and conversation, and his life of active effort for the good of others. \* \* \* Suffice it to say, that as I saw him frequently at preaching or at the prayer-meeting drinking in the simple truths of the gospel, heard him lead the devotions of his ragged followers in prayers that I have rarely heard equalled and never surpassed in fervid appropriateness, knew of his active efforts for the spiritual good of the soldiers, and conversed with him on the subject of personal religion, I was fully satisfied that this stern soldier not only deserves a place beside Col. Gardner, and Gen. Hancock, and Capt. Vears, and other Christian soldiers of the century, but that the world has never seen an uninspired man who deserves higher rank as a true Christian.

I recall here just two incidents. In the early spring of 1863 I was one day walking from our camp to a meeting of our chaplains' association, when I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs behind me, and, turning my head, recognized Gen. Jackson riding along as was his frequent custom. As he came up we saluted, and he asked if I was going to the chaplains' meeting, and, receiving an affirmative response, he at once dismounted and, throwing his bridle over his arm, walked with me about two miles.

I shall never forget that walk of the humble preacher with the great soldier. Military matters were rarely alluded to, and when I would introduce them he would promptly change the conversation. We talked of the recently organized chaplains' association, and how to make it more efficient; of the need of more chaplains and other preachers in the army, and how to secure them; of the best way of procuring and circulating Bibles and religious literature; of certain officers and men in whose salvation he felt peculiar interest, and for whom he asked that I would join him in special prayer and effort; of the necessity of having chaplains stick to the post of duty even more faithfully than other officers and men, and other kindred topics. And then we got on the subject of personal piety, the obstacles to its growth in the army and the best means of overcoming them, and as he quoted readily, and applied aptly some of the most precious promises of God's word, I almost imagined

that I was talking, instead of to this grim son of Mars, to one of the grand old preachers of the olden time who knew nothing about "new theology," but was content to follow implicitly the word of God, and to sing with the spirit and the understanding.

I may now barely allude to his glorious death, the logical sequence to his noble life of simple trust and self-sacrificing toil in the vineyard of the Lord. Cut down in the execution of what he regarded as the most successful military movement of his life, shot by his own men, who would have died rather than willingly harmed a button on his old gray coat, his brilliant career ended in the full tide of his ambitions and hopes of future service for the land and cause he loved so well, he could yet calmly say to weeping friends who stood around, "It is all right. I would not have it otherwise if I could. I had hoped to live to serve my country, but it will be infinite gain to be transplanted and live with Christ." And in his delirium, after saying with the old fire of battle, "Pass the infantry rapidly to the front," "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action," "Tell Major Hawkins to send forward rations for the men," a peaceful smile passed over his placid countenance, and his last words were, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

And this great man died! Nay, he did not die! The weary worn marcher went into bivouac—the hero of a hundred battles won his last victory, and went to wear his "crown of rejoicing," his fadeless laurels of honor, and heaven and earth alike have echoed the plaudit:

"Servant of God, well done;  
Rest from thy loved employ.  
The battle's fought, the victory's won,  
Enter thy Master's joy!"

#### THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

*HOW THE MOVEMENT, STARTED SOUTH, CAUSED THE NATIONAL EVENT IN HONOR OF SOLDIER DEAD.*

Many Southern people do not enjoy, as they deserve, the knowledge that our women started the movement which gives a National holiday of May 30. It is decoration day for the graves of all Union soldiers.

The widow of Gen. John A. Logan told how it came about in a letter of May 14, 1892, to the New York Mail and Express. Gen. Logan was the second Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.

#### HOW THE FIRST SUGGESTION WAS MADE.

In the letter referred to Mrs. Logan states: "During the winter preceding the order Mr. Charles L. Wilson, of Chicago, invited Gen. Logan and myself to accompany him and some friends to visit the battlefields and fortifications around Richmond, Petersburg and their vicinities. The political situation in the House of Representatives touching reconstruction, impeachment of Mr. Johnson, and such questions, was such that he would not go away, but I did go with them. \* \* \* In telling Gen. Logan of what we had seen we mentioned that we had been much impressed

by seeing the graves of the Confederate dead all marked by little white flags, faded wreaths of laurel, and such tributes to their memory, that had been placed there by their friends. His tender heart was deeply touched. He said it was most fitting; that the ancients, especially the Greeks, had honored their dead, particularly their heroes, by chaplets of laurel and flowers, and that he intended to issue an order designating a day for decorating the grave of every soldier in this land, and if he could he would have it made a National holiday.

"He issued the order and secured an appropriation of money to preserve the proceedings of the first Memorial day, which were compiled from the reports that were sent to the headquarters of the Grand Army. But, owing to the voluminous character of these proceedings, I think but one volume entitled "Memorial Day" was ever published by Congress. These records have been left to each State to take such action as they desired in the matter, consequently they are very incomplete. \* \* \* \* The order is so eloquent in its appeal for its perpetuity that we are sure it will be observed as long as this is a free and grateful nation.

"He appealed to the ex-soldiers and sailors all over the country to join the organization. He interested many prominent officers, who promised active cooperation in their States, that the veterans might be banded together in some common interest that would insure assistance when any of them was in trouble, and would commemorate the deeds of both the living and the dead. He was always thinking of something for the benefit of the men who had served their country."

In concluding a long order, Gen. Logan said:

"Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic. If other eyes grow dull, other hands slack and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

"Let us, then, at time of appointment, gather round their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring time. \* \* \* \* Let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

"It is the pleasure of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to lend its friendly aid in bringing this order to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith."

The foregoing suggests the fitness of the assertion that in all the thirty years no Southern man has ever been irreverent at the graves of Union soldiers. Confederates have often helped to strew flowers and otherwise honor the brave men who fell in battle for the Union.

#### CONSIDERATION FOR OLD SOLDIERS.

Mrs. M. Louise Myrick, of Americus, Ga., whose father, Col. Scudder, a Tennessean, lost an eye in Mexico, and whose uncle, Gen. B. Davidson, was a well-known Confederate, concludes an article about soldiers in this way:

To my thinking, nothing is too good for the old soldier. He should be crowned with every available honor, and if there are any soft places in the ranks of business, gratefully bestow them upon him. Whether they wore the blue or the gray, true soldiers deserve to be honored by this generation, who now live in peace and prosperity.

The common soldier who fought and spilled his blood in the defense of the South can hope for no comforting government pension. If in need or distress, his only source of relief in his declining years must come from sympathetic and generous young Southern men, who are bound by the ties of blood and memories ever sacred, to the Old South, which produced some of the most chivalric spirits that ever left an impress upon a nation's history.

To the dead we owe a more sacred duty. Their memory should ever be kept fresh and green. The noble women of this broad land will remain faithful to this trust. They will teach their children to perpetuate the beautiful memorial custom. When the faithful of this age are silent in death, generations yet unborn will be found ready to don the mantle of patriotism so honorably worn by their mothers and grandmothers.

Yes, there will ever be patriotic women, who will wreath in garlands nature's choicest offerings, the laurel and the rose, with which to cover the mounds of the heroic dead.

The time-honored custom will live as long as lasts the country that holds the sacred dust, and as the South grows richer, shining shafts of marble will be raised in every lodge and hamlet, emblazoned with golden inscriptions for those whose lives of sacrifice are now a blessed memory.

OHIO'S MONUMENT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR—The Ohio monument, in honor of Ohio's heroes in civil and military life, will be one of the attractions of the World's Fair. It will stand in front of the Ohio building, and, when dedicated, ex-President Hayes will deliver the oration. It represents Ohio standing proudly above the sculptured features of six eminent sons and saying, "These are my jewels." The figures are of Grant, Garfield, Sherman, Chase, Stanton, Sheridan. The sculptor is Levi T. Schofield, an architect of Cleveland, and the State of Ohio pays him \$25,000 for the work. The height of the entire monument is 31 feet, the Ohio figure being 10 feet, and the figures below each being over 7 feet high. After the Fair the monument will be placed in the State-house at Columbus, O.

## WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

*PROPERTY OF THE CITY OF RICHMOND—HOW TO BE UTILIZED.*

Miss Clara Reese, in the *Pittsburg Commercial*, gives the following description of the Jefferson Davis mansion at Richmond, as it appeared recently:

Unlike many buildings of historic interest, the Davis mansion has much to reward the visitor. The building, a square three-storied structure, with a basement of half story above the ground, is of smooth, gray stone, and stands out directly on the street, the pavement in front shaded by three thick trees. A flight of eight stone steps, these worn in hollows by the tramp of seventy-five years, lead up to the main doorway, the small portico of which is guarded by two slender pillars. An outer reception hall leads into a still larger one, this in its turn opening upon a wide porch, which runs the entire rear of the building, and from which eight gigantic pillars, with circumference as great as the large timber wheels used in hauling from the Pittsburg mills, reach upward to the roof, which stands outward above the highest story. It is from this porch the 11-year-old son of Mr. Davis fell and broke his neck. The distance is probably twelve feet to the ground. The porch looks out upon a grass-grown yard, enclosed by a high brick fence newly whitewashed. The yard is shaded by a number of trees—horse chestnut, English walnut, magnolia and evergreen.

## VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

From the reception hall, which looks out upon this porch, three doors open into large apartments, now used as school-rooms. Doors are brown with age. The double-doors to the right are carved in the Grecian pattern. Floors are finished in hard pine, walls have all had their special tint of paint, and the ceilings are all richly ornamented with stucco-work. Pieces of this ornamentation have fallen off, but in the pristine beauty the effect must have been elaborate. On state occasions it is presumable that the doors of these apartments were thrown open into the reception room, now used as the principal's office.

In the first reception hall are two alcoves, each containing a bronze figure, life size. One figure represents Ceres and one Comus. To the right a winding stairway reaches to the upper floors. Two alcoves are in the wall along the line of stairway, these probably adorned in the past by statues. Banisters are plain, but along the flat ends of the stairs runs a vine of conventionalized flowers and leaves and the base of the stairway supports a pillar for the illumination, lamp at first, at present gas. The private office of Mr. Davis is still further to the right of the stairway. It is a small apartment. A marble mantle of plain construction has a place, the only mantle at present in the building. There are probably twenty apartments beside hallways, large closets, basement and observatory. Rooms are all large and well lighted. Windows, though small-paned, are generous in size, those in the rear of the first floor extending almost from ceiling to floor. There are inside shutters to all the windows, and from the observatory a fine view may be had over the city. On the whole, in spite of the wear and tear of seventy-five years, the mansion is still in comfortable and habitable condition, and the ladies of Richmond are deserving of the highest praise

for their laudable intention to keep intact the historic landmark, one certainly dear to every loyal Southern heart.

## A DREAM IN MARBLE.

Miss Reese gives the following description of two old mantels that have been secured by a gentleman in the vicinity of the mansion:

The mantels are of good, though not exaggerated height, the shelves are wide and perfectly plain, and the ornamental work down each side of the fire-place rests on a plain, substantial base. The whole beauty lies in the perpendicular supports from shelf to base, and the horizontal panels directly over the fire-place.

The horizontal panels are in bas relief, and as delicately chiseled as a cameo, while the side-pieces are carved to stand out almost to the depth of free pieces of statuary. On one mantel the side pieces represent Cupid and Psyche. The figures are in kneeling postures upon an ornamental piece of carving resembling a leaf-cushioned trunk of a tree, and occupy the full space between this and the mantel-shelf. Cupid on the right-hand panel has just shot an arrow from his bow, and is intently watching its destination. His long curls hang gracefully, the poise of the kneeling figure is admirable, while the dimples of hand and feet and the curves of the figure are artistic and exquisite. On the other upright panel Psyche has caught the arrow upon her knee, and grasps it wonderingly. The lines of drapery, the delicately chiseled features, the curves of throat and shoulders, the rounded arms, the posture, are indicative of the skill which guided the hand of the sculptor.

The horizontal panel in its delicate, pure, cameo-like outlines, represents the familiar picture of "Aurora," or the "Coming of the Morning." Clouds form the misty base. A beautiful maiden is in advance of the chariot and its attendants, a dancing circle of cloud nymphs, and scatters blossoms above the sleeping earth. The chariot is drawn by three magnificent horses, and above flies the winged herald of the coming.

The second mantel is also a dream in marble. On one of its upright sections stands out almost in free relief the exquisitely-chiseled figure of Hebe, the cup-bearer, and on the other that of Niobe, the figures standing. Hebe carries low in one hand a pitcher, and in the other, partly outstretched, the cup. The poise of the head, the grace and dignity of the figure, and the outline of the body, as expressed through the delicacy of the drapery, gives to the whole an exquisite beauty. The figure of Niobe is likewise a dainty and exquisite piece of chiselled work. Draperies are scanty, and the dimpled curves of the graceful figure are wondrously chaste and beautiful.

The horizontal panel represents Apollo in his chariot in the heavens. Three horses draw the ear of the god, their proportions suggestive of strength, while the god, with arms outstretched, grasping the reins, which are at their highest tension, stands out in relief, strong, and magnificent. The horizontal panels could be easily removed from their places and form bas relief slabs, fit to grace the finest art museum in the land.

## CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL SOCIETY.

The ladies have banded themselves together under the name of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, with Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, wife of Mayor

Ellyson, chairman of the permanent Museum Committee. They were obliged to insert the word "literary" in the name of the organization for charter purposes. The women have a strong organization in Richmond, known as the Hollywood Memorial Association, whose object is to keep in constant trim the cemeteries of the Confederate dead. It is this body that made application for the mansion and expected simply to make the new work a department of Hollywood. Technicalities of law, however, required another name, though practically the two bodies are the same. The strength and devotion of the Hollywood Association, whose record for thorough work has long since been made, is assurance of the zeal and devotion to come in the prosecution of the new work.

"The object of the ladies," said Mrs. Ellyson, "is to restore the mansion as far as practicable to the exact condition in which it was left by President Davis, and to establish a permanent museum of Confederate relics. We have appealed to our sisters throughout the South, and expect that branch organizations will be formed among them, whose object will be to secure valuable Confederate mementos. A regent will be established in each State, and our plans are to give to each Southern State a room of its own, where it may deposit and arrange its own mementos. Young people's auxiliaries are also to be formed to assist in the work. We have no fund yet, but expect to have one soon by gifts, and through the giving of entertainments. We have already held entertainments with success. It is not our intention to buy relics. We think that the sentiment of the South will be all-sufficient to turn into the safe-keeping of a chartered institution the sacred mementos of the dead. We have already the promise of several pieces of furniture that formerly graced the Confederate White House, and a number of letters notifying of keepsakes that will gladly be turned over—clothes, arms, money, and other belongings—as soon as we are ready for them. The glory, the hardships, and the heroism of the war are a noble heritage for our children. To keep green such memories, and to commemorate such virtues it is our purpose to gather together and preserve in the Executive Mansion of the Confederacy the sacred relics of those glorious days."

#### BLUE AND GRAY AT CHICAGO.

Publication has been made that there will be a grand reunion of the old soldiers of the country at Chicago next summer. The notice is as follows:

The World's Fair managers and the leading G. A. R. men of Chicago, and the best business men of that city heartily approve of the reunion, and will assist in the matter. A committee, consisting of the leading ex-soldiers of the G. A. R. were selected to have charge of the work at Chicago, and a like committee will assist them, composed of the ex-Confederate soldiers living in Chicago. They are all well-known business men. The reunion is now an assured success, and the old veterans of the North and South, who faced each other on so many battle-fields, will meet in peaceful reunion, to talk over their old battles and attend the World's Fair together.

On May 30, 1893, there will be a grand union memorial service held, and the blue and gray will decorate with flowers the graves of the 6,000 Confederate soldiers buried at Oakwood Cemetery, Chicago, and the graves of the Union soldiers buried there.

There will be a National Committee who will assist the committee at Chicago in this reunion. Tents will be furnished by the Government to camp in, and the old boys who wore the blue and the gray can go into camp by States, and have one good time together before they pitch their tents beyond the silent river. There are hundreds all over the land who wore the blue and the gray, the best men, both North and South, who are offering their services to make this the greatest reunion ever held on American soil.

A mass meeting of the survivors will be held during the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Detroit, Mich., to boom this reunion. All true soldiers who wore the blue or the gray are invited to this meeting, and to the grand reunion at Chicago in 1893.

#### THE "ORPHAN BRIGADE."

The First Brigade of Kentucky Infantry, Confederate Army, now more popularly known as the "Orphan Brigade," was early in the field, held steadfastly to its convictions to the last, and maintained them against all comers in bloody battle, and was about the last Confederate troops east of the Mississippi, if not the very last, to fight the foe. The remnant that was left was closed with its adversary near Camden, S. C., when the news of Lee's surrender reached the field and the combatants drew off to await reliable intelligence.

When it was announced that Johnston had capitulated to Sherman, the Kentuckians marched back to Columbia, thence to Washington, Ga., where they surrendered their arms May 6, 1865. While many of them sought their homes individually; the brigade can hardly be said to have disbanded until it reached Kentucky, and every man set out for his own home. There were comparatively few of them left, but they were nearly all young men—quite a number not yet old enough to vote; and now, more than twenty-seven years from the time they came back to peaceful avocations, the majority of them still living, and many of them look as though they could go through another four years' campaign and come home, if alive, to take an active part again in the work-a-day world.

#### CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP OF NEW YORK.

Maj. Edward Owen, Secretary of the Executive Committee of this Camp, sends out a circular as follows. It is to comrades:

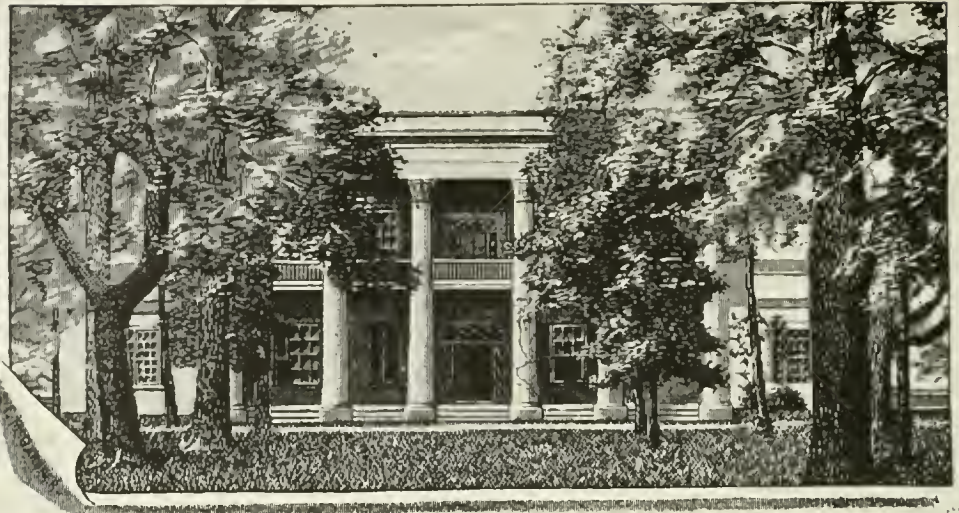
A new constitution, embracing a history of the Camp from its origin to date, names of all officers, committees, and members of the veteran and department "Sons of Confederate Veterans" organizations, is about to be printed.

This book will be gotten up in handsome style, and will have a wide circulation.

It has been reported that many contemplate joining the Camp and the "Sons," but delay action. Members are therefore requested to get in all applications of eligible parties at the earliest possible date, in order that the names may be included in the lists of members to be published.

### THE HERMITAGE.

The Ladies' Hermitage Association was organized in 1889, and the State Legislature conveyed the house and twenty-five acres of ground, that they might preserve the property as a perpetual memorial to General Andrew Jackson. In the residence are the portraits and household furniture belonging to General Jackson, numbering four hundred pieces. These have been in the Hermitage nearly three-quarters of a century, and they speak of his life, and remind an



THE HOME OF "OLD HICKORY."

observer of the times and character of the great hero.

The Ladies' Hermitage Association has worked indefatigably to purchase these works, which are the property of Col. Andrew Jackson, and are now making a last final struggle to raise the purchase money, viz, \$17,500. They are making constant appeals to the public for this sum. Should they fail, the "Hermitage," the home of the old hero of New Orleans, will be dismantled. "The walls will testify, and empty rooms will speak, of the lack of appreciation of his countrymen. These historic works will be scattered throughout the country, their owners being compelled by financial necessity to part with them for a monied value, and the State of Tennessee and the 'Hermitage' itself will lose these beautiful mementos of the past."

The Association, in redeeming its trust to the State, have put a new roof upon the building, painted the exterior, refenced the twenty-five acres, and restored the old historic cabin from almost utter decay. Other minor improvements have exhausted their treasury as fast as the moneys were accumulated, but they do not despair of finally raising this money. They hold an option expiring July 1st, of this year.

Mrs. Judge Nathaniel Baxter President, and Mrs. Duncan R. Dorris, the Secretary, have worked with unremitting zeal for this cause.

#### INSCRIPTIONS AT THE TOMB.

On the shaft:

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.  
Born March 16th, 1767. Died June 8th, 1845.

On a slab, placed there evidently by the General:

"Here lie the remains of MRS. RACHEL JACKSON, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61 years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous slander might wound but could not dishonor; even death, when he bore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."



THE TOMB OF GENERAL AND MRS. JACKSON.

## ABOUT CONFEDERATE HOMES.

[It is intended to revise and re-publish the account of Confederate Homes in next issue, and to make the best showing possible for this cause.]

Mrs. O. M. Spofford, in sending a \$100 check, for the Confederate Home near Nashville, says: "I send it with the hearty wish that each dollar may bring three-fold aid to our poor Confederates, who have nothing to look to save the generous assistance of their neighbors. She gave \$100 to the Davis Monument.

Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, spacious and beautiful grounds and buildings, situated just west of the city adjoining Reservoir Park, on the fashionable driveway, provided by private munificence at an aggregate outlay approximating \$200,000, and maintained by private subscriptions, supplemented by annual appropriations from the city and State, caring for about 150 inmates. The chapel on these grounds contains numerous Confederate memorial stained glass windows.

The ex-Confederates of Missouri and their friends have ever been zealous in their efforts for their disabled comrades and their honored dead. They have been very zealous during the past two years in the procurement of a Home for disabled soldiers. The record they have made deserves publicity. In two years they have raised in the aggregate for the purpose \$74,889.92. The Daughters of the Confederacy and other lady's societies throughout the State raised \$18,025. The Daughters of the Confederacy of the State of Missouri have assumed the task of erecting the main building on this Confederate Home, which is to cost \$22,000. The building is now up and under roof, and will be finished by May next. It has a frontage of 90 feet, it is 110 feet deep, and is arranged for 100 to 125 inmates. The buildings already in use for the home have 82 men, women and children, who are being cared for by the Association. The Confederate Home of Missouri is now one of the established institutions of the State, and one which is paid for entirely by private contributions of her citizens, and of which she may be proud. If there is an ex-Confederate soldier or any member of his family in a poor-house in the State of Missouri it is because the fact of such service is not known. The manner of procuring this large fund is worthy of imitation. The State was laid off into fourteen districts and in every district creditable zeal was displayed. The smallest sum raised in any one was \$636, and the largest \$4,067.

The head officers of the ex-Confederate Association of Missouri deserve great credit for their zeal in behalf of the Home and their maintenance of the organization. Its officers are President, James Bannerman, St. Louis; Vice President, Harvey W. Salmon, Clinton; Superintendent, M. L. Belt, Higginsville; Surgeon, J. J. Fulkerson, M. D., Higginsville; Treasurer, H. A. Ricketts, Mexico; Secretary, W. P. Barlow, 3812 Cook avenue, St. Louis. Executive Committee: K. F. Peddicord, Hannibal; F. L. Pitts, Paris; A. C. Cook, Plattsburg; Elijah Gates, St. Joseph; John B. Stone, Kansas City; F. P. Bronaugh, Boonville; W. H. Kennan, Mexico; Henry Guibor, St. Louis; Frank Gaicennie, St. Louis; Geo. T. McNamee, St. Louis; E. G. Williams, Waynesville; W. C. Bronaugh, Lewis Station; D. C. Kennedy, Springfield; G. H. P. Catron, Springfield.

St. Louis, Dec. 31, 1892.

In a letter sent with the above date W. P. Barlow, Secretary of the State Association, says: "You will see from this the reason why we can not aid the U. C. V.'s in their splendid work. We could not ask our Legislature to build this Home, as the States farther South can and have done \* \* \* All our energy must be centered on caring for the living. As many of our Southern friends do not understand this, it will be a great favor if you will explain it in your article."

Jefferson Davis Mansion, the "White House of the Confederacy," Clay Street, corner of Twelfth, is the gift of the city of Richmond to the Hollywood Memorial Association, to be perpetually maintained as a Confederate Museum. It is worth about \$30,000.

Residence of Gen. R. E. Lee, 707 East Franklin St., benefaction of the Stewarts, of Brook Hill, providing a permanent home for the Virginia Historical Society. Worth about \$20,000.

Memorial stained glass windows to Gen. R. E. Lee in St. Paul's Church. Gift of the Stewart family, costing several thousand dollars.

## THE SOUTH AS OTHERS SEE IT.

Introductory to a comparison in church matters, the New York *Evangelist*, in its first 1893 issue, says:

"It is now more than twenty-seven years since the close of our civil war (Gen. Lee surrendered on the 9th of April, 1865), but we remember it as if it were yesterday. Of course it filled the North with rejoicing, but the triumph was saddened by thoughts of the thousands who had gone out from Northern homes, never to return; and when we had recovered from the first excitement and began to think soberly of what had been lost and gained, we soon came to the conclusion that the results *were not all on one side*. For the time the strength of the South seemed to have been annihilated; and the Southern soldier, after a display of courage as magnificent as any in history, lay apparently dead upon the field. But some said, especially those who met him on the field and knew what tremendous vitality he had, he is not dead, though he is for the time in a state of collapse, but by-and-by the blood will come back into his veins, and he will stand again on his feet and show signs of his old power. Others went farther still, and predicted for the South not only a resurrection to life, but to a more vigorous life than she ever had before. They said, 'We of the North claimed the victory, but the result will be a greater gain to the South than even to us, for war has done what peace could never do, it has destroyed slavery, the terrible incubus which has hung upon the South for generations, and which could only be shaken off by some tremendous convulsion, and now, after a time, we shall see the South start forward on a career of progress such as she never had before,' a prophecy which a quarter of a century has gloriously fulfilled. The South has gained more than the North, so that, strange as it may seem, the issue of the war has been a victory for both sides, as it has finally brought them together into a more perfect and more glorious union."

## THE DAVIS MONUMENT FUND.

## LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED.

The list of contributors is arranged under two heads, first, those whose names are given, and second, the sums collected where the names of donors are not known. It is earnestly requested that for next issue names be supplied for the other lists, so the record of contributors may be as complete as possible. The names from Birmingham and other Alabama points are to appear in the next issue.

This important list is incomplete. It will be revised and republished. Each name represents \$1.

## ALABAMA.

BIRMINGHAM—J L Buford.

GREENVILLE—Laura E Abrams, E R Adams, J T Beeland, J G Daniel & Co, D G Dunklin, W J Dunklin, Dunn & Ezekiel, C B Herbert, L M Lane, Robt A Lee, J A McGehee, Chas Newman, Chas Newman, T W Peagler, Wm Pierce, Mrs W Pierce, Mrs R Y Porter, J R Porterfield, J B Powell, J C Richardson, F C Smith, J C Steiner, J M Steiner, S J Steiner, A Steinhart, A G Stewart, T J Thomas, Rev G R Upton, J H Wilson, Mrs E S V Wilson.

GADSDEN—J Aiken, W G Brockway and A L Glenn, \$5; Wm Chandler, A J Collingsworth, L W Dean, A B Dunny, W A Dungan, W H Denson, \$5; H G Earnest, Frank & Haysdon, M L Hicks, L E Humphreys, Meek & Johnson, \$5; J H Standifer, Abe Thompson, J E Whaley, R A Mitchell, O R Goldman and L Smith, of Queen City Bank, \$5.

HUNTSVILLE—Miss Jeanie Sheffey.

MOBILE—J R Burgett, W W Dugger, Van Dorn station; W G Duggar, Gallion station; Miss M B Kirkbride, T T Roche, Louise B Sprague, J R Tompkins, J L Tucker, Price Williams, Jr.

PRATT MINES—D M B Hasslet, J T Massingen, T E Mitchell, J G Moore, W N Polk, J W Randall, L M Reese, J A Rhodes, P J Rogers, \$2; W L Rogers, C A Simmons, E A Smith, Walton & Peteel, E E Wiggins.

UNION SPRINGS—D S Bethune, Virginia A Blackmon, N M Blidsoe, H G Bryan, Annie E Buford, J R Buford, H P Coleman, Mrs S J Foster, C C Frazer, Mrs N H Frazer, W H Fuller, E H Goodwin, R H Hajas, Annie L Hobdy, Jennie McKay Hobdy, J B Hobdy, Marie Hobdy, Mary Hobdy, R L Hobdy, R L Hobdy, Jr., Chas L Jinks, A Miles, Mrs F M Moseley, Mrs A B Phillips, Mrs J E Pickett, W W Rainer, T P Randle, E T Randle, J L Roberts.

## ARKANSAS.

AUGUSTA—James Eblin.

BATESVILLE—Nathan Adler, Simon Adler, James A Luster, John F Allen, W E Bevans, J W Case, Jas A Carter, J P Coffin, R M Desha, W J Erwin, D C Ewing, John W Ferrill, J C Fitzhugh, E L Givens, S A Hail, H M Hodge, T J Horne, W B Lawrence, T M Mack, Robt Neill, T J Owens, I N Reed, James Ruthlerford, M A Wyeough, M A R Wyeough.

HOT SPRINGS—Dr Holliday, \$5.

MOOREFIELD—Jesse A Moore, J E Ross.

## GEORGIA.

BLACKSHEAR—A P Brantley, Nettie Brantley, Henry J Smith, Jennie Smith.

CHICKAMAUGA—S F Parrott.

MACON—Chas Herbst.

## ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO—Col G Forrester, Gen W A C Ryan, Mrs Ryan, Col. J G Ryan, Mrs E A Shannon.

LILLY—E W Bacon, Miss Lilly Bacon.

MACKINAW—Mrs L E Brock.

## INDIANA.

EVANSVILLE—A J Thomas, \$5.

INDIANAPOLIS—G F Miller, \$5.

## KENTUCKY.

FAIRVIEW—Bethel Sunday School, \$8.50; R W Downer, \$3; P E Downer, \$2.50; S B Jesup, B D Lackey, H E Morton, J L Mosely, \$1.50; R L Mosely, \$1.50; W R Vaughn.

PEMBROKE—R T Chilton, Mrs. R T Chilton.

HOPKINSVILLE—W B Dicken.

FRANKFORT—W T Havens.

GEORGETOWN—A H Sinclair, \$5.

HENDERSON—R H Cunningham, W M Hanna, M M Kimmel, J W Lockett, Sights & Johnston, Montgomery Merritt, D J B Reeve, J J Reeve, P K Snead, O F Walker.

RUSSELLVILLE—T J Bailey, \$6.05; Dr R N Beauchamp, \$1; J B Briggs, \$5; George R Beall, \$1; Wilson Beard, \$1; R B Chastain, \$1; Joseph Cumbett, \$1; John W Caldwell, 5; Dr B F Kidd, \$1; W B McCarty, \$1; James M McCutchen, \$1; John G. Orndorff, \$1; William Smith, \$1; C. W. Swanson, \$1; M B Stovall, \$1.

## LOUISIANA.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Nov. 23, 1892.

W. R. Lyman, A. A. General, New Orleans:

COMRADE—Complying with general orders No. 9, U. C. V., dated Oct. 8, 1892, I beg to submit the following detailed report of all collections for account of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund turned over to me as Treasurer for Louisiana for that fund, and the disposition I have made of the same, from June 22, 1891, to Nov. 23, 1892.

1891.	
June 22, John T. Block, La. Div. A. N. V.....	\$ 102 65
June 22, Wm. McLaughlin, Vet. C. S. C.....	54 00
July 1, J. Y. Gilmore, La. Div. A. N. V.....	55 00
July 1, J. B. Levert, Sugar and Rice Ex.....	100 50
July 1, J. B. Levert, Vet. C. S. C.....	40 50
July 1, Jos. Demoruelle, C. H. St. Paul.....	22 00
July 8, Lawson L. Davis, C. H. St. Paul.....	43 00
July 9, Col. Wm. P. Johnston, Soldiers and Sons of Soldiers of Avery's Salt Mines.....	11 25
July 10, Gen. Geo. O. Watts, Jefferson Davis Camp.....	25 00
July 10, Gen. Geo. O. Watts, Citizens and Soldiers of Blue and Gray.....	64 00
July 16, Pilcher Bros. and W. H. Pilcher, proceeds of Pilcher concert, July 10.....	66 00
July 17, Chas. D. Delerey, Army of Tenn. La. Div. fund created.....	102 50
July 22, A. W. Hyatt, A. of T. La. Div.....	75 00
July 22, J. B. Levert, Vet. C. S. C.....	60 00
July 22, J. B. Levert, Sugar and Rice Ex.....	8 50
July 22, A. N. Block, La. Div. A. N. Va.....	9 50



July 22, Lawson L. Davis, C. H. St. P.....	10 00
July 22, Jos. Demoruelle, C. H. St. P.....	36 50
July 22, B. F. Eschelman, C. Wa. Art.....	150 10
July 22, Alden McClellan, La. Div. Army of Tenn.....	72 00
Aug. 17, Octave Fontenot, La. Div. Army of Tenn. at Opelousas.....	40 00
Sept. 10, Paul Conrad, C. H. St. Paul.....	221 50
Oct. 27, Oliver Normand, R. L. Gibson Camp and Ladies of Evergreen.....	75 45
1892.	
Jan. 8, Judge F. A. Monroe, members Bar, Bench and Officers C. D. Courts.....	310 00
Jan. 15, R. McMillan, C. Wash. Art.....	47 50
Feb. 10, John T. Bloek, Army of N. Va. La. Div., collected by J. M. Wilson.....	22 00
April 13, J. Lyons, citizens of New Orleans...	33 00
Oct. 11, Nicholson & Co., sundry collections of N. O. Picayune.....	78 50
Oct. 11, Nicholson & Co., subscription of the N. O. Picayune.....	100 00
Nov. 18, J. W. Fairfax, sundry collections of Daily City Item.....	50 50
Less disbursements to date as per vouchers on file.....	17 75
	<hr/>
	\$2,068 70

Oct. 10, remitted to J. S. Ellett, treasurer, Richmond, Va.....\$2,018 20  
 Nov. 22, remitted to J. S. Ellett, treasurer, Richmond, Va..... 50 50—\$2,068 70

Respectfully submitted, A. W. HYATT,  
 Treasurer for Louisiana.

RECAPITULATION OF RECEIPTS.

Camp Henry, St. Paul.....	\$ 333 00
Members of the bar, bench, and officers of the Civil District Courts.....	310 00
Army of Tennessee, La. Division.....	289 50
Camp Washington Artillery.....	197 60
Army of Northern Virginia, La. Div.....	189 15
New Orleans Picayune.....	178 50
Veterans C. S. Cavalry.....	154 50
Sugar and Rice Exchange.....	109 00
R. L. Gibson C. and ladies, Evergreen, La....	75 45
Pilcher concert.....	66 00
Citizens of Alexandria, La.....	64 00
Daily City Item.....	50 50
Citizens of New Orleans, by J. Lyons.....	33 00
Jeff Davis Camp, Alexandria, La.....	25 00
Avery Salt Mines.....	11 25
	<hr/>
Total collections.....	\$2,086 45

MANSFIELD—J W Adams, C W Blair, \$5; T J Booker, F M Brownfield, C T Baunman, Henry Burns, John S Bailey, James Brown, Dr B D Cooper, Dr W N Cunningham, Cash, Jas Dilzell, DeSoto Democrat, \$5; J B Dillon, J Douglas, W J Elam C W Elam, W F Fraser, S B Foster, E N Foster, Dr J W Fair, Wm Goss, \$5; H D Gibbons, John Glossill, S A Guy, R T Gibbs, L H Hanson, W P Hall, W T Haden, J E Hewett, John Huson, W B Hewitt, A M Hewitt, B F Jenkins, \$5; W T Jackson, J B Lee, J T McClanahan, W H Mason, W E May, R R Murphy, W L Minter, E A Nabors, J M Nabors, E R Nabors, W T Pegins, E B Pickels, J W Parsons, A V Roach, C W Page, B B Powell, G Rives, Sallie Rascoe, E B Rogers, J H Ras-

coe, Q Roberts, P H Ricks, Dr A V Roberts, \$2.50; J Reiley, Albert Rives, M Ricks, Jas A Rives, J C Rives, Capt W P Sample, \$5; Dr S J Smart, C J Smoote, W E Singleton, Dr Stoakes, Dr W Sutherland, O H P Sample, E W Sutherland, G H Sutherland, Miss Belle Taylor, Sam Williams, W N Williams, B Willer, B N Wimple, T J Williams, J B Williams, Chas P Williams, J B Williams, Jr., Dr J F Walker, O V Wemple, J O Wemple, L B Wilcox, J L Williams, G B Williams.

MISSISSIPPI.

FAYETTE—James Archer, F Braws, Thos Davenport, W L Faulk, H McGladery, T J Key, W W McLa, A K McNair, W K Penny, W L Stephen, J J Whitney.

HOLLY SPRINGS—Jas T Fant.

OCEAN SPRINGS—Mrs A A Staples.

ROCKNEY—Geo Hickler.

NEW JERSEY.

HOBOKEN—James Coltart, \$5; Miss Virginia M Coltart, Harriet Monk, John Stansfield.

TENNESSEE.

ADAMS STATION—M L Johnston.

ALAMO—W H Biggs, J B Fleming, C A Goodbar, J B Humphreys, \$2; P B Nance, W H Poindexter, T N Shelton, J D Wortham.

BELLS STATION—Wm B Bate, Capt. Dawson, B S McLemore, J C W Nunn, J H Thomas, D H Thomas.

BROWNSVILLE—Judge John Bond.

CAIRO—W J Lambert.

CASTALIAN SPRINGS—Geo Harsh.

CHATTANOOGA—G Andrews, Jr., N G Atkins, Creed F Bates, W M Bearden, P F Craig, W R Crabtree, D W Clem, B L Goulding, \$5; J B Pound, W T Plumb, G H Snead, J F Shipp, T E VanValkenburg, L G Walker.

CLARKSVILLE—Arthur H Munford.

COVINGTON—R R Green fund, \$54.35.

RED LICK—Jos Kling.

CROCKETT—J T Stamps.

FRIENDSHIP—J M Cochran, B H Harman, D B Woodson.

GALLATIN—Jas W Blackmore, David F Barry, C S Douglass, W C Dismukes, J B Harrison, Jas J Turner, Geo E Seay, J A Trousdale, S F Wilson.

JACKSON—E L Bullock, \$5.

JOHNSON'S GROVE—J R Worrell.

HARTSVILLE—John D Stalker.

MAURY CITY—Sid Avery, W H Carter, Dr B Moore, C Peal, Bryant Stallings.

McMINNVILLE—J W Irwin.

MONROE—Dr J M Shelton.

NASHVILLE—Jos W Allen, Mrs J W Ailen, B B Allen, Kate M Allen, Lieut Samuel M Allen, Mrs B B Allen, Walter Aiken, S T C Doak, A J Grigsby, W C Kelvington, \$10; John J Vertrees, Rev W R L Smith.

SWEETWATER—T T Hagar.

VICKSBURG.—Through Col. D. A. Campbell, \$409.

WAVERLY—H C Carter.

TEXAS.

Boz—B F Forrester.

BROWNWOOD—G H Adams, J L Harris, F W Henderson, C C Jones, J B Smith, E R Stanley, Ed T Smith.

COLEMAN—J B Coleman, L E Collins, C L Coleman, Pilham Coleman, W C Dibrell, 5.

WAXAHACHIE—A J Baxter, John P Cooper, E Chaska, Joe P Cooper, G H Cunningham, Miss Meta Cooper, \$11; J A Darrow, Dr W E Farmer, B F Forrester, J A Gray, B H Lattimer, M W McMight, L H Peters, Wm Stiles, T F. Thompson, M B Templeton.

#### VIRGINIA.

ARLINGTON—Virgie M Gildersleeve (now Mrs. Taylor).

BIRMINGHAM—D Walker.

BRENNER BLUFF—W H Holman

BYBEE—R S White.

CHARLOTTESVILLE—M Duke, George Perkins.

CULPEPPER—D A Grundy.

PALMYRA—M P Pettit, Pembroke Pettit, William Schlater, J O Shepard, G M Winn.

SCOTTSVILLE—D W Anderson.

UNION MILLS—Dr. Dudley R Boston.

WILMINGTON—John W Adams.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS NOT INCLUDED ELSEWHERE.

##### ARKANSAS.

ARKADELPHIA—J H Abraham, \$2.50; C K Boswell, F J Carpenter, Adam Clark, J W Conger, R T Cook, \$2.50; D T Dale, \$2.50; J H Crawford, T M Ewing, \$2.50; Geo Fuller, \$5; E L Jones, C V Murray, E H McDonald, E C McDonald, J A Ross, \$2.50; C C Scott, \$2.50; John Smoker, \$2.50; Ed Thomas, A W Wilson, J W Wilson.

EL DORADO—W R Appleton.

HOPE—Mrs C A Forney

MORRILLTON—West Humphreys.

##### FLORIDA.

SANIBEL ISLAND—Mrs Letitia A Nutt, Miss Nannie Nutt, \$5.

##### GEORGIA.

AMERICUS—C B Hudson, \$2; W E Murphy.

ATLANTA—E L Anthony, Geo T Beeland, Charles Beermann & Co, \$15; J L Bishop, F C Bitgood, B M Blackburn, W H Black, \$2; L R Bleckly, \$5. N S Blum, \$2; S D Bradwill, \$2; J D Brady, \$2; Robert Brazelton, G S Brewster, \$2; E C Brown, S E Brown, T J Burney, David J Bush, \$2; Milton A Candler, S N Chapman, J H Clifton, Philip Cook, \$5; H H Cobb, A E Cox, C J Daniel, H R Daman, M K Dennis, J A Foote, L B Folsom, W E Fonti, Harry Frank, \$2; Arnold Gedman, M B Gilmox, W C Glenn, \$5; Peter G Grant, H H Green, \$2; D R Grover, R G Guinn, J L Harrison, Rev W M Hayes, \$2; W M Hawkes, R H Hightower, Jas K Hines, \$5; Jerry Holmes, Joseph Jacobs, \$2; H Jennings, Mark W Johnson, J C Joiner, Geo H Jones, \$2; J Wm Jones, \$50; Jas L Key, \$2; Dr J J Knott, \$2; Lamar & Rankin, \$5; S H Landrum, Thos J Leftwick, \$5; Walter T McArthur, \$2; D E McCarty, Hy McCaw, B L McIntosh, \$2; C K Maddox, \$5; I H Martin, \$2; H A Matthews, V A Menard, C W Morgain, F H Moses, A J Moss, J W Nelms, \$2; R T Nesbitt, \$5; W M Newbern, \$2; Newton, Baker & Co, H L Nippert, \$2; Robert A Nisbett, \$2; John O Perry, \$2; Wm H H Phelps, \$2; J B Pickett, P Roman, \$5; Lavender Ray, \$2; K Reed, H N Ried, \$2; Sidney Root, \$10; W E Seabrook, Geo W Scott, \$25; W L Seddon, \$5; John W Shackelford, A G Smart, \$2; Burgess Smith, John Clay Smith, \$2; Hoke

Smith, \$50; W J Spears, J C Steerman, \$2; R E Stockton, \$2; J D Stokes, Jos Thompson, \$5; B Vignoux, \$2; C Z Weinmaster, \$2; W A Wright, \$2; A R Wright, \$2; Wm A Wright, \$5.

AUGUSTA—Wm H Fleming.

ARLINGTON—H C Heffield, \$2.50.

BLITCH—James Young.

CARROLLTON—J M Hewitt, \$2.

CEDARTOWN—J H Sanders, \$2.

CRAWFORD—I G Gibson, \$2.

DANVILLE—T L Hill, S W Sapp.

DUBLIN—T L Griner, John M Stubbs.

GEORGETOWN—John C Guilford.

GLENNVILLE—J P Collins, \$5.

HANDY—W L Crouder.

MACON—J O Bell, \$2; Mrs A S Cope, \$2; J W Hinton, \$2; Jas M Sapp.

MILLEDGEVILLE—J C Woodward.

MOHER—B F Hoodspette.

MONTEZUMA—E Chambers.

PALATKA—Capt S H Gray.

SMITHBORO—James Thomas Smith.

SONORAVILLE—P T Reese.

SYLVANIA—E W Frey.

TEMPLE—Robert H Faber.

VAN'S VALLEY—Alex White.

WALKERSVILLE—J W Johnson.

##### INDIAN TERRITORY.

CHOTEAU—J H Baugh, M G Butler, W A Cantrell, V Gray, \$2; C Hayden, A G McDaniel.

PRYOR CREEK—Tom A Hancock.

SHERMAN—M L Elzy.

##### ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO—James Fentress.

##### MISSOURI.

H R Estes, \$2.50.

##### NEW MEXICO.

SILVER CITY—C A Thompson.

##### NORTH CAROLINA.

JACKSON—J A Burgwyn, Geo P Burgwyn, J B McRoe, R B Peables.

##### TENNESSEE.

BOLIVAR—P W Austin, W T Anderson, C H Anderson, Ophelia P Bills, L M Carrington, W C Dorion, D E Durrett, R E Durrett, W W Farley, J L Foote, C S Gaden, H P Joyner, Kahn Bros., Austin Miller, I E Moore, A T McNeal, J J Neely, Jr., M N Perry, J C Savage, H W Tate, Julia M Upshaw, Hugh Williams, R H Wood. By oversight the amounts were not put to the Bolivar list that exceeded \$1. The collection there is \$123 not yet forwarded.

FAYETTEVILLE—J P Buchanan, J L Buchanan, W H Calhoun, A J Carlross, N P Carter, James Cashion, W R Cashion, Andrew Cashion, W H Cashion, A Cashion, H B Douglass, H C Dwiggin, \$5; J C Demer, A H Edmondson, S W Fleming, Hugh Francis, J C Goodrich, Theo Harris, Jr, E J Higgins, H K Holman, T C Little, R K Locker, C A McDaniel, W C Morgan, J D Parks, W C Parks, J H Pitts, G F Pitts, G F Renegar, B T Boach, Robertson & Goodrich, J W Scott, J W Smith, H D Smith, A E Smith, J M Stewart, O C Tallant, E S Terry, Thomas Thomison, W P Tolley, R D Warren. H C Dwiggin's address is Petersburg.

GRAND JUNCTION—W C Mauldrin.

MONEYS RECEIVED FOR THE MONUMENT—THE NAMES OF DONORS TO BE SUPPLIED.

Request is made for all lists of names procurable from the following:

ALABAMA.

- ANNISTON—Through Mrs. R. Gardner, \$21.  
 BIRMINGHAM—Through Mrs. R. Gardner, \$200.  
 EUTAW—Sanders' Camp, \$6.  
 MONTGOMERY—Through Mrs. M. D. Bibb, \$143.85  
 TUSCUMBIA—Through Col. A. H. Kellar, \$13.15.

ARKANSAS.

- LITTLE ROCK—Hon. John G. Fletcher, \$11.25.

FLORIDA.

- JACKSONVILLE—Gen. William Baya, \$500.

GEORGIA.

- AUGUSTA—Patrick Walsh and others, \$400.91.  
 SPARTA—Through Mrs. Middlebrooks, \$41.75.

MISSISSIPPI.

- VICKSBURG—The Vicksburg C. V. Camp, through Col. D. A. Campbell, \$409.55.

MISSOURI.

- HARRISONVILLE—Jeff Burford, \$75.

NORTH CAROLINA.

- CHARLOTTE—Through the *Observer*, \$29.50.  
 SALISBURY—Sent to Judge W. L. Calhoun, \$15.25.  
 STATESVILLE—Through J. P. Caldwell, \$4.  
 WAYNESVILLE—R. Y. Dylus, \$8.25.

TENNESSEE

- LEWISBURG—Through Capt. W. G. Loyd, \$85.  
 MCKENZIE—Through ———, \$103.20.

TEXAS.

- CORPUS CHRISTI—M C Spann, collection, \$177.75.  
 FORT WORTH—Through Mrs. B. B. Pollard, \$101.70.  
 ———, Mrs S R Coggin, \$7.

SOME WHO HAVE HELPED THE FUND.

- LOUISVILLE—Miss Martha A. Sneed, \$10; Miss Josephine Walker.  
 NEW ORLEANS—Mrs. May Poitevant, \$5.  
 MANSFIELD—Miss Belle Taylor.  
 CLARKSVILLE—Little Miss Buckner, \$5.

J. W. Simmons, of Mexia, Tex., reports the following contributions for \$1 each: W. H. Williams, C. L. Watson, J. W. Simmons, H. W. Gray, J. M. Rombo, Joe Wilder, H. A. Boyd, E. B. McCoy, Bennett Hunt and Mrs. D. A. Murphy, of Mexia, and Capt. T. B. Tyers, of Groesbeck, and adds: "I will send a large list after the concert." Preparations are being made for an entertainment there the 27th inst. for the promotion of the fund.

Jacksonville, Fla., has done a splendid part for the Davis Monument Fund. Much credit is due that people for their zeal. It will be recalled that the population of Jacksonville is very largely Northern. The *Times-Union* has this to say of the fund raised there, which has been forwarded to Richmond through the General Agent: "Gen. William Baya became treasurer of the local fund. The principal solicitor was W. D. Matthews, who raised, in all, \$205.50.—most of it in small contributions, ranging from 25 cents to \$5. Mr. Matthews devoted a good deal of his time to the work, as he could spare it from his regular daily business, and the people of Jacksonville will be indebted to him for a large portion of the credit which they receive for their generosity. Mr. Clarence W. Smith also col-

lected quite a sum from various sources. In July last General Burbridge addressed to the *Times-Union* a communication—which was published—suggesting that if the contributors to the Relief Fund, of which he was custodian, offered no objection, this money might be turned over to the Davis Monument Fund, and he sent his check for \$25 as a contribution to the monument movement." This "relief fund" was offered to Mrs. Davis, but she declined to accept it.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.



BY FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN, THE POET PRIEST OF THE SOUTH.

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,  
 Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;

Furl it, fold it, it is best;  
 For there's not a man to wave it,  
 And there's not a sword to save it,  
 And there's not one left to lave it  
 In the blood which heroes gave it,  
 And its foes now scorn and brave it—  
 Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take the banner down—'tis tattered,  
 Broken is its staff and shattered,  
 And the valient hosts are scattered  
 Over whom it floated high.  
 Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,  
 Hard to think there's none to hold it,  
 Hard that those who once unrolled it  
 Now must unfurl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly—  
 Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,  
 And ten thousand wildly, madly,  
 Swore it should forever wave,  
 Swore that foeman's sword could never  
 Hearts like theirs entwined disaveer,  
 Till that flag would float forever  
 O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,  
 And the hearts that fondly clasped it,  
 Cold and dead are lying low:  
 And the banner, it is tralling,  
 While around it sounds the wailing  
 Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it,  
 Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,  
 Weep for those who fell before it,  
 Pardon those who trailed and tore it,  
 And oh! wildly they deplore it,  
 Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,  
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,  
 And 'twill live in song and story,  
 Though its folds are in the dust;  
 For its fame on brightest pages,  
 Penned by poets and by sages,  
 Shall go sounding down the ages,  
 Furl its folds though now we must,  
 Furl that banner, softly, slowly,  
 Treat it gently—it is holy—  
 For it droops above the dead;  
 Touch it not, unfold it never,  
 Let it droop there, furled forever,  
 For its people's hopes are dead.

*SOME WHO HAVE WORKED FOR THE CAUSE.*

J. L. Buford, of Birmingham, Ala., who was a member of the Clayton Guards, First Alabama Regiment, did this clever thing in connection with the Monument Fund: He subscribed \$10 for himself and nine others. One of the contribution books was sent him to insert their names, which he forwarded to his sister Miss Annie E. Buford, of Union Springs, Ala., and she secured twenty names, with \$1 each.

Mrs. R. Y. Porter, of Greenville, Ala., on being applied to, felt discouraged with the prospect, but when a subscription book was sent her, she procured thirty names, with \$30.

Bright little Miss Louise Beverly Sprague, of Mobile, sends nine names with \$1 each.

James Rutherford, of Batesville, Ark., sends in twenty-six names with \$1 each.

James W. Blackmore, of Gallatin, Tenn., thirteen names with as many dollars, which he "gathered up" among his friends.

A good many halves and quarters come from Pratt Mines, Ala.

Miss Jennie Smith, of Blackshear, Ga., sends \$4, with as many names.

In the contribution of Joseph W. Allen, of Nashville, the list includes the name of his son, Lieut. Samuel M. Allen, C. S. A., killed by bushwhackers while on furlough at a friend's house near Memphis, Tenn., March, 1864.

A splendid list will be seen from B. F. Jenkins, President of the Davis Monument Association, Mansfield, La., which aggregates \$107.

J. T. Cornell, of Cairo, Tenn., furnishes twenty-eight names with \$28 to the fund.

W. L. Stephens, Fayette, Miss., sends a batch of names, nearly all for \$1 each. Money forwarded to Richmond.

R. W. Downer sends \$24 from the little old village of Fairview, Ky., where Jefferson Davis was born. If all the other places would do as well in proportion, the South would have a Memorial Temple second to none other on earth.

Col. John George Ryan sends from Chicago five dollar subscriptions, one of which was in the name of his brother, Gen. W. A. C. Ryan, of the United States Army, "who was one of those taken from the steamer *Virginus*, and murdered at Santiago del Cuba, Nov. 4, 1873;" and another for their mother, deceased, who was an admirer of Southern chivalry.

James Coltart, of Hoboken, N. J., sends a contribution of \$5 with three other names of \$1 each.

Maj. John J. Reeve, sends from Henderson, Ky., ten names, including his own, with \$10.

Maj. J. B. Briggs, of the John W. Caldwell Camp, Russellville, Ky., sends \$28, including \$5 for himself, and a similar amount for the gentleman in whose honor the camp is named.

Miss Meta Cooper, of Waxahatchie, Texas, sends a neat little note with ten subscriptions to the Monument, of \$1 each, except that of Joel Cooper, which is for \$2.

Miss Mollie Cunningham, of Waxahatchie, Texas, sends three names with \$1 each.

M. B. Burgwin, Jackson, N. C., sends \$4 with the names of four friends.

Mrs. C. P. Morrow, of Chontean, I. T., sends ten names with as many dollars, including V. Gray, who puts \$2 to her list.

W. P. Renwick, of Monroe, La., writes of the collection of \$64, which has been forwarded to Richmond. He adds: "There is a prevailing notion that it is the duty of the Southern people to build a suitable memorial to the Confederacy through its President, Davis, and a well organized movement will surely succeed."

In a remittance of fifteen dollars, January 2d, from Otis S. Tarver, of the Joe Finnegan Camp, Sanford, Florida, I notice contributions from three little darlings, three, four, and six years. The names are Linda C. Barnes, E. F. Barnes, and Hannah Myerson.

The following list of ladies comprised the general committee of the Chrysanthemum Fair, held at Nashville, Nov. 11, the proceeds of which, when forwarded to Richmond, aggregated \$1,178, the largest sum yet procured, except by the Young Men's Democratic Club of Nashville:

GENERAL COMMITTEE—Mrs. M. B. Pilcher, Chairman; Mesdames M. C. Goodlett, W. J. Wood, Dr. McMurray, Dr. Maney, Burroughs, Locke, Hardison, John Johns, R. R. Pope, J. B. Lindsley, Mary Porter, Jere Baxter, N. Baxter, Sr., Jas. Frazer, Baskerville, E. W. Carnack, Theo. Plummer, R. C. Morris, John Overton, J. M. Dickinson, W. M. Hume, Col. Clark, W. C. Smith, Nat Gooch, H. M. Doak, D. B. Cooper, John Bransford, W. H. Jackson, John W. Thomas, Jr., Thos. Malone, Shade Murray, Thos. Gibson, Will Eastman, J. M. Head, E. W. Cole, S. A. Champion, Norman Farrell, Martha Scruggs, John Hill Eakin, M. A. Spurr, A. J. Warren, Monroe Cheatham, Thos. Weaver, W. G. Bush, Sam'l Keith, Mark Cockrill, Stephen Childress, Robert Riddle, Horton Fall, Edward Buford, Albert Harris, B. B. Allen, Horace Lurton, John Hickman, H. W. Grantland, A. S. Marks, R. H. Dudley, W. L. Wilson, Thos. W. Wrenne, Wm. Duncan, A. W. Wills, V. O. Wardlaw, Mary Robertson, E. H. East, John C. Brown, Graham Horton, Marsh Polk, Julius Sax, Richard Douglas, Ernest Pillow, Isaac Reese, J. P. Drouillard, L. Rosenheim, Morgan Brown, Fannie Cheatham, Callum, T. D. Cridghead, Andrew Marshall, John M. Bass, Richard Cheatham, Jas. E. Caldwell, Wm. Morrow, M. B. Toney, J. C. Warner, J. N. Brooks, E. B. Stahlman, W. H. Mitchell, Ann E. Snyder, Geo. Guild, Mary Paul McGuire, Dr. Baird, Frank Green, M. J. C. Wrenne, W. T. Glasgow, D. C. Scales, Mary Clare, Roger Eastman, Lewis Eastman, Nat Baxter, Robt. Hollins, H. B. Buckner, W. L. Settle, Eugene Criddle, G. P. Rose, Dupree, Harry McAllister, John M. Gaut, Thos. Plater, Van Kirkman, Leslie Warner, Baxter Smith, Alex. Porter, Thos. Kendrick, G. H. Baskette, Robt. Morris, Ida Rutland, Cherry, J. B. O'Bryan, Will Granbery, J. W. Thomas, W. C. Collier, Ross Reno, Mary Hart, J. P. W. Brown, Percy Warner, W. H. Peck, Will Scoggins, Misses Sallie Brown, White May, Mollie Claiborne, Henri Ewing, Nannie Seawell.

Elsewhere reference is made to the Young Men's Democratic Club of Nashville, whose fund is the largest that has ever been secured by any one organization, and to other workers for the cause.

## DEATH OF GEN. STRAHL.

## AN ACCOUNT OF ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS CONNECTED WITH THE WAR.

This sketch of the battle of Franklin, though not intended as an especial tribute to Gen. Strahl, is published in this connection with no greater desire than to honor the memory of that gallant soldier and devout Christian.

The removal of Gen. Johnston and the appointment of Hood to succeed him in command of the Army of Tennessee, was an astounding event. So devoted to Johnston were his men that the presence and immediate command of Gen. Lee would not have been accepted without complaint. They were so satisfied that even in retreat they did not lose their faith in ultimate success. They were not reconciled to the change until the day before the battle of Franklin. The successful crossing of Duck River that morning at an early hour, and the march to Spring Hill, where the Federal retreat was so nearly cut off (a failure for which it was understood Gen. Hood was not to blame), created an enthusiasm for him equal to that entertained for Stonewall Jackson after his extraordinary achievements. That night the extensive valley east of Spring Hill was lighted up by our thousands of camp fires, in plain view of, and close proximity to, the retreating lines of the enemy. The next morning, as we marched in quick time toward Franklin, we were confirmed in our impressions of Federal alarm. I counted on the way thirty-four wagons that had been abandoned on the smooth turnpike. In some instances whole teams of mules had been killed to prevent their capture. A few miles south of Franklin the Federal lines of infantry were deployed, and our progress was checked; but we pressed them without delay until they retired behind the outer works about the town. Soon after they withdrew from the range of hills south, overlooking the place, and we were advanced to its crest. I happened, though in the line of battle (as I was "right guide" to my regiment), to be close to where Gen. Hood halted his staff and rode alone to the top of the hill, and with his field glasses surveyed the situation. It was an extraordinary moment. Those of us who were near could see, as private soldiers rarely did, the position of both armies. Although Franklin was some two miles in the distance, the plain presented a scene of great commotion. But I was absorbed in the one man whose mind was deciding the fate of thousands. With an arm and a leg in the grave, and with the consciousness that he had not until within a couple of days won the confidence which his army had in his predecessor, he had now a very trying ordeal to pass through. It was all-important to act, if at all, at once. He rode to Stephen D. Lee, the nearest of his subordinate generals, and, shaking hands with him cordially, announced his decision to make an immediate charge.

No event of the war perhaps showed a scene equal to this. The range of hills upon which we formed offered the best view of the battlefield, with but little exposure to danger, and there were hundreds collected there as spectators. Our ranks were being extended rapidly to the right and left. In Franklin there was the utmost confusion. The enemy was greatly excited. We could see them running to and fro. Wagon-trains were being pressed across the Harpeth river, and on toward Nashville. Gen. Loring, of Cleburne's division, made a speech to his men. Our Brigadier-General Strahl was quiet, and there was an expression of sadness on his face. The soldiers were full of ardor, and confident of success. They had unbounded faith in Gen. Hood, whom they believed would achieve a victory that would give us Nashville. Such was the spirit of the army as the signal was given which set it in motion. Our generals were ready, and some of them rode in front of our main line. With a quick step, we moved forward to the sound of stirring music. This is the only battle that I was in, and they were many, where bands of music were used. I was right guide to the Forty-first Tennessee, marching four paces to the front I had an opportunity of viewing my comrades, and I well remember the look of determination that was on every face. Our bold movement caused the enemy to give up, without much firing, its advanced line. As they fell back at double-quick, our men rushed forward, even though they had to face the grim line of breastworks just at the edge of the town.

Before we were in proper distance for small arms, the artillery opened on both sides. Our guns, firing over our heads from the hills in the rear, used ammunition without stint, while the enemy's batteries were at constant play upon our lines. When they withdrew to their main line of works, it was as one even plain for a mile. About fifty yards in front of their breastworks, we came in contact with formidable *chevaux de frise*, over or through which it was very difficult to pass. Why half of us were not killed, yet remains a mystery; for after moving forward so great a distance, all the time under fire, the detention, immediately in their front, gave them a very great advantage. We arrived at the works, and some of our men after a club fight at the trenches, got over. The colors of my regiment were carried inside, and when the arm that held them was shot off, they fell to the ground and remained until morning. Cleburne's men dashed at the works, but their gallant leader was shot dead, and they gave way, so that the enemy remained on our flank, and kept up constant enfilading fire.

Our left also failed to hold the works, and for a short distance we remained and fought until the ditch was almost full of dead men. Night came on soon after the hard fighting began, and we fired at the flash of each other's guns. Holding the enemy's lines, as we continued to do on this part of them, we were terribly massacred by the enfilade firing. The works were so high that those who fired the guns were obliged to get a footing in the embankment, exposing themselves in addition to their flank, to a fire by

men in houses. One especially severe was that from Mr. Carter's, immediately in my front. I was near Gen. Strahl, who stood in the ditch, and handed up guns to those posted to fire them. I had passed to him my short Enfield (noted in the regiment) about the sixth time. The man who had been firing cocked it and was taking deliberate aim, when he was shot and tumbled down dead into the ditch upon those killed before him. When the men so exposed were shot down, their places were supplied by volunteers until these were exhausted, and it was necessary for Gen. Strahl to call upon others. He turned to me, and though I was several feet back from the ditch, I rose up immediately, and walking over the wounded and dead, took position with one foot upon the pile of bodies of my dead fellows, and the other in the embankment, and fired guns which the General himself handed up to me until he, too, was shot down. One other man had had position on my right, and assisted in the firing. The battle lasted until not an efficient man was left between us and the Columbia Pike, about fifty yards to our right, and hardly enough behind us to hand up the guns. We could not hold out much longer, for indeed, but few of us were then left alive. It seemed as if we had no choice but to surrender or try to get away, and when I asked the General for counsel, he simply answered, "Keep firing." But just as the man to my right was shot, and fell against me with terrible groans, Gen. Strahl was shot. He threw up his hands, falling on his face, and I thought him dead, but in asking the dying man, who still lay against my shoulder as he sank forever, how he was wounded, the General, who had not been killed, thinking my question was to him, raised up saying that he was shot in the neck, and called for Col. Stafford to turn over his command. He crawled over the dead, the ditch being three deep, about twenty feet to where Col. Stafford was. His staff officers started to carry him to the rear, but he received another shot, and directly the third, which killed him instantly. Col. Stafford was dead in the pile, as the morning light disclosed, with his feet wedged in at the bottom, with other dead across and under him after he fell, leaving his body half standing as if ready to give command to the dead!

By that time but a handful of us were left on that part of the line, and as I was sure that our condition was not known, I ran to the rear to report to Gen. John C. Brown, commanding the division. I met Major Hampton of his staff, who told me that Gen. Brown was wounded, and that Gen. Strahl was in command. This assured me that those in command did not know the real situation, so I went on the hunt for General Cheatham. By and by relief was sent to the front. This done, nature gave way. My shoulder was black with bruises from firing, and it seemed that no moisture was left in my system. Utterly exhausted, I sank upon the ground and tried to sleep. The battle was over, and I could do no more; but animated still with concern for the fate of comrades, I returned to the awful spectacle in search of some who year after year had been at my side. Ah, the loyalty of faithful comrades in such a struggle!

*WELCOME TO VETERANS AT FORT SMITH.*

Editor Williams, of the Fort Smith, Ark., *Times*, gave out this welcome at the late reunion of that city:

Welcome, Veterans! United Confederate Veterans, welcome!

Thrice welcome, seven times welcome—yea, a thousand times welcome to the Border City.

We are of you and with you, and God being our helper, we shall stand by you.

The political questions that made it necessary for the Southern soldier to prove himself worthy of the name and fame of his patriotic ancestry were settled in a soldierly way, and when settled, were settled forever: and that settlement was the deliverance we celebrate.

Your four years of service under the stars and bars shed new luster upon our common country; and whether on the driven march or in the tented field, in the hour of victory or in sore defeat, your record adds new splendor to American history.

The Southern soldier challenges the world for a nobler achievement upon the battlefield. Oak Hills and Elk Horn, Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove, Poison Springs and the Post of Arkansas—fields of carnage made sacred by the blood of as brave a soldier as ever dealt death at Thermopylae, or bore a polished spear for Sparta.

Back in the homes you fought for were the trembling hands that blessed your heads, the motherly lips that bade you be brave and trust in heaven, the loving arms and tearful eyes that told you to do your duty and leave the rest to God.

How nobly you did that duty all the world knows. In marble and bronze posterity shall read it, and tongues tipped with fire from the altar of all that is pure and holy, shall tell it to the ages to come, and when the everlasting stream of time shall reach the great ocean of eternity's wealth, the character of the Southern soldier will tower grandly above all that finds lodgement there.

In the days of your youthful vigor, when the eye was clear and the sinews strong and supple, with swelling hearts and blushing pride you donned the sombre gray. In your later years you have put on another gray of whiter hue. Worn and weary the world bears heavily on you. Bent and tired you pick your doubtful way. No grateful government helps to bear your burden. No monthly pension aids your tottering steps. No place of profit is set apart for your easement. No exemption from the general load is yours. But you have the proud consciousness of duty nobly done, and the blessings of that line of patriots of which Washington was one, Jeff Davis another, and Lee and Jackson a sainted two.

The divine right of kings passed away with cruel despotism, but the divine blood of American patriots flows on forever, and you, Confederate Veterans, are in the line of noble succession; and all the winds and all the waters of this wicked world cannot deprive you of one atom of your glorious heritage.

By the quips of fortune, and the love that lingers one for another of those who worshipped at a common shrine and resigned themselves to a common sorrow, you have come together in our city, in the name of whose people of all creeds we welcome you. In their business and social relations the people of Fort Smith know neither politics nor religion, but in their love of

country they believe the cause of good government . . . best subserved where the people worship according to the dictates of their conscience, and celebrate freely the anniversaries of the days they love. Sin lies not in pleasure but in excess. Fort Smith swings all her gates open to you. On the vine there is yet a cluster, and on the fig tree still hangs some luscious fruit. Make yourselves comfortable. Be free and easy; and if in need of help sound the reveille—a city is at your service.

*KENTUCKY STATE GUARD WAR SONG.*

Bring forth the flag, Kentucky's noble standard,  
Wave it on high till the wind shakes each fold out;  
Ere it falls, let it float, nobly waving in the van-guard,  
Then cheer up, boys, cheer, with a lusty, long bold shout.

CHOIRS:

Cheer, boys, cheer, we'll march away to battle—  
Cheer, boys, cheer, for our sweethearts and our wives—  
Cheer, boys, cheer, we'll nobly do our duty,  
And give Kentucky our hearts, our arms, our lives.

Although we march with heads all lowly bending,  
Let us implore a blessing from on high;  
Our cause is just, the right from wrong defending,  
And the God of battles will listen to our cry.—CHO.

Though to our homes we never may return,  
Ne'er press again our loved ones in our arms—  
O'er our lone graves their faithful hearts will mourn,  
Then cheer up, boys, cheer, such death has no alarms.—CHO.

See, boys, see, the thunder clouds before us,  
Hear the loud crash of musketry and gun—  
Bring forth the flag and proudly wave it o'er us—  
Then cheer up, boys, cheer, for the victory is won.—CHO.

NOTE.—Sung in the "Camps" of the First Kentucky Brigade Infantry during the war, 1861-65, and since reprinted for Charles Herbst who was of the Second Kentucky Infantry.

*MRS. M. D. BIBB'S APPEAL.*

The Ladies' Memorial Association, which rocked the cradle of the Confederacy at Montgomery, and has ever maintained an active life, has had two Presidents—the late venerable widow of Judge Benajah Bibb, and their daughter, Mrs. M. D. Bibb, a worthy successor. The latter, in connection with a programme for an entertainment in behalf of the Davis Monument, wrote:

We earnestly appeal to the patriotic people of the city and country, old men and matrons, young men and maidens, to unite with us in rendering this occasion a most brilliant success. Surely a cause which called into action all that was noble in human nature, lofty patriotism and sublime courage, self-sacrificing devotion and heroic endurance, commands the grateful homage of every Southern heart. Could we make a more fitting offering than to build a monument to the illustrious chieftain, in whom was concentrated all these virtues, and who was made a vicarious sacrifice upon the altar of the Confederacy?

We trust that Montgomery, the first capital of the nation whose brief existence fills the most brilliant and pathetic page in history, will prove true to her noble birthright, and render tribute to the hero and statesman, whom the world will yet claim as one of the grandest and best of the sons of men.

May we not hope that the gallant men and noble women of our city will supplement the efforts of the Ladies' Memorial Association in making an offering worthy of a cause so great, by their generous patronage and cheering presence.

# Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

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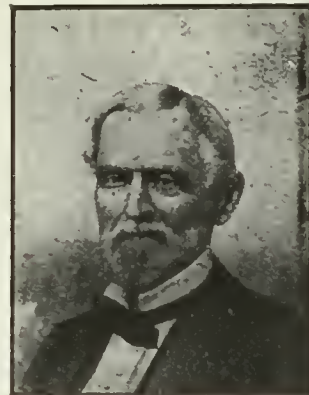
Vol. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1893.

No. 2.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
Editor and Manager.

THIS journal will interest you. Its merit and need are set forth on pages 36-38. Join the throng. Subscribe for it at once. Advertise through the South in it at \$1 an inch, one and two issues free for six and twelve months. Get your home paper to review it. Furnish data for publication in short, true stories, humorous as well as tragic. Write of the Davis Monument, Confederate Homes and Cemeteries.



## BUILD THE MONUMENT.

Build up a shaft to Davis! Let it tower to the skies.  
Let those who fell in battle see the stately column rise.

'T will represent the cause they loved, the cause  
they died to save,  
And shadow forth our deep respect for every sol-  
dier's grave.

For right or wrong, our brethren fell on every  
bloody field,  
They thought the cause they loved was just, and  
feeling so, to yield  
Were baser than all baseless is, and greater to be  
feared  
Than all the guns that ever roared since heaven's  
light appeared.

For Davis neither better was nor worse than those  
he led;  
He simply represented all we did, or thought, or  
said.

He was the chieftain of our State, the leader of our  
band,  
Duly chosen from amongst us, to assume and give  
command.

He erred? It was but human. Which of us that  
has not erred?  
When we made him chief in power, we assumed  
his every word.

So far as it had bearing on the common cause, we  
knew;  
And all his acts as chief of State were ordered in  
our view.

He failed to win the aim he sought? Why 't was  
the State that failed.  
They thrust him into dungeons—every man he led  
was jailed.

The irons that upon his weak and wasted limbs he  
wore  
Were those that as their chief of State he for his  
people bore.

The criticism and abuse he silently endured,  
Were only of the nature that his chieftaincy  
insured.

And shall we now forget the men who suffered in  
our stead?  
Curs'd be the craven spirit who deserts his household  
dead!

We yet are in our father's house; we love our  
country's flag.  
Long may its folds unchallenged fly on sea and  
mountain crag!

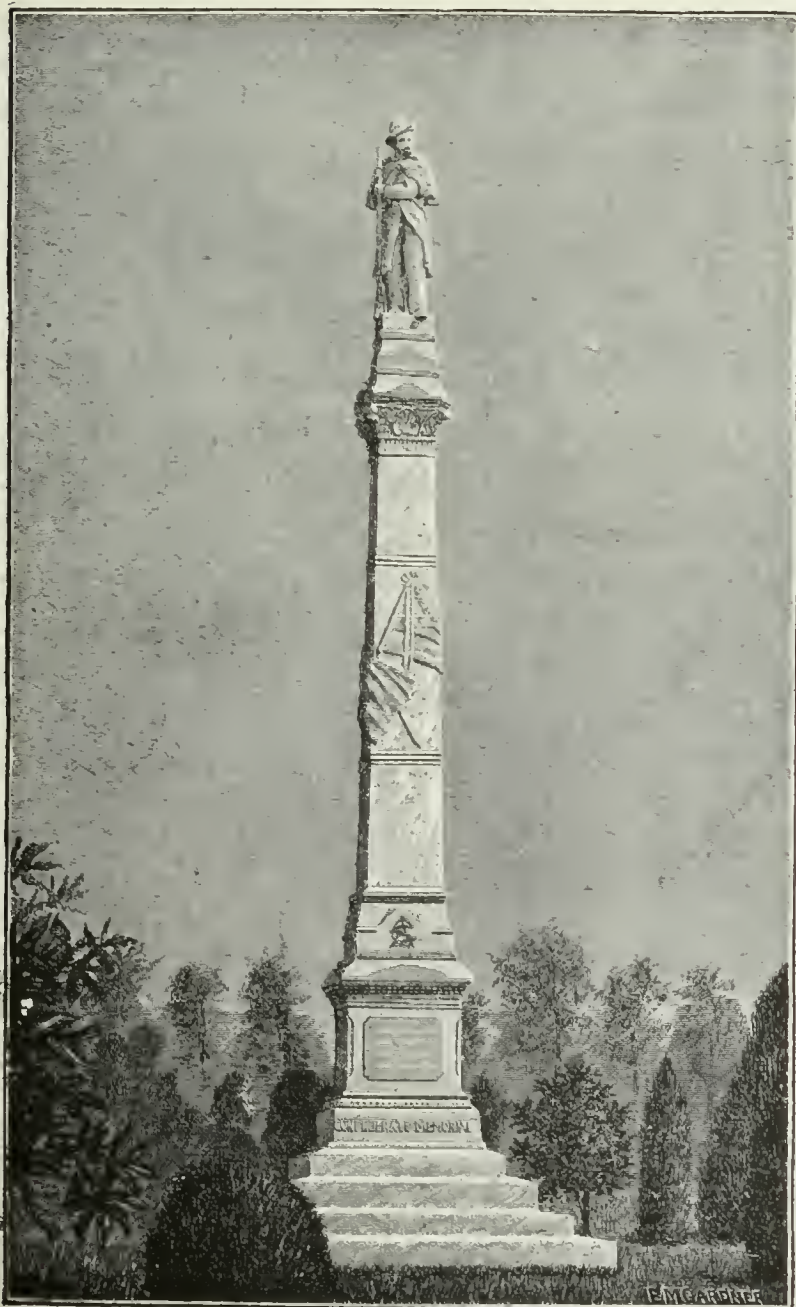
Long may Columbia's gonfalon float proudly to the  
breeze!  
And let no man with angry hand the sacred em-  
blem seize.

But let us grieve over every wound wherein our  
country bled.  
We love the brave of every faith; we mourn our  
gallant dead.

Secure against fraternal hate they sleep beneath the  
sod,  
The Lord of Hosts hath summoned them. Their  
fame is safe with God.

WILLIAM C. FORSEE.

Kansas City, Mo.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT NASHVILLE, TENN. SEE PAGE 62.

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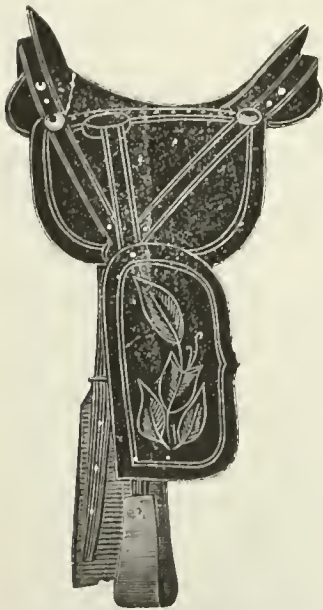
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# Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

PRICE 5 CENTS.  
YEARLY 50 CENTS. }

Vol. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1893.

No. 2.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.

Entered at the Postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.  
Special club rates to the Press and to Camps—25 copies \$10.

An extra copy sent to each person who sends six subscriptions.

Advertisements: One dollar per inch one time, or \$10 a year, except last page; \$25 a page. Discount: Half year, one-eighth; one year, one-fourth.

YOUR attention! This second number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN greets many new readers. Hundreds of subscriptions have been given upon the splendid reputation given it by patriotic people who saw the first issue. See the testimonials on pages 36-38, inclusive, and elsewhere. It is a most remarkable record. If you favor the sentiments expressed, and the little journal entertains you, won't you be practical and pay a half-dollar for it? Some fellow journalists are so anxious for its success they have subscribed. The metropolitan papers have reviewed it generously.

Personal friends should not expect the compliment of a specimen copy repeated. On seeing how zealous strangers are, surely you will have the courtesy to acknowledge receipt of copy, if no more. The publication is the sole property of S. A. Cunningham. His engagement on salary as general agent for the Davis Monument Fund ended, according to previous agreement, with January, but he expects to bend every nerve, just the same, until the great work is completed.

There are only two sources of revenue to the publication, subscriptions and advertisements. It is the cheapest first-class publication in America. Anybody can afford to take it. If every zealous friend would solicit advertising from people who want to reach every part of the South, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN would at once become one of the most prosperous publications in existence. One dollar pays for an inch space. Please be diligent to secure subscriptions and advertisements, by commending it upon its merits only.

Contributors to the monument fund are certainly friendly to this enterprise, and deserve complimentary subscriptions, but it must work its own way, and their co-operation is earnestly solicited.

In the next issue it is designed to use some attractive illustrations. Let comrades furnish, briefly as possible, humorous reminiscences. Let us live over again the incidents that gave sunshine on dark days.

WHATEVER may be desirable to put before representative people of the entire South and our people elsewhere may be printed advantageously in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

THE personal relations between Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens having never been well understood, even in the South, the writer once on a visit to Beauvoir expressed a desire for information in regard to it. Mr. Davis replied cordially by relating an amusing incident: A prisoner at Andersonville had written Mr. Stephens, expressing a conviction that he had conceived a plan whereby the war might be speedily terminated, giving to the South her independence. Mr. Stephens was so impressed that he wrote Mr. Davis, requesting that the man be given his liberty, whereby such conception might be considered in official council; and not having received a reply to his letter, Mr. Stephens wrote a complaint in angered spirit some weeks afterwards. Mr. Davis replied that he had delayed answering the letter in order to investigate the reputation of the prisoner, and ascertained that there was no reason why importance should be given any theory of his; and, moreover, that he was already dead. This is the only unpleasant thing that ever occurred between them of a personal nature.

WHAT an extraordinary man was Alexander H. Stephens! His physical debility intensified interest in him. Late in life he told me that he hardly remembered the time when he expected to live longer than two years. Frail as he was, however, and poor at the start,—his education having been furnished on credit,—he possessed a *will power* and mental acuteness that enabled him to rise out of poverty to affluence and to eminence. During about half of his life, of three score and ten years, he was in public service as state and national legislator, as Vice President of the Confederate States, and, last of all, as Governor of Georgia, in which commonwealth he was born and died.

Mr. Stephens educated about fifty young men before the war and half as many after it. His general career is well known history. When I first met him, a few years before his death, he was at Catoosa Springs, near Tunnel Hill, Ga. I had gone there to confer with him about his contemplated visit to Chattanooga, where preparations had been made to give him a grand reception. He had abandoned the trip because the wife of his favorite nephew, John A. Stephens, had sprained her ankle, and an old black woman at Crawfordville, formerly his slave, had a lawsuit and no money to employ a lawyer. To get home and plead her

cause, his decision was irrevokable about going home on the afternoon of the next day. He was induced, however, to go into Chattanooga in the forenoon, accept the hospitality of the city, and take the evening train for Crawfordville, which he did. There were thousands of people to greet him, but no persuasion could induce him to neglect the lawsuit, and he went home as he had planned.

Chatting with him one day, I expressed surprise that he opposed Greeley so persistently for the Presidency, when it was indirectly advancing the claims of General Grant, who it seemed might have exercised better influence for the South as President. He became animated in praising Grant, and then, changing the subject suddenly, he asked if I had read the life of his brother, Linton Stephens. "Nay" being the answer, he rolled his chair—he could not walk in his later years—to a table in his room covered with slips of white paper, and told his black servant, "Alex," to get him a postal card, across the address side of which he wrote an order to his publishers in Atlanta, which I was to *carry in person* the next day for a copy of the book. Amused at his using the postal card in such a way, and wishing his autograph, I remarked that I would show them the order, but would like to retain it. "Well," he exclaimed, "if you wish to do that, I will try and write it better!" and he so defaced another postal, both of which are still preserved. The last time I saw this able patriot and statesman was a few nights before his death. He had gone to bed, and received me in his chamber at the Executive Mansion, Atlanta. He was almost half sitting, propped by great pillows under shoulders and head. The picture of snow white linen and the pale, emaciated face which gave a contrast to the large black eyes, is indelible. Although not safe in party loyalty, his wisdom and personal integrity created and maintained for him a reputation that will be augmented as it is reproduced in the lives of great men. One of his last acts as Governor was the pardon of a noted criminal, and in reply to a criticism by a prominent New Yorker, who concluded his letter, "I did so admire you once; why have you done this senseless, evil thing?" he wrote: "Of one thing you may be assured: my act in the matter meets with the full approval of my own conscience." It is my fortune to have in part the diary of his prison life at Fort Warren, and a part of it may be expected in the next CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

This pathetic incident is recalled in connection with Gen. Frank Cheatham: He was always extremely popular with the soldiers. While many a private was repelled by the austere manner of his colonel or brigadier, he would apply to "Mars Frank" for relief against any grievance, assured of immediate attention. For instance, if rations were short, upon the simple

statement from a boy soldier, as the general was riding by, he would give the commissary notice that such must not occur again when possible to avoid it.

On Hood's march into Tennessee, Cheatham was commander of a corps, and yet he was general wagon-master of his command whenever trouble occurred with the train. As the army passed down Sand Mountain, some of the wagons had mired in the valley ahead. The general was making his way down the steep mountain in the darkness, where the men were piled in the roadway asleep. Working his way on patiently for some time, and feeling that he must go on, he exclaimed, "D—n it, boys, you know I don't want to ride over you!"

THE late Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar was one of the most remarkable men that the South ever produced. He commanded not only the respect, but the esteem, of the North. His thrilling oratory and his undaunted courage were leading characteristics. A Republican journalist wrote: "I was anxious to know something of his experiences when the diplomatic agent of the Southern Confederacy sought the aid of France and England. He chatted pleasantly on this phase of his career, and among other things said: 'We lost our cause, but we won the respect of the world by our courage, our endurance, and our devotion. Europe had long regarded the Southerners, I think, as a lot of braggarts. We had talked and threatened much. When the war came we were equal to it. We made a proud name for ourselves, and I can honestly say that I would rather be where we are to-day, with an unexampled record, than to be back where we were before the war, with our slaves.'"

While he was a Senator, in a discussion of the pension arrears bill, Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, offered a proviso that "no pension should ever be paid to Jefferson Davis." Mr. Lamar indignantly resented the insult, and, after being called to order, said: "Now, sir, I do not wish to make any remarks here that will engender any excitement or discussion, but I say that the Senator from Massachusetts connected that name with treason. We all know that the results of the war have attached to the people of the South the technical crime of rebellion, and we submit to it, but that was not the sense in which the gentleman used that term as applied to Mr. Davis. He intended to allix—I will not say he intended, but the inevitable effect of it was to affix upon this aged man, this man broken in fortune, suffering from bereavement—an epithet of odium and imputation of moral turpitude. Sir, it required no courage to do that; it required no magnanimity to do it; it required no courtesy; it only required hate, bitter, malignant, sectional feeling, and a sense of personal impunity. The gentleman, I believe, takes rank among Christian statesmen. He might have learned a better lesson, even from the pages of mythology.

When Prometheus was bound to the rock it was not an eagle—it was a vulture—that buried his beak in the tortured vitals of the victim.”

MRS. V. JEFFERSON DAVIS in her *Memoirs* gives an interesting sketch of the Howell family. Her grandfather, Maj. Richard Howell, fought in the battles of the Revolution. He helped to destroy tea landed by the “Greyhound” at Greenwich, N. J., in November, 1774. In 1775 he was captain of a company. In 1776 he was promoted to major, and commanded his battalion in several successful engagements. He had a furlough to go, and was in the act of starting, to see his twin brother, Surgeon Lewis Howell, who was dying, the day before the battle of Monmouth, but waited and went into the engagement as a private in citizens clothes. Gen. Washington commended him for his personal sacrifice. Having waited for the battle, he never saw his brother alive any more.

In 1788 Maj. Howell was appointed Clerk of the Supreme Court, which position he held until his election as Governor of New Jersey, and was continued for eight years, when he declined to be a candidate on account of impaired health. He died in 1802. His daughter Sarah was one of the dozen young ladies selected to scatter flowers in Washington’s path at Trenton bridge.

Mrs. Davis’ father, William Burr Howell, fourth son of Gov. Howell, was appointed an officer in the Marine Corps, and served under Commodore Decatur in the War of 1812. In a close engagement his seat—a stool—was shot from under him, and another ball knocked from his grasp a tin-cup of water. He was commended in orders three times for gallantry in action. After the war was over, in 1815, he went down the Mississippi in a flatboat to Natchez. He met and became intimate with Joseph E. Davis, brother of Jefferson Davis. In 1823 Mr. Howell married Miss Margaret Louisa Kempe. Joseph Davis acted as groomsmen, and the first child born to the couple was named Joseph Davis. “Thus the intimacy grew apace and ripened into three intermarriages in three generations.”

Mr. and Mrs. Howell and their friend, Joseph E. Davis, went on a long journey to the North in 1825, and they together visited Mr. Davis’ “little brother” (Jefferson Davis) at West Point on the trip. Her father referred to him afterward as a “promising youth,” and her mother spoke of “his open, bright expression,” in a letter that was preserved.

During his cadetship young Davis and a school companion went off on a little frolic without leave, and, hearing that one of the instructors was going to where they were, they started back by a near cut to the academy, when young Davis fell over an embankment, a distance of about sixty feet, but happily he caught at a stunted tree, which broke the force of the fall. His companion, greatly distressed, leaned over the preci-

piece and inquired, “Jeff, are you dead?” It was almost a fatal fall, and he was expected to die for weeks afterward. In this connection another story is told of Cadet Davis. One of the professors, who disliked him, was delivering a lecture one day upon the value to a soldier in having presence of mind under trial. He looked at young Davis significantly. A few days afterward when the large class was being taught how to make fire-balls in a room full of explosives, one of them caught on fire. Instantly the uncongenial professor said, “Run for your lives!” and then did so himself. Young Davis instead threw it out of the window, thus saving the building and many lives. The modesty of the author deprives the interesting history of a full subsequent account of the Howell family as the public deserves. She supplemented the Howell name by becoming the wife of Jefferson Davis, February 26, 1845.

#### *SPIRIT OF APPEAL FOR THE DAVIS MEMORIAL.*

In an address to the Southern people, this committee has ratified the preference expressed by Mrs. Davis for Richmond, Va., as the proper site for such memorial. It has determined that not less than \$250,000 shall be raised for that purpose, and that there shall be an organization in every state in the South, through which the offerings of the people may flow to the accomplishment of this patriotic and pious work. Continuing its appeal the committee say:

“This money will be raised speedily. This monument will rise, and soon, to be an everlasting memorial, not only to the patriot and statesman who purely and bravely led your fortunes in the times that wrung your souls, but of the ineffable valor and devotion of the most heroic soldiery which the world ever saw, whom he typified while he commanded.

“No other hands than ours can be relied upon to put stones upon this pile. Our own hard-earned mite must mainly accomplish its rearing. Our own sweat must chiefly stream upon its uplifting.

“If our poverty has been and continues to be great, it has at least made us rich in love for each other. If our lives have been one long tale of sacrifice, and threaten more, the most willing of those to come must be that one which will keep green forever the memories of our loved land and of our dead brothers.

“Love and self-sacrifice build more monuments than money ever did or ever will, and we now gladly and confidently bid you to illustrate it. The men and the women who fought for the Confederacy and their descendants, must quarry this monument out of their heart’s blood if need be. It were best in every case that they should. There is not a discordant element anywhere. Let us all be at work!

“All remittances for this purpose should be made to John S. Ellett, President of the State Bank at Richmond, Va., who is the bonded Treasurer of the general organization.”

THANKS to Dr. D. M. Goodner, of Fayetteville, Tenn., for efficient service to solicitor for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

## FRIENDLY TO THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

NOTES FROM THE MULTITUDE OF KIND THINGS WRITTEN AND PRINTED.

George F. Miller, Indianapolis, Ind., "read it with much pleasure," and sends two subscriptions.

H. B. Stoddard, Adjutant General Texas Division, U. C. V., Bryan: "Will send you a few subscribers; it fills a long felt want."

Otis S. Traver, Sanford, Fla.: "Inclosed I send four subscriptions. Keep me posted as to what I can do for you, and I will do it."

In sending four subscriptions, Mrs. Joseph W. Allen, of Nashville, says: "You ought to, and I hope will, have one hundred thousand subscribers."

Richard T. Burges, Esq., El Paso, Tex., sends his subscription, "without waiting on a friend who is getting up a list," for fear he may miss a number.

Mrs. J. N. B., Fredericksburg, Va.: "I have read your valuable little magazine with great pleasure. I will take it around our city and solicit subscribers."

R. H. Dykers, Waynesville, N. C.: "I am glad to see the flame of our sacred altars is burning so brightly, and hope that it will warm our hearts to great endeavors."

F. O'Brien, Berwick, La.: "Inclosed I send \$2, for four subscriptions. The want of just such a paper has long been felt. Will bring the matter before our Camp at next meeting."

Dr. J. P. Cannon, of McKenzie, Tenn., says: "We must make the VETERAN a success; we need such a paper, and I am glad you have undertaken the task of giving a good, cheap paper."

Col. John G. Ryan, Chicago, Ill.: "It reflects great credit. I send 'the widow's mite.' Send a few sample copies. When I see any of the 'old Confed.' boys, will call attention to their duty."

K. F. Peddicord, Vice President First District Ex-Confederate Association of Missouri: "Have just received copy of CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and am pleased with it; inclosed find three subscriptions."

Mrs. P. P. H., Pewee Valley, Ky.: "You certainly deserve the co-operation of everybody in the South. Send me two or three extra copies, and I will do my best to get you as many subscribers as I can."

James G. Holmes, Charleston, S. C.: "Herewith find a list of fourteen subscribers, with New York exchange. A copy of your excellent paper came to my hand accidentally, and after reading it I determined to subscribe and aid you by obtaining others."

Gen. G. P. Thruston, of Nashville, Tenn., who was Chief of Staff to Gen. Rosecrans, and was afterward with Gen. George H. Thomas, on the Union side: "I have read the VETERAN. It tells its story in a kind, fraternal spirit. Inclosed find amount of the subscription."

Dr. J. Wm. Jones, Atlanta, Ga.: "I regard the first issue as an admirable one. \* \* \* I have every reason to believe that you will make the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a valuable medium of communication between Confederate Camps, a pleasant reminder of old scenes and memories, a valuable historic record of the brave old days of '61-'65. Whatever I can do to help you shall be freely done."

In sending subscriptions for himself and the Confederate Veteran Camp, of New York, Maj. Edward Owen says: "It is a very good and useful paper to Confederates."

Dr. W. N. Cunningham, Mansfield, La.: "As an evidence of my appreciation of your enterprise, and my desire for its success, I send five dollars, for which send three copies to the persons named, and the others to our Camp. I want these for veterans who are unable to subscribe."

Gen. John Boyd, Lexington, Ky.: "I am very much pleased with the VETERAN, and, as the subscription is so low, no Confederate soldier should be without it. I hope to see the day that it will be like '—bitters—everybody takes it.' Inclosed find three subscriptions. I will do what I can for you."

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Agricultural College, Miss.: "I like it very much. The lack of such a journal has been long felt among old Confederates; such a means of communication is absolutely necessary. I inclose my subscription; and whenever I can help you, call on me, and I will do all in my power."

A prominent Veteran, Washington City: "I read every word in the January number, and can only say if subsequent publications equal it the paper will succeed on its own merits. Individual canvassers will not be needed. I predict for it a successful future, and will give it a good word with Confederates here. I hope it will take and hold a high standard."

Dr. W. M. Yandell, El Paso, Texas, February 1: "I enclose postal order for ten dollars to pay for enclosed list of twenty names. Hope to get you more next week. Send me ten copies of same to use in getting you ten more subscribers. Your first issue is splendid and worth more than the subscription for a year. I went out in the 'Orphan Brigade.' You shall have half a dollar for each subscriber—I don't want twenty-five for ten dollars."

Of the many letters sent with clubs here is one from W. D. Matthews, Jacksonville, Fla.: "I was so pleased with it that I thought I would get you a number of subscribers. After securing some I concluded to get one hundred, so we might have the benefit of a column for our Camp as you propose." Then he adds: "You need make no apology for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I have heard nothing but praise of this initial number."

Gen. George Moorman, of New Orleans, who has done much more than any other man to organize the United Confederate Veterans' Brotherhood, writes: "You have greatly exceeded my expectations in the elegant and complete paper you have issued. So far it is the best Confederate paper I have seen since the war. It does great credit to your patience and ability and I hope your efforts will be crowned with complete success."

M. S. Kahle, Cleburne, Texas, February 2d: "Capt. O. T. Plummer of our Camp handed me a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Its caption struck my heart and I immediately went to work. You are in a noble cause, a glorious work which will be felt in every Camp organization in our Sunny South. I have read it through and through and it has given me entire satisfaction. It will be a welcome visitor to my house, yea, thrice welcome. Find enclosed a list of twenty-five subscribers for your noble paper."

Mrs. M. D. B., Montgomery, Ala.: "Its bright face and cheering words betoken the success it so richly deserves. It has a noble mission to perform in educating the youth of our land to revere the memory and emulate the virtues of men whose self-sacrificing devotion to the nation which rose so fair and fell without a stain, commands the admiration of the world. \* \* \* I inclose two subscriptions."

Rev. John R. Deering, now of Kentucky, who served in the Twelfth Mississippi Infantry, Army Northern Virginia, sends this letter:

VERSAILLES, KY., January 20, 1893.

"This is to thank you for the first issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and to approve and praise you for the noble undertaking. You deserve and will have the gratitude of every old soldier of the South, and that of their wives, mothers, sisters, and children. The VETERAN is appreciated as a tribute to the valor of the living and as an evidence of the enduring affection in which we hold our dead. It is valuable as an organ for encouragement and unification of our people in their great and sacred memorial work. It will inspire general effort and promote worthy and harmonious co-operation. The monument at Richmond should represent Mr. Davis as he represented our cause. I wish that it could be as magnificent as the courage of the men who fought for it, and as enduring as the devotion of the women who suffered with them. Ah! gold is not good enough where love and tears and blood were shed so lavishly. No man who knows what that memorial will stand for, or cares for its impressions upon the coming generations, would consider a million of money too much to erect and protect it. Let it be like the heroism and suffering it recalls—the wonder and admiration of men!

"Inclosed find a club of six subscribers to the VETERAN, with check. Wishing you all the success you deserve, and holding myself ready to aid as I can, I am yours in the strongest bonds."

[The Nashville American.]

There is no page in the history of any people which should arouse deeper sentiments of love for its heroes and admiration for their sacrifices than should the memories of the lost cause inspire in the hearts of the southern people for those who dedicated themselves to its service. This feeling is strongly entrenched in the southern breast, yet it should be brought more to the surface, that it may not possibly grow less. A good publication has been needed to keep in activity these patriotic memories. This want is now supplied by a monthly publication entitled the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, and edited by Mr. S. A. Cunningham. The first number has just been issued, and contains thirty-two pages replete with interesting articles, notes and memories pertaining to the great civil war. It is published in the interest of veterans in general and kindred topics, and is intended as an organ of communication between Confederate soldiers and those who are interested in them and their affairs, and its purpose is to furnish a volume of information which will be acceptable to the public, even to those who fought on the other side. Its price is fifty cents per annum. Its wide circulation will greatly promote the laudable objects of its publication. The first issue has not a page which does not contain interesting matter for the perusal of all Confederate veterans and the southern people generally.

From the current issue it appears that the sum of \$250,000 is wanted to erect a monument to Jefferson Davis at Richmond, Va. Commenting upon this subject the VETERAN says proud patriots ask this much. In our National Capital there is an equestrian bronze statue at nearly every turn to some hero of the war, but none of them are for our side. We should not lag behind in a matter which pertains so strongly to our patriotism and glory. Twice the above sum has been raised at the North for one individual monument. New Orleans has erected \$150,000 worth of Confederate monuments, and Richmond near that amount. The entire South should not hesitate in an undertaking to cost only \$250,000.

We bespeak for the new publication the hearty support of the public. Its object appeals to our patriotism, to our glory, to our love for the memory of those who sacrificed their lives upon the altar of country, and to our respect for our chosen Chieftain, a pure type of heroic southern manhood, of whom it may be truly said, that under the direst trial, and when in captivity, his proud spirit was as undaunted as when in supreme authority at his Capital, and that the honor and dignity of his country, entrusted to his keeping, had a noble custodian and defender.

Mr. Cunningham, the editor of the VETERAN, is zealously interested in the general purposes of the publication, and public support rendered him will be worthily bestowed.

[The Nashville Mirror.]

It seems fitting that so great a number of "true and tried" men as comprise the Confederate veterans of to-day should have an organ through which information may be conveyed to every section. That need seems to have been met in a practical way by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, as edited by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, whose initial signature, "S. A. C.," has been well known and popular in *The Daily American* for several years. Mr. Cunningham's service as general agent of the Davis Monument Fund for more than a year has given him a thorough knowledge of the need for an organ of Confederate veterans, and right well has he begun it. The January issue is brim full of good things, loyal in every thought to his comrades, yet so dignified and respectful to the other side as to command universal good will. The current number has many articles of value.

[Nashville American, January 30.]

Notice of THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published a week or so ago, may have seemed a little extravagant in a mere glance at the publication, but it has been a success throughout the Southern country. Without attempt at display Mr. Cunningham touched the hearts of southern people, without publishing a line offensive to others, and he showed the need of just such a publication, making it worth a place in any library, and so cheap that club rates have been ignored. Eminent women of the South have subscribed and are volunteer solicitors.

[Farmington, Mo., Times.]

It ought to receive the encouragement of all ex-Confederates and others as well, who take a pride in commemorating our heroes, whether they wore the blue or the gray. The brave deeds and noble sacrifices of the soldiers on both sides bear the stamp of genuine American manhood and, alike, the heritage of a reunited, patriotic and prosperous people. Honor our dead heroes.

[The Nashville Banner.]

\* \* \* It is a very neat publication, contains much information and a variety of reading on subjects relating to the Confederate side of the great civil war. Mr. Cunningham is an experienced newspaper man, and has a very extensive acquaintance throughout the South. He is the agent for the Davis Monument Fund, and a gentleman so well deserving that his army of friends will heartily wish him success with his worthy publication.

[Fort Smith, Ark., Daily Times.]

It is full of delightful reading, is typographically clear and clean, and altogether pleasing. The price is only fifty cents a year, which ought to insure it a circulation equal in number far greater than the number of gray-haired Confederate veterans in the land. Every family of the South whose "vacant chair" is a memory of the Lost Cause should endeavor to hold up the hands of the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

[The Nashville Sunday Times.]

Volume 1, Number 1, of this splendid paper is on our table, and does full credit to the South. Every family of our Southland should subscribe for and read it, for it will keep green dear and sacred memories, and will serve as an educator to the young upon issues with which all southerners especially should be familiar.

[The Memphis Commercial.]

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a new publication, right up in the van of current periodicals. It is devoted to a noble cause, and is a very interesting, readable monthly, too. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN has the *Commercial's* good will and godspeed upon its new venture.

[Lawrenceburg, Tenn., Democrat.]

Such a publication has long been wanted and needed to keep active pure patriotic memories. We hope the VETERAN may live long to bring these dear memories to mind of the southern veteran.

[Benton, Ark., Courier.]

The title is an index to its contents, and we advise every ex-Confederate to subscribe. We will send the *Saline Courier* and CONFEDERATE VETERAN to any address on receipt of \$1.25.

[Nashville Christian Advocate.]

It is full of interesting matter and ought to have a wide circulation. We think that we detect in it the hand of our good friend, Mr. S. A. Cunningham.

[The Lovejoy, Ga., Pleayune.]

Every southern man should subscribe for this paper—only fifty cents a year—and aid its editor in his grand work for the Jeff Davis Monument Fund.

FROM GEN. W. L. CABELL.

The Lieutenant General commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department of the United Confederate Veterans, writes as follows:

"DALLAS, TEXAS, January 17, 1893.

"The CONFEDERATE VETERAN (I am glad to see that you dropped the 'ex'), for January, was received today. Being confined to the house with a bad cold, I have read every word of it, and several times I imagined I was talking to some old comrade, of glorious old Mars Jeff, of Generals Lee, Albert Sydney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, and other old heroes, as everything seemed so fresh and so truthful, that I lived for a few

hours in the past, and forgot that I was sick and unable to go out in the cold.

"The letter written by that noble lady (God bless her!) of Americus, Georgia,—Mrs. Louise Myrick,—is worth more than five years' subscription. Every word she has written shows her to be a true southern woman, one who is proud of the South, proud of her State, and proud of the gallantry and services of the old Confederate soldier, both living and dead. She says there is 'nothing too good for the old soldier.' The soldier who 'fought and spilled his blood in defense of the South has no pensions,' but he must look for relief to sympathetic southern friends. Now, this is also true. Thank God, the old soldiers who wore the gray want no pensions from the Government. Our people can not only take care of them while living, but when dead will wreath in garlands the laurel and other rare southern flowers and place them on his grave every year. The true people of the South will never forget the old Confederate soldier. The sons and daughters of these noble old heroes and glorious southern women will never forget the heroism of their fathers and the trials and sufferings their glorious mothers had to endure. I am proud to know that we have such true ladies all over the South.

"I must change my subject, as I find that I could almost fill your paper if I were to write as I feel in reference to our duty to the living Confederate soldier. In this State we have made ample provision for him, and will take care of him until he is called to attend the last 'tattoo.'

"I am glad to see that some interest is manifesting itself in reference to the Jeff Davis Monument Fund. In a few weeks we will send a pretty good sum to our treasurer in Richmond. I hope that you will stir them up all along the line. This State I have divided into five districts, and all are at work. I am inclined to think that our Camps will average (\$100) one hundred dollars each, not only in this State, where we have (120) one hundred and twenty Camps, but also in the Indian Territory and Arkansas. A number of new Camps have been organized in Arkansas, and also in this State, and will, no doubt, join the Association of United Confederate Veterans in time to be with us at Birmingham on the 19th and 20th of July. \* \* \*

"Your friend and comrade, W. L. CABELL."

Dr. Cicero R. Barker, of Salisbury, N. C., in sending check for \$13.50 with twenty-seven names, states: "We don't want club rates for such a paper and such a cause."

Col. J. F. Bryant, of Franklin, Va., seeing a notice in the *Richmond Dispatch*, secured a sample copy, sends subscription, and will solicit the co-operation of his Camp. He adds: "I like the first number very much, and think it richly deserves the hearty sympathy and support of the entire South."

Capt. J. L. Lemon, Acworth, Ga.: "I am glad to know you are meeting with such success. It will be taken from Maine to Texas. When I have time I will increase your list."

Miss Mary Desha, Washington, D. C., after having subscribed and read it: "I shall be delighted to do all I can."

Many beautiful tributes are not included in the foregoing, but they are sufficient to satisfy everybody that there is need for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and that it starts in the right way.

## CAUSE OF CONFEDERATES IN MARYLAND.

*AN HONORED RECORD OF FAITHFUL MEN AND WOMEN.*

The Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland, was organized in 1871. Its object is to preserve the material for a truthful history of the late war between the Confederates States and the United States of America; to honor the memory of our comrades who have fallen; to cherish the ties of friendship among those who survive, and to fulfill the duties of sacred charity towards those who may stand in need of them.

In 1874, with the aid of an appropriation from the State of Maryland, the bodies of Marylanders who fell in the Confederate service, were gathered from all the battlefields, from Petersburg to Gettysburg. Comrades were employed for this purpose, and brave soldiers were taken from fence corners and hedge rows where they had been laid. These bodies were reinterred in the Confederate lot in Loudon Park Cemetery, where are erected the central monument, "The Confederate Soldier," by Volek, and the monuments to Companies H and A of the First and Second Maryland Infantry, and that dashing Cavalryman, Lieut.-Col. Harry Gilmer. This beautiful plot contains about four hundred bodies. It is the property of the Society, and provision has been made for its perpetual care, by payments to the cemetery company. About ten thousand dollars has been expended upon this work. The bodies of all Confederate prisoners who died in Baltimore are also buried in our lot, and each grave is marked with a marble headstone, with the name, regiment and State, whenever known, of the soldier who sleeps beneath. Since 1873 the Society has always arranged for the observance of Memorial Day, June 6th, when hundreds of ladies and our comrades are conveyed to Loudon Park Cemetery, to strew flowers on the graves of our dead, and the graves of our soldiers and sailors in other cemeteries also receive like attention.

The Society has done much more than this:

In 1878 about \$1,000 was realized by means of a Musical Festival, for the Lee Monument at Richmond.

In 1880 a life size statue of a Maryland Confederate Infantry Soldier was erected by the Society in the Maryland lot in the Stonewall Cemetery at Winchester, Virginia.

In 1882 a donation of about \$600 was made to the Southern Historical Society, Richmond, which enabled that Society to continue its work at that time.

In 1885 a bazaar, held under the auspices and patronage of the Society, realized about \$31,000, which was invested in an annuity fund, terminating in twenty-five years, producing a present annual income of about \$2,700, which is distributed, in cash, to needy and worthy comrades, and is also used for the burial of the dead. No Confederate soldier is denied assist-

ance while living, nor permitted in death to lie in a pauper's grave. No matter how unfortunate his circumstances in life, a respectful burial, with proper attendance, in the Confederate lot is accorded him.

The Beneficial Association of the Maryland Line also dispenses among its needy members or their families about \$1,000 per annum, making total disbursements each year nearly \$4,000.

In 1886 a monument was erected on Culp's Hill, Gettysburg, to the Second Maryland Infantry. It is massive granite block, costly and imposing, and its inscriptions testify the valor of the men who fought where it stands.

In 1888 the former United States Arsenal buildings at Pikesville were secured from the Legislature of Maryland as a Confederate Home, with an appropriation of \$5,000 a year. The rooms have been furnished as memorial offerings, and the Home now shelters inmates from different States, but citizens of Maryland at time of entry.

From time to time many addresses have been delivered by distinguished Confederates, and numerous pamphlets have been published by the Society.

The only stated public appearances of the Society are at annual banquets and on Memorial Days. It has made no public parades, except on the occasions of dedications of monuments at Richmond, Lexington, Winchester, Front Royal, Staunton, Hagerstown, Frederick and Gettysburg, or at the funerals of distinguished comrades.

The Society now numbers above 1,000 members, the annual dues being \$1. An accurate record of each member, certified by commanding officers or comrades, is entered in the Historical Register of the Society. No unworthy soldier or deserter is permitted to become a member.

The sons of Confederate soldiers and sailors are entitled to membership in the Society, as "male descendants," upon arriving at the age of fifteen years.

All persons who are in sympathy with our cause, but who were not in the service of the Confederate States, are eligible to "auxiliary membership."

The successive Presidents have been: Maj.-Gen. Isaac R. Trimble, 1871; Maj. John R. McNulty, 1875; Lieut. McHenry Howard, 1883; Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, 1883. Gen. Johnson is now President.

The annual report for last year shows how much practical good is being done. This is from it:

\* \* \* During the year the committee has expended \$2,663.38 in relieving the necessities of our sick and destitute comrades and in burying our dead. Of this amount \$2,509.38 has been taken from the Confederate Relief Bazaar Fund and \$154 from the treasury of the Beneficial Association of the Maryland Line.

During the year relief has been granted to 202 persons, being six less than the previous year. Of this number 190 have been relieved from the Confederate Relief Bazaar fund and twelve from the treasury of the

Beneficial Association. We have buried fifteen comrades during the year.

The members of the committee, with a few exceptions, have shown great interest in the work in which we are engaged, and the rarity of cases of distress among ex-Confederates is due, in a great measure, to the labor of the members of this committee. The thanks of the committee are due to those members of the Confederate societies who have assisted the committee by acting as pall-bearers at funerals and assisted us in many other ways.

### THE BIRTHDAY OF LEE.

*ANNUAL DINNER IN HIS HONOR BY THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP OF NEW YORK.*

The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York gave its third annual banquet January 19th, Gen. Lee's birthday.

Among the distinguished guests present were Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis and daughter, Miss Winnie. The Camp arose in honor of the "first woman," and the "daughter of the Confederacy."

There was on the stage a large oil painting of Gen. Lee. Major Edward Owen managed the proceedings with high credit.

Of the responses by guests invited who could not attend, Mr. Cleveland wrote: "It would give me great pleasure to accept your invitation if other engagements permitted, but the cares and duties now pressing upon my time are too numerous to permit of my attendance."

Mr. Cleveland's name was heartily cheered, and so was that of T. W. Topham, commander of U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., who wrote: "I should be glad to help honor the memory of one of America's greatest soldiers." A similar statement from Gen. McMahon was also applauded heartily.

One of the leading speakers, ex-Gov. Thompson, of South Carolina, in speaking of Lee, said: "He was not misled by military politicians. In one of his letters he wrote, 'I can conceive of no greater evil than the dissolution of the Union.' When he returned to Virginia all his pride and devotion to the army inspired him to remain with it. He was told he could have command of the Union Army if he remained. This was a dazzling offer. But he believed that his first duty was to Virginia, and when Virginia called he felt it his duty to answer without regard to personal considerations."

The speaker paid an eloquent tribute to Gen. Lee's virtues, his Christian character, his resignation in the hour of defeat, his courage and breadth of mind. In closing Mr. Thompson said: "I deem it fortunate that we have lived to see this day—never again to see brother arrayed against brother. We are fortunate to have lived to see what Grant prayed for and Lee labored for."

Written for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

LEE.

BY R. H. DYKERS, WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

He fought the fight to finish,  
And his soldier work is done;  
Lee ever stands immortal!  
Freedom's model of a son.

As in the day of battle,  
Or on his great retreat,  
The center of attraction;  
We come, our Lee to meet.

We've tried to mould his features,  
To clothe him with a form;  
To hold him up for men to see  
How much he can adorn.

He came not home triumphant,  
But a hero he did come;  
With honor pure, unsullied,  
And a love excelled by none.

No pathway strewn with flowers  
Welcomed Lee back from the war,  
But an anguish for his country  
And the ruined homes he saw.

He, who could stand undaunted  
Midst the crash and clang of arms,  
Grew grander when, disabled,  
Leading comrades to their farms.

For he tread the path of duty,  
And he won respect and fame,—  
The proudest wreath of laurels  
That a mortal man can claim.

'Tis not the smoke of battle,  
The carnage, or the flame,  
But we hold our Lee close to us,—  
We love to call his name.

And we tell all we know of him;  
And the nation yet unborn  
Shall learn to know and love him  
Like the fathers that have gone.

THE MARY WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—A "Woman's Movement" to erect a monument at the grave of Mary Washington is not succeeding as it deserves. Mary Ball Washington, the daughter of Col. Joseph Ball, of Lancaster, Va., was born in 1706; married Augustine Washington, March 6, 1730, and died August 25, 1789, aged eighty-three years. She was buried on the spot chosen by herself on her own home plantation, "Kenmore," on the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg. Forty years after, a patriotic citizen of New York, Mr. Silas E. Burrows, presented a handsome marble monument for the spot, the corner-stone of which was laid by President Andrew Jackson in 1833, that was nearly but not entirely completed, and is now in such a state of dilapidation and ruin as to be irrecoverable. Augustine Washington, father of George, died 1743, and his body was deposited in the family vault in Westmoreland county, Virginia.

Since the above was put in type, news comes from Fredericksburg:

"The small Mary Washington Association here is much stirred up because they hear the National Association has contracted for an \$11,000 monument of Vermont granite, to be commenced early in the spring. They expected the women of the country to do better than that."

THE CAMP that will send 100 subscriptions can have appropriated one column in its interest this year.



## CARNAGE AT "THE CRATER," NEAR PETERSBURG.

Lieut. Col. William H. Stewart, of the Sixty-first Virginia, Mahone's old brigade, gives a thrilling account of the battle of "The Crater," from which the following extracts are made. He was asleep under his little fly tent, when "a deep, rumbling sound, that seemed to rend the very earth in twain," startled him from his slumbers:

"The whole camp had been aroused, and all were wondering from whence came this mysterious explosion. It was the morning of Saturday, the 30th day of July, 1864. The long talked of mine had been sprung, a battery blown up, and the enemy were already in possession of eight hundred yards of our entrenchments.

"Two hundred cannon roared in one accord, as if every lanyard had been pulled by the same hand. The gray fog was floating over the fields, and darkness covered the face of the earth, but the first bright streak of dawn was gently lifting the curtain of night.

"The sun rose brilliantly, and the great artillery duel still raged in all its grandeur and fury.

"Soon after, Capt. Tom Bernard, Gen. Mahone's courier, came sweeping up the lines on his white charger to the headquarters of Brig. Gen. D. A. Weisiger. Then the drums commenced rolling off the signals, which were followed by 'fall in' and hurried roll calls. We were required to drive back the Federals, who had gotten almost within the very gates of the city of Petersburg. It was startling news, but our soldiers faltered not, and moved off at quick step.

"Wright's Georgia Brigade and our Virginia Brigade, the latter numbering scarcely eight hundred muskets, constituted the force detailed to dislodge the enemy, who held the broken lines with more than fifteen thousand men, and these were closely supported by as many more. I remember that our regiment, the Sixty-first, did not exceed two hundred men, including officers and privates, which I am quite sure was the strongest in the two brigades. I suppose we had marched the half of a mile when ordered to halt and strip off all baggage, except ammunition and muskets. We then filed to the left a short distance to gain the banks of a small stream, in order to be protected from the shells of the Federal batteries by placing a range of hills between. The enemy were making dispositions to attempt their capture, for they were the very keys to the invested city. When nearly opposite the portion of our works held by the Federal troops, we met several soldiers who were in the works at the time of the explosion. Our men began ridiculing them for going to the rear, when one of them remarked: "Ay, boys, you have hot work ahead—they are negroes, and show no quarter." This was the first intimation that we had to fight negro troops, and it seemed to infuse the little band with impetuous daring, as they pressed onward to the fray. Our comrades had been slaughtered in a most inhuman and brutal manner, and slaves were trampling over their mangled and bleeding corpses. Revenge must have fired every heart and strung every arm with nerves of steel for the herculean task of blood. We filed up a ditch, which had been dug for safe ingress and egress to and from the earthworks.

"The 'Crater,' or excavation, caused by the explosion, was about twenty-five feet deep, one hundred and

fifty feet long, and fifty feet wide. About seventy-five feet in rear of the supporting earthworks there was a wide ditch, with the bank thrown up on the side next to the fortifications. This was constructed to protect parties carrying ammunition and rations to the troops. Between this irregular and ungraded embankment and the main line the troops had constructed numerous caves, in which they slept at night to be protected from the mortar shells. The embankment from the bottom of the ditch was about ten feet high, and commanded the outer or main line. The space from the outside of the fortifications to the inner edge of the ditch was more than one hundred feet wide.

"The 'Crater,' and the space on both sides for some distance, were literally crammed with the enemy's troops. They were five lines deep, and must have numbered between fifteen and twenty-five thousand men. Their historians admit that their charge was made by the whole of the Ninth Corps, commanded by Gen. A. E. Burnside, and that the Fifth and a part of the Second Corps were massed in supporting distance.

"Mahone's old brigade, after being deployed, covered their front from the center of the 'Crater' to the right. Our little band were desperate, and reckoned not the hosts that confronted them. I recollect counting seven standards in front of our regiment alone. Our column was deployed in the valley before mentioned, in full view of these hostile thousands. As the soldiers filed into line, Gen. Mahone walked from right to left, commanding the men to reserve their fire until they reached the brink of the ditch, and after delivering one volley to use the bayonet. Our line was hardly adjusted, and the Georgians had not commenced to deploy, when the division of negroes, the advance line of the enemy, made an attempt to rise from the ditch and charge. Just at that instant Gen. Mahone ordered a counter charge. The men rushed forward, officers in front, with uncovered heads and waving hats, and grandly and beautifully swept onward over the intervening space with muskets at trail. The enemy sent in the ranks a storm of bullets, and here and there a gallant fellow would fall; but the files would close, still pressing onward, unwavering, into the jaws of death!

"The orders of Maj. Gen. Mahone were obeyed to the very letter, the brink of the ditch was gained before a musket was discharged, the cry of 'No quarter!' greeted us, the one volley responded, and the bayonet plied with such irresistible vigor as insured success in the shortest space of time. Men fell dead in heaps, and human gore ran in streams that made the very earth mire beneath the tread of the victorious soldiers. The rear ditch being ours, the men mounted the rugged embankment and hurled their foes from the front line up to the very mouth of the 'Crater.' In the meantime the Georgia Brigade had charged, but were repulsed; and soon after it was re-formed in column of regiments and again charged, but was met by such a withering fire that it again recoiled with a heavy slaughter.

"Our bloody work was all done so quickly that I have scarcely an idea of the time it required to accomplish it; some say it was twenty minutes. It was over, I am sure, about noon; and then, for the first time, we realized the oppression of the scorching rays of that July sun, and many almost sank from exhaustion. The brigade captured fifteen battle-flags, and our own

regiment owned five of the seven that I had counted in its front.

"The wonderful triumph had been won at the price of the blood of the bravest, and best, and truest. Old Company 'F,' of Norfolk, had carried in twelve men, all of whom were killed or wounded. The Sixth Regiment, to which it was attached, carried in ninety-eight men, and mustered ten for duty at this time. The Sharpshooters carried in eighty men, and sixteen remained for duty. Nearly half of our own regiment had fallen, and the Twelfth, Forty-first, and Sixteenth Regiments had suffered in like proportion. Up to this time only an inconsiderable number of prisoners had been captured.

"During the charge, Capt. John W. Wallace, of Company 'C,' Sixty-first Virginia Regiment, was stricken down with a broken thigh. He lay upon his back, refusing to allow his men to take him from the field till the battle was over, waving his hat and urging his men to 'Go on; go forward.'

"When Maj. W. H. Etheredge, of the Forty-first Regiment, jumped in the ditch, a brave Federal in the front line fired through the traverse and killed a soldier at his side. He immediately dropped his empty musket and snatched another from a cowering comrade to kill Maj. Etheredge. At this juncture the Major, with remarkable self-possession, caught up two Federals, who were crouching in the ditch, and held their heads together between himself and his determined opponent, swinging them to and fro to cover the sight of the musket, the Federal doing his best to uncover it so as to unharm his friends by his bullet. Peter Gibbs, of the Forty-first Virginia Regiment, rushed to the assistance of the Major, and killed his foe. Gibbs was a gallant soldier, and fought with great desperation. It was said at the time that he slew fourteen men that day.

"The Alabamians made a grand charge under a terrible fire, reaching the crest of the 'Crater' without faltering, and here a short struggle ensued. They tumbled muskets, clubs, clods of earth, and cannon balls into the excavation on the heads of the enemy with telling effect. This novel warfare lasted only a few minutes, when Bartlett ordered up the white flag, and about five hundred prisoners marched to our rear. The negroes among them were very much alarmed, and vociferously implored for their lives. One old cornfield chap exclaimed: 'My God, massa, I never pinte a gun at a white man in all my life; dem nasty, stinking Yankees foteh us here, and we didn't want to come fus!'

"The appearance of this rough, irregular hole beggars description. It was estimated that it contained six hundred bodies. The importance of reconstructing this broken line of earthworks at once prevented the removal of these bodies; therefore, they were buried as they had fallen, in one indiscriminate heap. Spades were brought in, and the earth thrown from the sides of the 'Crater' until they were covered a sufficient depth. By three o'clock in the afternoon all was over, and we were enjoying a welcome truce."

Here follows an account of the odor on that hot afternoon, that is omitted from this account.

"There were thousands of captured arms around us, and during the night some of our men would shoot ramrods at the enemy just for the fun of hearing them whiz. One that was sent over drew from a Federal the exclamation: 'Great God! Johnnie, you are throw-

ing turkey spits and stringing us together over here. Stop it!'

"A correspondent of one of the New York dailies, writing a description of this battle from accounts obtained from wounded officers who had arrived at Washington, uses the following language: 'Often have the Confederates won encomiums for valor, but never before did they fight with such uncontrollable desperation. It appeared as if our troops were at their mercy, standing helpless or running in terror, and shot down like dogs. No such scene has been witnessed in any battle of the war. The charge of the enemy against the negro troops was terrific. With fearful yells they rushed down against them. The negroes at once ran back, breaking through the line of white troops in the rear. Again and again their officers tried to rally them. Words and blows were useless. They were victims of an uncontrollable terror, and human agency could not stop them.'

"Next morning was a bright and beautiful Sabbath, and nothing of moment occurred. At least three thousand of the Federal dead were still on the field, putrifying under the scorching rays of the sun. I remember a negro between the lines, who had both legs blown off, crawled to the outside of our works, stuck three muskets in the ground, and threw a small piece of tent cloth over them to shelter his head from the hot sunshine. Some of our men managed to shove a cup of water to him, which he drank, and immediately commenced frothing at the mouth, and died in a very short time afterwards. He had lived in this condition for nearly twenty-four hours.

"On Monday morning a truce was granted, and the Federals sent out details to bury their dead between the lines. They dug a long ditch, and placed the bodies crosswise, several layers up, and refilled the ditch, and thus ended the tragic scenes of three days in and around the 'Crater.'"

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THE STATUE OF WILLIAM PENN.—The greatest work of art at the Columbian Exposition, no doubt, will be the bronze statue of William Penn, made to surmount the great dome at City Hall, Philadelphia. Its immense proportions are as follows: Weight, 60,000 lbs.; height, 37 ft.; hat, 3 ft. diam., rim, 23 ft. in circumference; nose, 13 inches long; eyes, 12 in. long, 4 in. wide; mouth, from corner to corner, 14 in.; face, from hat to chin, 3 ft. 3 in.; hair, 4 feet long; shoulders, 28 ft. circumference, 11 ft. diam.; arms, 12 ft. 6 in. long; coat sleeve, 9 ft. 6 in. circumference; cuffs on coat, 3 ft. long; waist, 24 ft. circumference, 8 ft. 9 in. diam.; buttons on coat, 6 in. in diam.; hands, 6 ft. 9 in. circumference, 3 ft. wide and 4 ft. long; fingers, 2 ft. 6 in. long; finger nails, 3 in. long; legs, from ankle to knee, 10 ft.; ankle, 5 ft. circumference; calf of legs, 8 ft. 8 in. in circumference; feet, 22 in. wide, 5 ft. 4 in. long; tree, 16 ft. 4 in. in circumference.

The foregoing account may not be as impressive to the reader as it was to the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, who stood at the foot of the enormous statue a few weeks ago in Philadelphia.

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In sending his subscription to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Col. W. P. Barlow, Secretary of the Ex-Confederate Association of Missouri, says: "My impression is that you have struck the right gait for a long march."

## SECRET SERVICE FUND.

CONFEDERATE GOLD PAID TO UNCLE SAM BELONGING TO THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

The editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN had occasion to call on Capt. Ernest Cucullu, of New Orleans, and the conversation disclosed the fact that the last official Confederate order was issued to him. He had been on the staff of Gen. E. Kirby Smith from the time that officer was able to resume command after his terrible wounds at Mannassas.

Mr. Davis had communicated to Gen. Kirby Smith the fall of Richmond and the surrender of General Lee, and that he would endeavor to get to Cuba, and thence cross over to Texas, where, with 37,000 men west of the great river, they would make a stand at Hempstead, Tex. It was understood that in this last rally the best terms possible for capitulation would be made.

Captain Cucullu was directed to take \$10,000 in gold and go to Cuba, so as to aid Mr. Davis in his plans. The Captain suggested that \$5,000 in gold would be sufficient, and he only took that amount.

Gen. Kirby Smith's headquarters were at Shreveport, but he had gone to Galveston with his aide, and the money sachel had been taken on board the Grayhound, which was ready to run the blockade. While they waited, a flag-of-truce boat hove in sight. It brought the news that General Buckner had surrendered at Shreveport. Then there was nothing to do by the man whom Mr. Davis entrusted with "greater power than" he "dare give in writing" but to surrender, and turn over the Confederate gold in his possession. A plea was made in behalf of several general officers, and it was agreed that they be paid in the aggregate \$1,700. The general commanding had due him thousands of dollars salary, but declined to take any part of it. Here is the order, which is certainly the last one ever issued:

GALVESTON HARBOR, June 3, 1865.—*Captain:* When you reach New Orleans you will, after deducting your necessary traveling expenses, turn over to Major-General Canby, United States Army, commanding, etc., \$3,300, being the secret service funds, Confederate States, remaining in your possession. Respectfully, your obedient servant, E. KIRBY SMITH, General.

*Capt. Ernest Cucullu.*

After taking the money to General Canby, and getting his receipt, Dr. David Vandell, of Louisville, and another officer were found to be destitute, and General Canby gave them \$270, and allowed \$1, which was charged by Captain Cucullu for a carriage in New Orleans. General Canby's receipt is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF—NEW ORLEANS, June 6, 1865—Received of Capt. Ernest Cucullu, aide-de-camp on the staff of General E. Kirby Smith, the sum of \$3,029 in specie, being the balance in his hands of the "secret service fund" of the Trans-Mississippi Department. ED R. S. CANBY.

General Canby seemed surprised that such a fund was turned over to him, but said: "It is just like Kirby, the soul of honor." They were fellow-students at West Point.

## CONFISCATING PRIVATE PROPERTY.

A REMINISCENCE CONNECTING GEN. FISK AND PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON.

J. B. White, in a letter from Tyree Springs, Tenn., gives some interesting reminiscences of war times at Nashville. He describes vividly the confiscation of Gen. Donelson's property, near Hendersonville, not many miles from Nashville, and how his application to restore it to the family after Donelson's death was treated. His petition for its restoration was emphatically refused, with the comment, "No, sir; we will never give up that property whilst the Government lasts." He refused to put in writing his decision, until Judge Lawrence, a Tennessean, but who had enlisted in the Union cause, suggested that he write on the application, "Refused," which he did.

Continuing his letter, Mr. White says:

"The General occupied the home of John M. Bass, on Church Street, now owned by E. W. Cole. His headquarters were luxuriously furnished, and he was attended by a troop of handsome, well-dressed servants, both men and women. He sustained the greatness and dignity of the Government in grand style.

"After leaving the headquarters of the General, I went to see Mrs. Donelson, and told her the result of my petition and the failure of my application. I handed her the petition with the General's indorsement, and advised her to write to President Johnson, enclose the papers to him, and ask him to order Gen. Fisk to give her the possession of her home. I told her to explain to the President fully her condition and that of her family, and to remind him of the former relations that existed between himself and her husband, and to let me see her letter before she mailed it. I called to see her next day. She had her letter ready and read it to me. It was a smart, admirable letter, well written, reminding the President that they were both natives of North Carolina, and were residents of the same city—Raleigh; that her father was Gov. Branch, of North Carolina, and was Secretary of the Navy under Gen. Jackson, and that he had lived in Washington City with her father's family, where she was married to Gen. Donelson, and had removed with her husband soon thereafter to Tennessee; and that Gen. Donelson had always been his personal and political friend, and had supported him for Governor of Tennessee against Col. Gentry, his own brother-in-law, a man for whom he had the highest respect, yet his political and personal friendship was stronger than family ties; and now, her husband being dead and his family without a home and dependent upon others for a shelter, she applied confidently to him to see that she was restored to her home, as she was advised that she had a right to it. She believed he would never forsake a friend in adversity. She had entertained him at her house, and her husband had been his friend when he needed friends.

"This letter presented her case much better than I had presented it in my petition to Gen. Fisk. A woman can write much better than a man when her feelings are enlisted. I told Mrs. Donelson her letter was well conceived and better executed. It was mailed to the President, and when he received it Judge East

happened to be at the White House on business with the President. East said when the President got Mrs. Donelson's letter and read it, he got into a towering passion, and swore that her father, Gov. Branch, was the first public man that ever noticed him or spoke a kind word to him; that one morning when he was out very early sweeping the pavement in front of the shop in which he was learning the tailor's trade, a tall, gray-haired man came walking by and spoke kindly to him, commending his industry, and said: 'That is right, my son; always be honest and industrious and you will make a man of yourself.' He told me he was Gov. Branch, and gave me a silver half-dollar to keep in remembrance of him and the advice he had given me. He said he had the half-dollar now with him at the White House, and he ordered his private secretary, Browning, to go and get it; he wanted to show it to Judge East.

"The President then ordered his secretary to send a telegram to Gen. Fisk to give up the farm to Mrs. Donelson, which was done that night. Gen. Fisk paid no attention to the dispatch, believing, as he told me, that it was bogus. Mrs. Donelson waited some weeks and received no reply to her letter. I told her to write again, as the letter might have miscarried; she wrote again. This was answered, and a peremptory order on Gen. Fisk to give up the place to Mrs. Donelson, and report to the President immediately why he had not complied with his first order; and if his reasons were not entirely satisfactory, some one would be put in his place who would obey his orders.

"Fisk came near losing his position, and he made up for the delay of action by immediate restoration of everything possible to the Donelson family."

The foregoing story is not meant to convey implied comment on the action of the President. It is given simply as a reminiscence of war times. Judge Lawrence, who is referred to, was connected with the Union forces through much of the war, and made friendships for heroic services in behalf of citizens who were maltreated by the army. The family of the late Col. G. A. Washington will ever have pathetic memory for his kindness to them, when two sets of soldiers went to Wessyngton and got into a quarrel over which should take his life because he had killed a soldier who was stealing one of his horses.

#### KNOWLEDGE OF GEN. WHITESIDE WANTED.

ABERDEEN, SOUTH DAKOTA,  
November 20, 1892.

DEAR SIR—Can you furnish me the present address of a Gen. Whiteside who, in 1862 and 1863, commanded a brigade of Confederate Cavalry, and in a light engagement (I think) at Lamar, Miss., was wounded and taken prisoner. A friend of mine has a pair of silver spurs which he at that time took from the General, and would now like to return them to him or his family. The lapse of time has, in my opinion, made them very valuable to their former owner as a relic, and my friend would take great pleasure in returning them. Respectfully yours,

D. McGLACHLIN.

#### GEN. GRANT AT SHILOH.

A NASHVILLE LADY GIVES VALUABLE HISTORIC TESTIMONY.

She writes to T. M. Hurst, Assistant Postmaster at Nashville, in reply to a letter of inquiry. The home of the lady was, at that time, on the Tennessee River bluff at Savannah, a few miles below where the battle of Shiloh was fought:

"NASHVILLE, TENN., December 6, 1892.

"DEAR SIR—Your letter of inquiry concerning 'Gen. Grant's physical condition on the morning the battle of Shiloh began,' is received. You will please accept my assurance, gladly given, that on the date mentioned I believe Gen. Grant was thoroughly sober. He was at my breakfast-table when he heard the report from a cannon. Holding, untasted, a cup of coffee, he paused in conversation to listen a moment at the report of another cannon. He hastily arose, saying to his staff officers, 'Gentlemen, the ball is in motion; let's be off.' His flagship (as he called his special steamboat) was lying at the wharf, and in fifteen minutes he, staff officers, orderlies, clerks, and horses had embarked.

"During the weeks of his occupancy of my house he always demeaned himself as a gentleman; was kind, courteous, genial, and considerate, and never appeared in my presence in a state of intoxication. He was uniformly kind to citizens, irrespective of politics, and whenever the brutality to citizens, so frequently indulged in by the soldiers, was made known to him, he at once sent orders for the release of the captives or restoration of the property appropriated. As a proof of his thoughtful kindness, I mention that during the battle on Sunday he wrote and sent to my mother a safeguard to prevent her home being used for a hospital. Yielding to the appeals of humanity, she did, however, open her home to the wounded and sick for three months in succession, often administering to their wants and necessities in person. In such high esteem did Gen. Grant hold such magnanimity under the most aggravating circumstances, that he thanked her most cordially, assuring her that, considering the great losses and gross indignities she had received from the soldiers, her nobility of soul was more to be admired than the fame of a general leading an army of victorious soldiers.

"On one occasion he asked to be introduced to my mother and family, saying, 'If you have no objections to introducing me, I will be much pleased.' I replied, 'Not because you are a great general, but because I believe you to be a gentleman, I will unhesitatingly introduce you to them.' In deference to the fact that I was a southern lady, with southern proclivities, he attired himself in a full suit of citizen's clothes, and, touching himself on the shoulder, said, 'I thought you would like this best,' evincing delicate courtesy and gentlemanly instincts of which the honors of war or merited promotion had not deprived him.

"I feel that it is due to the surviving members of Gen. Grant's family to mention some evidences of his great-heartedness as shown in kindness to southern people. 'Military necessity' was not to him a term synonymous with unlicensed vandalism or approval of terrorism. He was too great and too true to his manhood to be fettered by prejudice.

"I am pleased that I can give these reminiscences of a man who, as a soldier and statesman, received and merited the homage of a nation; for they are testimonies of his inner life and innate characteristics worthy to be recorded with the magnanimity of 'kinship over self,' as manifested on the day of Gen. Lee's surrender.

"Respectfully,

"MRS. W. H. CHERRY."

#### A CONFEDERATE AT THE TOMB OF GRANT.

The principal oration at the tomb of Grant last memorial day was delivered by Col. Charles Marshall, who was chief of staff to General Lee. He said, in part:

"It is not easy to express the thoughts that the scene before me inspires in my mind, and in the mind of every man who understands the full meaning of this occasion. Men who were arrayed against each other in deadly strife are now met together to do honor to the memory of one who led one part of this audience to a complete and absolute victory over the other, yet in the hearts of the victors there is no feeling of triumph, and in the hearts of the vanquished there is no bitterness, no humiliation."

Col. Marshall said that both the North and the South rejoice that the voyage across a tempestuous sea of blood and tears is over. After referring to the bitterness of the conflict, and the fact that the combatants so quickly dispersed at the end, he said:

"No such peace as our peace ever followed immediately upon such a war as our war. The exhausted South was completely at the mercy of the victorious North, and yet the sound of the last gun had scarcely died away when, not only peace, but peace and good will, were re-established, and the victors and the vanquished took up the work of repairing the damages of war, and advancing the common welfare of the whole country, as if the old relations—social, commercial and political—between the people of the two sections, had never been disturbed."

Of Grant he said:

"Great as were his achievements in war, I think his crowning glory was that of a peacemaker, and that to him belongs the blessing promised to peacemakers."

#### SOUTHERN GRANITE FOR THE MONUMENT.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

A correspondent suggests that as the Davis monument is to be a Southern affair it be constructed of stones from the various Southern States, the design contributed by Southern artists and the work done by Southern men.

This proposition seems reasonable enough to us under the circumstances, and not smacking of sectional sentiment.

When Mr. Davis died but few sympathizing messages came from the other side of the Ohio; there marched in his funeral procession none from the Northern States—they left us to bury our dead. It was an affair in which the South alone took part, although to Mr. Davis the far Western States owed their birth and prosperity, and once were proud to honor him. Had the Southern cause succeeded, we might have called on the marble of Greece to com-

memorate it, but the Lost Cause will be best remembered in the stone of the Southern land, where defeat awaited us.

Even if the South were barren of fine stones and its monument bleak and desolate in consequence, it would be a true memento of the South, which went into this titanic struggle unprepared and without any of the resources necessary for warfare. Fortunately, however, it will not be necessary to build a monument of boulders. Since the death of the Confederacy, the Southern States have been discovered to be rich in the finest building and monumental stones. The marble of Tennessee now finds its way over the entire Union, and is good enough for the National Capitol itself, the granite of Georgia is paving the streets of Cincinnati and many other Western cities; syenite of Missouri is among the handsomest building stones in this country. From the quarries of the Southern States we get handsome stones, so that the Davis monument will not only be Southern throughout, but as grand and beautiful as it should be, an evidence not only of Southern patriotism and devotion, but of the South's wealth of resources. The quarries of neither Maine nor Greece can contribute anything more beautiful than the Southern States can themselves give to the memory of their dead leader and the Lost Cause.

Every State in the Union has contributed stone to the Washington monument; every State in the South should give to the Davis monument, which will commemorate the four years' life of a nation which has passed away—the Confederate States of America.

#### UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS COMMITTEES.

As a "Historical Committee, and on Southern School History" to formulate a plan to secure a true and reliable history of the late civil war, and to select a proper and truthful history of the United States to recommend for use in the public and private schools of the South: Lieut.-Gen. E. Kirby Smith, Chairman, Sewanee, Tenn.; Prof. J. N. Stubbs, Woods' Cross Roads, Gloucester county, Va.; Prof. Alonzo Hill, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Starkville, Miss.; Maj.-Gen. Ellison Capers, Columbia, S. C.; Col. H. L. Bentley, Abilene, Tex.; Prof. J. W. Nicholson, Baton Rouge, La.

As a committee whose duty it shall be to memorialize the Governors and Legislatures of the several States and Territories which comprised the late Confederate States (which have not already done so), requesting that adequate provision be made for maimed and helpless Confederate veterans and their widows, to-wit: General Wade Hampton, chairman, Columbia, S. C.; Hon. John W. Daniel, Richmond, Va.; Ex-Gov. Robert Lowry, Jackson, Miss.; Ex-Gov. L. S. Ross, College Station, Tex.; Ex-Gov. James B. Eagle, Little Rock, Ark.

To serve on the committee to memorialize the Governors and Legislatures of the States and Territories which comprised the late Confederate States, to pension Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, Gen. Alexander W. Archer, Richmond, Va.

Dr. H. M. Manson, a well-known Confederate, of Rockwall, Texas: "I sent you \$10 this morning for the Davis Monument. The incoming mail brought the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and I send you six subscribers; will send more."

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

ALABAMA.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Bessemer.....	Bessemer.....	157...	W. R. Jones, N. H. Sewall.
Birmingham.....	W. J. Hardee.....	39.	Gen. F. S. Ferguson, R. E. Jones.
Eutaw.....	Sanders.....	61	Capt. G. H. Cole, F. H. Mundy.
Mobile.....	Raphael Semmes.....	11.	Capt. Thos. T. Roche, Wm. E. Mickle.
Montgomery.....	Lomax.....	151	Capt. Emmet Sebels, J. H. Higgins.

ARKANSAS.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Alma.....	Cabell.....	202...	
Beetonville.....	Cabell.....	89.	Capt. N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates.
Centre Point.....	Haller.....	192...	
Charleston.....	Pat Cleburne.....	191...	
Conway.....	Jeff Davis.....	213...	
Fayetteville.....	W. H. Brooks.....	216...	
Fort Smith.....	Ben T. Duval.....	116.	Capt. P. T. Devaney, R. M. Fry.
Greenwood.....	Ben Mculloch.....	191...	
Hackett City.....	Stonewall.....	190...	
Hope.....	Gratiot.....	203...	
Morrilton.....	Robert W. Harper.....	207...	
Nashville.....	Joe Neal.....	202...	
Van Buren.....	John Wallace.....	209...	

FLORIDA.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Brookville.....	W. W. Loring.....	13.	Gen. John C. Devant, Col. Fred L. Robertson.
Chipley.....	Chipley.....	217...	
Dade City.....	Pasco C. V. Ass'n.....	57.	Capt. John B. Johnston, A. H. Ravestles.
Fernandino.....	Nassau.....	101.	Thos. A. Hall.
Inverness.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	118.	Capt. W. C. Zimmerman, W. S. Turner.
Jacksonville.....	R. E. Lee.....	58.	Gen. Wm. Baya, W. W. Tucker.
Jasper.....	Stewart.....	155.	Capt. H. J. Stewart, John E. Hanna.
Lake City.....	Columbia Co.....	150.	Capt. W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives.
Marianna.....	Milton.....	132.	Capt. W. D. Barnes, F. Philip.
Monticello.....	Patton Anderson.....	59.	Capt. W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge.
Ocala.....	Marion Co. C. V. A.....	56.	Capt. J. J. Finley, Wm. Fox.
Orlando.....	Orange Co.....	51.	Capt. W. H. Jewell, B. M. Robinson.
Palmetto.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	53.	Capt. J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles.
Pensacola.....	Ward C. V. Ass'n.....	10.	Capt. R. J. Jordan, C. V. Thompson.
Quincy.....	D. L. Kenan.....	110.	Capt. R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan.
St. Augustine.....	E. Kirby Smith.....	175.	Capt. J. A. Enslow, Jr.
Sanford.....	Gen. J. Finnegan.....	119.	Capt. A. M. Thrasher, C. H. Letter.
Tallahassee.....	Lamar.....	161.	R. A. Whitfield.
Tampa.....	Hillsboro.....	36.	Ct. F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane.
Titusville.....	Indian River.....	47.	Ct. J. Pritchett, A. D. Cohen.

GEORGIA.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Atlanta.....	Fulton Co., Ga.....	159.	Gen. W. L. Calhoun, John F. Edwards.
Dalton.....	Jos. E. Johnston.....	31.	Capt. A. F. Roberts, J. A. Blanton.
Ringgold.....	Ringgold.....	206...	
Spring Place.....	John B. Gordon.....	50.	Capt. R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey.

ILLINOIS.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Chicago.....	Ex-Con. Ass'n.....	8.	Ct. J. W. White, R. L. Franee.

INDIAN TERRITORY.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Ardmore.....	John H. Morgan.....	107.	Capt. J. L. Gaut, R. Seales.
McAlester.....	Jeff Lee.....	98.	Gen. N. P. Guy, R. B. Coleman.

KENTUCKY.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Bowling Green.....	Bowling Green.....	143.	Capt. W. F. Perry, James A. Mitchell.
Cynthiana.....	Ben Desha.....	99.	Capt. D. M. Snyder, J. W. Boyd.
Danville.....	J. Warren Griggsby.....	214.	Capt. E. M. Green, John H. Baughman.
Georgetown.....	Georgetown.....	98.	Capt. A. H. Sinclair, J. Webb.
Harrodsburg.....	William Preston.....	96.	Capt. B. W. Allen, John Kane.
Lawrenceburg.....	Ben Hardin Helm.....	101.	Capt. P. H. Thomas, John P. Vaughn.
Lexington.....	J. C. Breckinridge.....	100.	Gen. J. Boyd, G. C. Snyder.
Mt. Sterling.....	Roy S. Cluke.....	201.	Col. Thomas Johnson, W. T. Havens.
Paducah.....	A. P. Thompson.....	171.	Ct. W. G. Bullitt, J. M. Brown.
Paris.....	John H. Morgan.....	95.	Capt. A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Galnes.

KENTUCKY—Continued.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Richmond.....	Thomas B. Collins.....	215.	Capt. Jas. Tevis, N. B. Deatherage.
Russellville.....	John W. Caldwell.....	139.	Maj. J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty.
Versailles.....	Alex Buford.....	96.	Capt. Jos. C. Bailey, Russell V. Bishop.

LOUISIANA.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Alexandria.....	Jeff Davis.....	6.	Gen. Geo. O. Watts, Capt. W. W. Whittington.
Amite City.....	Amite City.....	78.	Capt. A. P. Richards, G. W. Bankston.
Baton Rouge.....	Baton Rouge.....	17.	Gen. John McGrath, F. W. Heroman.
Berwick.....	Winchester Hall.....	178.	Capt. M. W. Bateman, F. O. Brien.
Donaldsonville.....	Maj. V. Mauvin.....	38.	Capt. S. A. Poche, P. Ganel.
Evergreen.....	R. L. Gibson.....	31.	Col. Wm. M. Ewell, I. C. Johnson.
Lake Charles.....	Caleasieu C. Vet.....	62.	Capt. W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hutchings.
L. Providence.....	Lake Providence.....	193...	
Mansfield.....	Mouton.....	41.	Capt. C. Schuler, T. G. Pegues.
Merriek.....	Isalah Norwood.....	110.	Capt. D. T. Merrick, J. Jewell Taylor.
Natchitoches.....	Natchitoches.....	40.	Capt. J. Alp. Prudhomme, C. E. Levy.
New Orleans.....	Army of N. Va.....	1.	Col. W. R. Lyman, Thos. B. O'Brien.
New Orleans.....	Army of Tenn.....	2.	Gen. J. Glynn Jr., N. Cuny.
New Orleans.....	Wash. Artillery.....	15.	Col. B. F. Eshelman, Lieutenant. A. Adam.
New Orleans.....	Henry St. Paul.....	16.	Gen. Jos. Demourielle, Col. M. T. Ducros.
Opelousas.....	R. E. Lee.....	14.	Capt. L. D. Prescott, Col. B. Bloomfield.
Plaquemine.....	Iberville.....	18.	Capt. Chas. H. Dickinson, John L. Dardenne.
Rayville.....	Richland.....	152.	Capt. John S. Summerlin, O. T. Smith.
Rustin.....	Rustin.....	7.	Capt. A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond.
Shreveport.....	Gen. Leroy Stafford.....	3.	Capt. Wm. Kinney, Will H. Tunnard.
Tangipahoa.....	Camp Moore.....	60.	Capt. O. P. Amaecker, G. R. Taylor.
Thibodaux.....	Braxton Bragg.....	196...	

MISSISSIPPI.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Booneville.....	W. H. H. Tison.....	179.	Capt. D. T. Beull, J. W. Smith.
Columbus.....	Isham Harrison.....	27.	Dr. B. A. Vaughan, W. A. Campbell.
Crystal Sp'gs.....	Ben Humphreys.....	19.	Capt. C. Humphries, J. M. Haley.
Edwards.....	W. A. Montgomery.....	26.	Capt. W. A. Montgomery, H. W. Barrett.
Fayette.....	J. J. Whitney.....	22.	Capt. W. L. Stephen, W. K. Penny.
Greenwood.....	Hugh A. Reynolds.....	218.	
Grenada.....	W. R. Barksdale.....	189.	
Hattiesburg.....	Hattiesburg.....	21.	Capt. Geo. D. Hartfield, Evan H. Harris.
Holly Springs.....	Kit Mott.....	23.	Capt. J. F. Fant, S. H. Pryor.
Jackson.....	Robt. A. Smith.....	24.	Capt. W. D. Holder, G. S. Green.
Macon.....	Jas. Longstreet.....	180.	Capt. W. H. Foote, J. L. Griggs.
Meridian.....	Walshall.....	25.	Ct. W. F. Brown, B. V. White.
Miss. City.....	Beauvoir.....	120.	Gen. J. R. Davis, F. S. Hewes.
Natchez.....	Natchez.....	20.	Lieut.-Col. F. J. V. LeCand, E. L. Hopkins.
Port Gibson.....	Chaiborne.....	167.	Capt. A. K. Jones, W. W. Moore.
Rolling Fork.....	Pat Cleburne.....	190.	
Rosedale.....	Montgomery.....	52.	Col. F. A. Montgomery, Chas. C. Farrar.
Tupelo.....	John M. Stone.....	131.	Gen. John M. Stone, P. M. Savery.
Vicksburg.....	Vicksburg.....	32.	Capt. D. A. Campbell, C. Davis.
Woodville.....	Woodville.....	49.	Capt. J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett.
Yazoo City.....	Yazoo Camp.....	176.	Capt. S. D. Robertson, W. R. McCutcheon.

MISSOURI.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Kansas City.....	Kansas City.....	80.	Ct. J. W. Mercer, G. B. Spratt.

NORTH CAROLINA.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Clinton.....	Sampson.....	137.	R. H. Holliday, C. F. Hening.
Concord.....	Cubarrus Co. C. V. A.....	212.	
Newton.....	Catawba.....	162.	Ct. J. G. Hall, L. R. Whitener.

OKLAHOMA.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Norman.....	Gen. J. B. Gordon.....	200.	
Oklahoma.....	Ct. D. H. Hammon.....	177.	Capt. J. W. Johnston, John O. Casler.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Aiken.....	Barnard E. Bee.....	84..	Capt. B. H. Teague, J. N. Wigfall.
St. Georges.....	Stephen Elliott.....	51..	J. Otey Reed.

TENNESSEE.

Chattanooga.....	N. B. Forrest.....	4..	Gen. J. F. Shipp, L. T. Dick- inson.
Clarksville.....	Forbes.....	77..	Capt. T. H. Smith, Clay Stacker.
Fayetteville.....	Stelford-Fulton.....	114..	Col. James D. Tillman, W. H. Cashion.
Franklin.....	John L. McEwen.....	—	Capt. B. F. Roberts, R. N. Richardson.
Jackson.....	John Ingram.....	37..	Capt. E. S. Mallory, S. E. Ker- toff.
Knoxville.....	Felix K. Zollieffer.....	46..	Capt. John F. Horn, Chas. Ducloux.
Knoxville.....	Fred Aull.....	5..	Col. Frank A. Moses, Maj. J. W. S. Frerson.
Lewisburg.....	Dibrell.....	55..	Capt. W. P. Irvine, W. G. Lloyd.
McKenzie.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	42..	Capt. Marsh Atkisson, Dr. J. P. Cannon.
Memphis.....	Con. His. Ass'n.....	28..	Col. C. W. Frazer, R. J. Black.
Murfreesboro.....	Joe B. Palmer.....	81..	Capt. W. S. McLemore, Wm. Ledbetter.
Nashville.....	Frank Cheatham.....	35..	Elder R. Lin Cave, Col. John P. Hickman.
Shelbyville.....	Wm. Frerson.....	83..	Capt. John M. Hastings, Jno. G. Arnold.
Tullahoma.....	Pierce B. Anderson.....	173..	Capt. J. P. Bennett, W. J. Travis.
Winchester.....	Turney.....	12..	Capt. W. H. Brannan, J. J. Martin.

TEXAS.

Abilene.....	Abilene.....	72..	T. W. Dougherty.
Abilene.....	Taylor Co.....	69..	Col. H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyek.
Alvarado.....	Alvarado.....	160..	J. R. Posey.
Athens.....	Howdy Martin.....	65..	Capt. D. M. Morgan, W. T. Eustace.
Atlanta.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	91..	Capt. J. D. Johnson, James N. Simmons.
Austin.....	John B Hood.....	163..	Capt. Wm. M. Brown, Chas. H. Powell.
Beaumont.....	A. S. Johnston.....	75..	Capt. Jeff Chalsson, Tom J. Russell.
Beltow.....	Bell Co. ex-Con. As.....	122..	Capt. H. M. Cook, R. H. Tur- ner.
Bonham.....	Sul Ross.....	164..	Capt. J. P. Holmes.
Brownwood.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	118..	Capt. Carl Vincent, R. L. Archer.
Bryan.....	J. B. Robertson.....	124..	Capt. H. B. Stoddard, W. H. Harmon.
Buffalo Gap.....	Camp Moody.....	—	Capt. Ben F. Jones, J. J. Eubank.
Calvert.....	W. P. Townsend.....	111..	Capt. J. H. Drennon, C. W. Higginbotham.
Camerson.....	Ben McCullough.....	29..	Capt. E. J. McIver, Joseph B. Moore.
Canton.....	James L. Hogg.....	133..	Capt. T. J. Towles, W. B. Thompson.
Carthage.....	Horace Randall.....	163..	J. R. Bond, J. M. Woolworth.
Cleburne.....	Pat Cleburne.....	88..	Capt. O. T. Plummer, M. S. Kahle.
Colorado.....	Albert Sidney.....	—	Capt. W. V. Johnson, Thos. Q. Mullin.
Columbus.....	Shropshire-Upton.....	112..	Capt. Geo. McCormick, J. J. Dick.
Coleman.....	John P. Ham.....	76..	Capt. J. J. Callan, James M. Williams.
Corpus Christi.....	Jos. E. Johnston.....	63..	Capt. H. R. Sutherland, M. C. Spann.
Corseana.....	C. M. Winkler.....	147..	Capt. R. M. Collins.
Crockett.....	Crockett.....	141..	Capt. Enoch Braxson, J. F. Martin.
Caldwell.....	Camp Rogers.....	142..	J. F. Matthews.
Dallas.....	Sterling Price.....	31..	Capt. J. J. Miller, Gen. Wm. L. Thompson.
Decatur.....	Ben McCulloch.....	30..	Capt. Will A. Miller, A. Ed- wards.
Denton.....	Sul Ross.....	129..	Capt. Hugh McKenzie, J. R. Burton.
Dublin.....	Erath & Comanche.....	85..	Gen. J. T. Harris, L. E. Gil- lett.
Emma.....	Lone Star.....	198..	
Fairfield.....	Wm. L. Moody.....	87..	Capt. Geo. T. Bradley, L. G. Sandifer.
Farney.....	Camp Bee.....	130..	Capt. T. M. Daniel, S. G. Fleming.

TEXAS—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Fort Worth.....	R. E. Lee.....	158..	J. W. Friend, Eugene Burr.
Frost.....	R. Q. Mills.....	106..	Capt. A. Chamberlain, Dr. M. F. Wakefield.
Gainesville.....	Jos. E. Johnston.....	119..	Capt. J. M. Wright, John T. Walker.
Galveston.....	Magruder.....	105..	Gen. T. N. Waul, Chris C. Heavans.
Gatesville.....	Ex-C. A. Coryell Co.....	135..	W. L. Saunders.
Goldthwaite.....	Jeff Davis.....	117..	Maj. J. E. Martin, F. M. Tay- lor.
Gonzales.....	Gonzales.....	156..	Maj. W. B. Sayers, M. East- laod.
Graham.....	Young County.....	127..	Capt. A. T. Gay, V. M. Ed- wards.
Granbury.....	Granbury.....	67..	J. A. Formivalt, I. R. Morris.
Hamilton.....	A. S. Johnston.....	116..	Capt. W. T. Saxon, C. C. Powell.
Hemstead.....	Tom Green.....	136..	Capt. Van B. Thornton, Sam Schwarz.
Henrietta.....	Sul Ross.....	172..	Capt. F. J. Barrett, C. B. Pat- terson.
Hillsboro.....	Hill County.....	166..	Wm. A. Fields.
Houston.....	Dick Bowling.....	197..	
Kaufman.....	Geo. D. Manfon.....	145..	Capt. Jos. Huffmaster, E. S. Pipes.
Kingston.....	A. S. Johnston.....	71..	Capt. J. F. Puckett, T. J. Fos- ter.
Ladonia.....	Robt. E. Lee.....	126..	Capt. G. W. Blakeney, F. W. Blakeney.
LaGrange.....	Col. B. Timmons.....	61..	Capt. R. H. Phelps, N. Hol- man.
Lampasas.....	R. E. Lee.....	66..	J. S. Lauderdale, D. C. Thomas.
Lubbock.....	F. R. Lubbock.....	138..	Capt. W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon.
Madisonville.....	Johh G. Walker.....	128..	B. Wiley.
Meridian.....	A. S. Johnston.....	115..	Capt. Robert Donnell, J. W. Adams (acting).
Merkel.....	Merkel.....	79..	Capt. J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.
Mexia.....	Joe Johnston.....	94..	Capt. C. L. Watson, H. W. Williams.
Minneola.....	Wood County.....	153..	Capt. J. H. Huffmaster, Geo. A. Cage.
Mt. Enterprise.....	Rosser.....	82..	Capt. T. Turner, B. Birdwell.
Mt. Pleasant.....	Col. Dud Jones.....	121..	Capt. C. L. Dillahunt, J. C. Turner.
Montagne.....	Bob Stone.....	93..	Capt. R. Bean, R. D. Rugeley.
McKinney.....	Collin County.....	109..	Gen. W. M. Bush, H. C. Mack.
Navasota.....	Pat Cleburne.....	102..	Capt. W. E. Barry, R. M. West.
Oakville.....	John Donaldson.....	—	
Palestine.....	Palestine.....	41..	Capt. J. W. Ewing, J. M. Ful- lbrider.
Paris.....	A. S. Johnston.....	70..	Capt. Geo. H. Province, John W. Webb.
Paint Rock.....	Jeff Davis.....	168..	Capt. W. T. Melton, J. W. Rutledge.
Rockwall.....	Rockwall.....	74..	Capt. M. S. Austin, N. C. Ed- wards.
Roby.....	W. W. Loring.....	154..	Capt. D. Speer, W. H. Smith.
San Antonio.....	A. S. Johnston.....	144..	Capt. John S. Ford, Taylor McRae.
Seymour.....	Bedford Forrest.....	86..	Capt. T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browning.
Sherman.....	Mildred Lee.....	90..	Capt. J. T. Wilson, R. Walker.
Sweetwater.....	E. C. Walthall.....	92..	Capt. W. D. Beall, J. H. Free- man.
Sulphur Sp'gs.....	Matt Asheroft.....	170..	Capt. R. M. Henderson, M. G. Miller.
Taylor.....	A. S. Johnston.....	165..	Capt. M. Ross, P. Hawkins.
Tyler.....	A. S. Johnston.....	48..	Capt. James P. Douglas, Sid S. Johnson.
Vernon.....	Camp Cabell.....	125..	Capt. Shem E. Hatchett, M. B. Davis.
Waxahachie.....	Jeff Davis.....	108..	Capt. R. P. Maekey, W. M. McKnight.
Weatherford.....	Tom Green.....	169..	Capt. J. P. Rlee, M. V. Kin- nison.
Wichita Falls.....	W. J. Hardee.....	73..	Capt. C. R. Crockett, N. A. Robinson.

VIRGINIA.

Reams Station.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	211..	
Richmond.....	George E. Pleketts.....	204..	
Roanoke.....	William Watts.....	205..	
Williamsburg.....	McGruder-Ewell.....	210..	
WASHINGTON, D. C.			
Washington.....	Wash. City Con.....	171..	Maj. Albert Akers.

## The Confederate Veteran.

Fifty Cents a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. Money paid for it does not augment the Monument Fund directly, but as an auxiliary its benefit certainly makes it eminently worthy the patronage of every friend of the cause.

THE death of ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, which occurred since our last issue, removes from the walks of life the last ex-President except Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Hayes was in many respects a good man, and during his administration it was generally accepted at the South that, by the removal of the military and other similar acts, he did more for our people than Mr. Tilden could have done.

I knew him personally while President, and was frequently with him afterward. The justification of his accepting the Presidency, from his standpoint, was the firm conviction, expressed to me, that the vote in certain Southern States was not correctly counted.

This circumstance is recalled: When in Nashville, a few years ago, attending an Association of Charities, Mr. Hayes sat facing an old man, to whom I said, in cordial spirit, "We are loyal!" The response was, "If you are not, we will make you!" This remark irritated the ex-President very much, and he immediately turned to me, remarking: "You will remember he was not one of the fighters." Mr. Hayes evidently would have rebuked him, but for the remark having been made by quite an old man.

THE editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has ever had a most earnest wish to promote the well being of the southern people, and especially to have it known that the Confederate soldier element is alive to issues of the times. Stimulated with this desire, and feeling a personal, friendly interest in behalf of the family of President Harrison's brother, living in Tennessee, I wrote Gen. Harrison a letter soon after his election, in which I mentioned the circumstance of having been six months a prisoner in his city, Indianapolis; also of having barely escaped capture again at Resaca, where he, Gen. Harrison, was promoted for gallantry; and again of having confronted his brother in the battle of Franklin. I stated that I knew his brother well, and felt that "our people," regardless of party, would be gratified if he would give him a good appointment. In the letter I explained that I was a Democrat, and concluded by saying that an "acknowledgment is not expected," not wishing to encumber the President-elect with any care. To that letter the following response was received: "Though you have set me free from any obligation to acknowledge your letter of the 18th inst., it is so generous that I can not accept the discharge from the pleasant duty of telling you how highly I appreciate your friendly words in behalf of a brother whose plan of life was spoiled by the call of his country to military service."

### THINGS PERTINENT TO WAR TIMES.

"While you are writing about Joe Brown, you might say something of the pikes received recently by the Tennessee Historical Society." This suggestion was elicited by reference to the Georgia Senator's extraordinary career. His connection with the war, his long official career as Governor, and his antagonisms with the Confederate Administration at Richmond, are matters of history. Conspicuous in this respect was his refusal to have Georgia troops sent out of that State.

Concerning weapons, it will be remembered that Tennessee volunteers carried bowie knives. What an industry it was to get them ready! Trifling fellows, who were untidy in their dress, and trifling in every other sense, would work away in the sand, scouring their "butcher" knives, as if the brighter they glistened the more tremulous would be the foe, when the contemplated hand to hand encounter would begin. Soon they were allowed to rust and drop by the line of march.

But as to the "Joe Brown pikes"—they were of a little more intelligent conception, particularly in anticipation that some Confederates would have to fight without guns. They consisted of two pieces of timber about six feet long, banded together with iron, the corners rounded, with an aperture near one end, in which a blade fifteen inches long was inserted, and, by means of a spring, could be protruded at will, and firmly held in place. It is useless to say they were never used. The Historical Society had better label them with an explanatory note, for those who do not know of the silly things done in the beginning of the Confederate war would never imagine what they were intended for.

I was quite amused one morning about eight years ago at a remark of General Sherman, who was my fellow passenger on the Western & Atlantic Railroad. As the train was running into Graysville, he pointed to the stone mill by the Chickamauga creek, an hundred yards away, and said: "An Englishman living here, made sabres for the Confederacy in that house." He referred to Mr. Gray, who was really an English subject. This Mr. Gray built the long tunnel at Tunnel Hill, below Graysville, and was a man of great executive ability, but the "sabres" he made for Georgia troops are known as the "Joe Brown pikes."

By the by, as one of the smallest soldiers in that campaign wherein Sherman, by constantly increased numbers, flanked again and again the Confederates under Johnston, compelling the latter to fall back 100 miles during the "all-summer" campaign, I note the interesting coincidence that I was with Johnston on his first trip over that road by daylight after the war, and was with Sherman on his first, if not only journey afterward. Johnston's knowledge and rec-



## CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

ollection of localities was most remarkable after fifteen years. As the train darted along, turning its many short curves, he would point to places where batteries had been established, and where resistance was intended. He explained, too, how the enemy managed to turn our right or left flank.

Johnston did not know, however, all the territory, for he said of his engineer, Lieutenant Buchanan, a few years ago when that capable officer was in Washington to witness the transit of Venus, that he had planned many a battle from his maps without ever having seen the premises.

The modest professor is mentioned in Johnston's Narrative as "that very intelligent officer." Mr. Buchanan's employment in the geodetic service of the Government to survey Tennessee, a pursuit that he has followed through several vacations from his duties in the University at Lebanon, was fortunate for the department, according to official report. He has completed the first duty assigned, and can tell the distance with astronomical accuracy, between Nashville, Knoxville and many places intervening.

On the journey referred to Sherman was much interested in passing scenery. While by the Chickamauga station he pointed to a particular locality, and said: "A negro stepped on a gun that lay in the mud there. It went off and wounded three of my men in the legs." When I told him of a recent journey with General Johnston along there, and how vividly he recalled many things, his face brightened with a pleasant smile, and he said: "Was he through here?" What memories are recalled in this connection! Sherman issued a circular when he had pressed Johnston many miles back into Georgia, in which he said that if we had given up at a certain time we might have retained all our property, but we had lost that opportunity, and he concluded with a warning that if we persisted much longer, we need not expect to escape with our lives. That threat intensified our men afresh. However, it seems that with all of his bitterness, a cordial personal relation ever existed between him and Johnston.

General Sherman had abundant evidence of the South's forbearance with him. The writer recalls this illustration: On that journey through Georgia thirteen years ago, 100 or so of the citizens assembled to see him at Cartersville. He walked out on the platform and stood looking over the crowd, when some one said: "General, we have improved since you was here." "Yes," he replied, "we left a clean field for you." At this moment the "all aboard" was announced, and Sherman added: "I see you have the same depot, but you have put a new roof on it." Cartersville was in the area that he had lain waste with the torch, but not a word of reproach was spoken; neither did any one applaud him.

### MISSING.

Off duty near *Malvern Hill*,  
Foraged one of *Hampton's Legion*,  
In a glen with running rill,  
'Twas in the *Seven Days' Battle* region.  
  
In a thicket, on grassy bank,  
Grew summer flowers and berries sweet,  
On Nature's couch the soldier sank  
And slept in this retreat.  
  
The battle rages in his dream,  
Battalions charge and cannons thunder,  
While beside him, near the stream,  
Lies one down to death's dread slumber.  
  
The soldier starts! before his eyes,  
There on the sward with fruit and flowers,  
The bony frame of a lost one lies,  
Bleached to whiteness by sun and showers.  
  
"A mother's son, a brother or lover,"  
Mused the Vet.; "from shot and shell hissing  
Wounded, had crept to cover,  
And this is how he came up missing."  
  
Ah, the numbers on that sad list  
Of "Missing"—Blue and Gray!  
Let us hope they'll be first to "hist!"  
When the roll is called on Judgment Day.

A note with the above, from Capt. B. H. Teague, of Aiken, S. C., explains: "While searching for wild strawberries on one of the battlefields during the war, I came across the skeleton of a Union soldier in a thicket, who had probably been killed during the 'seven days' fight.'"

### SIX HUNDRED CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.

HOW THEY WERE EXPOSED TO CONFEDERATE CANNON  
—A RETALIATORY MEASURE.

The following story comes from J. L. Lemon, of Acworth, Ga., who says he thinks the story has never been published:

"Doubtless you will offer your columns as a medium for recording interesting historical incidents connected with the war. My experience while a prisoner was thrilling and tragic in many respects, and varied as the winds.

"I was in Gen. Longstreet's command in his movement to take Knoxville, in November, 1863, and was severely wounded and taken prisoner. Some time later I was removed to the penitentiary at Nashville, then to Camp Chase, and from there to Fort Delaware, where two thousand five hundred or more Confederate officers were confined. On our way from Camp Chase to Fort Delaware we passed through Columbus, Ohio, where I had a view (?) of the Ohio penitentiary.

"In the summer of 1864, six hundred of the officers were taken from the pen at Fort Delaware and put aboard the steamer 'Crescent' and carried to Morris Island, victims of retaliation for some alleged wrong to the Federal prisoners at the hands of the Confederate authorities. On the way we planned an escape, the crew in charge of us being Confederate sympathizers. We were to land at Georgetown, overpower our guards and the guards of the town, and escape. The steamer, on nearing the shore, struck a bar and prevented its possibility.

"When we were awaiting to be taken upon the island and we were without water, and suffered tortures from

the heat in our crowded condition. We were taken in charge on the island by a negro regiment, who were instructed to take all U. S. blankets, clothing, canteens, and all other trinkets marked U. S., which they did, leaving some of our men nearly bare. We were kept under range of the Confederate batteries on Sullivan and James' Islands and battery wagons for forty-two days. We obtained the water we drank while on the island by digging holes in the sand for the water to accumulate in; this, you perceive, was fine (?) water in August! Our negro guards treated us roughly for awhile. Issuing our scanty rations to us, they poured the hardtack and thin slices of meat into the tent on the sand. By and by, through persuasion, we gained their sympathy and they were kinder to us, stealing for us extra rations and paying us most extravagant prices for our horn, bone, and wood rings, and other trinkets fashioned in our leisure.

"We were removed to Fort Pulaski and Hilton Head. Some parties had escaped from Andersonville, and said they were fed on sour sorghum and corn bread; in retaliation we were given pickles and refuse corn meal, the result of which had almost completely broken down our six hundred, none of whom were scarcely able to drag themselves along.

"This awful affair has never been printed before, so far as I know. "I am very respectfully,

"JOSEPH L. LEMON."

#### GALLANT TENNESSEAN KILLED NEAR RICHMOND.

This little CONFEDERATE VETERAN has put many people to looking up old documents that will ever be sacred to them. Mrs. T. S. Colley, of Franklin, kindly sends a copy of an article from the Richmond *Enquirer*, of July 17, 1862. Its literal reproduction will be interesting to young readers, as it breathes the spirit of the time that it was written. In Col. Shackelford's honor the Bivouac at Fayetteville was named. Maj. F. G. Buchanan is its President, and W. H. Cashine the Secretary:

"Among the noble brave who fell in the recent battles near Richmond, perhaps no one deserves more honorable mention than Lieut. John C. Shackelford, of the First Tennessee Regiment, who fell on Friday, the 27th of June, while gallantly leading his regiment in the first charge at Gaines' Mills. Col. Shackelford was in the battle of Seven Pines, and also commanded his regiment in the fight at Ellison's Mills on Thursday before the battle in which he fell. In every action, though but twenty-six years of age, he showed himself to possess in an eminent degree the qualities of a good commander, to wit, coolness, self-possession, and bravery. So gallantly did he demean himself upon the field in the thickest of the fight that the soldiers would often exclaim: 'Surely Col. Shackelford's nerves are steel!' When shot he was waving his sword above his head and cheering his men on, but so thick and terrible was the leaden storm that our men were ordered to retreat. A soldier offered to take him off the field, but he said: 'No; it is no use; take care of yourself.' He was universally popular, and was the favorite of his own regiment. The First Tennessee will ever cherish his memory with the most grateful recollections. He was a most ardent and enthusiastic devotee to the southern cause, was among

the first to respond to his country's call, and was in the service of the Confederate States in Virginia before his native State had seceded from the old Union. With him love of the Confederacy was a passion, and he seemed to but carry his life in his hand, that he might throw it upon the altar of his own loved native South whenever her interest demanded it. His devotedly affectionate parents, brothers and sisters, are sadly bereaved in the loss of so noble, gifted, and promising a son and brother, but may they be consoled in the reflection that he died at his post, in the full discharge of his whole duty, and now fills a hero's grave."

Col. Shackelford was commanding Col. (now Governor) Pete Turney's regiment at the time of his death. The fatality in this famous regiment was awful. When this genial, brave man was killed Col. Turney was suffering from an almost fatal wound. He was succeeded by McLaughlin, who was also killed, and he by Maj. Buchanan, who was wounded.

#### TO DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

DEAR GIRLS—In these days, when disintegration threatens to overturn society, when perplexed philosophers bring up the question of single tax as a remedy for all existing governmental disorder, we southern women keep one little old adage locked close to our hearts—"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." It speaks to our hearts as nothing else does, and we are satisfied to do our part through this medium. In preceding generations the women of our Southland have made it the very birthplace of ennobling qualities. In this connection I speak especially of the kindergarten. It is *progressive* in the highest sense. Woman's nature is in thorough sympathy with that of the little child. Let us advance shoulder to shoulder under the Kentucky motto, "In unity there is strength." We look on the little child as a beautiful plant given to us by our Divine Master. The child plant is growing, growing, growing! He will be a man—an element for good or evil in society even before we know it. Quick, then, let us surround him with happy, moral influences, because the tender roots of his nature are reaching out and they will assimilate what they find. You remember who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." If society is cold and selfish—if every man is for himself, with no interest in his fellows, it is because the religion Christ taught did not touch his soul when a little child. If religion was made a joy to the child, so that he would love it, and take it in, and assimilate it as the flowers do the sunshine, the world would grow better in his manhood. Does the present state of society tell you there is anything lacking? Man has a three-fold nature—mental, moral, and physical, to be supplied with food. The statistics of pedagogy show that in preceding generations Grecian education finally failed because it gradually lost sight of the moral side. Shall we fail for this cause? The kindergarten meets the higher demands as well.

There are kindergartens in most of the large cities of the South, and there should be in the towns and in the country. Women of the South, this is our heritage, and I tell you that one hour with children is worth more than all other antidotes for worry, care, and sorrow.

MAS.

## GREAT SOURCE OF WEALTH FOR THE SOUTH.

All the South hails joyfully the introduction of that which will tend to the practical development of her resources. For this reason the CONFEDERATE VETERAN emphasizes with pride the intelligence, which is assuring, that the manufacture of steel is to be a most beneficent factor for us all. The following extract from a letter to Messrs. J. H. Inman, of New York; N. Baxter, Jr., and A. M. Shook, of Nashville—all of whom were Confederates—written by the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, will be read with gratifying interest. The letter is not of very recent date, but the facts are not known by the people generally. Mr. Hewitt, in the investment referred to at Chattanooga, had the co-operative aid of his father-in-law, the benefactor, the late Peter Cooper, of New York:

"I may be pardoned for recalling the fact that I was the purchaser of the rolling mill at Chattanooga, from the Government at the close of the war, and put it in operation for the purpose of showing that the iron business could be successfully carried on in the Southern States. From the very outset I was aware of the difficulty in the way of making steel, due to the presence of phosphorus in your ores, and hence I watched the progress of the basic process with the greatest possible interest, and so long ago as 1862 I was aware of the experiments made by Mr. Snelus, which served to show that lime could be used to neutralize phosphorus in pig iron. Messrs. Thomas & Gilchrist, however, first made a successful application of this principle, and I always intended, if the works remained under my control, to establish the manufacture of basic steel in Chattanooga. For this purpose I secured the original control of the patents in this country, but circumstances occurred which made it impossible for me to execute my plans.

"It was, however, with the greatest possible satisfaction that I was able to give Mr. Shook the information which led to his visit to Europe, and to his study of the process at Brymbo Works, conducted by my friend, Mr. Darby, where I knew that the difficulties were even greater than those which existed in the Southern States, and that they had been successfully surmounted. Nevertheless, it required much money, great energy and high courage on the part of the gentlemen who associated themselves together for the introduction of this new process. They have done their work well, and they are entitled not only to honor, but to profit, which I hope they will realize. The South is the natural home of the basic process, just as the North must necessarily be the great producer of acid steel. It is an interesting fact that these products have each their proper field of usefulness, and that the basic steel of the South will undoubtedly find a market north of the Ohio river, just as the pig iron of the South has invaded the Northern territory.

"It has often been said that steel will drive out iron, but the fact is that the production of puddled iron has increased and not diminished since the introduction of the improved steel processes. For some purposes iron will continue to be used, but when basic steel shall be supplied at low cost in adequate quantities, the domain in which iron can be used will be greatly restricted. The future, therefore, for the new

product is very bright, and the demand will soon take all of this admirable material which can be supplied at a reasonable cost.

"I am afraid the Southern people do not appreciate how much they owe to the managers of the great railway system of the South for the remarkable progress which has been made in the development of the coal and iron resources of the Southern country. I know of nothing in the history of industry more remarkable than the intelligence with which the railway managers have recognized the necessity for low freights on raw materials, and if to-day the South has demonstrated its ability to hold its own in the markets of the North for its products, this result is due entirely to the views which Mr. Inman and other gentlemen associated with him and in other railway systems have adopted in dealing with the great problems of transportation. Instead of striving to embarrass the plans and restrict the powers of these benefactors of the South, the Southern States ought to give them *carte blanche* to carry out their plans on the broadest possible scale, and free from injurious conditions which only impede the work of production, and increases the cost of commodities to the consumer. To-day the South has the cheapest transportation in the world, and hence it is emphatically the most prosperous region in the world.

## LETTER FROM H. M. COOK.

BELTON, TEXAS, January 23, 1893.

The sample copies of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN forwarded to me were received, and as the result of an hour's work with them, on the streets of Belton, I enclose herewith the names of seventeen subscribers, accompanied by postoffice order for \$8.50.

This publication in the interest of the Davis Monument, at the remarkable low price of 50 cents per annum, was a happy thought, and if properly distributed will do more to revive the seemingly collapsed interest manifested in that subject throughout the South than any other agency. Two years ago enthusiasm on the subject was unbounded. The Jeff Davis Monument was the principal topic, liberal contributions were made throughout the Southern States, and especially in Texas; even in the little town of Belton I raised two hundred dollars, which was no exception to the liberality of other towns. This money was forwarded to Gen. W. L. Cabell, the Confederate Vice President for Texas.

After a time, however, the enthusiasm measurably subsided; the South's great sorrow was in some degree mollified by time, the great healer, and action in the monumental question was held in abeyance. As no report was ever published of the amount of money received from the different States and sources, the public was left in ignorance of results. Now, the question propounded by the people is, How much has been collected, and what has been done with the money? While I have no doubt but the money contributed has been honestly cared for, yet I know that with the masses the money question is a delicate one; hence, for the benefit of the incredulous, and for the satisfaction and encouragement of all, I think it would facilitate the work very materially to make a complete exhibit of the amount received from each State, and all sources, since the conception of the monument idea, and amount on hand to date, through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

## SOME SOUTHERN WAR HEROES.

## MEMBERS OF THE GALLANT OLD GUARD OF THE CONFEDERACY.

[The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Passing, one by one, into the silent land, the heroic leaders who struggled desperately to save "the lost cause" have been dropping out of mortal ken during the past quarter of a century, until now a very small group is left. Very interesting are the figures which make up the little band, men of hoary hair and faltering step they are now, but their names recall memories of the days when they were active and alert, braving shot and shell on the field and cheerfully bearing privation and hardship in the camp or on the march. In those times, in the cities of the East and the farm houses and homes of the West, their names were execrated, and on the hotly contested border land their approach was dreaded with sinking heart. The new generation which has grown up to manhood since that time has learned to look at them in a more kindly light. Their valor and their devotion are come into recognition; their disappointment and their failure plead for them, and we remember that they, too, are Americans whose prowess does honor to our race.

Busily occupied with business affairs in New Orleans, the last surviving general of the Confederacy, Gen. Pierce Gustave T. Beauregard, still exhibits the untiring, indomitable energy which characterized him during the four years of war. In spite of his seventy-four years, he retains the old pugnacity of his youth and middle age. He does not wield the old weapons, but the man who has the hardihood to cross the old general's path and oppose his plans speedily learns that he has an antagonist who can adapt himself to any mode of warfare, and has lost none of his strategic skill.

The general has a certain right to speak authoritatively, so far as experience can give the right, he having had the honor and the responsibility of opening the ball, by directing the attack on Fort Sumter, and of commanding, in conjunction with Gen. J. E. Johnston, at the battle of Bull Run. The general explains with graphic force how, if that battle had been fought as he planned it, and if he had been permitted, even after the battle had taken place, to add his later plans, he could have "crushed Patterson, liberated Maryland, and captured Washington." He surrendered with Gen. J. E. Johnston to Gen. Sherman, in April, 1865.

Associated with Gen. Beauregard of late years is that other prominent soldier of the South, Gen. Jubal A. Early. The two men are congenial associates, having many characteristics in common. The same dash and impetuosity, the same impatience of contradiction or control, distinguish Early as they do Beauregard, and the same effects are seen in both their lives in numerous and bitter enemies. Gen. Early, who is seventy-six years old, has been a soldier since boyhood, though more than once he has abandoned a martial career for law or business. He had a West Point training, and first smelled powder in the Florida War of 1837. He quitted the army at the close of the war and commenced the practice of law; subsequently he sat in the Virginia Legislature for two years. The outbreak of the Mexican War lured him from the pursuits of peace. He served as a major of volunteers, and acted as Governor of Monterey the last two months of its

occupation. He returned to the practice of law when the army was disbanded, and served for ten years as attorney of the commonwealth. He was appointed colonel on the outbreak of the Rebellion, and took part in the battles of Bull Run, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg. In 1864 he was sent to the Valley of the Shenandoah. There, after a few minor successes, he fought the disastrous battle of Cedar Creek. Six months later, in October, 1864, a still more severe disaster befell him at Waynesboro, where Gen. Custer almost annihilated his command. Lee, who still retained his faith in Early's capacity, was unable to resist the popular feeling in the army against the defeated general, and felt himself obliged to remove him from his command. In his letter relieving him from duty, Lee, with the delicacy of the true gentleman, softened the blow by assuring Early of his own regard, but reminded him that the country and the army would naturally judge by results, and consequently there could be no doubt that his influence would increase the already serious difficulties accumulating in Southwest Virginia. Early at once quitted the army and spent some time in Europe.

A conspicuous figure among the survivors of the great struggle is Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, who a few years ago was elected Governor of Kentucky. He was one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of Gen. Grant, whom he always admired and honored. He was the general to whom Grant sent the dispatch which stirred so much enthusiasm in the North early in Grant's career, and which history has immortalized. The North thought it had the right ring, and that the man who wrote it was the man for the hour. The words, which soon became famous, were: "I propose to move immediately upon your works." This was at Fort Donelson. Buckner's two superiors, Officers Floyd and Pillow, had made their escape, when they found the position no longer tenable; but he declared that he would stay with his men and share their fate. He remained, and after the capitulation was sent as a prisoner of war to Boston, Mass., where he was kept until exchanged, six months later. On his return to the field he commanded under Bragg in Tennessee. He fought at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga, and surrendered with E. Kirby Smith at Baton Rouge, in May, 1865. Buckner was another of the West Point graduates, and had also, like so many of his comrades and foes, done gallant service in the Mexican War. He is now sixty-nine years old.

Now sitting in the United States Senate for his native State of Georgia, is another brave officer of the southern army, Gen. John Brown Gordon, who has just passed his sixtieth birthday. He bears on his body evidences of his valor in the shape of eight wounds received in battle. He entered the Confederate Army as a captain of infantry, but before the close of the war had risen to the rank of lieutenant general. He was one of the officers who surrendered to Grant at Appomattox.

Last, but not least remembered, of the old chivalric guard of the Confederacy come those sturdy heroes, Stephen D. Lee and Ambrose P. Stewart. Gen. Lee now holds a position of responsibility in a university at Starkville, Miss., while Gen. Stewart, who is living quietly at Oxford, Miss., was recently appointed Confederate commissioner on the committee for the construction of a national cemetery on the site of the old battlefield of Chickamauga, where so many of the

sons of the Confederacy fell fighting for the stars and bars.

The animosities of the war have long since been buried, and by none more completely than by the men who fought most bravely and sacrificed most in the struggle. The North unites most heartily with the South in recognizing the heroism of the men who fought so gallantly for their convictions. In the closing years of their lives the chieftains of the old Confederacy enjoy the love and honor that is accorded to true soldiers, and when they finally pass away from the scenes of their struggles they will not be among those who are soon forgotten.

#### REMEMBRANCE OF GREAT OCCASIONS.

Observations in New York on the centennial of the evacuation by the British; again, of Washington's first inauguration, which occurred by the bronze statue near the sub-treasury in Wall Street; again, in Chicago, where ninety thousand people were seated comfortably, and nearly as many more standing or strolling under one roof; or back in war times, when forty thousand Confederate soldiers were under review by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and the President of the Confederate States at Grenada, Miss., when every soldier could see every other.

The scene referred to above in Chicago was perhaps the most remarkable that will be witnessed by anybody of this generation. The writer was of a group stationed about fifty yards from the center towards the eastern end. At that extreme of the building there was an elevated platform, on which there were more than five thousand people. It was under the fine light of a day suited to such occasions, but the distance was so great that none of our party could tell whether they were children or soldiers, not even whether they were men or women. Indeed, it was so great it seemed certain that no human voice could have penetrated the distance of the building. In this connection "the rebel yell," so thrillingly described in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for January, is recalled. It might have been heard. That wonderful assembly in a building covering over forty acres, and the building, too, may have attention in subsequent issues.

Rev. F. W. E. Peschau, of Wilmington, N. C., but formerly of Nashville, writes: "Success to you; it is full of interest." Mr. Peschau is the chaplain of Veterans in North Carolina. On a recent visit to the old "blockade city," Mr. Peschau took kindly interest in finding the old Freeman residence, where I was entertained with thorough hospitality when board was sixty dollars per day and when my salary was eleven dollars per month. The genial minister reminds me of a great event at Wilmington last summer, when Gen. E. D. Hall, who is vigilant for the Davis Monument, had twelve hundred to thirteen hundred of the wounded, crippled, and maimed ones visit the seashore, where they had free board, etc., for three days, after having had free railroad transportation from all parts of the State. He said he had never seen a more pathetic

sight, "these brave soldiers, injured in so many ways. The chaplain preached to them midst the roar of the sea waves breaking on the shore, and these men sang, as with one voice,

'Nearer, my God, to Thee!'

It was a sweet, sublime scene, and many a tear rolled down the war-worn cheeks of these way-worn warriors."

#### GREETING FROM WASHINGTON.

From the Nation's Capital, from the shores of the Potomac, the James, and the beautiful valleys and mountains of our section, and many loving hearts, a cordial welcome is wafted to you.

To preserve the memory of our departed heroes, and care for the living who are dependent, is largely woman's work, which she deems her privilege and pleasure, even as she smiled through her tears and said to them a quarter of a century ago, "Your country calls; go, and God bless you."

The writer is not willing to admit that chivalry in America is dead, or that southern women are ready to accept any substitute for it. We all honor and love each other, and if we have been too poor since the war to show our sympathy and respect in a substantial way, let us rejoice that the time has passed. We can easily take up the privileges of the changed South, without giving up or forgetting the glories of the old.

The South has nobly worked out her independence, and we believe she will contribute liberally to the cause we all love. Those who have not money to give may appeal confidently to the rich, and where hearts are united purses fly open. The noble work begun will go on.

Enclosed find, please, a small amount for the grand monument. I could not be happy without knowing that it included my mite. It will be built by those who are able to do it, and I hope, too, that the day is not far distant when not a single uncare for Confederate will be found anywhere. Once more, "God bless them all," says the wife of one of the bravest of them all.

ALICE TRUEHEART BUCK.

Washington, D. C.

#### THE SAME CANTEEN.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,  
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,  
And true lover's knots, I ween;  
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,  
But there's never a bond, old friend, like *this*,  
We have drank from the *same Canteen!*

It was sometimes water, and sometimes milk,  
And sometimes apple-jack "fine as silk;"  
But whatever the tippie has been  
We shared it together in bane or bliss,  
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of *this*,  
We drank from the *same Canteen!*

The rich and great sit down to dine,  
They quaff to each other in sparkling wine,  
From glasses of crystal and green;  
But I guess in their golden potatoes they miss  
The warmth of regard to be found in *this*,  
We drank from the *same Canteen!*

We have shared our blankets and tents together,  
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,  
And hungry and full we have been;  
Bad days of battle and days of rest,  
But this memory I cling to and love the best,  
We drank from the *same Canteen!*

For when wounded I lay on the center slope,  
With my blood flowing fast and but little hope  
Upon which my faint spirit could lean;  
Oh! then I remember you crawled to my side,  
And bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,  
We drank from the *same Canteen.*

## THE DAVIS MONUMENT FUND.

## LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED.

The list of contributors is arranged under two heads, First, those whose names are given, and second, the sums collected where the names of donors are not known. It is earnestly requested that for next issue names be supplied for the other lists, so the record of contributors may be as complete as possible. This important list is incomplete. It will be revised and republished. Each name represents one dollar:

## ALABAMA.

ANNISTON—Through Mrs. R. Gardner, \$21.

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Of the foregoing, seventy-five dollars was collected by Mrs. R. A. Spurr, and remitted to the Treasurer at Richmond; and fourteen dollars, collected by Mrs. O. L. Bradley, remitted to the General Agent at Nashville.

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Report from Col A W Hyatt, Treasurer for Louisi-ana, to Col W R Lyman, A A G, New Orleans:

1891.

June 22, John T. Block, La. Div. A. N. V.....	\$ 102 65
June 22, Wm. McLaughlin, Vet. C. S. C.....	54 00
July 1, J. Y. Gilmore, La. Div. A. N. V.....	55 00
July 1, J. B. Levert, Sugar and Rice Ex.....	100 50
July 1, J. B. Levert, Vet. C. S. C.....	40 50
July 1, Jos. Demornelle, C. H. St. Paul.....	22 00
July 8, Lawson L. Davis, C. H. St. Paul.....	43 00
July 9, Col. Wm. P. Johnston, Soldiers and Sons of Soldiers of Avery's Salt Mines.....	11 25
July 10, Gen. Geo. O. Watts, Jefferson Davis Camp.....	25 00
July 10, Gen. Geo. O. Watts, Citizens and Soldiers of Blue and Gray.....	64 00
July 16, Pilcher Bros, and W. H. Pilcher, proceeds of Pilcher concert, July 10.....	66 00
July 17, Chas. D. Delerey, Army of Tenn. La. Div. fund created.....	102 50
July 22, A. W. Hyatt, A. of T. La. Div.....	75 00

July 22, J. B. Levert, Vet. C. S. C.....	8	60 00
July 22, J. B. Levert, Sugar and Rice Ex.....		8 50
July 22, A. N. Block, La. Div. A. N. Va.....		9 05
July 22, Lawson L. Davis, C. H. St. P.....		10 00
July 22, Jos. Demoruelle, C. H. St. P.....		36 50
July 22, B. F. Eschelman, C. Wa. Art.....		150 10
July 22, Alden McClellan, La. Div. Army of Tenn.....		72 00
Aug. 17, Octave Fontenot, La. Div. Army of Tenn. at Opelousas.....		40 00
Sept. 10, Paul Conrad, C. H. St. Paul.....		221 50
Oct. 27, Oliver Normand, R. L. Gibson Camp and Ladies of Evergreen.....		75 45
1892.		
Jan. 8, Judge F. A. Monroe, members Bar, Bench and Officers C. D. Courts.....		310 00
Jan. 15, R. McMillan, C. Wash. Art.....		47 50
Feb. 10, John T. Block, Army of N. Va. La. Div., collected by J. M. Wilson.....		22 00
April 13, J. Lyons, citizens of New Orleans...		33 00
Oct. 11, Nicholson & Co., sundry collections of N. O. Picayune.....		78 50
Oct. 11, Nicholson & Co., subscription of the N. O. Picayune.....		100 00
Nov. 18, J. W. Fairfax, sundry collections of Daily City Item.....		50 50
Less disbursements to date as per vouchers on file.....		17 75
		<hr/>
		\$2,068 70

Oct. 10, remitted to J. S. Ellett, treasurer, Richmond, Va.....\$2,018 20

Nov. 22, remitted to J. S. Ellett, treasurer, Richmond, Va..... 50 50— 2,068 70

NEW ORLEANS—Mrs. May Poitevant, \$5.

#### MISSISSIPPI.

FAYETTE—James Archer, F Braws, Thos Davenport, W L Faulk, H McGladery, T J Key, W W McAa, A K McNair, W K Penny, W L Stephen, J J Whitney.

HOLLY SPRINGS—Jas T Fant.

OCEAN SPRINGS—Mrs A A Staples.

ROCKNEY—Geo Hickler.

VICKSBURG—The Vicksburg C. V. Camp, through Col. D. A. Campbell, \$409.55.

#### MISSOURI.

HARRISONVILLE—Jeff Burford, seventy-five dollars. H R Estes, \$2.50.

#### NEW JERSEY.

HOBOKEN—James Coltart, \$5; Miss Virginia M Coltart, Harriet Monk, John Stansfield.

#### NEW MEXICO.

SILVER CITY—C A Thompson.

#### NORTH CAROLINA.

ASHEVILLE—Mrs E J Aston, Mrs H A Gudger, Mrs J A Hucler, \$2 each; Mrs D Johnston, Mrs Theo D Johnston, Mrs B M Lee, C H Miller, Mrs M Penland, Miss Mary Penland, Mrs E L Rankin, R R Rawls, Henry Redwood, Miss Maggie Smith, Miss Anna Smith, Miss Louise Smith, Bessie Smith, Mann Smith.

CHARLOTTE—Through the *Observer*, \$29.50.

JACKSON—Emma W Burgwyn, J A Burgwyn, Geo P Burgwyn, J B McRae, R B Peebles.

SALISBURY—Sent to Judge W L Calhoun, \$15.25.

STATESVILLE—Through J. P. Caldwell, four dollars.

WAYNESVILLE—William Boggs, R H Dykers, G S Ferguson, J E Hall, Frank Hall, A J Reeves, Dr J H Way.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA.

CAMDEN—H G Carrison, I C Clyburn, J G Hay, A D Kennedy, P T Nuepigue, W M Shannon, Springs, Heath & Co, J B Steedman, \$5 each; Chronicle, I M Lemp, \$3 each; B B Clarke, A A Moore, \$2 each; G S Higgins, Cash.

The above were collections by Dr. John W. Corbett, and sent to the *Charleston News and Courier*. He reports about \$110 raised at a concert given by the ladies and sent to the *News and Courier*.

#### TENNESSEE.

ADAMS STATION—M L Johnston.

ALAMO—W H Biggs, J B Fleming, C A Goodbar, J B Humphreys, \$2; P B Nance, W H Poindexter, T N Skelton, J D Wortham.

BELLS STATION—Wm B Bate, Capt. Dawson, B S McLemore, J C W Nunn, J H Thomas, D H Thomas.

BOLIVAR—P W Austin, W T Anderson, C H Anderson, Ophelia P Bills, L M Carrington, W C Dorion, D E Durrett, R E Durrett, W W Farley, J L Foote, C S Gauden, H P Joyner, Kahn Bros., Austin Miller, T E Moore, A T McNeal, J J Neely, Jr., M N Perry, J C Savage, H W Tate, Julia M Upshaw, Hugh Williams, R H Wood. By oversight the amounts were not put to the Bolivar list that exceeded \$1. The collection there is \$123 not yet forwarded.

BROWNSVILLE—Judge John Bond.

CAIRO—W J Lambert.

CASTALIAN SPRINGS—Geo Harsh.

CHATTANOOGA—G Andrews, Jr., N G Atkins, Creed F Bates, W M Bearden, P F Craig, W R Crabtree, D W Clem, B L Goulding, \$5; J B Pound, W T Plumb, G H Snead, J F Shipp, T E VanValkenburg, L G Walker.

CLARKSVILLE—Arthur H Munford; little Miss Buckner, five dollars.

COVINGTON—R R Green fund, \$54.35.

CROCKETT—J T Stamps.

FAYETTEVILLE—J P Buchanan, J L Buchanan, W H Calhoun, A J Carlross, N P Carter, James Cashion, W R Cashion, Andrew Cashion, W H Cashion, A Cashion, H B Douglass, H C Dwiggin, \$5; J C Demer, A H Edmondson, S W Fleming, Hugh Francis, J C Goodrich, Theo Harris, Jr, E J Higgins, H K Holman, T C Little, R K Locker, C A McDaniel, W C Morgan, J D Parks, W C Parks, J H Pitts, G F Pitts, G F Renegar, B T Boach, Robertson & Goodrich, J W Scott, J W Smith, H D Smith, A E Smith, J M Stewart, O C Tallant, E S Terry, Thomas Thomison, W P Tolley, R D Warren. H C Dwiggin's address is Petersburg.

FRIENDSHIP—J M Cochran, B H Harman, D B Woodson.

GALLATIN—Jas W Blackmore, David F Barry, C S Douglass, W C Dismukes, J B Harrison, Jas J Turner, Geo E Seay, J A Trousdale, S F Wilson.

GRAND JUNCTION—W C Mauldrin.

HARTSVILLE—John D Stalker.

JACKSON—E L Bullock, \$5.



JOHNSON'S GROVE—J R Worrell.

LEWISBURG—Through Capt. W. G. Loyd, \$85.

MAURY CITY—Sid Avery, W H Carter, Dr B Moore, C Peal, Bryant Stallings.

McKENZIE—Through ———, \$103.20.

McMINNVILLE—J W Irwin.

MONROE—Dr J M Shelton.

NASHVILLE—Jos W Allen, Mrs J W Ailen, B B Allen, Kate M Allen, Lieut Samuel M Allen, Mrs B B Allen, Walter Aiken, S T C Doak, A J Grigsby, W C Kelvington, -10; John J Vertrees, Rev W R L Smith

RED LICK—Jos Kling.

SWEETWATER—T T Hagar.

VICKSBURG.—Through Col. D. A. Campbell, \$400.

WAVERLY—H C Carter.

#### TEXAS.

Boz—B F Forrester.

BROWNWOOD—G H Adams, J L Harris, F W Henderson, C C Jones, J B Smith, E R Stanley, Ed T Smith.

COLEMAN—J B Coleman, L E Collins, C L Coleman, Pilham Coleman, W C Dibrell, 5.

CORPUS CHRISTI—M C Spann, collection, \$177.75.

FORT WORTH—Through Mrs. B. B. Pollard, \$101.70.

WAXAHACHIE—A J Baxter, John P Cooper, E Chaska, Joe P Cooper, G H Cunningham, Miss Meta Cooper, \$11; J A Darrow, Dr W E Farmer, B F Forrester, J A Gray, B H Lattimer, M W McMight, L H Peters, Wm Stiles, T F. Thompson, M B Templeton.

———, Mrs S R Coggin, \$7.

#### VIRGINIA.

ABINGDON—Virgie M Gildersleeve (now Mrs. Taylor).

BIRMINGHAM—D Walker.

BRENNER BLUFF—W H Holman

BYBEE—R S White.

CHARLOTTESVILLE—M Duke, George Perkins.

CULPEPPER—D A Grundy.

PALMYRA—M P Pettit, Pembroke Pettit, William Schlater, J O Shepard, G M Winn.

SCOTTSVILLE—D W Anderson.

UNION MILLS—Dr. Dudley R Boston.

WILMINGTON—John W Adams.

#### SOME WHO HAVE HELPED THE FUND.

A good many halves and quarters come from Pratt Mines, Ala.

Miss Jennie Smith, of Blackshear, Ga., sends \$4, with as many names.

M. B. Burgwin, Jackson, N. C., sends \$4 with the names of four friends.

Bright little Miss Louise Beverly Sprague, of Mobile, sends nine names with \$1 each.

James Rutherford, of Batesville, Ark., sends in twenty-six names with \$1 each.

Miss Mollie Cunningham, of Waxahatchie, Texas, sends three names with \$1 each.

J. T. Cornell, of Cairo, Tenn., furnishes twenty-eight names with \$28 to the fund.

Maj. John J. Reeve, sends from Henderson, Ky., ten names, including his own, with \$10.

James Coltart, of Hoboken, N. J., sends a contribution of \$5 with three other names of \$1 each.

W. L. Stephens, Fayette, Miss., sends a batch of names, nearly all for \$1 each. Money forwarded to Richmond.

Mrs. C. P. Morrow, of Chonteau, I. T., sends ten names with as many dollars, including V. Gray, who puts \$2 to her list.

James W. Blackmore, of Gallatin, Tenn., thirteen names with as many dollars, which he "gathered up" among his friends.

A splendid list will be seen from B. F. Jenkins, President of the Davis Monument Association, Mansfield, La., which aggregates \$107.

Miss Meta Cooper, of Waxahatchie, Texas, sends a neat little note with ten subscriptions to the Monument, of \$1 each, except that of Joel Cooper, which is for \$2.

Mrs. R. Y. Porter, of Greenville, Ala., on being applied to, felt discouraged with the prospect, but when a subscription book was sent her, she procured thirty names, with \$30.

Maj. J. B. Briggs, of the John W. Caldwell Camp, Russellville, Ky., sends \$28, including \$5 for himself, and a similar amount for the gentleman in whose honor the camp is named.

Elsewhere reference is made to the Young Men's Democratic Club of Nashville, whose fund is the largest that has ever been secured by any one organization, and to other workers for the cause.

R. W. Downer sends \$24 from the little old village of Fairview, Ky., where Jefferson Davis was born. If all the other places would do as well in proportion, the South would have a Memorial Temple second to none other on earth.

In the contribution of Joseph W. Allen, of Nashville, the list includes the name of his son, Lieut. Samuel M. Allen, C. S. A., killed by bushwhackers while on furlough at a friend's house near Memphis, Tenn., March, 1864.

In a remittance of fifteen dollars, January 2d, from Otis S. Tarver, of the Joe Finnegan Camp, Sanford, Florida, I notice contributions from three little darlings, three, four, and six years. The names are Linda C. Barnes, E. F. Barnes, and Hannah Myerson.

Dr. J. P. Cannon, of McKenzie, Tenn., writes of the fund: "I see you ask for the names of contributors to the Monument Fund. I can not give the names of those who contributed the \$103 from this place, as it was raised principally by Stonewall Jackson Bivouac in different ways, assisted by the citizens of the community."

W. P. Renwick, of Monroe, La., writes of the collection of \$64, which has been forwarded to Richmond. He adds: "There is a prevailing notion that it is the duty of the Southern people to build a suitable memorial to the Confederacy through its President, Davis, and a well organized movement will surely succeed."

Eli Perkins, on being introduced to the agent of the Davis Monument Fund, made the generous offer to deliver a lecture for the benefit of the fund at any time and any place, and added, "Think of that man's integrity and what he did with the resources at hand. He was an American." This genial humorist and lecturer is a Union Veteran.

The fund aggregating nearly \$1,800 raised by the Young Men's Democratic Club, of Nashville, is the largest yet furnished by any single organization.

Col. John George Ryan sends from Chicago five dollar subscriptions, one of which was in the name of his brother, Gen. W. A. C. Ryan, of the United States Army, "who was one of those taken from the steamer *Virginus*, and murdered at Santiago del Cuba, Nov. 4, 1873;" and another for their mother, deceased, who was an admirer of Southern chivalry.

J. L. Buford, of Birmingham, Ala., who was a member of the Clayton Guards, First Alabama Regiment, did this clever thing in connection with the Monument Fund: He subscribed \$10 for himself and nine others. One of the contribution books was sent him to insert their names, which he forwarded to his sister Miss Annie E. Buford, of Union Springs, Ala., and she secured twenty names, with \$1 each.

J. W. Simmons, of Mexia, Tex., reports the following contributions for \$1 each: W. H. Williams, C. L. Watson, J. W. Simmons, H. W. Gray, J. M. Rombo, Joe Wilder, H. A. Boyd, E. B. McCoy, Bennett Hunt and Mrs. D. A. Murphy, of Mexia, and Capt. T. B. Tyers, of Groesbeck, and adds: "I will send a large list after the concert." Preparations are being made for an entertainment there the 27th inst. for the promotion of the fund.

Gen. E. D. Hall, chairman of United Confederate Veterans Committee for North Carolina, furnishes the following:

WILMINGTON, N. C., January 19, 1893.

"At a meeting of the committee (a quorum being present) appointed to raise funds for the State of North Carolina for the Jefferson Davis Monument, held at Raleigh, January 13th, it was agreed to name one suitable person in each congressional district, whose duty it shall be to recommend four persons, two males and two females, from each county in their district, for the purpose of assisting in raising North Carolina's share of the funds necessary to erect the said monument at Richmond, Va.

"It was further ordered that a circular letter should be issued to the parties named by the chairman, Gen. Hall, containing instructions, and they are requested to answer as soon as possible, stating whether they will serve.

"The persons named from the districts are as follows: First—Hon. W. A. B. Branch, Washington; Second—Hon. Matthew Manley, Newbern; Third—Col. W. J. Green, Fayetteville; Fourth—Gen. W. R. Cox, Raleigh; Fifth—Gen. James D. Glenn, Greensboro; Sixth—Col. H. C. Jones, Charlotte; Seventh—Capt. J. G. Hall, Hickory; Eighth—Col. W. H. H. Cowles, Wilkesboro; Ninth—Gen. R. B. Vance, Asheville."

In concluding his appeal, Gen. Hall says:

"To the ladies and gentlemen of the committee, on you depends North Carolina's credit in this matter. Let all work faithfully.

"To the ladies we mainly look for success. By entertainments of various kinds much can be accomplished. To the men, hard work, soliciting subscriptions, argument and persuasion.

"As soon as a reasonable amount of funds is collected, remit the same to the chairman, E. D. Hall, Wilmington, N. C., by postoffice order or otherwise."

#### ANNUAL ADDRESS TO VETERANS.

Gen. W. L. Cabell issues a circular, Dallas, Texas, February 2, 1893, as the Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department of United Confederate Veterans, in which he says: "It is with feelings of the greatest pleasure, as well as pride, that I can greet you at the end of another year and say that a kind Providence has extended its sheltering wings over our noble Association, and that it is growing stronger and stronger each year. Our old comrades are becoming more familiar with and more and more interested in the objects of our benevolent, social, and historical Association, and are increasing the number of Camps in every section. The death roll has not been as great as we might have expected. The dead have been properly cared for, and the living Confederate veterans who are incapacitated, by sickness or wounds, from making a living, have been provided for by the different States in this department. They have good houses, are amply provided with food, raiment, and shelter, where they can spend the evening of their lives in quiet and peace as the honored guests of the great States of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and the Territory. I therefore urge upon you, my old comrades, to press forward the good work; that you will organize and join at once the Association of United Confederate Veterans." . . . He urges a large attendance at Birmingham July 19 and 20, and adds: "A committee on transportation for this department has been formed, and will do all within their power to secure reduced rates on railroads leading to Birmingham. Local committees can communicate with this committee.

"I would also call your attention to the fact that every Camp, not only in this department but in the department of the East, has been called upon to contribute to the erection of a monument to our great chieftain, Jefferson Davis. . . . Let us, then, put our shoulders to the wheel and see to it that this monument is erected at once, so that all those now living who followed the flag of the Lost Cause may be present at the unveiling of the monument to be erected in Richmond, Va."

Col. Wm. L. Thompson, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to Trans-Mississippi Department, United Confederate Veterans: "THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN is before me, and I am greatly pleased with its contents, and wish you all success. Please send five copies for this department.

In this issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN there is an article upon the manufacture of steel in the South, as set forth by a letter from Hon. Abram S. Hewett, of New York. It is an able paper, and treats of an industry which, if successful, will tend largely to enriching the land we love. Col. A. M. Shook, who began at the bottom after getting out of his Confederate suit in 1865, and is a leading spirit in the business, reports prospects for the success which has been anticipated as good, although the inventions are not yet demonstrated to perfect satisfaction.

W. A. Gillespie, Greenwood, Miss.: "Your circular just received. I am glad to know that such a publication is in existence. Think I can raise a good club of subscribers. I inclose fifty cents for sample copy."

## THE TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE HOME.

IT COMPRISES THE GREATER PART OF THE HERMITAGE  
—ANDREW JACKSON'S HOME—TEN MILES  
FROM NASHVILLE.

There is no State in which greater zeal has been exercised for a soldiers' home, perhaps, than by friends in Tennessee. This is saying much in the freshness of what is being done now in Missouri, and what was done recently in Georgia. It is saying all the more in considering Louisiana and other States, in which our people have honored themselves in this respect.

The Hermitage property, owned by the State for many years, has all been turned over to a board of trustees, except twenty-five acres, including the residence, which has been given into the custody of the Ladies' Hermitage Association.

The farm contains four hundred and seventy-five acres, enclosed by eight and one-half miles of wire fence with cedar posts. Many acres of the land was poor and washed, but has been admirably reclaimed from underbrush and thicket and set in clover. Eight acres are also set apart for the garden. There are upon the premises three fine wells and an inexhaustible spring of pure water, which furnishes the supply for the tank in the main building, a distance of thirty-three hundred feet.

The main building is a handsome two-story structure, of brick, with stone foundation, and suitable trimmings. The central front of the building has an inscription in raised letters, "The Confederate Soldiers' Home." The front of both wings is adorned with galleries and rounded portico, sustained by neat fluted pillars. The interior arrangements are excellent and equipped with all modern improvements. In the cellar there is a well constructed furnace, with a self-regulating boiler, and distributing pipes to all parts of the building, carrying both heat and hot water. From the enormous tank on top of the building, holding when full ten thousand gallons, water is supplied to all portions of it. In the upper and lower corridors there are attachments for hose sufficient in length to be used against fire.

Of the many contributions to the Home, the most liberal gift was the dining room furniture, including a handsome sideboard, which was presented by the family of the late Charles Nelson, a German-born citizen of Nashville and a Union soldier. The firm of Phillips, Hood & Co. gave a range worth one hundred and fifty dollars; Mrs. O. M. Spofford contributed one hundred dollars, and many others fifty dollars and less. All the rooms were furnished by individual donations.

The executive committeemen—Maj. M. S. Cockrill, Dr. W. J. McMurray, and Maj. R. H. Dudley—who were selected by the trustees to take charge of all the work, deserve high praise for their zeal at all times for the Home.

It would take a long chapter to enumerate in brief the wholesome supply of everything that has been furnished. It would gratify everybody who feels solicitude for the disabled soldier who shares its benefits.

## CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.

The January edition of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was so short of meeting the demand, and as a history of Confederate monuments, complete as possible, is determined upon, some of the following statistics is a repetition of what was published before.

The same is true in regard to those "who have worked for the monument." It is an honor list, and deserves the knowledge and the gratitude of all other patriots. The monument history will amaze the civilized world. With all the poverty and depression that followed the fatal results of the war, the hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars so expended, when computed, will be a dazzling record of patriotism and affection for the heroes who rushed into the jaws of death. Let every community see that what they have done to honor our dead be communicated for publication in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It will be a feature, ere long, to compile a list of memorials in different States and report tabulated statements in the aggregate.

I see that you do not mention the monument erected at Georgetown, Ky., to the memory of the Confederate dead. These soldiers were buried in different parts of the county when Gen. Kirby Smith's army was in Kentucky in 1862. After the war their remains were gathered up and buried in a separate lot in our beautiful cemetery, and the ladies of the county raised money by *one dollar contributions* and erected a monument at a cost of one thousand dollars. You will observe that all but two of these soldiers were strangers in this county and State, only two being Kentuckians. I give the names inscribed upon the monument, thinking perhaps they may meet the eye of some one who knows not of their resting place: William Simons, Arkansas; W. Hall, Georgia; J. J. Hensley, Georgia; William Sutton, Georgia; Capt. John Black, Texas; William Tanchill, Texas; Bryan Fitzpatrick, Texas; W. T. Coppage, Kentucky; William Wood, South Carolina; Richard Dumford, Arkansas; Wallace Oxford, Texas; Archer Shront, Texas; William Steele, Georgia; William T. Ford, North Carolina; Cardwell Jones, Georgia; — Gunsauld, Kentucky; *Unknown*; W. G. Wooten, Hodgenville, Ky. These two last named were shot to death by order of Burbridge, the "unknown" refusing to give his name, saying that he did not wish his mother to know that he had died such a death. The monument is twenty feet high; shaft, eleven feet. On the base, in front, is the Confederate cross, with drooping banner and broken staff; emblems of war lie under the fold of the banner. On the shaft are raised cannons in bronze, securely inlaid and fastened to the granite. On each side of the monument are inscribed the names of the boys in gray who sleep in a circle at the base. At the bottom of the inscription in front are the words, "1861—Confederate Soldier—1865." Wishing you success, both in your paper and the monument for Mr. Davis.

I am yours truly, A. H. SINCLAIR.

MONUMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS.—The Confederate Monument in Greenwood Cemetery, built by the Ladies' Benevolent Association, is of white marble, surmounted by a figure of a Confederate infantryman "on guard." Around the pedestal are the busts of Lee, Sidney Johnston, Polk and "Stonewall." It was unveiled in 1867. Value, \$25,000.

**MONUMENT OF WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.**—Marble shaft on mound, statue of an artilleryman on top, sponge staff in hand. On the base are inscribed the names of those members of the command who were killed or died in service, also the names of sixty engagements in which the command participated. Unveiled Feb. 22, 1880. Value, \$15,000.

**MONUMENT OF THE ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA.**—A column 50 feet above the ground, or 38 feet above the mound on which it stands. On the summit is a stone statue of Stonewall Jackson, 8 feet 9 inches high. Under the mound are vaults for the dead. Jefferson Davis' remains are deposited there at present. Unveiled May, 1881. Value, \$25,000.

**MONUMENT OF ARMY OF TENNESSEE.**—Mound containing tombs for deceased members, surmounted by equestrian statue of Albert Sidney Johnston in bronze. At the entrance to vaults is a marble life-size figure of a Confederate sergeant calling his roll. Value \$35,000.

**ROBERT E. LEE MONUMENT.**—A Doric column of granite on a grassy mound, surmounted by bronze statue of Lee 15 feet high. Entire height, 106 feet 8 inches. Column, 60 feet. Unveiled Feb. 22, 1884. It is in St. Charles street. Value, \$40,000.

Natchez, Miss.: "We have built a very handsome monument to our Confederate dead costing \$3,000. It is a shaft with life-size soldier in marble. Statue made in Italy."

**THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CAMDEN, S. C.**—Dr. John W. Corbett supplies the following data: "The Ladies' Monumental Association was organized in 1872, with Mrs. H. D. DeSaussure for the first President. The next President was Miss C. M. Boykin. At the time of the unveiling of the monument the association had the following officers: Mrs. A. E. Doby, President; Mrs. James Davis, First Vice President; Miss Emma Reynolds, Second Vice President; Mrs. J. D. Kennedy, Secretary; Mrs. J. W. McCurry, Treasurer, and Mrs. Herman Baum, chairman of the Executive Committee. The corner-stone of this monument was laid on the 10th of May, 1883, Memorial Day, and it was completed in June. The celebration was a great event for Camden. The railway yard was crowded with coaches and engines. Crowds went in private conveyances from all portions of the county and neighboring counties. The procession contained, besides the civic lodges, four bands of music, sixteen infantry companies, three cavalry companies and three artillery corps, in all about seven hundred men in uniform. The stand near the monument was richly and profusely decorated with festoons of palmetto leaves and jessamines, and almost completely covering the stand was a great number of battle-scarred flags. Gen. Wade Hampton was the orator of the day; Gen. M. C. Butler, Gov. Hugh S. Thompson, Gen. J. D. Kennedy, Adj. Gen. Manigault, Col. E. M. Boykin, Rev. S. H. Hay, and a few others were on the stand. The monument is a cylindrical shaft of marble, four feet in circumference and eight feet high, on a marble base; under this base are three large blocks of Fairfield granite; surmounting the shaft is an urn, on which is a dove; the dove has its wings outstretched and is facing the south; the total height of the monument is twenty feet. The square base to shaft is inscribed as follows: On the north, two swords crossed, with '1861' on one side and '1883' on the other side of the cross; on the

south, a laurel wreath, enclosing the letters 'C. S. A.'; on the west, 'This monument is erected by the women of Kershaw county, in memory of her brave sons who fell during the Confederate War, defending the rights and honor of the South'; on the east, 'They died for home and country, and are gratefully remembered wherever they be.'

"Countless hearts have coned their story;  
Countless hearts grown brave thereby;  
Let us thank the God of glory,  
We had such to die."

This monument is situated at an important street crossing. An iron fence encloses it."

**CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.**—Concerning Confederate monuments in South Carolina, Wm. E. Breese, President First National Bank, Asheville, North Carolina, writes: "I notice that you omit South Carolina so far from your list of memorial monuments. I know no State so full of them, and none as fine, except in Richmond. In Charleston the Washington Light Infantry have erected two, one \$8,000, the other \$13,000; Irish Volunteers, one for \$15,000; Charleston Light Dragoons, \$14,000; German Artillery, \$20,000; Ladies' Memorial Association, \$25,000; one to John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, \$5,000; S. H. Anderson (Fighting Dick), \$2,000; Gen. Ripley, \$2,000. The old Citadel Academy and all the churches have on walls and vestibules memorial tablets. Columbia has one, Camden, Cheraw, Greenville, Anderson, etc. I write only from memory, being a former South Carolinian. I have always thought that South Carolina headed the list. The Richmond monuments were from contributions all over the South. The South Carolina monuments are all home affairs."

Newberry, S. C.: "The ladies have erected a monument to the Confederate dead from this county in the court house square. It is of marble, and costs \$1,300."

Anderson, S. C.: "Our noble women have organized a Confederate Memorial Association, and are now raising funds to erect a monument in our city."

**MONUMENT AT KNOXVILLE.**—It is a graceful, well-proportioned shaft, twelve feet square at the base and twenty-four feet high. It is surmounted with a heroic statue of a private soldier, standing at parade rest. The inscription "Commemorates the heroic courage and unshaken constancy of more than 1,600 soldiers of the South, who, in the great war between the States, 1861 to 1865, were inspired by the holiness of a patriotic and impersonal love, and in the mountain passes of Tennessee, whether stricken in the field or in hospital ward, gave ungrudgingly their lives to their country." The monument is of Tennessee gray marble, and is extremely handsome for the cost, \$4,500. The unveiling was last Memorial day, May 19. The general address was by Senator W. B. Bate. ex-Union soldiers co-operated in making the event a success. The daily press, Republican and Democratic, gave very eulogistic accounts of the event. Many gentlemen were helpful to the ladies in their work, one of whom was Col. F. A. Moses, a member of the Davis Monument Committee for Tennessee.

**MONUMENT FOR CLARKSVILLE.**—It is in process of erection, is to be 48 feet high, 9 feet by 13 feet at base; will be capped by a bronze statue 9 feet high. There will be two granite statues 7 feet high, 12 feet

above the base. The monument is being constructed from Barre granite. It is to cost \$7,500, and to be completed in the early spring, and to be dedicated in May.

The Confederate monument in the grassy court-house yard at Bolivar, Tenn., is very beautiful. It cost \$2,700, is of marble, about thirty feet high from ground to top, urn on top, shaft draped with flag. The ornaments are cannon, tents, drums, flags, etc. Inscription on south side, "To the Confederate dead of Hardeman County;" west, "Hardeman County erects this monument to the memory of her sons fallen in the service of the Confederate States;" east, "In hope of a joyful resurrection;" north,

"Though men deserve,  
They may not win success.  
The brave will honor the brave,  
Vanquished none the less."

A movement was started for a Confederate monument at Fayetteville, Tenn., but it was abandoned on account of a disastrous cyclone which swept the town.

Jackson, Tenn., has erected a tall shaft 70 feet high, including the figure of a Confederate soldier at parade rest. It is in the court-house yard.

The people of Tipton Co. Tenn., are raising funds for county monument, and have contributed more than \$50 to the Davis monument.

The ex-Confederate Association of Grayson County, Texas, are preparing to erect on the public square at Sherman, a \$2,500 monument to the memory of ex-Confederate soldiers.

MONUMENTS IN RICHMOND.—Monument to 12,000 Confederate dead in Hollywood Cemetery, a granite pyramid 45 feet square and 90 feet high, erected by the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association at a cost of about \$50,000, now almost covered by that beautiful evergreen vine, the Virginia creeper.

Monuments over the grave of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, in Hollywood Cemetery, to the dead of Pickett's Division and the dead of Otey Battery—both on Gettysburg Hill in Hollywood—and to the Richmond Howitzers, on Howitzer Place, just west of Monroe Park, represent an outlay of approximately \$10,000.

The greatest monument to a Confederate that has ever been erected, size and quality of material considered, is the Lee monument in Richmond. In the reference to it elsewhere no idea of its magnitude can be had except that it cost \$75,000. A more accurate description may be expected hereafter.

Monument to the Private Soldiers and Sailors of the Confederacy, in Marshall Park, overlooking the site of Libby Prison, a copy of Pompey's Pillar, surmounted by a heroic bronze figure of the Confederate Infantryman, erected by private subscriptions at a cost of about \$50,000.

Heroic Statue, in bronze, of Gen. T. J. Jackson, by Foley, presented by admiring Englishmen to the people of Virginia, erected in Capitol Square on a granite base, at the expense of the State. Aggregate cost, about \$15,000.

Bronze Equestrian Statue of Gen. R. E. Lee, by Mercie, ornamental granite pedestal, from designs by Pujot, at the western extremity of Franklin St., erected by private subscriptions at a cost of about \$75,000.

Bronze Heroic Statue of Gen. Wm. C. Wickham, by Valentine, provided by private subscription, and erected in Monroe Park on a granite base at the expense of the city. Total cost, about \$15,000.

Bronze Heroic Statue of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill, by Sheppard, erected over Hill's remains on the Hermitage Road just north of the city, by private subscriptions, at a cost of about \$15,000.

Monument to 17,000 Confederate dead in Oakwood Cemetery, a massive granite obelisk, erected by the ladies of the Oakwood Memorial Association, at a cost of about \$5,000.

Movements are well advanced for an Equestrian Statue of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and a monument to Gen. John R. Cooke.

CEMETERY AND MONUMENT AT FREDERICKSBURG.—Mrs. J. N. Barney, who raised \$5,100 for the Confederate cemetery, with which marble headstones replaced rotting wood, and a creditable statue of a private soldier was placed in the center; in telling of the work she said: "I received several shower baths of cold water thrown on me by doubting people, who said the South was too busy trying to make a living to attend to putting headstones to its dead soldiers, but I did not mind a word they said. First, I put a box on my hall table for the babies to drop pennies in. It was fine fun for the servants to make the little fat hands unfold for the purpose. Then the children brought me the five-cent pieces; boys and girls on their way to school would contribute their money to put tombstones to the soldiers who died to save their homes. I succeeded in stirring my poor, little battle-scarred town until I secured \$250 from voluntary contributors. Then I branched off into all the States. Maj. Spurr, of Nashville, will tell you how I tormented his unflinching courtesy and patience. Simply by using my pen and bringing the matter to the hearts of the dear Southern people, I raised \$5,100, and you saw the result." In conclusion, she said: "We must have that monument to Mr. Davis, and that shortly, while our generation lasts. It is due our Lost Cause that we should."

Winchester, Va., has erected a \$10,000 monument to the unknown Confederate dead in Stonewall Cemetery. In addition to this principal monument, different States have erected shafts. There is one for Virginia that cost \$1,000. Maryland has a superb structure, capped with a statue of a private soldier, by O'Brien, that cost \$2,500. The statue was made on an order that failed and the work was procured at a small percentage of its value.

Portsmouth, Va., has honored her soldier dead in a highly creditable way. It is in a monument that cost about \$9,000, is fifty-five feet high, and has a statue on each corner of the base. The statues represent the four branches of service—Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and Navy.

A monument is being erected near Newport News, Va., to cost between one and two thousand dollars. It is the work of the Lee Camp of Confederate veterans and their friends at Hampton Va.

Woodstock, Va.: Subscriptions have been made in this county for the Lee monument at Richmond, Jackson, Lexington and elsewhere.

Shepherdstown, Va.: A Confederate monument has been erected at a cost of \$2,500. It is a marble shaft.

Culpepper, Va., has a monument that cost \$1,000.

*GENEROUS ACT OF JAY GOULD.*

It seems seasonable still and fitting to mention in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a noble act of kindness to southern people by the late Mr. Jay Gould. Many harsh criticisms were published about him at the time of his death because he did precisely as most men do in distributing his property between his children. While in Washington soon after his death I wrote for the *Post* of his generosity while the yellow fever was so severe at Memphis. It seems to have been so forgotten that I copy the record as published at the time. An Associated Press message of September 4, 1879, said, "The Howard Association having battled for two months with the dread destroyer, finds every dollar in the treasury exhausted, with several hundred sick and convalescent to be provided for." That telegram was seen by Mr. Gould that day at his luxurious home far away from danger, and here is the result:

"New York, September 5.—To W. J. Smith, acting President Howard Association, Memphis, Tenn.: I send you by telegraph \$5,000 to aid the Howard Association. I am certain the generous people throughout the country will contribute liberally to aid your stricken city. AT ANY RATE, KEEP ON AT YOUR NOBLE WORK AND I WILL FOOT THE BILL. What are your daily expenses? Answer. "JAY GOULD."

Mr. Smith, in reply, said, "The grand sentiment you express, to continue our noble work and you will foot the bill, has nerved us all, and strengthened our faith in the cause in which we are engaged. Our expenses are about \$1,000 per day."

The above is published not in commendation of what the great financier did with his money, but as setting forth one of the boldest and most unstinted acts of charity on record. It is well to remember the good that men do.

*DEATH OF A WIDELY-KNOWN SOUTHERN WOMAN.*

Mrs. Mary H. Robertson, who was greatly beloved by the multitude of Southern girls who attended Wards Seminary at Nashville, Tenn., all along after the war, will be saddened by her death. It occurred in January, after an illness of several months. She had gone to Atlanta, and was with her sister, Mrs. Preston Miller, when the end came. The funeral was preached in the First Presbyterian Church, Nashville, on a bitter cold day, to a large congregation. The discourse was by Rev. J. H. McNeilly, D. D. After reading from Psalm 71 he said: "We come to pay tribute of honor and of tears to the memory of a noble woman 'nobly planned,' whose life was one of the beneficent forces of this community." The minister ably portrayed her leading characteristics. She was a woman of brilliant intellect and of wide culture. She had great kindness of heart; her sympathies were quick and her affections warm. She was a person of the strongest purpose. She had exquisite tact, ever possessing that innate, subtle sense of propriety whereby she did the proper thing in the proper way and at the right time. She was acutely conscientious, and her life was a blessing to all who came in contact with her. Days after the funeral there was a large gathering of prominent people to do honor to her memory.

*GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MEN.*

Mr. J. O. Allen, who was with Gen. Wheeler, and was paroled at Charlotte, N. C., May 3, 1865, took a copy of his farewell address. It will be seen that no place is given. The implied "headquarters in the saddle" may be substituted.

"HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS, April 29, 1865.

"GALLANT COMRADES—You have fought your last fight, your task is done. During a four years' struggle for liberty you have exhibited courage, fortitude, devotion. You are the sole victors of more than two hundred sternly contested fields. You have participated in more than a thousand conflicts of arms. You are heroes, veterans, and patriots. The bones of your comrades mark battle fields upon the soil of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi. You have done all that human exertion could accomplish. In bidding you adieu I desire to tender thanks for your gallantry in battle, your fortitude under suffering, and your devotion at all times to the holy cause you have done so much to maintain. I desire also to express my gratitude for the kind feeling you have seen fit to extend toward myself, and to invoke upon you the blessing of our heavenly Father, to whom we must always look for support in the hour of distress. Brethren in the cause of freedom, comrades in arms, I bid you farewell.

"(Signed) JOSEPH WHEELER, Maj. Gen.

"W. E. WAILES, Maj. and A. A. A. G."

*CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT NASHVILLE, TENN.*

The cut on cover page of the Nashville monument is a good one. It is built of Vermont granite, and is forty-five feet six inches high. The first base is sixteen feet square; above it there are three gradations, then the tall shaft surmounted by a private soldier of colossal size. In bold letters on upper base are the words, "Confederate Memorial." It cost \$10,500. The other inscriptions are as follows:

Front—"This shaft honors the valor, devotion, and sacrifice unto death of Confederate soldiers of Tennessee. The winds of heaven, kissing its sides, hymn an everlasting requiem in memory of the unreturning brave."

Rear—"Erected through the efforts of women of the State in admiration of the chivalry of men who fought in defense of home and fireside, and in their fall sealed a title of unfading affection."

Right—"In the magnanimous judgment of mankind, who gives up life under a sense of duty to a public deemed just is a hero."

Left—"The muster roll of our dauntless dead is lost, and their dust dispersed on many fields. This column sentinels each soldier grave as a shrine.

*CONFEDERATE BONDS, MONEY AND POSTAGE STAMPS.*

—A little friend, in Princeton, New Jersey, writes request for Confederate postage stamps. It suggests a feature that would be very interesting as to the preservation of Confederate treasures. Information as to who have bonds, currency, and postage stamps would be gratefully received. If any of our friends should be inclined to divide these valueless treasures grateful hands would receive them at this office.

*AN ORDER THAT HONORS THE AUTHOR.*

The fraternal sentiment expressed in his note by Gen. G. P. Thruston, who has resided in Tennessee since the war, in sending the subscription to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, revives a memory that induces this record. He was Chief of Staff to Rosecrans at the time, and in order to protect the citizens as much as possible he issued the following order to Generals Philip H. Sheridan, Jeff. C. Davis, and R. W. Johnson, commanding divisions:

HEADQUARTERS 20TH ARMY CORPS,  
Winchester, Tenn., July 11, 1863.

GENERAL—Gen. McCook desires you to carry into execution in your command the instructions contained in the inclosed letter. While he appreciates the condition in which your troops have been placed, and the necessity of foraging upon the country for supplies, he wishes every effort made to maintain discipline and protect private property from willful and needless depredations.

The great majority of the people of this country are disloyal, and he is willing to see them deprived, in a proper manner, of whatever is essential to the support and safety of the army, provided sufficient subsistence is left, in all cases, to supply the present necessity of families.

Disloyalty does not forfeit the rights of humanity, which every true soldier will respect.

All forage, provisions, and animals required for the use of the army must be taken and receipted for by Regimental, Brigade, and Division Quartermasters.

All officers are authorized and directed to arrest thieves, pillagers, and stragglers.

I am, General, very respectfully your obedient servant.

(Signed) G. P. THRUSTON,  
A. A. G. and Chief of Staff.

*THE CONFEDERATE HOME IN FLORIDA.*

The Confederate Association of Florida has purchased the Italian villa known as the Whitney homestead, two miles below Jacksonville on the beautiful St. John's River. The tract contains ten acres of land, with orange and other fruit trees. On the river front will be placed a commodious bath house, and boats, etc., for fishing, there being no better fishing grounds in the State than immediately in this vicinity. As soon as the improvements have been added it will be ready for occupancy, and the old veterans of Florida will have a home they may be proud of. It is planned to have the formal opening at the time of the reunion of the Florida Department United Confederate Veterans, March 16th.

REUNION OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN FLORIDA.—Mr. W. D. Matthews, of Jacksonville, writes in good spirit of the next reunion of the Florida Department of United Confederate Veterans, which is to occur March 16th. Committees have been appointed, and they expect to realize a greater success than they did at the last one held in June, and it was "a surprising success." He adds, "We expect a number of people of national reputation to make addresses. We have other attractions that will draw crowds from adjoining States."

DEATH OF GEN. FORREST'S WIFE.—The lovely wife of Gen. N. Bedford Forrest died January 22d in Memphis, where she had resided many years. She was Miss Mary Ann Montgomery, and was married September 25, 1855. After the General's death she devoted herself to the rearing of three grandchildren, Mary, Bedford, and William, children of her only son, whose mother died when they were quite small. Mrs. Forrest was a cultured Christian lady, and was devoted to the cause in which her husband was not only a hero, but a wonderful man. He was as a whirlwind in combatting the foe.

THE two first visitors to the VETERAN sanctum for the special purpose of subscribing were Tennesseans, each of whom gave his left arm to the Confederacy. Both were lost in the Johnston-Sherman campaign in Georgia in 1864. One of them, Dr. W. J. McMurray, was shot many times in the war. He is not a pensioner, but has done much gratuitous service for the Tennessee Soldiers' Home and for the Tennessee Industrial School, a most worthy charity. The other, P. P. Pickard, made good crops plowing with his one arm for a time succeeding the war, and then he was promoted to the important office of Comptroller for the State. Afterward he declined to be an applicant for re-election, and engaged in banking at his capital city. They went to school together after losing their arms.

In calling attention to the full-page advertisement of Messrs. Chas. Thurman & Co., who have "the largest clothing house in the South," the interesting fact is stated that when a movement was under way here at Nashville to raise money for the Davis Monument in Richmond, Gen. Thurman, a native Virginian, but an adopted Tennessean, bid along with prominent Confederates, one of whom was United States Senator Bate, for a souvenir spoon with Gen. Lee's face upon it, and he secured it for the handsome amount of sixty dollars, and gave his check for it.

MESSRS. WEST, JOHNSTON & Co., of Richmond, advertise Greg's United States History, etc., in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The Richmond committee on teachers and schools directed that eighteen copies of this history be purchased for each of the public schools of the city. The committee requested the superintendent to call attention of teachers to that history, in order that they might combat erroneous statements in other histories.

Of the first clubs from Camps, West Point, Va., sends 21; Huntington, W. Va., sends 12, and Belton, Texas, sends 17. Jacksonville, Fla., sends 100.

WANTED.—To buy, immediately, Confederate Money, Confederate Stamps on original envelopes, old U. S. Stamps older than 1872, and old Coins. Describe exactly what you have got, and address, EDWARD S. JONES, Garland Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

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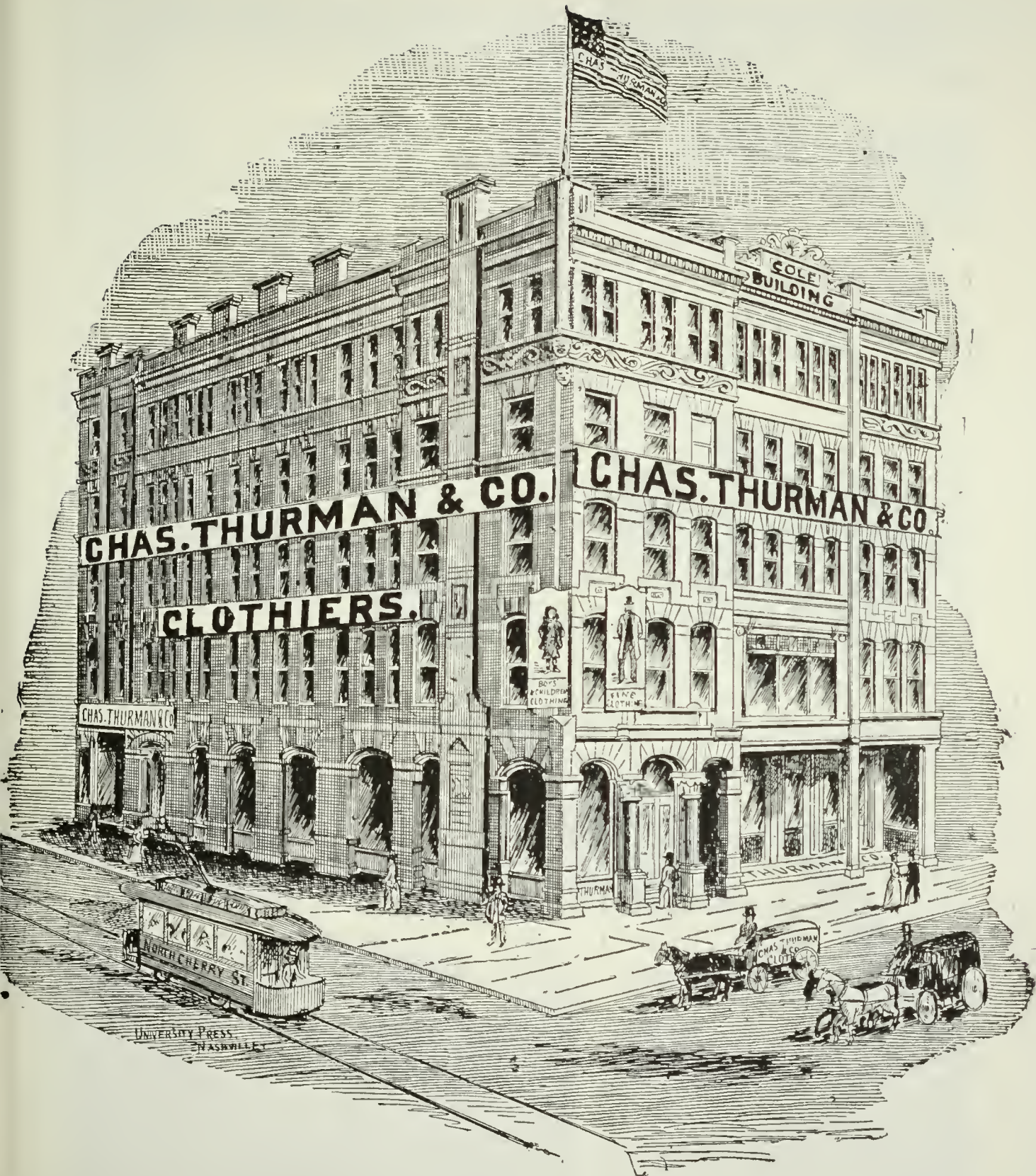
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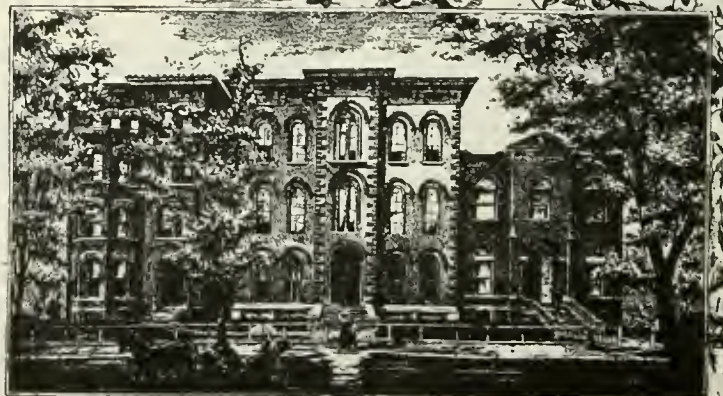
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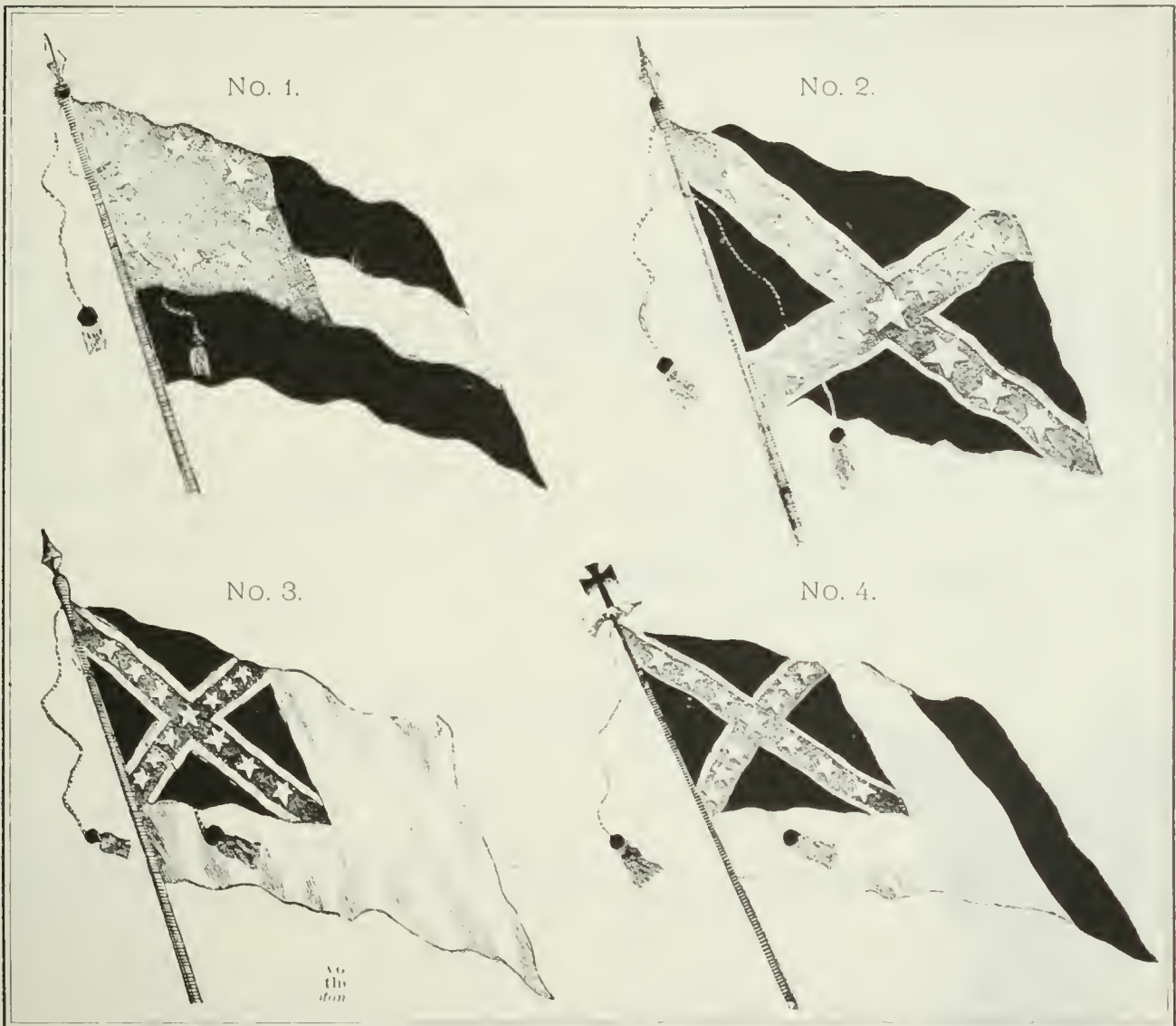
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No. 3. (S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
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## Conquered Banners—All Furled Now.



No. 1. The "Stars and Bars" was the first flag of the Confederate States, and was adopted by the Confederate Congress in session at Montgomery, Alabama.

No. 2. The "Battle Flag" was designed by General Beauregard, and adopted by General Joseph E. Johnston after the first battle of Bull Run, and afterward adopted by the Confederate Congress. The reason for the adoption of said "Battle Flag" was, that in this first battle of Manassas the "Stars and Bars" was, in the smoke of battle, several times mistaken for the "Stars and Stripes," and vice versa. This remained as the "Battle Flag" until the close of the war.

No. 3. On May 1, 1863, the Confederate Congress adopted this flag as the "National Flag" of the Confederate States.

No. 4. On March 4, 1865, the Confederate Congress adopted this design as the "National Flag" of the Confederate States, for the reason that when the flag adopted on May 1, 1863, fell limp around the staff it looked like a flag of truce—the white only showing; therefore the red bar was put across the end so it could never be mistaken for a flag of truce.

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# Confederate Veteran.

*Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.*

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Vol. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1893.

No. 3.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.

Entered at the Postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Special club rates to the Press and to Camps—25 copies \$10. An extra copy sent to each person who sends six subscriptions. Advertisements: One dollar per inch one time, or \$10 a year, except last page; \$25 a page. Discount: Half year, one-eighth; one year, one-fourth.

THE flags printed on title page are courteously furnished by Col. John P. Hickman, Secretary of the Tennessee Division of Confederate soldiers. He secured the official data from the records at Washington and besides he wrote Mr. Davis before his death and the report was confirmed by him.

THE extracts from the diary of Alexander H. Stephens, while Vice President of the Confederate States and in prison at Fort Warren near Boston, which were promised in this issue, are held over for subsequent issues.

DR. J. W. MORTON, who made superb reputation as the youngest artillery captain of the Confederate army, has maintained for a long time a "Confederate Corner" in his agricultural paper, the *Tennessee Farmer*, published at Nashville.

A good lady teacher in Tennessee has added nicely to the subscription list of this journal by giving copies to the students, who are glad to subscribe, not for study in school, but rather as a recreation from the fatigue of delving into text books. It seems a good plan, and teachers generally may do cleverly by following the example of this patriotic lady.

THE story of Gen. Sherman at Jackson, Miss., after the evacuation by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, may seem incredible, but is probably correct. The editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN had experience that he proposes to tell in the April number, which will be interesting to people who would like to know how a large army can steal away from the presence of another without its movement being detected by thousands of sentinels who look and listen in almost breathless anxiety.

SEVERAL corrections have been submitted by comrades of errors in list of U. C. V. Camps, and not yet made. Gen. John Boyd, of Kentucky, who gives about one-fourth of his time to Confederate interests, notes that the Camp at Georgetown is named for Geo. W. Johnson, and at Versailles the Camp is named for Abe. Buford, and not Alex. as printed. It is very desirable to keep this list accurate, and friends noting errors will be very kind to help in corrections. Special request is made of the Camps in Arkansas to supply the names of Commanders and Adjutants.

THE death of Gen. Pierre Gustave Toutont Beauregard, last of the five generals named by the Confederate Congress, and, with the single exception of Kirby Smith, of Sewanee, Tenn., the last full general of the Confederacy, has been announced. He had been very ill but had recovered, and a few hours prior to his death appeared in unusually good spirits, dining with his family, and afterward spending some time in his library with his children and grandchildren. Shortly afterward a nurse chanced to go to the General's room, and was horrified to find him in the death struggle. Before the family could reach the chamber he was dead. An interesting sketch of him was given in the February VETERAN. A movement has been inaugurated to secure the erection of a suitable monument to his memory. The New Orleans *Picayune*, of recent date, says it has received from Col. Alex. R. Chisholm, of New York City, a letter, under Feb. 23, inclosing a check for \$100, toward erecting the monument. He writes: "I well know that your city will erect an appropriate monument to him, but I do not wish it to be said of me that I waited for anyone to ask that of me which love for that good man forces spontaneously from my heart."

Proceedings in honor of Gen. Beauregard had at various points in Texas, with a letter from his close personal friend, Gen. W. L. Cabell, were received too late for this issue.

THE leading editorial in this issue furnishes a topic that will be discussed both South and North. Discussion of the subject will do good. The paper on this subject by Wm. M. Green will be criticised by some of our good friends in his reference to the Indians. It will be seen, however, that he refers to the Red Man "as a roving savage," therefore not including those who are as good citizens as any of us. They were loyal, faithful soldiers in the Southern army and who were as good citizens as can be found among the whites. Many of them have grown rich and are much honored. No more loyal members of the United Confederate Veterans can be found than in both the Indian and Oklahoma Territories.

NASHVILLE is to have a rich treat April 7 and 8, in amateur entertainments for the Cheatham Bivouac. The next VETERAN may give the plan, if very successful, as a model for other organizations.

Gen. W. H. Jackson has appointed Frank A. Moses, of Knoxville, Brigadier General in command of the Eastern Division U. C. V. of Tennessee.

*SUBSCRIBERS TO DAVIS MONUMENT.*

In the January and February issues as complete a list of subscriptions to the Davis Monument as could be procured was published. This has been regarded a most important service. In this issue only some new ones have been published. It is expected, however, to republish in the next number the entire report of receipts, and to provide for an accurate statement monthly, so that all who are interested can know just what is being done. This information will be requested from the Monument Association.

The original purpose of this journal was to make showing by the General Agent of all the monies that came into his hands. It was not expected in the outset that so cordial and enthusiastic regard would be shown for the little journal as a periodical. Its editor is as grateful as comrade can be to comrade, and is willing to live on "hard tack" again, if necessary, in sustaining a peaceful brotherhood. Some friends seem to regard the VETERAN as complimentary. It is so cheap and is of such fine material that, in justice to patrons, there can be no dead-heads.

The time for the March issue is later than was intended, since publication day is to be advanced gradually to first week of the month. The acceptance of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the large number of copies issued, ranging between five and six thousand these first issues, is doubtless the most remarkable in the history of journalism. If our friends continue their zeal it will soon have a prominence which will amaze the business world. Energy and enthusiasm are very desirable now. If comrades and friends generally would do as Dr. Yandell in El Paso, Texas, secure patronage from all available material, or like Mr. W. D. Matthews, in Jacksonville, Fla., with a population largely Northern, send over ninety, all at full rate, the world would be amazed. The South would indeed still show solidity as a brotherhood.

JOHN R. DEERING, of St. Louis, has kindly sent a copy of *Confederate Annals*, published in his city August, 1883, by J. W. Cunningham. It is a well printed pamphlet of 42 pages, 4x6 inches print. The price is \$1.50 a year, three times the price of the VETERAN, while the size is only about two-thirds. Unhappily it was short-lived. The foregoing facts suggest the necessity of economic management and perpetual zeal on the part of my friends. Greater zeal has not been manifested, perhaps, than is apparent for the VETERAN. As an illustration of my sentiment in doing the best possible for comrades and for the cause, I note publishing a reminiscence of my regiment, the Forty-first Tennessee, some years ago and supplying it gratuitously to comrades. I would not accept compensation from any one of them. It contained 60 pages.

The fear is often expressed that material for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will become exhausted, and that it cannot be made entertaining as it has started. Veterans, don't have anxiety on this subject. It would take generations to cover the field. It is inexhaustible.

Calling at the office of Biscoe Hindman (whose advertisement of the New York Mutual Insurance Company is in this issue), I was attracted by a life-size portrait of his father, Gen. Thos. C. Hindman, and secured brief but thrilling data concerning his brilliant career and his intimacy with Pat Cleburne. The son is commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans at Nashville, named in honor of Gen. Hindman.

The funeral of Alex. Bolton, at Nashville, recently, was an event worthy of notice to all comrades. He was a private soldier in the war and a policeman nearly ever afterward. A plain, plodding man, whose courage and devotion to duty made him a host of friends. The occasion was remarkable in the statement that it is said to have been the largest funeral ever seen in Nashville. He was a member of the Cheatham Bivouac, and there were about one hundred and fifty members of it in the procession.

In the "make up" of the first forms for this issue there is an error in classification. On page 88 the "Monument of Army of Tennessee" is at New Orleans, as are those to the Washington Artillery, to R. E. Lee, and also that other improperly headed as West Virginia, which should be to Army of "Northern" Virginia. The Richmond monuments have the same unfortunate classification on the same page.

*KU KLUX KLAN.*

Although forgotten now, except at the sight of the frightful name, the "Ku Klux Klan" was one of the most extraordinary organizations in history. It went out of life as it came into it, shrouded in deepest mystery. Its members would not disclose its secrets; others could not. The story was published in the *Century* about ten years ago and it appeared at Nashville in book form in 1884. It is a small book, 116 pages, large print, at 50 cents. I have secured any wanted of the few hundred left, at 10 cents each. Subscribers to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN can have it for that. Postage 3 cents.

C. D. Bell, Bell, Ky.: "We who engaged in the late unpleasantness on the side that lost, wish the truth should be told in regard to our actions and prove the various persons who are writing the incidents of the late war are true and tried veterans. Hoping to be able to increase the subscription, I am one of the old boys."

Rev. W. A. Nelson, Aiken, S. C.: "I had no idea of seeing you again on the journalistic wave, but you are there, and I believe you will make a success of it. You have my hearty sympathy and prayers. But you know you can always depend on me. This you have found out from an experience of twenty-five years. I send you my subscription and others."

## INAUGURATION REMINISCENCES.

What a magnificent city is our National Capital! The Capitol building, other public buildings for the various departments, the White House and the Washington Monument deserve such surroundings as have been constructed. The avenues, streets and circles are fittingly constructed for the scores of monuments that have been erected. The equestrian statue of Old Hickory (similar to the one on Capitol Hill, Nashville, and another in New Orleans) stands directly across Pennsylvania avenue from the White House. Aside of that there are few other statues about the city commemorating the achievements of Southern men. True, there is a superb figure of the Father of the Country in front of the Capitol building, but nine-tenths, perhaps, of the monuments were erected after the war and in honor of heroes on the Union side.

But I have wandered. It is about inauguration days that I began to write. It is a profound thing to be made President of the United States, and when I saw the honor conferred upon Garfield I forgave Grant for wanting a third term. The Tennessee delegation, composed of the Legislature and others who had gone to the inauguration, called in a body. In the East room, where receptions are held, there were present scores of officials and other favored friends, so there was barely room to pass in line to where the President stood that we might shake hands with him. There was a dead stillness when my time arrived to offer my hand, and when I said "Mr. President!" a pleasant sensation was created by the digression. He smiled and others about him laughed outright.

When a like delegation of Tennesseans called on Mr. Harrison I was of the party, numbering about 200, and the little man stood alone in the same large room, mechanically shaking hands with the throng, not a word being spoken. We were going at a brisk rate, and when extending my hand I said, "Mr. C——, your brother's friend." "I'm glad to see you!" said he, holding my hand longer than the rule; but the line had its impetus, and I hurried on to regain my place. The next fellow, a gawky countryman, said as we emerged from the room, "I don't believe he told the truth. He said he was glad to see me."

I always felt a certain repugnance to the custom of shaking hands with men in high position who cannot possibly reciprocate the sentiment, and I once got out of line to avoid shaking hands with Grover Cleveland, although I regard him as the most admirable official that has been President for generations.

Gen. Hancock was in Washington when Garfield, who defeated him for the Presidency, was inaugurated. The Tennessee delegation honored itself by calling on him at Willard's Hotel. It was my fortune to have charge of the three ladies of the party, and we were

last of all to enter. The delegation had gone in single file toward the center of the large parlor. The gentleman making the introductions, near the door, did not know me and so I had to introduce myself. A young countryman preceded me, and on greeting him Gen. Hancock said, "Tennesseans are tall men." Stepping promptly forward I said, "Here's a small Tennessean, General," and, giving my name, turned to the ladies, introducing each as the daughter of so and so—all of whom were well known in their day. The General had met the senior of the ladies "years and years ago" without knowing that she was the same lady. When he realized that she was still Miss ——, he didn't "recollect how many years." By the sudden change in affairs it seemed to devolve upon me to start a theme after the introductions, although I had not thought of saying a word. Calling attention to his remark about Tennesseans, he responded that in Mexico he was associated with Tennesseans and remembered them as tall men. Then a happy way of escape occurred through my asking if he remembered times subsequent to that in Mexico, when Tennesseans were tall men. His special distinction at Gettysburg is associated with the hotly contested struggle between his men and Tennesseans.

Afterward I sent him a prospectus of a little periodical started as an "exponent of Southern sentiment in New York," along with an article headed "A tall Tennessean." To my surprise he wrote me a very kind letter and afterward sent a subscription for the publication.

After the General's death Mrs. Hancock did me the great compliment to send me a copy of her book, the *Reminiscences of his life*. No other book so distinctively illustrates that we are "one people" as does this. It deserves a place in Southern homes. With the hope of a review by and by, I quote a few paragraphs. She pays exquisite tribute to the wife of the then Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, saying: "She was endowed with many remarkable qualities that made her eminently fitted for a presiding genius, and her entertainments brought together the most cultivated class of Washington society." Mrs. Joe Johnston was "another shining light in that great capital." \* \* \* She writes of Lee: "How well I remember Gen. Robert E. Lee, then a Major, who was stationed there at that time. He was the beau ideal of a soldier and a gentleman. When bidding us 'good by' and 'God speed' upon the eve of our departure he said to me: I understand that you contemplate deserting your post, which is by your husband's side, and that you are not going to California with him. If you will pardon me I should like to give you a little advice. You must not think of doing this. As one considerably older than Hancock, and having had greater experience, I consider it fatal to the happiness of young married people, upon small provocation, to live apart, either for a short

or long time. The result is invariable that they cease to be essential to each other. Now, promise me that you will not permit him to sail without you.' The sequel shows how faithfully I sought to follow that noble man's admonition, and how often in my varied experience I had occasion to transmit to others his disinterested truthful convictions."

#### STORY FROM THE RANKS.

DR. H. W. MANSON, OF ROCKWALL, TEXAS, TELLS A THRILLING STORY.

It was the 2d day of April, 1865. I was acting Sergeant Major in Capt. Dale's Battalion of Sharpshooters, near Petersburg, Va. I had sat up nearly all the night before playing chess with a red-headed Captain of the First Tennessee. A little before day, firing was heard on the picket line, and the sharpshooters under Dale, Harris and Beaumont were ordered to the front. After going to the place where the picket line should have been, it was found that the enemy had broken it and that also, by a flank movement, they had broken the main line between our position on that line and Petersburg. There was nothing left for us to do but to make our way back to the breastworks and rejoin the brigade (Archer's) as quickly and as safely as possible. It was no very easy thing to do under the circumstances, as any body of men coming from the direction in which the soldiers thought the enemy were, would surely be fired on without stopping to ask any questions. But each minute was worth a million of dollars. If we remained a little longer the whole command would be surrounded and captured. Besides, our brigade needed our help. The writer was ordered to double-quick to the main line, take the chances of being shot by our own men, pass rapidly down on top of the breastworks, causing our men to hold their fire until Capt. Day could oblique his sharpshooters into the main line or the breastworks.

After a hard run and escaping a number of bullets sent to meet us by the men in the works, the line was gained, and the sharpshooters were safely over the works, with but few wounded. We were not a moment too soon. The enemy had broken through and was reaching out in the rear, but when they struck our part of the line the old brigade, with a yell and a charge, retook some of the works in a regular devils' picnic.

While engaged in this movement, a tall, angular Federal, standing on the works more exposed to the fire than anyone, brought his gun to bear on my face at a point blank range of less than forty steps. A dodge behind a corner of a rude log hut built for winter quarters saved my life, for at that moment the bark spattered in my face as the ball grazed the log. With a prayer for the soul of the bravest Yankee I ever saw my trusty Sharpe's rifle was aimed at the tall man's breast, and at the crack of the gun he fell from the earth-works.

About this time Capt. Arch Norris ordered me to rally the sharpshooters and try to check the column on our left. At the rally call a handfull of seven responded—seven men that would try anything—and they charged that column. Some were killed and others wounded. At the first volley I tumbled to the ground with a broken leg. I had hardly touched the

ground when John Harlin, of Wilson county, Tenn., Jim Hearn, — Coles, and another man, name forgotten, had me on a stretcher and were trying their best to get me to the rear. By this time the line was broken and the enemy had it all their own way.

They soon sent their bullets so thick around and into the litter-bearing party that the men were forced to leave me to my fate. Another minute found me in the hands of the advance skirmishers, and they proceeded to relieve me of my watch and money; but a big, red-faced, thick-set Major made his way to me, and, after a friendly grasp of the hand, he had my valuables returned and four of his men detailed to take me back to the field hospital, and by no means to leave me until I was safely in charge of a certain surgeon, a Mason and the Major's friend. On the way back Jesse Cage, of Nashville, was picked up, with his leg broken, and placed in the same ambulance. About 4 o'clock that evening, as the wounded men lay on a bed of straw in a large hospital tent, Cage was carried out under the trees and, as the tent flap was thrown back, I could see him under the influence of chloroform while the surgeons took his leg off. He was soon brought back to his straw bed, and with a shudder I heard the litter-bearers say, "Your time next." I was placed on the table, chloroform was administered and, when I awoke from slumber, my dancing days were over and I was a hopeless cripple for life.

Two days after the above I saw the man I had fired at on the breastworks walk into the tent, but, to my astonishment, he was shot in the back part of his jaw. Calling him to my bed, I found that he was the same man, and his wounds were explained by himself thus: "I shot at a feller at the corner of a cabin, and missed him, when he shot me in the breast here," pulling open his shirt, "the ball hitting in front on the collar-bone and knocking me off the works. Some of our own cowardly fellows shot me in the jaw after I got up." I explained that I was the "feller that drew a bead" on him, and explained that the want of force in the ball was due to the inferior cartridges used.

These two soldiers ended their war here. The one that walked waited on the one that couldn't walk, and they two who had shot at each other would have risked their lives each in the other's defense. I cannot now remember this brave man's name. He belonged to a Pennsylvania regiment. The acquaintance lasted only three days, but that was long enough for God to teach two erring mortals that brave men bore no malice, and, as they grasped each other's hand for a final separation, they each breathed a sigh of thankfulness that "I didn't kill you."

Reader, please pardon the apparent egotism. We can only write what came under our immediate observation. The death and wounding of great men, the victory and defeat of armies, have been and will be told by a thousand pens, but there are none to tell these little incidents except the actors themselves.

[Lampassas, Tex., Leader.]

It is devoted to the interests of the Confederate veterans, and urges strongly the erection of the Davis Monument. The papers it contains are well written, and it is beautifully printed and altogether gotten up in an attractive manner. Price 50 cents. Judge D. C. Thomas will take your subscriptions for the journal, if you desire, and will furnish you sample copies of the same.



BUILD THE DAVIS MOUMENT.

THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE TO UNITE IN THE WORTHY UNDERTAKING.

The committee appointed by Gen. J. B. Gordon, of Georgia, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, of one from each State, met in Richmond, Sept. 17, by direction of its chairman, Gen. W. L. Cabell, of Texas, to consider the location, cost of construction, plans, etc., for the Davis Memorial. The Richmond Association participated in the proceedings.

The general purposes were set forth by the chairman in a series of resolutions. They were that "as Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy, and has been selected by Mrs. Jefferson Davis as the burial place of her husband, it is regarded the most appropriate place for the erection of a monument to his memory. The United Confederate Veterans will co-operate with the Davis Monument Association of Richmond and the Southern Press Association in its efforts to erect the same." Also that State organizations be formed, and "that the chairman appoint for each Southern State and for the Indian and Oklahoma Territories a sub-committee of five members, each of which shall have within its territory the entire control and supervision of all matters pertaining to this sacred object, including the collection of funds by popular subscription, and shall have authority to name a suitable and responsible person as treasurer, to receive the same and forward quarterly to the treasurer of the Richmond Association."

Gen. Cabell has made the following appointments, selecting from Veteran Associations:

VIRGINIA—Gen Thomas A Brander, Chairman; Hon J Taylor Ellyson, Col Peyton Wise, Hon George L Christian, Richmond; Maj W T Sutherland, Danville.

TENNESSEE—S A Cunningham, Chairman, Nashville; Col C W Frazer, Memphis; Gen J F Shipp, Chattanooga; Gen Frank A Moses, Knoxville.

INDIAN TERRITORY—Gen N P Guy, Chairman, McAlester; Gen John L Galt, Hon B W Carter, Ardmore; Col R B Coleman, McAlester; Gen D M Haley, Krebs.

ARKANSAS—Gen Ben T Duval, Chairman, Fort Smith; Senator Jas Berry, Bentonville; Col Jordan E Cravens, Clarksville; Maj A S Cabell, Fort Smith; Gen Anderson Gordon, Morrilton.

KENTUCKY—Gen John Boyd, Chairman, Lexington; Gen Bazil Duke, Louisville; Hon W C P Breckinridge, Lexington; Gen W F Perry, Bowling Green; Ex-Gov S B Buckner, Louisville.

GEORGIA—Gen P M B Young, Chairman, Cartersville; Gen W L Calhoun, Atlanta; Capt A P Roberts, Dalton; Dr J William Jones, Gen Cleman A Evans, Atlanta.

ALABAMA—Gen J T Holtzclaw, Chairman, Montgomery; Gen F S Ferguson, Birmingham; Capt George H Cole, Eutaw; Gen Joseph Wheeler, Wheeler; Joseph F Johnston, Birmingham.

FLORIDA—Gen J J Dickson, Chairman, Ceala; Col Fred L Robertson, Brooksville; Gov F P Fleming Jacksonville; Gen George Reese, Pensacola; Gen S C French, Orlando.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Gen Ellison Capers, Chairman, Gen Wade Hampton, Columbia; Gen John Bratton, Winnsboro; Gen Stanley S Crittenden, Greenville; Capt B H Teague, Aiken.

NORTH CAROLINA—Gen E D Hall, Chairman, Wilmington; Gen R F Hoke, Raleigh; Hon Rufus Barringer, Charlotte; Hon Matt W Ransom, Graysburg; M O Sherrill, Newton.

MISSISSIPPI—Gen Stephen D Lee, Chairman, Starkville; Gov J M Stone, Ex-Gov Robert Lowery, Jackson; Col C C Flowerree, Vicksburg; Lieut Fred J V LeLand, Natchez.

DIVISION OF THE NORTHWEST—Gen J C Underwood, Chairman, Col Samuel Baker, Maj F H Southmayd, Maj Jere S White, Col R Lee France, Chicago.

LOUISIANA—Gen John Glynn, Chairman; Gen J A Chalaron, Gen L Jastremski, Brig Gen Charles A Harris, Col W R Lyman, New Orleans.

MISSOURI—Gen Charles C Rainwater, Chairman, St. Louis; Capt Jos W Mercer, Kansas City; Capt Henry Guiber, Col Darwin Marmadure, Col W P Barlow, St. Louis.

MARYLAND—Gen George H Stewart, Chairman, Baltimore. Gen Stewart to appoint four associates.

OKLAHOMA TERRITORY—Gen Samuel T Leavy, Chairman, Norman. Gen Leavy to appoint four associates.

There has been lack of active co-operation on the part of some of the foregoing committees. Gen. W. H. Jackson, Chairman for Tennessee, being unable to serve, S. A. Cunningham was put in his place. Gen. John Boyd, the Kentucky Chairman, although full of zeal, has been unable to serve. The same is true of

Gen. Rainwater, of Missouri, and Gen. Capers, of South Carolina.

Gens. Dickison, of Florida, Hall, of North Carolina, and Lee, of Mississippi, have been zealous from the start, and will doubtless make good showings in their report. Texas is not in the above list, but the "Lone Star" is sure to shine brightly in the exhibit.

BROWNSVILLE—[HAYWOOD COUNTY'S CONTRIBUTION]

—The undersigned committee collected amounts from the following named persons, to be applied toward the erection of the proposed monument in honor of the late Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America. It was deposited in the Haywood County Bank, to the credit of Green & Taylor, editors of the *States-Democrat*, agents for the fund: Dr A R Haywood, Glasgow Haywood, Miss Carrie Tipping, Miss Anebel Moore, Miss Cora Sevier, J. E. Gause, Mrs R H Anderson, W A Roberts, Henry J Livingston, Jr., Miss Genevieve Livingston, Mrs Laura A Livingston, Miss Lucy C Livingston, Miss Nettie Jordan Livingston, Rey W L Dabney, J E Carter, Prof T W Crowder, E E Walker, Isaac H Read, B M Bradford, T A Tripp, Read Haywood, J B Phillips, Sr., J B Phillips, Jr., Miss Lillian Phillips, Miss Edna Phillips, Cheps Bedford, L H Borum, W H Haywood, Dr J G Haywood, Jr., Robt Haywood, Miss Sallie C Gray, W R Holbrook, Miss Mary S Livingston, Rosa Gibson Livingston, Miss Helen Somervell Livingston, Howell T Livingston, Henry Lee Livingston, Miss Rosa V Gibson, Miss Mattie Dabney, Capt R S Russell, Maj L A Thomas, Dr J S Patton, John P McLeod, Mann Wills, W E Capell, Emil Tamm, G H Moorer, Dr J G Haywood, Sr., John R Green, Ursula Green, Mattie C Green, Susan K Green, J D Green, all gave \$1 each; Maj W K Bennett, deceased, T J Moses, deceased, \$1.50 each; Prof E S Tichenor, John W Herring, J W E Moore, W W Rutledge, A F Yancey, \$2 each; T W King, Major J A Wilder, P B Anderson, Rev John Williams, Capt A D Bright, \$2.50 each; W L Anthony, \$3; P R Winston, Lawrence W Livingston, deceased, Maj W J Somervell, deceased, John C Duckworth, J A Brewer, Dr John R Allen, Frank P Bond, Mrs Ella McLeskey, R H Anderson, Col Thomas Smith, Chancellor H J Livingston, Mrs H J Livingston, Capt Alexander Duckworth, C A Moorer, W T Bullefin, Col Benj J Lea, Samuel Killebrew, \$5 each; Haywood County Bank, \$11.70. Total, \$186.10. The excess over list as printed comes through smaller subscriptions than \$1.

The committee adopted the following: That the above named amount be kept in the Haywood County Bank until there is a permanent organization formed for the purpose of having the Jefferson Davis Monument erected. That any person desiring to contribute to the fund leave their contributions with the Haywood County Bank, which contributions will be promptly reported by the committee. All of which is respectfully submitted.

W. A. DABNEY, Chairman.  
R. H. ANDERSON, Secretary.  
J. W. E. MOORE,  
ALEX. DUCKWORTH, Com.

March 19, 1890.

BROWNSVILLE, TENN., Feb. 17, 1893.

Editor of CONFEDERATE VETERAN: Dear Sir—The undersigned committee has this day remitted to John S. Ellett, Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, Richmond, Va., the sum of \$186.10, being the amount contributed by our citizens as shown by the inclosed copy of the report of the committee, that

is, \$174.40 and \$11.70 contributed by said bank. We send you the report, with the names of the contributors, that you may copy the same. We would have made this remittance sooner, but had much trouble in finding the report of the committee, and wanted to send along the names with the contribution. Green & Taylor, editors of the *States-Democrat*, began the subscription, and at their suggestion a meeting was held here in February, 1890, at which most of the fund was subscribed. The meeting was presided over by Col. Thomas Smith, and was a large and representative gathering of the people of the county. Respectfully, Alex. Duckworth, J. W. E. Moore, John R. Green, R. H. Anderson, Secretary.

Col. D. A. Campbell, Vicksburg, Miss.: Your correction in February's CONFEDERATE VETERAN changing our contribution to the Davis Monument Fund from Tennessee to Mississippi is appreciated. You know it was from here this great and grand man began his military and political life, and we cherish the warmest affection for his memory. Kindly make a further correction, so all the honors may fall where they justly and deservedly belong. The amount does not come from my Camp, but from our people, and was raised by three genuine Confederate women, one of them a wife and two of them daughters of rebel soldiers. These patriotic ladies are Mrs. James Welch, Mrs. Thomas Preston, and Mrs. Horace Marshall. The honor and praise is all theirs. These, with other noble women of our town, have in hand and almost paid for a \$1,500 Confederate Monument, ready to be placed among the dead boys as soon as warmer and more settled weather comes. The capital figure is a veritable Confederate soldier, and comes from Italy. We like your paper, and will forward practical evidence as soon as we get together.

Robert Young, Eatonton, Ga.: "I have sent \$64.85, contributed by the people of Putnam county, Ga. (this county), to the the Davis Monument Fund. The same was collected in June, 1891, and has lain in bank ever since until the 25th of January, when I sent it to our State Treasurer of the Fund, Col. W. L. Calhoun. The following is the list of names of those who contributed \$1 or more: A O Mosely, \$5; E B Ezell, \$2.50; Alf Davis, C M Davis, \$2 each; Robert Young, W M Regan, T G Greene, Irby T Kirkpatrick, B W Hunt, R B Nisbet, D B Nisbet, N S Reid, W F Senkins, E M Brown, Jos S Turner, C D Leonard, J M Robertson, J G Collinsworth, W L Turner, E H Reese, L C Slade, H A Jenkins, Mr and Mrs T A Scales, Thomas G Lawson, B W Adams, \$1 each. The balance was in smaller contributions."

Miss Jeannie R. Crommelin, Montgomery, Ala.: "Last summer I sent you \$143.85 for the Jefferson Davis Monument in Richmond, Va., explaining in the letter that the amount was the proceeds of an entertainment given by the Ladies' Memorial Association. This Association is building a monument here on Capitol Hill to the Confederate dead of Alabama, which will cost \$45,000, and none of that money can be diverted from the purpose for which it was raised, therefore a special effort was made to raise the \$143.85 with the above result."

J. W. Simmons, who served in the Twenty-seventh Mississippi Regiment, but now at Mexia, Tex.: "It appears to me that \$250,000 is a very small amount for the monument, considering the cause and that it is the

last opportunity that the people of the South will ever have to act in concert to show their united devotion to the cause and leader they loved so well."

Dr. H. W. Manson, Rockwell, Tex.: "At a called meeting of Rockwell Camp, Confederate Volunteers, Saturday, Jan. 21, I was appointed a committee of one to raise, in small sums from each old soldier only, the sum of \$10, and send it to you for the Davis Monument."

Capt. J. T. Wilson, Camp Mildred Lee, Sherman, Tex.: "I notice that the remains of Mr. Davis are to be taken to Richmond for burial May 30. It seems to me that it would be more appropriate to wait until the monument is completed and have it unveiled and Mr. Davis buried during a reunion of the United Confederate Volunteers."

Judge W. H. Jewell, Commander of Camp 54, United Confederate Volunteers, Orlando, Fla.: "I am in receipt of the second number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and find it full of good things. I send you a list of subscribers and will send more.

"I regret to see that in the list of contributions to the Davis Fund Orlando is still left out and we must continue to lie under the reproach of indifference to this worthy and sacred cause, although we have sent to Capt. John Weber, Charleston, \$100 for this cause. Can't you give us the credit we are entitled to?"

J. W. Simmons, Mexia, Tex.: "Inclosed you will programme and newspaper clippings of a Confederate concert we had here for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, which netted \$97.40, and will be remitted through the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Col. W. A. Smoot, Commander R. E. Lee Camp, Alexandria, Va.: "The committee of our Camp turned in to me to-day \$38.25, which I send to John S. Ellett, Treasurer, Richmond, Va., to be placed to the credit of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund. We will have more later. This has been a hard winter on our Camp."

Dr. W. M. Yandell, El Paso, Tex.: "Cook, of Belton, strikes the key-note to success in the monument affair. Money was subscribed here for the fund, but nobody knows anything about the amount on hand or anything about the status of the fund. Let us have an explanation in full in the VETERAN, and I shall then see that El Paso is given a chance to put up again."

In the remittance of \$110 for the Monument from Capt. W. G. Loyd, of Lewisburg, \$85 is from the people of that town and Marshall county and \$25 is from the Dibrell Bivouac.

BOLIVAR—The list of contributors to the Davis Monument at Bolivar, Tenn., has not heretofore been published according to the rule of naming all amounts in excess of \$1. Here is a fine record: James Fentress, \$20; Austin Miller, W. C. Dorion, R. H. Wood, W. W. Farley, J. C. Savage, T. E. Moore, Kahn Bros. and A. T. McNeal, \$10 each; P. W. Austin and W. T. Anderson, \$5 each; D. E. Durrett, \$2.50.

Dr. B. G. Slaughter, Winchester, Tenn., remits, as proceeds from a young ladies' concert, Jan. 25, 1890, \$26; for Joe G. Estill, now at Yale College, \$2.50, and A. D. Corder, Sewanee, \$1.

Gloucester, Va., has a very pretty monument erected by private subscription to her fallen heroes. I write for and send you pamphlet of same.

A DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT IN TEXAS.

A benefit for the Davis Monument Fund, given recently at Mexia, Tex., under the management of Col. J. W. Simmons and S. H. Kelly, was a success in every particular.

The overture by Misses Laura Rogers and Jassie Gibbs on the piano, assisted by Messrs. T. C. Becker and R. Sanders with violins, was a rare treat.

The rendition of "Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground," by the quartette composed of J. M. Long and wife, Miss Ora Waller and F. L. Sheeks, was excellent.

Mr. Hugh Everett gave a declamation entitled "The Poet Priest," a strikingly appropriate selection. There is no personage that adds more dignity and elegance to the Southland than does Father Ryan.

"Origin of the Confederate Flag," a solo by Miss Waller, quite captured the audience and was followed by a continuous encore.

Mrs. Henry Kamsler, gave a minute, interesting and vivid biography of Jefferson Davis.

The quartette responded to applause and treated the audience to "My Maryland," and Mrs. R. B. Harris gave a recitation, "The Blue and the Gray."

The "Explanation of the Rebel Yell," by H. L. Hall, was received with much interest by both old and young.

In "After the War," Mr. Hickman appeared in the role of the Southern planter with dignity and bearing, illustrating the consideration and generous spirit of the typical Southerner to great advantage.

The Mexia *Ledger* gave an interesting account of the entertainment.

CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATION IN MARYLAND.

Col. W. H. Pope, Superintendent Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home, at Pikeville, sends with subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a list of the Confederate organizations in Maryland. The names are as follows:

1. Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland, numbering 1,100 members.
2. Association of the Maryland Line, numbering 600 members.
3. Beneficial Association of the Maryland Line, numbering 300 members.
4. Murray Association, 50 members.
5. Company A First Maryland Calvary, 30 members.
6. Company C First Maryland Calvary, 50 members.
7. Alexander Young Camp Confederate Veterans of Frederick County, Md., 100 members.
8. Baltimore Light Artillery Association, or Second Maryland Artillery, 60 members.
9. Montgomery County Camp Confederate Veterans, 100 members.

He notes extensive improvements in the Home, and adds: "It is the finest Home in the country. We have at present a membership of eighty-five upon the roster, but had only six when the Home was formally opened."

C. H. Bailey, Clarksville, Tenn.: "I read with great interest the February number, and will call the attention of the Bivouac at the March meeting to it, and have no doubt will secure you a good many subscribers.



THE above monument to Senator Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, is a fine likeness of the distinguished gentleman who was both a Confederate and a United States Senator. It was erected in the acute angle connecting Peachtree and West Peachtree streets, Atlanta, Ga., but was subsequently moved into the new capitol building.

LIFE OF SENATOR BENJAMIN H. HILL.—Agents wanted everywhere for "The Life, Speeches, and Writings of Senator Benjamin H. Hill." Special inducements to young men and women who desire to make money to complete their educations, and to all who desire to attend the several Business and Medical Schools and the Law School of this city. Address,

GEN. BEN T. DEVAL, of Fort Smith, is zealous for the monument cause. He expressed his intention to call his committee together some time since and to adopt measures for raising funds. He says:

"I have organized since last March twelve Camps, and there are others in process of organization. I have not been able to give any personal attention to it, and for the last two months have had to perform all the duties of the Adjutant myself, inasmuch as my Adjutant was actively engaged as Deputy Sheriff. I give this information because you are generally interested in the progress of the organization of Camps, and hope in time to be able to give you something in reference to the Monument Association."

JOHN A. HAMILTON, of Orangeburg, S. C., while sending his subscription, asks:

"Did Stonewall Jackson fight at 'Cold Harbor?' I think the article about him says so."

This inquiry was submitted to Dr. J. Wm. Jones at Atlanta, who states:

"In reply to your favor of March 1, I will say that of course Stonewall Jackson did fight at 'Cold Harbor,' or 'Gaines' Mill' (for the two names are only applied to different parts of the same battlefield) on the 27th of June, 1862. You know he had just completed his famous Valley Campaign, and, by Gen. Lee's orders, eluded the Federals, made his famous march to the Chickahominy, and had the Federal forces fortifying at Strausburg against an expected attack from him at the very time he was thundering on McClelland's flank before Richmond. I am positive of the fact because my own regiment, the famous old Thirteenth Virginia, carried into that battle 306 men, and lost 175 in killed and wounded, one of whom was my own brother." Dr. Jones adds:

"I want also, as soon as I can, to write you something on the monuments in Lexington, Va., especially Valentine's recumbent figure of Lee, which is, in my judgment, the finest work of art on this continent. At the last meeting of the Fulton County Confederate Veteran's Association I brought up the matter of the VETERAN and urged the members to subscribe. Our Secretary, Maj. Edwards, agreed to take and forward to you subscriptions, and we secured about ten that night, though it was an inclement evening and there was only a small attendance. I shall mention the matter again at our next meeting, and hope to increase the list."

[El Paso, Tex., Times.]

No man is more devoted to the work in hand, and no man has a wider personal acquaintance with which to work.

—MESSRS. E. H. Roberts and Samuel G. Webb, Accountants and Collectors, Baxter Building, Union Street, Nashville, Tenn., are efficient, prompt, and reliable. Parties at a distance who, having business in their line at Nashville, are commended to Roberts & Webb.

WANTED.—A few good traveling salesmen, who are capable of selling school specialties and supplies to school boards and trustees. Our goods are something needed in every school. Territory open all over the South. Live men can make \$1,500 to \$2,500 per year in selling our goods. Address,

F. H. STICKLEY, General Manager,  
Nos. 75 and 76 Baxter Court, Nashville, Tenn.

*Mr. Edwards says*

*copy 26.46*

*in ... in*

*It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request, in sending a few copies of my speech on the Tariff*

*I am obliged to you,*

*You, My Dear Sir,*

*for the friendly sentiments which you express, I hope I may have the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance.*

*Very respectfully*

*Yours Oh Jerk*  
*Daniel Webster*

*Richard Henry Lee Esq*

This letter of Daniel Webster to the father of Gen. R. E. Lee, "Light Horse Harry," is the property of Miss Mason Lee French, of Gallatin, Tenn. Her mother, who was a Miss Koseis, is a descendant of the Lee family, and this valued letter is one of their treasured relics. The repetition of "you" is at the turn of a page. Yes, in 1846, Webster made speeches on the tariff and was glad his distinguished countryman was pleased enough to request copies. Moreover, he desired to make his "personal acquaintance."

## THE ANTE-BELLUM SOUTHERN WOMAN.

DESCRIPTION OF HER LIFE, BY MISS WINNIE DAVIS,  
"DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY."

Since the day of exploded ideals has arrived, when William Tell and George Washington's little hatchet—yea, even the all-pervading Puritan who dominated our school histories—one and all have been dethroned from their sure seats, it seems as if the traditional Southern woman of the old plantation life might be allowed to descend from the cross where she has been nailed for generations.

This graceful but lackadaisical ellygy of the imaginary "Southern Princess" who alternately lolled in a hammock in slothful self-indulgence, or arose in her wrath to scourge her helpless dependents, is the creation which our neighbors have been pleased to call the "typical Southern woman."

How different was the real housemistress who, on the great river properties, before the war, ruled the destinies of her family with gentle and wise sway. To us who know her in her old age it seems inexplicable that her place has been so long usurped by the figure fashioned by a hostile sculptor.

What a blessing this woman is to the "New South," the South of struggles and poverty—even the bitterest of her detractors must acknowledge, now that the clouds and smoke of battle begin to clear away and under the sun of peace reveal her true self.

What she was in the larger and more complicated sphere of her old life is known only to those who took part in it, or to the younger generation who feel the beneficent influence of her character. Had the women of the plantations been the lazy drones of the popular fancy, dreaming away their aimless lives in an atmosphere heavy with the odors of yellow jasmine, magnolias and roses, she would have been vanquished by the conditions over which she has been victorious.

When war, pestilence, famine settled on her country the Southern woman, armed cap-a-pie with her heredity of good housewifery, self-control and patience, sprung uncomplaining and cheerful to her place, and vanquished her difficulties with a manly vigor and a womanly grace, the memory of which is very precious and sweet savored to those with whom she dwelt.

## OLD-FASHIONED VIRTUES AND TASTE.

She probably did not understand the higher mathematics, but her arithmetic sufficed for household accounts and to gauge her expenses.

Her family practice in the hospital of her plantation made her the best of nurses.

Although her ideas of modern philosophy may have been of the vaguest, gentle and sincere piety breathed through all her arduous life, and made of her the best model for the half-civilized souls intrusted to her care, and also exerted refining influence over the men of her family.

If among the Hebrews each man was a priest to his own family, among our people every woman officiated as priestess in the isolated corner where she dwelt with the man toward whom "duty was pleasure and love was law," to whom "for better or worse" until death should them part. With her whole heart she gave her best energies to his service. It was her mission to counsel and comfort the weak-hearted and succor all those who were desolate and distressed, were they of her own or of the subject race. She was the media-

trix, the teacher, and, in short the mother of her people; and to her, if to anyone, the negro owes his present civilization and moral culture.

The prejudices of her male relatives were arrayed against publicity of any kind for her—even the homage due to her virtues seemed an invasion of the sanctity of home. Thus the record of her deeds has been suppressed, and she blossomed, bore noble fruit, and faded behind a screen so thick that it has obscured to the outside world the gracious lines of her personality, and her works alone praised her "in the gates," but her children now rise up and call her blessed.

## HOW THE SOUTHERN WOMAN WAS TRAINED.

To understand the so-called "New South," it is necessary to comprehend the actual duty of her mothers and the social relations which brought forth a race of people honorable, kindly, faithful and recklessly brave, yet adaptable in the highest degree.

These positive virtues are not generally associated with adaptability to new conditions, yet the Southern people in their bitter experience of defeat have given evidence of this power in its full significance.

The men and women of our country had, during the slave-holding period, fulfilled so many varying and incongruous duties to their slaves that they were in a measure fitted for any labor. The first lesson that a little Southern girl learned, in preparation of her duties as mistress of a plantation, was her association, usually developing into a warm friendship, with the maid of her own age, who was generally given by the mother of the negro to "be some service to little missie," a sort of counterpart to the "body servant" whom the recent dialect stories have made so familiar to our non-slaveholding neighbors. Although the peculiar relations of things made this intimacy less close between master and man, the love which began in their early youth ripened generally into a hearty affection which usually was lifelong, beginning, as it did, with their childish games in the negro quarter.

## THE NEGRO QUARTER.

It is doubtful if there was ever a *terre defendus* so attractive to a child as this same "quarter," a collection of small dwellings built on each side of a street, and inhabited by children of a larger growth who were prodigal of stories flavored by the faith of the *raconteur*. There were friendly yellow dogs; chickens, ruffled, mottled and duck-legged, which answered to names, with callow broods racing after them, and wonderful hens' nests full of eggs in unfrequented corners; fires in the open air with fat sweet potatoes roasting in their ashes; doll baby gardens planted and torn up at once by a multitude of little coffee-colored playmates who scampered about "little missus" in a frenzy of delight.

Mistress and maiden confided everything to each other, and their mutual affection stood the mistress in good stead in her after life and enabled her often to penetrate the interesting but bewildering tangle of "tergiversations" which the plantation negro calls his thoughts. Experience taught her the habit of their minds, and opened to her the genuine dialect of a thousand idioms which she would afterward have to use in instructing her slaves. It also initiated her into the African standards of right and wrong, by which she gauged the depth of the offender's culpability.

There, too, she learned the potentiality of sarcasm in dealing with a race so alive to a sense of the ludi-

crous that an appeal to its risibles will often answer the purpose better than punishment.

An instance of this kind is given of a Southern woman who cured her negro marketman of bringing the family a turkey daily for dinner because he had speculated in them and they were cheaper than other meat. She invited him to "stand on the gallery and gobble a little." This ludicrous performance deterred him from a repetition of his offense when more serious remonstrance had proved fruitless.

#### HOW SHE ABSORBED HOUSEWIFERY.

The little girls were present at all the milkings, churnings, and even the grinding of meal on the place, and so became familiar with the minutiae of these industries.

When the young mistress was married the superintendence of these duties devolved upon her—the curing of the meat, which was to form the staple food of the white and black family throughout the year, the recipes for which were handed down from mother to daughter for generations. As there were no markets, chickens and turkeys and ducks and geese must be reared in plenty; butter must be churned; a good vegetable garden sedulously cultivated; the fruit trees and berry vines persuaded to bear fruit after their kind; to overlook the weaving-room, where the cotton cloths as well as woolen used to be made, was also her duty; and in all these things our grandmothers and mothers were as proficient as the chatelaines of the Middle Ages. Much of these arts the Southern child absorbed without special instruction. Also a part of her education was the cutting and sewing of all kinds of garments, the cooking and serving of all sorts of dainties, and the intelligent care of the sick.

#### WELL-READ PLANTATION WOMEN.

This practical education went hand in hand with the elementary and theoretical one under governesses, or in the little schools composed of the children of the neighboring places.

Whether this method of mixing the actual with the ideal was peculiarly beneficial to their minds, or that the loneliness of their lives drove them into more serious studies, it is remarkable how many well-read women there were on these river places whose familiarity with the classics was close enough to be loving, and whose skill in the tinkling music of their day was of no mean proficiency.

So well was their capacity and attainments recognized that the distinguished American historian of this century, Mr. Bancroft, declined a wager with a Southern lady about a literary question, saying: "I have been told to beware of the plantation woman—she reads so many books she will prove me in the wrong."

As the Southern woman developed into maturity, dividing her time between her studies and observation of the busy life around her, she read in the daily practice of her elders the constantly repeated lesson of her duty to her sable dependents.

On the plantation it was not a question of cottage visiting, such as is common in English and New England country life. It was the actual care of an irresponsible family, large and often refractory enough to dampen the zeal of the most philanthropic.

There were clothes to be made for the babies and little children, and as well for the "orphans," the shiftless bachelors and motherless boys and girls who would

not sew if they could. Then the seamstresses who were to do this work were to be trained from the manner of holding a needle and scissors through all the various kinds of stitches to be taken up to dressmaking.

There were waiters, waitresses and dairy maids to instruct and cooks to superintend. Also there must be many of these skilled servants, because, without exception, they all had families, and if one of these should be taken ill another servant must be taken out of the field to supply the parent's place in the house, so that the child might be properly attended and the mother's heart at ease.

The fallacy that those darky servants grew like blackberries on the briars belongs to that land of Cockagne where roasted pigeons fell from the sky. Certainly these self-producing prodigies did not exist for our mothers. It will be only after a long and careful course of training, with mutual forbearance and patience, that the free negro will make as accomplished a servant as our slaves were.

#### TRUTH ABOUT WHIPPINGS AND SELLINGS.

The extreme penalty of whipping was reserved for such offenses as stealing and other crimes. As the negroes could not be "discharged without a character," the mistress was not armed with the terror always in the hands of the modern housewife, but she had to make the best of her husband's negroes as she found them, trusting to her own powers as educator to form of the young ones such servants as she would like to have about her.

To sell one of the negroes "born on the place" was an evidence of the direst poverty of the master or of the most heinous conduct on the part of the slave.

Such peccadilloes as insubordination, untidiness or stupidity formed no reason to the mind of either mistress or maid in the "Old South" for a dissolution of their mutual relation; nor could a tormented mistress find relief by giving a useless servant her freedom.

There is an authentic story of one who tried, during a visit to the North, to thus rid herself of a drunken maid whose taste for Madeira had tempted her to run up a score on her mistress' account at the neighboring drinking shop. When the mistress remonstrated the negro answered her that being a "quality darky" she could hardly be expected to get drunk on whisky "like poor white trash," and that as far as her "free papers" were concerned she would have none of them. There was no use talking, she was "master's nigger," and he would have to support her as long as she lived. There was no recourse but to submit, and the maid continued to follow her own sweet will until her freedom was forced upon her by the war. This was no singular or isolated case.

#### WITTICISMS OF CHILDREN.

Aside from the leading topics in this journal, indicated by its name, a department will be created for the bright and funny sayings of children. Request is now made for such contributions. Mr. Otis S. Tarver, of Sanford, Fla., sends this note:

"The Hon. I. W. Newman, C. V., was presented last Sunday morning with a fine baby girl. His other daughter, a four-year-old, on seeing the little stranger, says, 'Mama, less call her Winnie Davis.' You see the name will last, and let us build the monument all together, and build it soon. OTIS S. TARVER."

## REGARD OF BRAVE MEN FOR THEIR PEERS.

REMARKABLE TRIBUTE OF A CONFEDERATE TO THE  
LATE COL. SAM WALKER, OF KANSAS.

*Kansas City Journal:* The testimony contained in this letter could only come from a man whose bravery makes him indeed a competent judge of the soldierly qualities of the man of whom he writes:

To the Editor of the *Journal*: I have just read in the *Journal* of the 14th inst. an account of the early life of the late Col. Sam Walker. I would write a letter of condolence and sincere sympathy to his family if I knew whom to address, not that such letters amount generally to anything, but it might be some satisfaction to them to know that one who differed so widely from Col. Walker in everything save his loyalty to what he thought right should express his admiration for his magnificent courage as a soldier and pay a tribute to his memory, for no braver heart ever beat under the uniform of any soldier of any country than that of the gallant Sam Walker.

Serving in the Confederate Army, the fortunes of war threw the regiment to which I belonged so often in contact with Walker's, the Fifth Kansas, of which he was Major at that time, that we almost felt as if we had a speaking acquaintance, but our attentions to each other were always conducted through the muzzles of six-shooters or the edge of sabres. I will carry to my grave the mark of a pistol ball he gave me when we were not five paces apart, and I have a letter from him, dated twenty-five years after, in which he says I shot out at the same time two locks of his whiskers in return. He was then in the full vigor of his manhood and was the greatest glutton for fight I ever saw. The proverbial Irishman at the Donnybrook fair dragging his coat-tail and begging some gentleman to step on it, wasn't in it with Sam Walker if he had the Fifth Kansas at his back. I was a youngster then with just down enough on my upper lip to make it look dirty; full of snap and fond of excitement, and I always tried to accommodate him.

A dozen times or so we were close enough together, in just such little melees as above mentioned, to shake hands, but we never had time exactly to do it. In the winter of 1863 I was sent North to prison, having been captured by Maj. Teague, of the Eighth Missouri Cavalry, and I never came in contact with Walker again. I often thought of him, but knowing his reckless courage in battle, naturally concluded he had been killed. Some years ago, while visiting Chicago, I gave a gentleman from Kansas my card with a memorandum on it referring to an incident in one of our little "scrapping matches," which I knew would revive the old soldier's memory, and asked that he hand it to him. In a short time after I returned home I received a kind and hearty letter from him, and after that we kept up a correspondence. He was not as handy with a pen as he was with a pistol, for frequently I would get two and sometimes three letters in on him before I would get one in reply, a tardiness that could not be charged to him in shooting. We exchanged photographs, and I prize his even more highly now that he has gone.

Farewell, brave Walker. Lightly rest the sod above your fearless heart. Softly blow the breezes of your beloved Kansas over your grave is the sincere wish of your old antagonist in arms, but friend and admirer in peace!

B. M. HORD.

*Nashville, Tenn., February, 1893.*

## THE GRAY AND THE BLUE.

"We drank from the same canteen."

O war, cruel war! You cause to cut each other's throats, those who were born to be brothers.

Here is a reminiscence from the stubbornly contested battle of Chickamauga:

Early on Saturday morning preparations were made for the terrible conflict soon to follow. As the columns wheeled into line, I filled my canteen with water, replenished my stock of ammunition, and was soon ready for the word, "Forward."

I saw that grand patriot, true statesman and brave commander, Roger Q. Mills, hurrying to and fro among his soldiers, giving them words of encouragement as well as of command. My company was ordered out with the skirmishers, and we were soon engaged in a rambling fire. The Federal skirmishers soon gave way before us, leaving here and there a dead or wounded comrade. I discovered immediately in front of me a soldier dressed in blue, prostrate, and attempting to rise. He turned his eyes toward me, gave the Masonic sign of distress, and asked me for water. I hastily placed his head on his knapsack, gave him my canteen of water, and ran forward to join my company.

The enemy was reinforced and we were driven back over the same ground. Again I saw the wounded Federal soldier and stooped over him a moment "to hear what he might say." As near as I can remember these were his words: "Brother, something tells me that we will live through this battle, and that we will some day meet again."

I clasped his hand and hastily joined my command. My fellow-soldiers furnished me water during that fearful day, and at night we rested where water was plentiful.

All know how the battle terminated, and the result of the war. Afterward I made my way to Texas, married, and began anew the battle of life. I often thought of my brother in blue, but twenty years passed before I heard of him. One day while perusing a newspaper my eyes fell upon the following item:

"If the Confederate soldier belonging to company A of the Fifteenth Texas, who gave a wounded Federal soldier a canteen of water during the battle of Chickamauga, will write me at — Hotel, New Orleans, he will learn something of interest to him.

"JOHN RANDOLPH."

I wrote immediately and received a telegram to go to New Orleans at once.

I had had a hard struggle in life, and could not well afford to spare the time or the money necessary for the trip; but upon reflection I determined to go; indeed, I felt that it was my duty to obey the summons, and, after hasty preparations, I borrowed the expense money and went to New Orleans.

I arrived at the ——— Hotel about 2 o'clock, regis-

tered, and inquired for Randolph. The clerk informed me that such a man was there, but confined to his room and in the last stages of consumption. I asked to be shown to his room. I was met at the door by a middle-aged gentleman, who invited me into the room. On the bed a gray-haired man was reclining, who at my approach held out his hand and scrutinized my features intently. I was invited to a seat, and the sick man requested me to relate the circumstance heretofore mentioned, which I did. He listened attentively, and, when the narrative was concluded, he requested his companion to bring from a wardrobe in the room a canteen. It was old and worn, but on the cover was plainly marked, "J. W. T., Co. A., 15 Tex." I recognized it as the same that I had left with the wounded United States soldier during the battle of Chickamauga.

"Is this your canteen?" the sick man inquired.

I told him that it once was mine, but that I had given it to him.

"I now return your property," he said, and, clasping my hand, he feebly ejaculated, "My brother!"

For a few moments all was quiet, then he introduced me to his companion as his "other brother." He requested his brother to ring for the porter, and, when he arrived, sent him with a message. In a short time another person arrived, and my friend requested him to draw a draft in my favor on the bank for ten thousand dollars, and directed him to pay the same on presentation.

When the banker had gone, my friend explained that he had prospered since the war and was now rich, and could give me this amount without injustice to his "other brother," having already provided for him, his only living relative. His brother approved the act, and when all was again quiet, my friend coughed feebly, closed his eyes, and slept the sleep that knows no waking. Without a struggle the breath had left his body.

We placed the remains in a metallic casket, and, in charge of his brother, they were sent to Illinois for interment, there to sleep until the last great trumpet shall sound and assemble the just and true in one immense army under the blood-stained banner of Prince Immanuel.

THE GRAY.

#### MONUMENTS TO UNION SOLDIERS.

In seeking information as to what has been expended for monuments by the United States Government, Gen. Marcus J. Wright, who had been addressed because of his long connection with the War Records Office, wrote: "It would afford me very great pleasure to serve you, but to obtain the information you ask for in regard to monuments erected by the United States Government would take weeks of laborious work. Every act of Congress making appropriations for monuments would have to be found, as this is the only correct source of information. I will be glad to aid you if in my power."

#### STORY OF GEN. SHERMAN.

##### SINGULAR INTERVIEW AT JACKSON, MISS.

"Yes, Joseph E. Johnston had crossed Pearl River on his retreat to the East, and it was known that Sherman would evacuate Jackson and pursue him as soon as possible. With great difficulty I had secured from the Federal authorities the assurance that my cotton factory would not be burned. But on the night when the evacuation was in progress I learned from a reliable source that a change had been made in the orders and that the torch was likely to be applied to the property at any moment.

I resolved to seek an immediate interview with Gen. Sherman himself—entertaining, however, but slender hopes, especially at such an untimely hour, for it was past midnight, of reaching the presence of the Federal Chief. I ascertained that his headquarters were in the — residence in West Jackson, and before many minutes had passed I was at the front gate of the place, where to my great surprise I found no guards to check my progress. The house was quiet and unlighted.

Seeing no one to inquire of I opened the gate, went up to the house and on to the porch. For some minutes I stood there listening. But I heard no sound within, nor was there any guard to challenge my intrusion. Through a shaded transom I caught the reflection of a light. I tried the hall door, found it ajar, pushed it open, and stepped inside. The place was silent—there was nothing to indicate occupancy by the military.

"I have come to the wrong house," I said. But observing that a dim light was reflected through the half open door of a room opening into the hall, I advanced and entered the apartment. It had but a single occupant. He was sleeping upon a lounge and my steps aroused him. He turned over and looked at me.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"I want to see Gen. W. T. Sherman."

"I'm Gen. Sherman. What do you want?"

"I explained as briefly as possible. He said his orders were to spare the factory—that they would be obeyed—then said that he wanted to go to sleep. He stretched himself and shut his eyes, and I walked out and returned up town. A few hours later the factory was in ashes."

"And you say that Gen. Sherman had no body guard?"

"I entered his bedroom and left it without being challenged. In fact without meeting a soul except the General himself."

This remarkable incident was told in Green's Bank, and the narrator was Joshua Green, its founder and President, writes Henry Clay Fairman in the *Sunny South*.

#### CONFEDERATE DEAD AT MANASSAS.

Mrs. Alice Trueheart Buck, Washington, D. C.: "The battle-field of Manassas is five miles or more in extent, and the dead were consequently much scattered. Many graves have been entirely lost sight of. The people in that section have been poor since the war, and it has been with great difficulty that anything has been rescued or preserved. The ladies raised a small fund for a monument, but not until the State of Virginia donated \$1,000 was one built. It is within the village of Manassas, and in sight from the railroad.



The monument is paid for, but the grounds are unimproved and very desolate in appearance. Just before the monument was built, several years ago, at which time all the Confederate dead were gathered and placed under it in one grave, the writer and her husband visited the old burying-ground and copied from the much worn wooden boards and headstones the following names: S. D. Jones, Co. I, South Carolina Regiment; W. Corbin, South Carolina Regiment; Lieut. D. W. Pitts, Fourth Alabama Volunteers; S. J. Matthews, J. D. Robbins, Fourth Alabama Regiment; W. Cambra, Co. E, Hampton's Legion; Sergt. L. C. Gatch, Fourth Alabama Regiment; L. Roby, Adams, W. J. Brown, Co. I, First Mississippi Regiment; W. D. Dennis, Co. E, Ninth Mississippi Regiment; J. E. Butts, R. Stevens, Second Mississippi Regiment; F. Broome, W. T. Foy, killed July 21, 1861; W. T. E. Ralls, Eighth Louisiana Volunteers, died Aug. 16, 1861, and has a marble slab erected by the Masons; L. A. Bliss, J. B. Mounce or Monroe, G. G. Martin, Eighth Georgia Regiment; W. H. Evers, W. A. Laosia, Ninth South Carolina Regiment; G. A. Derrick, First Texas Regiment, marble slab at his grave by Masons. There were many marked "Unknown." There is nothing sadder than an unknown soldier's grave, except the living who are unhonored.

ADVOCATING SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

In her zeal for the South, Mrs. Buck submits a preamble and resolutions:

"Whereas, it having been the custom in the South since the war, from necessity at first, afterward from force of habit, to depend upon other sections and countries for all manufactured articles, including literature, and, believing this course to be hurtful and obstructive to our progress and independence as a people, we would call attention to the fact and seek a remedy. Nothing succeeds without organized effort; therefore be it resolved,

"That we will support Southern publications and publishing houses, since we now have them equal to those found elsewhere.

"That we will use our best efforts for the upbuilding of Southern literature and education, without which we can never be independent or prosperous."

THE CAROLINA RIFLES.

James G. Holmes, of Charleston, who served in the Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, gives an interesting history of the Carolina Rifles, many of whom are subscribers to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

This company is composed of young men, but the honorary and reserve members are old Confederate veterans. The company was organized in 1869 as the "Carolina Rifle Club." President Grant would not permit military companies in South Carolina at that time, and as the State was in the hands of the carpet baggers and scalawags, we chose as the motto for the flag presented to us by the ladies, "*Patria infilici fidelis*" as being most appropriate. Nominally we organized for target practice, but actually to protect our women and children; and as we were armed with Winchester rifles, and most of us were old soldiers, the community felt a sense of security not felt before or since the war had ended. In 1876 the company, or club, of necessity grew into a battalion of three full companies, but after the beneficent rule of the State's savior, our

loved and honored Hampton (derided now by the *sans coulottes* and ingrates), the battalion dwindled back to one company, "The Carolina Rifles," whose members now send you greeting, and wish you success, by the memory of the "Rebel yell."

"SOMETHING TOO GOOD TO BE LOST."

[H. J. Leovy, in New Orleans, La., Picayune, February 16th.]

As the question of the authorship of the verses, "Lines on the back of a Confederate Note," is again being discussed, I inclose you a slip cut from a paper some time ago, which shows, beyond doubt, that Maj. S. A. Jonas is entitled to the credit. The extract is from a letter written by Maj. Jonas himself. The following is the extract, and also the copy of the famous verses, as revised by the author:

"Rush furnished us each with one of these, upon which to write. We all complied with his wishes, each writing a compliment or a sentiment, and my blank was filled in with the lines in question.

"The original copy of the note, a few months later, fell into the hands of the editor of the *Metropolitan Record*, of New York, who published it under the heading, 'Something Too Good to be Lost,' and this was its first appearance in print, for its author's appreciation of it was based entirely upon that of the world that so kindly received it.

"The first person, except the author, who ever read it was your gallant fellow citizen, Capt. A. B. Snell, the commander of Cleburne's sharpshooters, whose criticism was passed upon the lines before they were copied upon the note. I append a correct copy. This is, I think, the fourth time within the last twenty years that this controversy has trenched upon your columns and good nature, but on the other occasions the corrections were made by outsiders."

Lines written on the back of a Confederate note.

Representing nothing on God's earth now,  
And naught in the waters below it,  
As the pledge of a Nation that's dead and gone,  
Keep it, dear friend, and show it,  
Show it to those who will lend an ear  
To the tale that this trifle can tell,  
Of a liberty born of the patriot's dream,  
Of a storm-cradled Nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,  
And too much of a stranger to borrow,  
We issued to-day our promise to pay,  
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.  
The days rolled by and weeks and weeks became years,  
But our coffers were empty still;  
Coin was so rare that the Treasury'd quake  
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,  
And our poverty well we discerned,  
And this little check represented the pay  
That our suffering veterans earned.  
We knew it had hardly a value in gold,  
Yet as gold each soldier received it;  
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,  
And each southern patriot believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or of pay,  
Or of bills that were overdue;  
We knew if it bought us our bread to-day,  
'Twas the best our poor country could do.  
Keep it; it tells all our history over,  
From the birth of the dream to its last;  
Modest, and born of the angel, Hope,  
Like our hope of success, it passed.

RICHMOND, VA., May, 1865.

S. A. JONAS.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM VETERANS AND OTHERS.

Richard W. Miller, Richmond, Ky.: "Will you kindly tell me what States have made provision for the disabled Confederate soldiers, and what States pay pensions to said soldiers."

A similar request comes from Hon. D. E. Simmons, a member of the Texas Legislature. Will friends send the VETERAN information on this important subject?

Capt. A. T. Gay, Graham, Tex.: "Our Camp is not a large one. This county was a wilderness during the war, and has been settled since 1875, and Confederates here hail from every State in the South and represent almost every battle-field fought under the stars and bars; and could you be with us in some of our reunions and listen at the tales of valor told by these boys in gray, it would do you good. Our Camp sent up, through Gen. Cabell, something near \$100 more than two years ago to aid in building the grandest monument to be erected in commemoration of the grandest name on the pages of American history—the leader of a people who has few equals and no superiors in ancient or modern times. Having served in the Thirty-first Tennessee Infantry under Stewart and Strahl, I have a right to speak in behalf of Tennessee Confederate soldiers. Send along the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; we like the name."

K. F. Peddicord, Palmyra, Mo.: "In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for February I see many incidents and names that bring to memory freshly again fine forms, beaming faces and gallant hearts, and while I muse the silent tear upstarts, and memory brings again 'the hours that were.' Permit me to place in your care some lines on 'Pickles and Meal' for forty-three days, of which your correspondent, Capt. J. L. Lemon, of Acworth, Ga., makes mention in his article of 'Six Hundred Confederate Officers,' who were exposed to Confederate cannon. You see they were copied at Fort Delaware June 5, 1865. On reading Capt. Lemon's communication, I was reminded of this copy. The writer, with others in the officers' quarters, was at the gate when these same veterans arrived. Many of them were carried in on stretchers. These verses, among others, were produced and sung at an entertainment given in 'Mess Hall' at Fort Delaware for the benefit of these 'badly used up' 'Hilton Headers,' and strange to relate we had present the commandant, Gen. A. Schoefe, and members of his staff. One of the returned prisoners, brought in on stretchers, was a gallant lieutenant of Morgan's cavalry, from Lexington, Ky. The brave veteran was almost dead, and as we gathered around to greet him, his eyes filled with tears at the sight of his old comrades, and he said, 'Never mind, boys; I will tell Gen. Breckinridge all about our inhuman treatment;' and this threat seemed to give him relief."

Here is part of a letter from away off in Michigan: "I believe the elements of success are within your grasp. You have an opportunity; you have experience; there is a place for the VETERAN, and subject matter to make it a voice of the South. Let it be your mission to secure the cherished traditions and facts of the men and women of the 'lost cause' who enriched the world with history and memories to make the South and the cause that made an army of veterans

famous—a fame that will live till the records of the world perish. I rejoice that you are a recorder, but let me sound a word of warning into your editorial ear. Be just; be generous; be true; avoid the bitterness and brutality of exceptional horrors. We have seen the wreck of too many partisan magazines, while all will hail and support one from a fixed point of view in defense of a cause and people that commanded the admiration of the world. You know that the gift of imagination is highly developed in such a struggle as we passed through, and often a little personal suffering seemed too hard to endure, and the repetition of that suffering often magnified ten-fold through different relators. We had enough of the waters of bitterness during the flood of sorrow. Now, after a quarter of a century, let the calm, sad voice of history give simply the truth. It has come, not as we expected, but in God's own way, and every deed of valor is a gem in the crown of veterans. Seek the gems, and avoid the alloy, and you will do the South enduring honor. The first thought I had when made aware of your intention was, How can I help the VETERAN? If I can do so, it will contribute to my happiness, and my effort is at your disposal without money or price. I want no favor, only to lend you personally a helping hand in a cause I love."

The following letter is used without signature. It is so manifestly private that the signature will be excused. The lady who wrote it is of a distinguished family, and her father was so strong an abolitionist that he liberated his dozen slaves, and moved North before the dire struggle. While she has ever been loyal to the Union, her personal relation to the family of the South's chieftain has been closely intimate for many years:

"Memphis, February, 1893. I am delighted with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and herein inclosed you will find an order for several subscriptions. I think it is just the paper needed; and, although my sentiments and principles during the war—and as firmly now as then—are opposite to my friends, yet they fought for principle, as they conceived it, as firmly as I did for my convictions. They fought with weapons that kill the body; I with the weapons whose use make us understand how intolerant our own sex is when we dare differ with them. Yet, I honor the brave women whose love of the cause gave them the strength 'to do and dare' everything in its maintenance. I am a southern woman, and my heart's affection went out to my people. Scarce would the shout of joy for a Federal victory die upon my lips, when the agony of heart, as I thought of the fallen heroes of my own sunny southland, overpowered me. And thus sentiment and principle went hand in hand through the conflict, though, thank God, in all action I was able to maintain my principle. Well, why did I allow myself to say all this?

"I will do all I can for the circulation of your paper, not only for the kindness towards yourself engendered, first, by my knowledge of your perfect self-abnegation where the comfort of others was concerned, but as a means of making the monument what it should be. It will be erected to Mr. Davis' memory, and were it made of gold and precious stones it would not be beyond his deserts. I admired him for his perfect adherence to principle, his noble self sacrifice in

the cause he deemed best for his people, his kindness of heart, which added a charm to his courtly bearing. Of course, this monument will stand for the 'principle' as well as the man who made its maintenance possible so long. Mr. Davis was among the greatest of the world's heroes. Thank God, that he lived to show the world how a Christian gentleman could meet its contumely even as he had its plaudits! As I knew Mr. Davis, I loved him so entirely because I trusted him so implicitly.

"I had a letter from Mr. Hayes this morning. Maggie is visiting her mother in New York, and reports both Mrs. Davis and Winnie well. Mrs. Davis seems much annoyed at the difficulty she finds in getting any money out of her publishers, and not having the power to contract with others. What a hard time women have in business matters. I hope the coming woman will have more necessary information."

Mrs. Mary E. Dickison, wife of Gen. J. J. Dickison, Commander of U. C. V.'s in Florida, Ocala, February 27th: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN greeted us some time in January, and was cordially welcomed by each member of our home circle. Your old comrades will not hail it with more enthusiasm than the ladies of our dear southland; and, as an evidence of this fact, I made it my pleasant duty to act as an "aide de camp" and solicit the patronage of several friends, who have honored me by a prompt response. We are truly grateful to you for enlisting in so noble a work. Having failed to provide true histories to be used as textbooks in our schools, may it be the *mission* of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to supply this great want to our southern homes, that the rising generation may honor the principles of their noble fathers, and emulate their example by walking proudly in the same paths. \*\*\* As other names are added, I will forward promptly. May a grand success crown your efforts, for success means the preservation of our honor in the vindication of the principles for which more than three hundred thousand noble patriots laid down their lives. The sacred memories of sublime devotion that cluster around the 'lost cause' *must be perpetuated*. Our cause was just, and we will glorify it in song and story. \*\*\* The sanctum of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will soon be invaded by 'Dickison and his men.' Be ready to give the gallant command a welcome."

Will Watkins, Paducah, Ky., February 16th: "The February number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has reached me, and with it came a cloud of miserable recollections of the past; but when I had perused its honored and ever to be cherished contents, that cloud of past memories suddenly became sunshine, and I cheerfully realize the profound fact that those heroic veterans of the Southern Confederacy have not forgotten the listless and sacred dust of those immortal spirits. Sir, allow me to tell you upon this sheet of paper, which is moist with tears from my own eyes, that this publication of yours carries me back to 1861, and tells me of one very dear to me, and of one who kissed me for the last time with mortal lips. It was father that bid mother and me adieu, and it was for the balance of our days. His whispering spirit tells us that yonder at Shiloh mingles his remains with the sacred dust of some of the bravest fathers and sons that ever wrote the bloody declaration of Confederate rights.

Yes, I feel honored, because I know that my family is honored by the dust of at least one battlefield.

"Paducah is a beautiful city of twenty-two thousand inhabitants, among whom are a goodly number of ex-Confederate soldiers, to say nothing of the surrounding country, which is yet alive with them. Send a few copies of your March number; I will do all in my power to advance your interests in this part of the Kentucky purchase. Address, care of the *Standard*."

#### THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

Of the Confederate Cabinet an exchange says:

When the Confederate Government was first organized, Feb. 18, 1861, the Cabinet was composed of Robert Toombs, Secretary of State; C. G. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury; L. Pope Walker, Secretary of War; Stephen Mallory, Secretary of the Navy; Attorney General, Judah P. Benjamin; Postmaster General, John H. Reagan. Mr. Toombs was succeeded shortly by R. M. T. Hunter; and on Walker's resignation in August, 1861, Mr. Benjamin became Secretary of War, while Thomas Watts became Attorney General. In 1862 Benjamin became Secretary of State, and G. W. Randolph succeeded him in the War Department, for a short time only. In November James A. Seddon took the War portfolio; in 1863 George Davis succeeded Mr. Watts as Attorney General; and in 1864 G. A. Trenholm became Secretary of the Treasury. In January, 1865, Secretary Seddon resigned, and Gen. J. C. Breckinridge was appointed in his place. When Richmond fell, President Davis' Cabinet was composed of these men: Acting Secretary of State and Postmaster General, John H. Reagan; Secretary of War, John C. Breckinridge; Secretary of the Treasury, George A. Trenholm; Secretary of the Navy, Stephen R. Mallory; Attorney General, George Davis.

J. W. Simmons, Mexia, Texas, while sending a club, asks for the extra copy to be sent to a veteran with but one arm left, and adds: "I was deeply interested in reading and living over again those eventful days of '61 to '65. The name of your city, Nashville, never fails to bring fresh to my memory the battle scenes that I witnessed around there. When our army was driven from there in great confusion, I had to run through that old muddy field to prevent taking a trip to Camp Chase."

Pender Bros., Bryson City, N. C.: "Mrs. D. K. Collins handed us Vol. 1, No. 2, CONFEDERATE VETERAN. After examination, by her request, we have placed an advertisement and called attention, local and editorial. We will be glad to assist you in this cause. Our father, R. H. Pender, was in the Executive Department, C. S.; Uncle David Pender, Commissary, Eastern North Carolina; Uncle W. Dorsey Pender, Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. A., resigned, entered C. S. A. as private, wounded as Brig. Gen. W. D. Pender (from which he died) at the second day's fight at Gettysburg. Ours has been a warlike generation—1776, 1812, Mexican and Indian wars and later." \* \* \*

[Lampassas, Tex., Dispatch.]

Through the kindness of Judge Thomas we have had the pleasure of perusing No. 2, Vol. 1. Every Confederate soldier should become a subscriber to this excellent journal.

## The Confederate Veteran.

Fifty Cents a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. Money paid for it does not augment the Monument Fund directly, but as an auxiliary its benefit certainly makes it eminently worthy the patronage of every friend of the cause.

### GIVE THE OLD SLAVE A HOME.

It is consistent with the spirit of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to introduce and advocate a measure which will surprise, but I trust please, our best people. It is to give homes to the old negroes who were slaves for twenty years. This project has had earnest consideration. It has been submitted to friends who have frowned and smiled alternately, the frown coming first. Its scope widens upon reflection, and the good that would come of it, while being much more beneficial to the South than the North, would hardly bring a title of benefits, in a sectional sense, to what has been enjoyed on the other side. The pensions annually are now about \$190,000,000, and distributed in large proportion at the North. This act of benevolence toward a people whose bondage existed for twenty years or more, would be a tax upon the Government of say \$60,000,000, but it would be once for all. The plan contemplates an appropriation of \$200 to be expended for land and \$100 with which to build a residence for every male and female who served as a slave for twenty years previous to Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, Feb. 22, 1865, provided he or she has never been pensioned and has never held any position under the pay of the Government.

The suggested conditions of this benefaction are that the \$200 be expended for land so cheap that it will buy not less than ten acres. It may be as low as they can find it. The right to sell said land should be denied them for ten years. These sums should be invested through white commissioners not interested in the lands, and should be selected by the county courts, or similar authorities, to serve without compensation, the presumption being that good men would cheerfully and faithfully render these services gratuitously. The beneficiary should, of course, in all cases, have the option as to details of investment. Where these ex-slaves own homes, if they reside upon the land they should be allowed to invest the residence appropriation of \$100 in additional land.

The foregoing is in brief the plan commended. Meditation will show, in an amazing degree, the benefits of such benevolence on the part of the Government. True, the benefits would inure specifically to the Southern people, white as well as black. On many a country place interests are largely identical. The white folks having maintained these old black people, and would do so anyhow. It would enable many whites to provide more liberally for them than they ever have done. It would induce many darkies to

remove from dingy suburbs of cities and towns to the open and healthier atmosphere of the country. It would tend to increased respect of the younger negroes for their ancestry, thereby strengthening one of the commandments.

A plea for our old black people is deservedly pathetic. Who among us does not feel genuinely kind to the old darky on whose lips "Massa" and "Mistis" are still heard with musical euphony? Who among us, passing that period of their lives when many of them had hard task-masters, does not recall with an everlasting gratitude that, during the four years of war, thousands of them were loyal, to the last degree, to the dependent members of the family whose protectors were in the war? Why, if the great Government to which we all bear allegiance should refuse them the benevolence herein suggested, it would be fitting for the Southern people, themselves, robbed by the Government of billions of money in holding them as lawful property, to undertake a provision of this kind.

Republicans, on the other side, cannot afford to oppose this measure. Their partisan representatives, years ago, before the Southern people had recovered from the great disaster to their estates, promised "forty acres and a mule" to these identical persons.

The principles of Democracy are not observed in this plea, but the peculiar exigencies of the case should excuse the digression. It is a broad charity to a class whose simple, unflinching faithfulness, though not strict as to chicken roosts, merits the unstinted liberality of the American people. A distinguished Tennessean, and Democratic official, who limps from the effect of a Federal bullet, said, "If not Democratic it is Confederate."

Two articles have been furnished on this subject by request—one by Wm. M. Green, whose father, Rev. Dr. A. L. P. Green, though a man of large means, owned but two slaves, and bought them to gratify them, as he had quibbles about slavery, and the other by Mr. Edward E. Young, whose father gave up his life for the cause of the South, and who is now engaged in the material development of Tennessee.

In the early twilight of a spring morning a few years ago, when the train stopped at Calera, Ala., a feeble old lady who was at the station started to enter the train, and was unable to ascend the steps. Seeing her predicament, I stepped from the platform and assisted her. When the train was under way for Montgomery she was anxious to manifest her appreciation of my kindness, she said her name was Yaney, and to my question of whether her husband was related to William L. Yaney, she said, "He was that man." Arising, removing my hat and extending my hand, I said that notwithstanding the abuse of Mr. Yaney I wanted the honor of knowing his wife. Her response was as peculiar as the former remark, and with measured tone, in pathetic emphasis, she said, "No man knew my husband!"

*THE NATIONAL SPIRIT.*

S. D. McCormick, Henderson, Ky.: "I have received a sample copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and am delighted with its tone. It has the ring of patriotism which the country will applaud. It is national in sentiment, yet true to the traditions and the sacrifices of the South. You have a noble theme, a great opportunity, and you have launched your barque to a propitious breeze. I believe you address a universal want, North and South. *The World* is interested in the story of the South. Let it be told; let it be shown that the southern people are as national as those of the North; that the Civil War was the clash of opinion on a constitutional construction. The decision was against the South; it bows to the decree; but we deny that its people were alienated from the principles of the Federal Constitution, which was made by common fathers, who themselves differed upon the interpretation of the powers and functions of the organic law. The quarrel which these builders of the constitution commenced, it was reserved for their posterity to adjust. This, in brief, is the philosophy of the Civil War. The details of the great struggle pertain to our Nation's glory. It is your function to show the side of the South. You have approached the subject in a proper spirit. In a few years, like the great constitutional struggle of England, the names of Davis and of Lincoln, of Lee and of Grant will be the common heritage of the American people, and the very terms North and South will be forgotten in a mingled admiration of the heroism and mutual sacrifices of the Anglo-American race. Still, while we honor and love the people of the South, at the same time we ask the equal right to honor the spirit of the North, which also poured out its treasures and its blood to maintain, like the South, a constitutional construction—the doctrine of a Federal unity. Appomattox, as we judge it, was the interpretation of the powers incorporated in the constitution of 1789. It ought to be pardonable in any citizen to rise above sectional pride and a partial truth, and to declare the full truth and the common glories of his country."

*THE OLD NEGROES AND THE GOVERNMENT.*

I have been thinking for a long time—I may say for years back—as to the feasibility or practicability of governmental assistance for the old slaves of the South. Now, I do mean this, not as a fancy or wild philanthropy, but an even, properly balanced, long delayed dispensation of justice—not an empty honor or a rapid promise, but some actual bread and sop from the great bowl of the Government for the patient but hungry black freedman. Can the present administration afford such a venture? If it should its history will be glorious. The old planter says, "I am in favor." The

Confederate soldier says, "Let it be done." The Federal soldier says, "I cannot consistently object." The bones of Abe Lincoln and Jeff Davis cry aloud, "Be just to the old slave." The Government has poured its millions and billions into pensions; has paid the Indians for imaginary titles more than a hundred millions. The truth is, the red man, as a roving savage, has never been the friend of his white benefactor; has done nothing in converting the wild forest into a garden—has actually impeded the march of civilization. He works not, suffers no solicitude, and pays no taxes. I have reference only to those tribes that are the wards of the Government. On the other hand, the negro has been the friend of the white man; has been living with him and working for him in North America more than two centuries. He has stood by his white brother in conquering the wilderness, in building cities, in building railroads. With his black hands he has furnished rice, sugar, corn, tobacco and cotton to the millions in America and Europe. He prefers to remain near the habitation of the white man, and will never leave unless by force or deception. He realizes his dependence, and, under the direction of the white man, is industrious and religious; but, when set off to himself, becomes a barbarian and a vagabond. His freedom was thrust upon him, and with it came many a sorrow that he knew not of in a state of servitude. Besides, there is a cruel disposition upon the part of some strangers to keep him disquieted and restless; for men, who are merciless and mercenary, tempt him into ill-starred expeditions to Eldorados of the North and West, and laugh at his discomfort as he returns penniless, starved and in rags. Without trenching upon his liberty, cannot the State Legislatures protect him from a vicious Moses and an imaginary Canaan? He is a good laborer, but would have been much better than he is if he had been shielded from his Godless and money-loving (?) friends.

The old, polite *ante-bellum* *darky* still stands with his hat off and says with a grin of expectancy, "At your service, Mass William." Especially in the interest of this class I am writing. I propose, with some exceptions, that every ex-slave who had been in a state of servitude for twenty years at the date of President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, be furnished from the United States treasury with a sufficient amount of money to purchase twenty acres of ground in some rural district of the South, in or near his place of habitation. I would shut out from this benefit all negroes, male and female, who are pensioners, or who are in any way employed by the Government, assuming that these classes are already provided for. I would have a bill, embodying the above propositions and exceptions, prepared and presented by some Congressman who was himself, or his father, a slaveholder. I regard it as eminently fitting and opportune that a

Democratic administration should take the initiative in this racial benefaction; for certainly a proposition to ameliorate the condition of a Helot would have come with more grace from a native Spartan than a Roman.

I arrogate to myself the inherent right of making the above proposition: *i. g.*, my mother, my father and grandfather were slaveholders. By descent I am a Democrat, as my grandmother was a near relative of Thomas Jefferson. However, at this present my party fealty is a little shriveled, as I have a disposition and tendency to wring the alcohol out.

The proposition that I have made is in crude form—only the general drift or gist of a bill is given. I have not so stated, but it would be necessary to incorporate in the bill certain guards against land-sharks and pot-house politicians. Hoping that this philanthropic bird may be joined by others of stronger and swifter wing, I turn it loose. W. M. GREEN.

*Nashville, Tenn.*

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VIEWS BY EDWARD E. YOUNG.

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What a spectacle the consummation of this plan would present! The greatest Republic the world has ever known—symbolized by a perfect Anglo-Saxon figure—would, from the golden-wreathed chariot of universal liberty, dispense to 150,000 ex-slaves the sacred vestments of a permanent home. These bowed and dusky forms would once again stand erect, if only to shout a welcome to their benefactor, and reach their hard mahogany hands to their wrinkled brows to ascertain whether this “is a sho’ nuff sometin’ or jes a dream.”

From Maryland to Texas and from Kentucky to the Gulf these new tax-payers would be distributed. Their joy and good fortune would be shared by the entire American-African race. Instead of millions of shiftless, discouraged tenants, the South would have thousands of colored families living in their own homes, cultivating their own soil, and feeling that they are at last in reality, what they have so far been largely in theory, citizens of a Republic whose laws make no distinction “for color or previous condition of servitude.”

They would thus naturally take an interest in whatever concerned the welfare of their own community, and from family relations up to the responsibilities of state, would act thoughtfully and for the best interests of the country at large.

In Philadelphia, where there is a larger percentage of home owners than elsewhere in America, they have never yet had a strike. The spectral spirit of discontent, which applied the torch to railroad cars in New York and precipitated bloodshed at Homestead, can find no lodgement in a community where everyone

owns his own home and is not only content and happy, but constitutionally and unalterably opposed to whatever is against the peace and dignity of society and that would tend (as all agitation does) to increase his own personal taxes, in order to meet the extra expense of the State caused by the violation of the law.

The industrial problem of the South is yet to be solved. Materially speaking, it is full of promise; but who can tell the importance of intelligent caution at this point? In the great mechanical and industrial activity that is sure to come in the near future, does any thinking mind doubt that it would be well for the South to have thus permanently set at ease the minds of many thousand adults who belong to that class which experience has shown are always the most dangerous in times of civil or political excitement?

In one of the greatest speeches of his life, delivered at Dallas, Tex., Oct. 26, 1888, on “The South and Her Problem,” Henry W. Grady said:

“All this is no unkindness to the negro; but rather that he may be led in equal rights and in peace to his uttermost good. Not in sectionalism—for my heart beats true to the Union, to the glory of which your life and heart is pledged. Not in disregard of the world’s opinion—for to render back this problem in the world’s approval is the sum of my ambition and the height of human achievement. Not in reactionary spirit—but rather to make clear that new and grander way, up which the South is marching to higher destiny, and on which I would not halt her for all the spoils that have been gathered unto parties, since Cæline conspired and Cæsar fought. Not in passion, my countrymen, but in reason; not in narrowness, but in breadth; that we may solve this problem in calmness and in truth, and, lifting its shadows, let perpetual sunshine pour down on two races walking together in peace and contentment. Then shall this problem have proved our blessing, and the race that threatened our ruin, work our salvation, as it fills our fields with the best peasantry the world has ever seen. Then the South, putting behind her all the achievements of the past—and in war and in peace they beggar eulogy—may stand upright among the nations and challenge the judgment of men and the approval of God, in having worked out, in their sympathy and in his guidance, this last and surpassing miracle of human government.”

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The benefit of friend sending to friend the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has been remarkable. Results are reported from various such sources. There are many illustrations. John B. Kennedy, of Lewisburg, Tenn., writes to a friend in Nashville, thanking him for his copy, and adds: “It will surely secure several subscriptions from this county, as I am determined to see all the old Vets and have them take it.”

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THE Southern Historical Society has issued twenty volumes. R. A. Brock, the Secretary, will furnish data to all persons who may consider membership. The Society has done a great work.

## PRAYER OF THE SOUTH.

BY REV. FATHER RYAN, POET PRIEST.

My brow is bent beneath a heavy rod;  
 My face is wan and white with many woes;  
 But I will lift my poor chained hands to God  
 And for my children pray, and for my foes.  
 Beside the graves where thousands lowly lie  
 I kneel, and, weeping for each slaughtered son,  
 I turn my gaze to my own sunny sky,  
 And pray, O Father, may thy will be done.

My heart is filled with anguish, deep and vast;  
 My hopes are buried with my children's dust;  
 My joys have fled, my tears are flowing fast—  
 In whom save thee, our Father, shall I trust?  
 Ah! I forgot thee, Father, long and oft,  
 When I was happy, rich and proud and free;  
 But, conquered now and crushed, I look aloft,  
 And sorrow leads me, Father, back to thee.

Amid the wrecks that mark the foeman's path  
 I kneel, and, wailing o'er my glories gone,  
 I still each thought of hate, each throb of wrath,  
 And whisper, Father, let thy will be done.  
 Pity me, Father of the desolate.  
 Alas, my burdens are so hard to bear;  
 Look down in mercy on my wretched fate,  
 And keep me, guard me, with thy loving care.

Pity me, Father, for His holy sake  
 Whose broken heart bled at the feet of grief  
 That hearts of earth, wherever they shall break,  
 Might go to his and find a sure relief.  
 Ah me, how dark! Is this a brief eclipse?  
 Or is it night, with no to-morrow's sun?  
 O Father! Father! with my pale, sad lips  
 And sadder heart, I pray, Thy will be done.

My homes are joyless; and a million mourn,  
 Where many met, in joys forever flown;  
 Whose hearts are light, are burdened now and lorn;  
 Where many smiled, but one is left to mourn.  
 And, ah, the widow's wails, the orphan's cries,  
 Are morning hymn and vesper chant to me;  
 And groans of men and sounds of women's sighs  
 Commingle, Father, with my prayer to thee.

Beneath my feet, ten thousand children dead!—  
 Oh, how I loved each known and nameless one!  
 Above their dust I bow my crownless head  
 And murmur, Father, still thy will be done.  
 Ah, Father, thou didst deck my own loved land  
 With all bright charms, and beautiful and fair;  
 But the foeman came and, with ruthless hand,  
 Spread ruin, wreck, and desolation there.

Girdled with gloom, of all my brightness shorn,  
 And garmented with grief, I kiss thy rod,  
 And turn my face, with tears all wet and worn,  
 To catch one smile of pity from my God.  
 Around me blight, where all was bloom;  
 And so much lost, alas, and nothing won  
 Save this, that I can lean on wreck and tomb,  
 And weep and, weeping, pray, Thy will be done.

And, oh, 't is hard to say, but said, 't is sweet;  
 The words are bitter, but they hold a balm,  
 A balm that heals the wounds of my defeat  
 And lulls my sorrows into holy calm.  
 It is the prayer of prayers—and how it brings,  
 When heard in heaven, peace and hope to me!  
 When Jesus prayed it, did not angels' wings  
 Gleam 'mid the darkness of Gethsemane.

My children, Father, thy forgiveness need—  
 Alas, their hearts have only room for tears—  
 Forgive them, Father, every wrongful deed,  
 And every sin of those four bloody years.  
 And give them strength to bear their boundless loss,  
 And from their hearts take every thought of hate;  
 And, while they climb their Calvary with their cross,  
 O help them, Father, to endure its weight.

And for my dead, Father, may I pray?  
 Ah, sighs may soothe, but prayer shall soothe me more.  
 I keep eternal watch above their clay—  
 O rest their souls, my Father, I implore.  
 Forgive my foes—they know not what they do—  
 Forgive them all the tears they made me shed;  
 Forgive them, though my noblest sons they slew,  
 And bless them, though they curse my poor, dear dead.

O may my woes be each a carrier dove,  
 With swift, white wings, that, bathing in my tears,  
 Will bear thee, Father, all my prayers of love,  
 And bring me peace, in all my doubts and fears.  
 Father, I kneel, 'mid ruin, wreck, and grave—  
 A desert waste where all was erst so fair—  
 And, for my children and my foes, I crave  
 Pity and pardon: Father, hear my prayer.

## FIRST TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATION.

Maj. S. K. Phillips, Historian, writes that Forrest Camp, No. 3, of Chattanooga, was organized under a charter dated September 1, 1885, granted by R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, C. V., at Richmond, Va. Our by-laws and rules of order are essentially those of the mother camp. At a meeting held September 1, 1885, nearly sixty Confederate veterans met to discuss the question of forming a permanent organization. Rev. and Comrade J. W. Bachman was made temporary chairman. The discussion was very general, but all speeches were very brief, and plainly indicated that the subject had been thoroughly and favorably canvassed from every point of view. A committee, composed of eleven comrades, was appointed (Comrade J. F. Shipp being the chairman) to draw up a constitution, by-laws, and rules of order. On September 22d the committee on permanent organization presented a report, which was unanimously adopted, and made effective by the usual list of officers, with Col. Garnett Andrews as the first commander of the camp. The selection was an excellent one, he being a veteran with a superb record, an executive officer of experience, and a man of fine skill and ability. On October 6th the first regular meeting was held, the commander calling the camp to order and starting it well on its routine of work. Commander Andrews served until in January, 1887. A re-election was urged upon him. Then Comrade J. F. Shipp, who had been, more than any other one member of the camp, instrumental in bringing it into existence, was unanimously elected commander. From that time to the present, in the face of repeated refusals to serve, he has been re-elected. There isn't anything connected with the camp, its interests and history, in which he has not been its chief inspiration. The camp has enjoyed amazing prosperity and influence under his various administrations.

## APPOINTMENT OF GEN. A. J. VAUGHAN.

Gen. W. H. Jackson, Major-General commanding the United Confederate Veterans for Tennessee, has issued the following general order from his headquarters at Nashville:

"Acting under the power vested in me by the constitution of the United Confederate Veterans, I hereby appoint Gen. A. J. Vaughan, of Memphis, a Brigadier-General of the Tennessee Division of the United Confederate Veterans, vice Gen. Thomas F. Perkins, deceased. Gen. Vaughan is ordered to assume command of the Second Brigade of said division at once and proceed to the recruiting camps now in the brigade, and also to the organization of new camps."

## MEMORIAL DAY TO OUR DEAD SOLDIERS.

It is widely known but merits record in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to credit the original source of Confederate Memorial Day. A late exchange says:

"Memorial Day is observed by both Confederate and Federal veterans, but its origin was in the South. It was first proposed by Mrs. Mary A. Williams, the widow of a soldier of the Mexican and Civil Wars, Maj. Chas. J. Williams, of Columbus, Georgia."

The first observance of the day was about 1868, and was quite general, due largely to the agitation of the subject by Albert Lamar, now deceased, but at that time editor of the Columbus *Sun*, and the veteran editor John Martin, then in charge of the Columbus *Enquirer* and now political editor of the Atlanta *Journal*.

The day was fixed on the 26th of April, then so fresh in the memories of the people of the South as the date of Johnston's surrender. This date has been generally observed since its inauguration in the more southern States, while Virginia and Kentucky, and the more northern of the southern States, observe May 10th, as their flowers are not abundant earlier.

After the Confederate veterans had observed the day for two or three years the custom was adopted by the Union veterans, and May 30th fixed as Memorial Day. Throughout the North, and at all national cemeteries in the South, the day is always observed with great pomp and ceremony. It has been made a holiday, and in the north all business is suspended.

THE ex-Confederates of Missouri and their friends have ever been zealous in their efforts for their disabled comrades and their honored dead. They have been very zealous during the past two years in the procurement of a Home for disabled soldiers. The record they have made deserves publicity. In two years they have raised in the aggregate for the purpose \$74,889.92. The Daughters of the Confederacy and other ladies' societies throughout the State raised \$18,025. The Daughters of the Confederacy of the State of Missouri have assumed the task of erecting the main building of this Confederate Home, which is to cost \$22,000. The building is now up and under roof, and will be finished by May next. It has a frontage of 90 feet, it is 110 feet deep, and is arranged for 100 to 125 inmates. The buildings already in use for the home have 82 men, women and children, who are being cared for by the Association. The Confederate Home of Missouri is now one of the established institutions of the State, and one which is paid for entirely by private contributions of her citizens, and of which she may be proud. If there is an ex-Confederate soldier or any member of his family in a poor-house in the State of Missouri it is because the fact of such service is not known. The manner of procuring this large fund is worthy of imitation. The State was laid off into fourteen districts and in every district creditable zeal was displayed. The smallest sum raised in any one was \$636, and the largest \$4,067.

The head officers of the ex-Confederate Association of Missouri deserve great credit for their zeal in behalf of the Home and their maintenance of the or-

ganization. Its officers are President, James Bannerman, St. Louis; Vice President, Harvey W. Salmon, Clinton; Superintendent, M. L. Belt, Higginsville; Surgeon, J. J. Fulkerson, M. D., Higginsville; Treasurer, H. A. Ricketts, Mexico; Secretary, W. P. Barlow, 3812 Cook avenue, St. Louis. Executive Committee: K. F. Peddicord, Hannibal; F. L. Pitts, Paris; A. C. Cook, Plattsburg; Elijah Gates, St. Joseph; John B. Stone, Kansas City; F. P. Bronaugh, Boonville; W. H. Kennan, Mexico; Henry Guibor, St. Louis; Frank Gaiennie, St. Louis; Geo. T. McNamee, St. Louis; E. G. Williams, Waynesville; W. C. Bronaugh, Lewis Station; D. C. Kennedy, Springfield; G. H. P. Catron, Springfield.

## MEMORIAL BAZAAR AT RICHMOND.

The Ladies' Memorial Associations, and all the Confederate Veteran Camps of Richmond, will hold a bazaar there April 11th for the benefit of the monument now being raised to the private soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy, and for the Confederate Museum, to be established in the house in which President Davis resided during the war. This house having been given to the ladies by the city of Richmond, they ask the help of every man, woman, and child, in order that the entire South may share in the honor of erecting these two memorials.

Each Confederate State will be represented by a table bearing its name. Money and articles, small and large, for table or restaurant, for use or beauty, should be addressed to "Memorial Bazaar," Richmond, Va. All packages forwarded free by Southern and Adams Express Companies.

MRS. E. D. HOTCHKISS, *President Memorial Bazaar.*

MRS. JOS. BRYAN, *Pres. Hollywood Memorial Association.*

MISS MAY G. BAUGHMAN, *Pres. Jr. Hollywood Mem. Ass'n.*

MRS. ALBERT MAYO, *Pres. Oakwood Memorial Association.*

MRS. H. J. MYERS, *Pres. Hebrew Memorial Association.*

MRS. J. H. WHITE, *President Lee Camp Auxiliary.*

MRS. J. E. STANSBURY, *President Pickett Camp Auxiliary.*

MRS. J. D. MCINTYRE, *Recording Secretary.*

MRS. L. C. DANIEL, *Corresponding Secretary.*

MRS. JOHN B. LIGHTFOOT, *Treasurer.*

## WHO WAS GEN. WHITESIDE?

ABERDEEN, S. D., November 20, 1892.

DEAR SIR—Can you furnish me the present address of a Gen. Whiteside who, in 1862 and 1863, commanded a brigade of Confederate Cavalry, and in a light engagement (I think) at Lamar, Miss., was wounded and taken prisoner. A friend of mine has a pair of silver spurs which he at that time took from the General, and would now like to return them to him or his family. The lapse of time has, in my opinion, made them very valuable to their former owner as a relic, and my friend would take great pleasure in returning them. Respectfully, D. McGLACHLIN.

The above is republished from February.

A NORTHERN lady, in speaking of Southern leaders to an honored Tennessean, said: "I respect Gen. Lee." He replied "The world respects Gen. Lee, madam."



UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

ALABAMA.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Bessemer.....	Bessemer.....	157	W. R. Jones, N. H. Sewall.
Birmingham.....	W. J. Hardee.....	39	F. S. Ferguson, R. E. Jones.
Eutaw.....	Sanders.....	61	Capt. G. H. Cole, F. H. Mundy.
Mobile.....	Raphael Semmes.....	11	Capt. Thos. T. Roche, Wm. E. Mickle.
Montgomery.....	Lomax.....	151	Capt. Emmet Seibels, J. H. Higgins.

ARKANSAS.

Alma.....	Cabell.....	202	
Bentonville.....	Cabell.....	89	Capt. N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates.
Centre Point.....	Haller.....	192	
Charleston.....	Pat Cleburne.....	191	
Conway.....	Jeff Davis.....	213	
Fayetteville.....	W. H. Brooks.....	216	
Fort Smith.....	Ben T. Duval.....	116	Capt. P. T. Devaney, R. M. Fry.
Greenwood.....	Ben McCulloch.....	194	
Hackett City.....	Stonewall.....	199	
Hope.....	Gratiot.....	203	
Morrilton.....	Robert W. Harper.....	207	
Nashville.....	Joe Neal.....	202	
Van Buren.....	John Wallace.....	200	

FLORIDA.

Brookville.....	W. W. Loring.....	13	Gen. John C. Davant, Col. Fred L. Robertson.
Chipley.....	Chipley.....	217	
Bade City.....	Pasco C. V. Ass'n.....	57	Capt. John B. Johnston, A. H. Ravestres.
Fernandino.....	Nassau.....	104	Thos. A. Hall.
Inverness.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	148	Capt. W. C. Zimmerman, W. S. Turner.
Jacksonville.....	R. E. Lee.....	58	Gen. Wm. Baya, W. W. Tucker.
Jasper.....	Stewart.....	155	Capt. H. J. Stewart, John E. Hanna.
Lake City.....	Columbia Co.....	150	Capt. W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives.
Marianna.....	Milton.....	132	Capt. W. D. Barnes, F. Philip.
Monticello.....	Patton Anderson.....	59	W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge.
Ocala.....	Marion Co. C. V. A.....	56	Capt. J. J. Finley, Wm. Fox.
Orlando.....	Orange Co.....	54	Capt. W. H. Jewell, B. M. Robinson.
Palmetto.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	53	Capt. J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles.
Pensacola.....	Ward C. V. Ass'n.....	10	Capt. R. J. Jordan, C. V. Thompson.
Quincy.....	D. L. Kenan.....	140	Capt. R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan.
St. Augustine.....	E. Kirby Smith.....	175	Capt. J. A. Enslow, Jr.
Sanford.....	Gen. J. Finnegan.....	149	Capt. A. M. Thrasher, C. H. Leifer.
Tallahassee.....	Lamar.....	161	R. A. Whitfield.
Tampa.....	Hillsboro.....	36	Ct. F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane.
Titusville.....	Indian River.....	47	Ct. J. Pritchett, A. D. Cohen.

GEORGIA.

Atlanta.....	Fulton Co., Ga.....	159	Gen. W. L. Calhoun, John F. Edwards.
Dalton.....	Jos. E. Johnston.....	34	Capt. A. F. Roberts, J. A. Blanton.
Ringgold.....	Ringgold.....	206	
Spring Place.....	John B. Gordon.....	50	Capt. R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago.....	Ex-Con. Ass'n.....	8	Ct. J. W. White, R. L. France.
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INDIAN TERRITORY.

Ardmore.....	John H. Morgan.....	107	Capt. J. L. Gant, R. Scales.
McAlester.....	Jeff Lee.....	68	Gen. N. P. Guy, R. B. Coleman.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green.....	Bowling Green.....	143	Capt. W. F. Perry, James A. Mitchell.
Cynthiana.....	Ben Desha.....	99	Capt. D. M. Snyder, J. W. Boyd.
Danville.....	J. Warren Grigsby.....	214	Capt. E. M. Green, John H. Baughman.
Georgetown.....	Georgetown.....	98	Capt. A. H. Sinclair, J. Webb.
Harrodsburg.....	William Preston.....	96	Capt. B. W. Allin, John Kane.
Lawrenceburg.....	Ben Hardin Helm.....	101	Capt. P. H. Thomas, John P. Vaughn.
Lexington.....	J. C. Breckinridge.....	100	Gen. J. Boyd, G. C. Snyder.
Mt. Sterling.....	Roy S. Cluke.....	201	Col. Thomas Johnson, W. T. Havens.
Paducah.....	A. P. Thompson.....	174	Ct. W. G. Bullitt, J. M. Brown.
Paris.....	John H. Morgan.....	95	Ct. A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines.

KENTUCKY—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Richmond.....	Thomas B. Collins.....	215	Capt. Jas. Tevis, N. B. Deatherage.
Russellville.....	John W. Caldwell.....	139	Maj. J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty.
Versailles.....	Alex Buford.....	96	Capt. Jos. C. Bailey, Russell V. Bishop.

LOUISIANA.

Alexandria.....	Jeff Davis.....	6	Gen. Geo. O. Watts, Capt. W. W. Whittington.
Amite City.....	Amite City.....	78	Capt. A. P. Richards, G. W. Bankston.
Baton Rouge.....	Baton Rouge.....	17	Gen. John McGrath, F. W. Heroman.
Berwick.....	Winchester Hall.....	178	Capt. M. W. Bateman, F. O. Brien.
Donaldsonville.....	Maj. V. Mau in.....	38	Capt. S. A. Poche, P. Ganel.
Evergreen.....	R. L. Gibson.....	33	Col. Wm. M. Ewell, I. C. Johnson.
Lake Charles.....	Caleasien C. Vet.....	62	Capt. W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hutchings.
L. Providence.....	Lake Providence.....	193	
Mansfield.....	Mouton.....	11	Capt. C. Schuler, T. G. Pegues.
Merrick.....	Isiah Norwood.....	110	Capt. D. T. Merrick, J. Jewell Taylor.
Natchitoches.....	Natchitoches.....	40	Capt. J. Alp. Predhomme, C. E. Levy.
New Orleans.....	Army of N. Va.....	1	Col. W. R. Lyman, Thos. B. O'Brien.
New Orleans.....	Army of Tenn.....	2	Gen. J. Glynn Jr., N. Cuny.
New Orleans.....	Wash. Artillery.....	15	Col. B. F. Eshelman, Lieut. Col. L. A. Adam.
New Orleans.....	Henry St. Paul.....	16	Gen. Jos. Demoruelle, Col. M. T. Ducros.
Opelousas.....	R. E. Lee.....	14	Capt. L. D. Prescott, Col. B. Bloomfield.
Plaquemine.....	Iberville.....	18	Capt. Chas. H. Dickinson, John L. Dardenne.
Rayville.....	Richland.....	152	Capt. John S. Summerlin, O. T. Smith.
Rustin.....	Rustin.....	7	Capt. A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond.
Shreveport.....	Gen. Leroy Stafford.....	3	Capt. Wm. Kinney, Will H. Tunnard.
Tangipahoa.....	Camp Moore.....	60	Capt. O. P. Amacker, G. R. Taylor.
Thibodaux.....	Braxton Bragg.....	196	

MISSISSIPPI.

Booneville.....	W. H. H. Tison.....	179	Capt. D. T. Beall, J. W. Smith.
Columbus.....	Isham Harrison.....	27	Dr. B. A. Vaughan, W. A. Campbell.
Crystal Spgs.....	Ben Humphreys.....	19	Capt. C. Humphries, J. M. Haley.
Edwards.....	W. A. Montgomery.....	26	Capt. W. A. Montgomery, H. W. Barrett.
Fayette.....	J. J. Whitney.....	22	Capt. W. L. Stephen, W. K. Penny.
Greenwood.....	Hugh A. Reynolds.....	218	
Grenada.....	W. R. Barksdale.....	189	
Hattiesburg.....	Hattiesburg.....	21	Capt. Geo. D. Hartfield, Eyan H. Harris.
Holly Springs.....	Kit Mott.....	23	Capt. J. F. Fant, S. H. Pryor.
Jackson.....	Robt. A. Smith.....	21	Capt. W. H. Holder, G. S. Green.
Macon.....	Jas. Longstreet.....	180	Capt. W. H. Foote, J. L. Griggs.
Meridian.....	Waltball.....	25	Ct. W. F. Brown, B. V. White.
Miss. City.....	Beauvoir.....	120	Gen. J. R. Davis, F. S. Hewes.
Natchez.....	Natchez.....	20	Lieut. Col. F. J. V. Letaud, E. L. Hopkins.
Port Gibson.....	Chaliborne.....	107	Capt. A. K. Jones, W. W. Moore.
Rolling Fork.....	Pat Cleburne.....	190	
Rosedale.....	Montgomery.....	52	Col. F. A. Montgomery, Chas. C. Farrar.
Tupelo.....	John M. Stone.....	131	Gen. John M. Stone, P. M. Savery.
Vicksburg.....	Vicksburg.....	32	Capt. D. A. Campbell, C. Davis.
Woodville.....	Woodville.....	49	Capt. J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett.
Yazoo City.....	Yazoo Camp.....	176	Capt. S. D. Robertson, W. R. McCutcheon.

MISSOURI.

Kansas City.....	Kansas City.....	80	Ct. J. W. Mecer, G. B. Spratt.
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NORTH CAROLINA.

Clinton.....	Sampson.....	137	R. H. Holliday, C. F. Hening.
Concord.....	Cabarrus Co. C. V. A.....	212	
Newton.....	Catawba.....	162	Ct. J. G. Hall, L. R. Whitener.

OKLAHOMA.

Norman.....	Gen. J. B. Gordon.....	200	
Oklahoma.....	Ct. D. H. Hammon.....	177	Capt. J. W. Johnston, John O. Casler.

## SOUTH CAROLINA.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Aiken.....	Barnard E. Bee.....	81	Capt. B. H. Teague, J. N. Wigfall.
St. Georges.....	Stephen Elliott.....	51	J. Otey Reed.

## TENNESSEE.

Chattanooga.....	N. B. Forrest.....	4	Gen. J. F. Shipp, L. T. Dick- linson.
Clarksville.....	Forbes.....	77	Capt. T. H. Smith, Clay Stacker.
Fayetteville.....	S'kelford-Fulton.....	114	Col. James D. Tillman, W. H. Cashlon.
Franklin.....	John L. McEwen.....	—	Capt. B. F. Roberts, R. N. Richardson.
Jackson.....	John Ingram.....	37	Capt. E. S. Mallory, S. E. Ker- toif.
Knoxville.....	Felix K. Zollcoffer.....	46	Capt. John F. Horn, Chas. Ducloux.
Knoxville.....	Fred Ault.....	5	Col. Frank A. Moses, Maj. J. W. S. Frierson.
Lewisburg.....	Dibrell.....	55	Capt. W. P. Irvine, W. G. Lloyd.
McKenzie.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	42	Capt. Marsh Atkisson, Dr. J. P. Cannon.
Memphis.....	Con. His. Ass'n.....	28	Col. C. W. Frazer, R. J. Black.
Murfreesboro.....	Joe B. Palmer.....	81	Capt. W. S. McLeMore, Wm. Ledbetter.
Nashville.....	Frank Cheatham.....	35	Elder R. Lin Cave, Col. John P. Hickman.
Shelbyville.....	Wm. Frierson.....	83	Capt. John M. Hastings, Jno. G. Arnold.
Tullahoma.....	Pierce B. Anderson.....	173	Capt. J. P. Bennett, W. J. Travis.
Winchester.....	Turney.....	12	Capt. W. H. Brannan, J. J. Martin.

## TEXAS.

Ablene.....	Ablene.....	72	T. W. Dougherty.
Ablene.....	Taylor Co.....	69	Col. H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyek.
Alvarado.....	Alvarado.....	160	J. R. Posey.
Athens.....	Howdy Martin.....	65	Capt. D. M. Morgan, W. T. Eustace.
Atlanta.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	91	Capt. J. D. Johnson, James N. Simmons.
Austin.....	John B Hood.....	103	Capt. Wm. M. Brown, Chas. H. Powell.
Beaumont.....	A. S. Johnston.....	75	Capt. Jeff Chaisson, Tom J. Russell.
Beltow.....	Bell Co. ex-Con. As.....	122	Capt. H. M. Cook, R. H. Tur- ner.
Bonham.....	Sul Ross.....	164	Capt. J. P. Holmes.
Brownwood.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	118	Capt. Carl Vincent, R. L. Archer.
Bryan.....	J. B. Robertson.....	124	Capt. H. B. Stoddard, W. H. Harmon.
Buffalo Gap.....	L. F. Moody.....	—	Capt. Ben F. Jones, J. J. Eubank.
Calvert.....	W. P. Townsend.....	111	Capt. J. H. Drennon, C. W. Higginbotham.
Camerson.....	Ben McCullough.....	29	Capt. E. J. McYer, Joseph B. Moore.
Canton.....	James L. Hogg.....	133	Capt. T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson.
Carthage.....	Horace Randall.....	163	J. R. Bond, J. M. Woolworth.
Cleburne.....	Pat Cleburne.....	88	Capt. O. T. Plummer, M. S. Kahle.
Colorado.....	Albert Sidney.....	—	Capt. W. V. Johnson, Thos. Q. Mullin.
Columbus.....	Shropshire-Upton.....	112	Capt. Geo. McCormick, J. J. Dick.
Coleman.....	John Pelham.....	76	Capt. J. J. Callan, James M. Williams.
Corpus Christi.....	Jos. E. Johnston.....	63	Capt. H. R. Sutherland, M. C. Spann.
Corsicana.....	C. M. Winkler.....	147	Capt. R. M. Collins.
Crockett.....	Crockett.....	111	Capt. Enoch Braxson, J. F. Martin.
Caldwell.....	Camp Rogers.....	142	J. F. Matthews.
Dallas.....	Sterling Price.....	31	Capt. J. J. Miller, Gen. Wm. L. Thompson.
Deatur.....	Ben McCulloch.....	30	Capt. Will A. Miller, A. Ed- wards.
Denton.....	Sul Ross.....	129	Capt. Hugh McKenzie, J. R. Burton.
Dublin.....	Erath & Comanche.....	85	Gen. J. T. Harris, L. E. Gil- lett.
Emma.....	Lone Star.....	198	—
Fairfield.....	Wm. L. Moody.....	87	Capt. Geo. T. Bradley, L. G. Sandifer.
Farney.....	Camp Bee.....	130	Capt. T. M. Daniel, S. G. Fleming.

## TEXAS—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Fort Worth.....	R. E. Lee.....	158	J. W. Friend, Eugene Burr.
Frost.....	R. Q. Mills.....	106	Capt. A. Chamberlain, Dr. M. F. Wakenfeld.
Galnesville.....	Jos. E. Johnston.....	119	Capt. J. M. Wright, John T. Walker.
Galveston.....	Magruder.....	105	Gen. T. N. Waul, Chris C. Beavans.
Gatesville.....	Ex-C. A. Coryell Co.....	135	W. L. Saunders.
Goldthwaite.....	Jeff Davis.....	117	Maj. J. E. Martin, F. M. Tay- lor.
Gonzales.....	Gonzales.....	156	Maj. W. B. Sayers, M. East- land.
Graham.....	Young County.....	127	Capt. A. T. Gay, Y. M. Ed- wards.
Granbury.....	Granbury.....	67	J. A. Formwalt, I. R. Morris.
Hamilton.....	A. S. Johnston.....	116	Capt. W. T. Saxon, C. C. Powell.
Hemstead.....	Tom Green.....	136	Capt. Van B. Thornton, Sam Schwarz.
Henrietta.....	Sul Ross.....	172	Capt. F. J. Barrett, C. B. Pat- terson.
Hillsboro.....	Hill County.....	166	Wm. A. Fields.
Houston.....	Dick Bowling.....	197	—
Kaufman.....	Geo. D. Manion.....	145	Capt. Jos. Huffmaster, E. S. Pipes.
Kingston.....	A. S. Johnston.....	71	Capt. J. F. Puekett, T. J. Fos- ter.
Ladonia.....	Robt. E. Lee.....	126	Capt. G. W. Blakeney, F. W. Blakeney.
LaGrange.....	Col. B. Timmons.....	61	Capt. R. H. Phelps, N. Hol- man.
Lampasas.....	R. E. Lee.....	66	J. S. Lauderdale, D. C. Thomas.
Lubbock.....	F. R. Lubbock.....	138	Capt. W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon.
Madisonville.....	John G. Walker.....	128	B. Wiley.
Meridian.....	A. S. Johnston.....	115	Capt. Robert Donnell, J. W. Adams (acting).
Merkel.....	Merkel.....	79	Capt. J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.
Mexia.....	Joe Johnston.....	94	Capt. C. L. Watson, H. W. Williams.
Minneola.....	Wood County.....	153	Capt. J. H. Hulmaster, Geo. A. Cage.
Mt. Enterprise.....	Rosser.....	82	Capt. T. Turner, B. Birdwell.
Mt. Pleasant.....	Col. Dud Jones.....	121	Capt. C. L. Dillabunty, J. C. Turner.
Montague.....	Bob Stone.....	93	Capt. B. Egan, R. D. Rugeley.
McKinney.....	Collin County.....	109	Gen. W. M. Bush, H. C. Mack.
Navasota.....	Pat Cleburne.....	102	Capt. W. E. Barry, R. M. West.
Oakville.....	John Donaldson.....	—	—
Palestine.....	Palestine.....	44	Capt. J. W. Ewing, J. M. Ful- lbrider.
Paris.....	A. S. Johnston.....	70	Capt. Geo. H. Provine, John W. Webb.
Paint Rock.....	Jeff Davis.....	168	Capt. W. T. Melton, J. W. Ratchford.
Rockwall.....	Rockwall.....	74	Capt. M. S. Austin, N. C. Ed- wards.
Roby.....	W. W. Loring.....	154	Capt. D. Speer, W. H. Smith.
San Antonio.....	A. S. Johnston.....	141	Capt. John S. Ford, Taylor McRae.
Seymour.....	Bedford Forrest.....	86	Capt. T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browning.
Sherman.....	Mildred Lee.....	90	Capt. J. T. Wilson, R. Walker.
Sweetwater.....	E. C. Walthall.....	92	Capt. W. D. Beall, J. H. Free- man.
Sulphur Sp'gs.....	Matt Ashcroft.....	170	Capt. R. M. Henderson, M. G. Miller.
Taylor.....	A. S. Johnston.....	165	Capt. M. Ross, P. Hawkins.
Fyler.....	A. S. Johnston.....	18	Capt. James P. Douglas, Sid S. Johnson.
Vernon.....	Camp Cabell.....	125	Capt. Shem E. Hatchett, M. D. Davis.
Waxahachie.....	Jeff Davis.....	108	Capt. R. P. Mackey, W. M. McKnight.
Weatherford.....	Tom Green.....	169	Capt. J. P. Rice, M. V. Kin- nison.
Wichita Falls.....	W. J. Hardee.....	73	Capt. C. R. Crockett, N. A. Robinson.

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Reams Station.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	211	—
Richmond.....	George E. Picketts.....	204	—
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## WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington.....	Wash. City Con.....	171	Maj. Albert Akers.
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## CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.

The January edition of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was so short of meeting the demand, and as a history of Confederate monuments, complete as possible, is determined upon, some of the following statistics is a repetition of what was published before.

The same is true in regard to those "who have worked for the monument." It is an honor list, and deserves the knowledge and the gratitude of all other patriots. The monument history will amaze the civilized world. With all the poverty and depression that followed the fatal results of the war, the hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars so expended, when computed, will be a dazzling record of patriotism and affection for the heroes who rushed into the jaws of death. Let every community see that what they have done to honor our dead be communicated for publication in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It will be a feature, ere long, to compile a list of memorials in different States and report tabulated statements in the aggregate.

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT SAVANNAH.—The Confederate Soldiers' Monument in the parade ground was erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association to the memory of the Confederate dead. The monument stands upon a raised terrace, and is capped by a bronze statue of a Confederate soldier at "parade rest." On the die of the monument is the dedication:

"Come from the four winds,  
O breath,  
And breathe upon these slain  
That they may live."

"TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD, 1861-1865."

The monument was built from a design by Robert Reid, of Montreal, Canada. In style it is modern Italian. It stands about fifty feet in height from the base to the crown of the figure by which it is surmounted. On the base of the pilasters are appropriate mottoes. The north panel on the first stage shows a figure in *alto relievo*, a prostrate woman representing the South in mourning; from her left hand she lets fall a branch of laurel. In one corner of the panel is a group of weeping willows with their drooping branches. The reverse panel is left vacant, although the design provides for its occupancy by a figure, also *alto relievo*, of a military character. Above the panels is a rich cornice. The next stage was originally an open canopy supported on pilasters, underneath which was a marble statue of Silence, but this was removed and the space filled with stone to strengthen the structure. Above this is another stage, deeply recessed and moulded, and ornamented with draped banners, guns and sabres. The topmost panel is exquisitely moulded and forms the base upon which rests the figure. The corner-stone of the monument was laid June 16, 1875, and the monument was unveiled in May, 1876. The bronze statue is a work of art. Ease, grace and manliness distinguish the figure, and the musket, worn hat, and tattered clothing are true to the life, reproducing with wonderful exactness the rents, patches, darns and rude sewing that betray the deprivations and hardships which the Confederate

soldiery had to endure in their gallant, but painful, struggle of four years of unsuccessful warfare.

A FINE MONUMENT AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.—Mrs. Fanny D. Nelson, Aiken, S. C.: "I write to send you my subscription for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and to thank you for sending me the second number to look at. It is full of life and interest, and, while preserving the memory of past heroism, it stimulates faithfulness to living issues and to present duty. The poem regarding the Davis Monument is very fine, not only rhythmical and poetical in form, but ringing with a lofty nobility and fervor. Last week Brother W. A. and his wife and I were in Augusta, and saw in the middle of Broad street, that smoothly and beautifully paved thoroughfare, a tall white monument. It was erected to the soldiers of Richmond county. There was a track for electric street cars on either side, and in the midst of the travel and traffic of daily life stood that silent but eloquent memorial to the heroic dead. We read the inscriptions to their worth and valor, but my memory has brought away only these two lines:

"No nation rose so white and fair,  
None fell so pure from crime."

"It is made of some white stone, with a life-size figure on the top, and figures on the corners, and several bas-reliefs. I wish I had taken an exact description of it, so that I might now contribute it to your interesting journal. May your success be commensurate with the holy cause you represent. Address a sample copy to Mrs. W. E. Moore, Helena, Ark. She is the niece of Ex-President Polk, and is deeply interested in all Confederate matters. No doubt you know her. She is a fluent and facile writer."

MONUMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS.—The Confederate Monument in Greenwood Cemetery, built by the Ladies' Benevolent Association, is of white marble, surmounted by a figure of a Confederate infantryman "on guard." Around the pedestal are the busts of Lee, Sidney Johnston, Polk and "Stonewall." It was unveiled in 1867. Value, \$25,000.

Natchez, Miss.: "We have built a very handsome monument to our Confederate dead costing \$3,000. It is a shaft with life-size soldier in marble. Statue made in Italy."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—Concerning Confederate monuments in South Carolina, Wm. E. Breese, President First National Bank, Asheville, North Carolina, writes: "I notice that you omit South Carolina so far from your list of memorial monuments. I know no State so full of them, and none as fine, except in Richmond. In Charleston the Washington Light Infantry have erected two, one \$8,000, the other \$13,000; Irish Volunteers, one for \$15,000; Charleston Light Dragoons, \$14,000; German Artillery, \$20,000; Ladies' Memorial Association, \$25,000; one to John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, \$5,000; S. H. Anderson (Fighting Dick), \$2,000; Gen. Ripley, \$2,000. The old Citadel Academy and all the churches have on walls and vestibules memorial tablets. Columbia has one, Camden, Cheraw, Greenville, Anderson, etc. I write only from memory, being a former South Carolinian. I have always thought that South Carolina headed the list. The Richmond monuments were from contributions all over the South. The South Carolina monuments are all home affairs."

Newberry, S. C.: "The ladies have erected a monument to the Confederate dead from this county in the court house square. It is of marble, and costs \$1,300."

Anderson, S. C.: "Our noble women have organized a Confederate Memorial Association, and are now raising funds to erect a monument in our city."

MONUMENT OF ARMY OF TENNESSEE.—Mound containing tombs for deceased members, surmounted by equestrian statue of Albert Sidney Johnston in bronze. At the entrance to vaults is a marble life-size figure of a Confederate sergeant calling his roll. Value \$35,000.

A movement was started for a Confederate monument at Fayetteville, Tenn., but it was abandoned on account of a disastrous cyclone which swept the town.

Jackson, Tenn., has erected a tall shaft 70 feet high, including the figure of a Confederate soldier at parade rest. It is in the court-house yard.

The people of Tipton Co. Tenn., are raising funds for county monument, and have contributed more than \$50 to the Davis monument.

The ex-Confederate Association of Grayson County, Texas, are preparing to erect on the public square at Sherman, a \$2,500 monument to the memory of ex-Confederate soldiers.

MONUMENT OF WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.—Marble shaft on mound, statue of an artilleryman on top, sponge staff in hand. On the base are inscribed the names of those members of the command who were killed or died in service, also the names of sixty engagements in which the command participated. Unveiled Feb. 22, 1880. Value, \$15,000.

MONUMENT OF THE ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA.—A column 50 feet above the ground, or 38 feet above the mound on which it stands. On the summit is a stone statue of Stonewall Jackson, 8 feet 9 inches high. Under the mound are vaults for the dead. Jefferson Davis' remains are deposited there at present. Unveiled May, 1881. Value, \$25,000.

ROBERT E. LEE MONUMENT.—A Doric column of granite on a grassy mound, surmounted by bronze statue of Lee 15 feet high. Entire height, 106 feet 8 inches. Column, 60 feet. Unveiled Feb. 22, 1884. It is in St. Charles street. Value, \$40,000.

MONUMENTS IN RICHMOND.—Monument to 12,000 Confederate dead in Hollywood Cemetery, a granite pyramid 45 feet square and 90 feet high, erected by the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association at a cost of about \$50,000, now almost covered by that beautiful evergreen vine, the Virginia creeper.

Maj. J. Thomas Dumi, Portsmouth, Va.: "In your record of Monuments Portsmouth was left out. Allow me to say that Portsmouth has not forgot her dead soldiers. She has a fine monument that cost about \$9,000. It is 55 feet high, and has a statue on each corner representing infantry, cavalry, artillery and the navy."

Monuments over the grave of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, in Hollywood Cemetery, to the dead of Pickett's Division and the dead of Otty Battery—both on Gettysburg Hill in Hollywood—and to the Richmond Howitzers, on Howitzer Place, just west of Monroe Park, represent an outlay of approximately \$10,000.

The greatest monument to a Confederate that has ever been erected, size and quality of material considered, is the Lee monument in Richmond. In the reference to it elsewhere no idea of its magnitude can be had except that it cost \$75,000. A more accurate description may be expected hereafter.

Monument to the Private Soldiers and Sailors of the Confederacy, in Marshall Park, overlooking the site of Libby Prison, a copy of Pompey's Pillar, surmounted by a heroic bronze figure of the Confederate Infantryman, erected by private subscriptions at a cost of about \$50,000.

Heroic Statue, in bronze, of Gen. T. J. Jackson, by Foley, presented by admiring Englishmen to the people of Virginia, erected in Capitol Square on a granite base, at the expense of the State. Aggregate cost, about \$15,000.

Bronze Equestrian Statue of Gen. R. E. Lee, by Mercie, ornamental granite pedestal, from designs by Pujot, at the western extremity of Franklin St., erected by private subscriptions at a cost of about \$75,000.

Bronze Heroic Statue of Gen. Wm. C. Wickham, by Valentine, provided by private subscription, and erected in Monroe Park on a granite base at the expense of the city. Total cost, about \$15,000.

Bronze Heroic Statue of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill, by Sheppard, erected over Hill's remains on the Hermitage Road just north of the city, by private subscriptions, at a cost of about \$15,000.

Monument to 17,000 Confederate dead in Oakwood Cemetery, a massive granite obelisk, erected by the ladies of the Oakwood Memorial Association, at a cost of about \$5,000.

Movements are well advanced for an Equestrian Statue of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and a monument to Gen. John R. Cooke.

Winchester, Va., has erected a \$10,000 monument to the unknown Confederate dead in Stonewall Cemetery. In addition to this principal monument, different States have erected shafts. There is one for Virginia that cost \$1,000. Maryland has a superb structure, capped with a statue of a private soldier, by O'Brien, that cost \$2,500. The statue was made on an order that failed and the work was procured at a small percentage of its value.

Portsmouth, Va., has honored her soldier dead in a highly creditable way. It is in a monument that cost about \$9,000, is fifty-five feet high, and has a statue on each corner of the base. The statues represent the four branches of service—Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and Navy.

A monument is being erected near Newport News, Va., to cost between one and two thousand dollars. It is the work of the Lee Camp of Confederate veterans and their friends at Hampton Va.

Woodstock, Va.: Subscriptions have been made in this county for the Lee monument at Richmond, Jackson, Lexington and elsewhere.

Shepardstown, Va.: A Confederate monument has been erected at a cost of \$2,500. It is a marble shaft.

Culpepper, Va., has a monument that cost \$1,000.

## BRAVE ACT BY A UNION SOLDIER.

A gentlemanly barber, at the shop of Charles Breyer, Nashville, is Charles A. Hitchcock. Attracted by a pencil sketch that he had made of a woman's head—he is an excellent artist with brush, also—I made his acquaintance and handed him a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. He was much pleased, and after reading, sent it to his daughter in Philadelphia, who is a gifted contributor to *Jewish Women*. He told me an interesting story of how he was wounded at Gettysburg by a splinter that was shot from a fence-rail; of his being sent to the field hospital, which was a barn; and how, while sitting on the floor leaning against a post, he thought he had been killed. A cannon ball struck the post and he was knocked quite a distance away from it. He thought his back was all shot away, and he watched for the moment that he would lose consciousness. Although he dreaded to investigate his awful condition, he put his hand behind him and found that the ball had not touched him.

Mr. Hitchcock deserves the fellowship of Confederates. He was a hero on the other side. At the dedication of the monument to his regiment, the 11th New York, at Gettysburg, the orator said:

"But not the leaders alone is our meed of praise due. Gettysburg has been aptly styled the 'Soldiers' Battle.' It was not the sword of the officer, but the musket of the private, that turned the tide of battle. The countless graves stretching in radiant lines down yonder hillside, tell the story of the heroism and the sacrifice of the private soldier. Unheralded is his fame; forgotten except by few, is his name. In recalling an incident of the third day's battle, which reveals the metal of the men who stood in the ranks of the 11th, confronting the foe, I shall be pardoned a passing tribute to one of your number. When Sergt. Charles A. Hitchcock, taking his life in his hands, sped forth from your ranks across the open plain where the very air was quivering with deadly missiles and fired the building from which the enemy's sharpshooters were pouring an unerring, deadly fire into your ranks, his heroic daring shed a halo of glory upon your arms, of which you may well be proud. A just recognition of this brave deed subsequently secured for him a merited promotion upon the recommendation of his Division commander."

In another battle Lieut. Hitchcock was severely wounded and gets a pension of \$15 per month.

## ABOUT SOUTHERN BOOKS.

A KENTUCKY STORY.—"The Old-Time Child, Roberta," by Mrs. Sophie Fox Sea, is one of the most patriotic stories that has been put in print lately. It is a Kentucky story of home life on the farm, by a Kentucky author and publisher. It is on sale in bookstores. While written as for children, it will bring tears to the eyes of veterans. Roberta's father was Robert Marsden, a yankee, who was so indignant that his wife would not sell slaves and land and go North with him that in hot blood he went off, leaving her behind. Ten years had passed and the silence was still unbroken until the child, born soon after he had left and named for him, learned that a Colonel by her father's name was ill in the county town. She made way for restoration between "yankee" papa and "rebel" mamma. The story does no discredit to old Kentucky.

In concluding an interesting letter, printed elsewhere, Mrs. J. J. Dickison, of Florida, states that the VETERAN sanctum would be invaded by "Dickison and his men." Explanation comes in a delayed mail. A Floridian found it in the hands of a negro woman who had destroyed the address. A complimentary note on the fly leaf saved it to our "sanctum." Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Dickison gives a reminiscence of the war in Florida. This book, also the Southern Cross and other poems, by Mrs. Lillian Rozell Messenger, now of Washington City, will have attention in April.

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Concerning "How It Was," a book written by Mrs. Irby Morgan, of Nashville, "Bill Arp" says: "It is delightfully refreshing to a veteran. 'I was all along there.' Many of the actors in the scenes I knew, and could follow you all the way. These memories are sad but sweet. I thank you for the book, and my children thank you, for as they grow older they become more interested in the splendid record." Mr. Albert Roberts says: "Its chief charm is in its 'unpremeditated art,' its naturalness, sincerity, and simplicity." Dr. D. C. Kelley says: "It is just a great big heart pouring out truthful and touching memories. No history written compares with it in truthfulness, vividness, variety, and the pathos of its pictures. If you want to cry fifty times in one day, and laugh almost as many times, get this book and read it." It is sent with year's VETERAN for \$1.25.

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Mrs. Ann E. Snyder, of Nashville, has furnished a civil war history which has been adopted by many schools in different Southern States and has enthusiastic devotees in men and women who hunger that the truth be told.

The Nashville Mirror.

It seems fitting that so great a number of "true and tried" men as comprise the Confederate veterans of to-day should have an organ through which information may be conveyed to every section. That need seems to have been met in a practical way by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, as edited by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, whose initial signature, "S. A. C.," has been well known and popular in *The Daily American* for several years. Mr. Cunningham's service as general agent of the Davis Monument Fund for more than a year has given him a thorough knowledge of the need for an organ of Confederate veterans, and right well has he begun it. The January issue is brim full of good things, loyal in every thought to his comrades, yet so dignified and respectful to the other side as to command universal good will. The current number has many articles of value.

[Nashville American, January 30.]

Notice of THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published a week or so ago, may have seemed a little extravagant in a mere glance at the publication, but it has been a success throughout the Southern country. Without attempt at display Mr. Cunningham touched the hearts of southern people, without publishing a line offensive to others, and he showed the need of just such a publication, making it worthy a place in any library, and so cheap that club rates have been ignored. Eminent women of the South have subscribed and are volunteer solicitors.

# JANUARY EDITION EXHAUSTED.

ITS LEADING ARTICLES WILL BE REPUBLISHED IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

Of the first issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN there were printed 5,000 copies, which were mailed to Veteran organizations throughout the South, and other interested friends. The acceptance and approval were so instantaneous that the edition was far short of the demand, and this circular is sent in explanation to the recent subscribers. It is also distributed freely, as its testimonials establish its merit to public favor.

The following testimonials certainly are unprecedented in behalf of a publication so small and upon but two issues. The remarkable fact is stated, with humble pride, that there are so far no unkind critics.

Now is the time for open-hearted liberality. Don't borrow from a neighbor, but subscribe, and get others to do so. Solicit advertising for it, the price is low.

Judge E. J. Barrett, Harrietta, Tex., sends three and hopes to send others soon.

Capt. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C., sends eight names with \$4 and expects to send more.

George F. Miller, Indianapolis, Ind., "read it with much pleasure," and sends two subscriptions.

Judge D. C. Thomas, Lampassas, Tex.: "This makes seven that I have sent, and I wish it was seventy."

Maj. D. S. Satterwhite, Decatur, Tex.: "Please find \$2.50 inclosed, for which send the VETERAN as herein directed.

Col. J. F. Bryant, Franklin, Va., along with his subscription, volunteers to get a good club at the next meeting of his Camp.

Miss Elizabeth Fraser Price, Nashville: "I inclose a check for \$3 for six subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Find the names below."

T. B. Close, Caseyville, Ky.: "I received your circular to-day, and send two subscriptions.—Here is for two more before I seal the envelope."

H. B. Stoddard, Adjutant General Texas Division, U. C. V., Bryan: "Will send you a few subscribers; it fills a long felt want." He has sent several.

Otis S. Traver, Sanford, Fla.: "Inclosed I send four subscriptions. Keep me posted as to what I can do for you, and I will do it." He sends others.

In sending four subscriptions, Mrs. Joseph W. Allen, of Nashville, says: "You ought to, and I hope will, have one hundred thousand subscribers."

Col. John G. Ryan, Chicago, Ill.: "Send a few sample copies. When I see any of the 'old Confed.' boys, will call attention to their duty."

Mrs. A. G. V., Ocean Springs, Miss.: "Please find inclosed \$1 for subscription to CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Received the sample copy. Very much pleased with it.

R. H. Dykers, Waynesville, N. C.: "I am glad to see the flame of our sacred altars is burning so brightly, and hope that it will warm our hearts to great endeavors."

George S. Powell, President Loan, Abstract and Construction Company, Asheville, N. C., sends five subscriptions (\$2.50) and asks for sample copies that he may get more.

Mrs. J. N. B., Fredericksburg, Va., writes: "I will take it around our city and solicit subscribers."

F. O'Brien, Berwick, La.: "Inclosed I send \$2, for four subscriptions. The want of just such a paper has long been felt. Will bring the matter before our Camp at next meeting."

William King, Jr., of Lynchburg, Va., volunteers to solicit advertising for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The importance of what friends can do in this way is almost incalculable.

C. D. Bell, Bell, Ky.: "We who engaged in the unpleasantness on the side that lost wish that the truth should be told in regard to our action." Mr. Bell sends a good list of subscribers.

Dr. W. N. Cunningham, Mansfield, La.: "As an evidence of my appreciation of your enterprise, and my desire for its success, I send five dollars, for which send three copies to the persons named, and the others to our Camp. I want these for veterans who are unable to subscribe."

Miss Mary Desha, Washington, D. C., after having subscribed and read it: "I shall be delighted to do all I can."

Dr. Cicero R. Barker, of Salisbury, N. C., in sending check for \$13.50 with twenty-seven names, states: "We don't want club rates for such a paper and such a cause."

Capt. J. L. Lemon, Aeworth, Ga.: "I am glad to know you are meeting with such success. It will be taken from Maine to Texas."

John H. Keogh, Savannah, Ga.: "Your publication I find highly entertaining, and just what we old Confed. Vets. want. I shall solicit subscribers."

Of the many letters sent with clubs here is one from W. D. Matthews, Jacksonville, Fla.: "I was so pleased with it that I thought I would get you a number of subscribers. After securing some I concluded to get one hundred, so we might have the benefit of a column for our Camp as you propose." Then he adds: "You need make no apology for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I have heard nothing but praise of this initial number." Again, "Inclosed I hand you list of subscribers and check for \$30. I believe there are sixty-one names. I will inclose the 50 cents with my next lot of subscribers."

K. F. Peddicord, Vice President First District Ex-Confederate Association of Missouri: "Have just received copy of CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and am pleased with it; inclosed find three subscriptions."

S. E. Kierolf, Secretary of John Ingram Bivouac, Jackson, Tenn., when sending seven subscriptions: "It seems to be the right thing in the proper place—the filling of an empty niche in the temple."

In sending subscriptions for himself and the Confederate Veteran Camp, of New York, Maj. Edward Owen says: "It is a very good and useful paper to Confederates." Others came from New York.

J. W. Simmons, Mexia, Tex.: "The extra copies you sent have been handed around until nearly all of our Camp have read them, and they are appreciated by everyone. I intend to get a club for you."

Dr. J. P. Cannon, of McKenzie, Tenn., says: "We must make the VETERAN a success; we need such a paper, and I am glad you have undertaken the task of giving a good, cheap paper." He sent a long list.

J. P. Douglas, Tyler, Tex.: "My time is all employed, but will say a word here and there for the cause we old rebels love."

W. L. Saunders, County Treasurer, Gatesville, Tex.: "Inclosed find \$5 and list of subscribers to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It needs only to be seen and read to be appreciated."

Dr. W. A. Knapp, Lake Charles, La.: "I send \$1 for my subscription and specimens to distribute in our Camp. We need just such a paper in our dear Sunny South. Will do all in my power to make this undertaking a success."

John S. Lauderdale, Llano, Tex.: "To say I am pleased with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, but feebly express my feelings, and I shall with much pleasure, and hope of success, distribute them where I think they will do the most good."

W. H. Thompson, Goldthwaite, Tex.: "I believe I can send you at least fifty names with the money when our Camp next meets." Every old Confederate who loves the lost cause—and, thank God, there are many such yet living—will subscribe."

Adj. Gen. H. B. Stoddard, Bryan, Tex.: "Dear Sir—The Commander of Camp J. B. Robertson, located at this place (Commander J. W. Tabor), will, in a day or two, send you a list of twenty names and \$10. We all regret that it is not an hundred."

O. S. Tenney, Lexington, Ky.: "I inclose you \$1 for the Davis Monument Fund, 50 cents for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for one year, and the pay for our card in the VETERAN. I think your object a worthy one and I truly wish you much success."

Gen. G. P. Thruston, of Nashville, Tenn., who was Chief of Staff to Gen. Rosecrans, and was afterward with Gen. George H. Thomas, on the Union side: "I have read the VETERAN. It tells its story in a kind, fraternal spirit. Inclosed find amount of the subscription."

James G. Holmes, Charleston, S.-C.: "Herewith find a list of fourteen subscribers, with New York exchange. A copy of your excellent paper came to my hand accidentally, and after reading it I determined to subscribe and aid you by obtaining others."

Mrs. A. M. R., Savannah, Ga.: "I have five more subscribers for you and expect others next week. Wish it was fifty. Shall continue to work all my spare time for the VETERAN."

T. M. Daniel, Commander Camp Bee, Forney, Tex.: "At our next meeting I expect to raise a large club."

Gen. John Boyd, Lexington, Ky.: "I am very much pleased with the VETERAN, and, as the subscription is so low, no Confederate soldier should be without it. I will do what I can for you." He has sent many.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Agricultural College, Miss.: "I like it very much. The lack of such a journal has been long felt among old Confederates; such a means of communication is absolutely necessary. I inclose my subscription; and whenever I can help you, call on me, and I will do all in my power."

Capt. C. D. Bell, Bell, Ky., sends \$7.50 for subscriptions to be sent to the parties named in list. I was at Salem Church yesterday, and while it may not appear right to engage in the work of getting subscriptions to a magazine on the Sabbath, I put in a few moments for you, and this is the result. I sent you four on Saturday last."

Mrs. M. D. B., Montgomery, Ala.: "Its bright face and cheering words betoken the success it so richly deserves. It has a noble mission to perform in educating the youth of our land to revere the memory and emulate the virtues of men whose self-sacrificing devotion to the nation which rose so fair and fell without a stain, commands the admiration of the world."

Col. J. F. Bryant, of Franklin, Va.: "I like it very much, and think it richly deserves the hearty sympathy and support of the entire South."

W. L. Stephen, Fayette, Miss.: "I will send you names as fast as I can get them. We must push up the good work and establish a good paper."

A prominent Veteran, Washington City: "I read every word in the January number, and can only say if subsequent publications equal it the paper will succeed on its own merits. Individual canvassers will not be needed. I predict for it a successful future, and will give it a good word with Confederates here. I hope it will take and hold a high standard."

Dr. J. Wm. Jones, Atlanta, Ga.: "I regard the first issue as an admirable one. \* \* \* I have every reason to believe that you will make the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a valuable medium of communication between Confederate Camps, a pleasant reminder of old scenes and memories, a valuable historic record of the brave old days of '61-'65. Whatever I can do to help you shall be freely done." He sends check with several names.

Dr. J. C. Roberts, Pulaski, Tenn.: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN brings back to memory's waste many refreshing incidents. It should be largely patronized and read. It is an oasis of dear and sacred memories, and is a record of the sacredness of our cause. The young should be taught the issues that brought about the grandest display of patriotism the world ever saw and unequalled chivalry of Southern women. I feel you have touched a silken chord that will echo down the corridors of time, and, like the dew of heaven, gently fall and enliven the love of our Southland, the home of chivalry and hospitality. May it live long and prosper." He sends a good list.

Gen. George Moorman, of New Orleans, who has done much more than any other man to organize the United Confederate Veterans' Brotherhood, writes: "You have greatly exceeded my expectations in the elegant and complete paper you have issued. So far it is the best Confederate paper I have seen since the war. It does great credit to your patience and ability and I hope your efforts will be crowned with complete success."

J. M. Wright, Esq., Gainesville, Tex.: "All those to whom I have shown your first issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN were delighted and gave me their names as subscribers, saying, 'I must have it.' I shall urge all members of my Camp to send you their names as subscribers, feeling assured that great results toward securing funds for the Jefferson Davis Monument will be your reward for your patriotic devotion to such a worthy cause."

George Reese, Brigadier General, Pensacola, Fla.: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN fell into my hands this morning and I was so pleased with it that I determined to subscribe at once and to try and get other Confederate veterans to do the same. I send you the result of a half hour's work. I will do all I can to increase the circulation of a journal which should be in every Southern family. I inclose \$4.50 exchange on New York for nine subscribers."

John O. Casler, Oklahoma City, O. T.: "We all received the January number and were well pleased with it. I have several more names, and as soon as they pay will send you another list. Our Camp will meet the last of this month, and I think I can get a good list. A great many of them live in the country and I do not get to see them often. I am delighted with it. You can depend on hearing from me again shortly with a list of about twenty subscribers."

M. S. Kahle, Cleburne, Texas, February 2d: "Capt. O. T. Plummer of our Camp handed me a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Its caption struck my heart and I immediately went to work. You are in a noble cause, a glorious work which will be felt in every Camp organization in our Sunny South. I have read it through and through and it has given me entire satisfaction. It will be a welcome visitor to my house, yea, thrice welcome. Find enclosed a list of twenty-five subscribers for your noble paper."

Rev. Dr. G. W. F. Price, President Nashville College for Young Ladies: "Dear Mr. Cunningham—My daughter has become interested in the success of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and has kindly undertaken to secure a little club of half a dozen or more subscribers for the same. I consider that it is a very excellent publication and well deserving the support of all our people. Your labors in behalf of the great cause to which you have devoted yourself entitle you to some substantial recognition, and I sincerely trust that you have it now within your grasp."

John S. Ford, San Antonio, Tex.: "Although I am very busy writing concerning incidents which have happened since I came to Texas in 1846, I shall endeavor to spare time to recommend the VETERAN and procure subscribers. The work is suited to the taste of Confederates. As a rule they are devoted to the South, and love the United States with the fervency a true patriot ever feels toward his country, but they are not ready to forget their efforts to establish a govern-

ment upon the principles they sincerely believed lay at the foundation of the Union. I am sure that many members of A. S. Johnston Camp will subscribe."

Dr. W. M. Yandell, El Paso, Texas, February 1: "I enclose postal order for ten dollars to pay for enclosed list of twenty names. Hope to get you more next week. Send me ten copies of same to use in getting you ten more subscribers. Your first issue is splendid and worth more than the subscription for a year. I went out in the 'Orphan Brigade.' You shall have half a dollar for each subscriber—I don't want twenty-five for ten dollars." Again: "I am intensely gratified at the enthusiasm that the VETERAN has aroused, assuring its success, it seems to me, for when you get a big subscription list the ads. will come. I inclose postal order for \$5 for inclosed list of nine names. This about finishes the available material in this place."

FROM GEN. W. L. CABELL.

The Lieutenant General commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department of the United Confederate Veterans, writes as follows:

"DALLAS, TEXAS, January 17, 1893.

"The CONFEDERATE VETERAN (I am glad to see that you dropped the 'ex'), for January, was received today. Being confined to the house with a bad cold, I have read every word of it, and several times I imagined I was talking to some old comrade, of glorious old Mars Jeff. of Generals Lee, Albert Sydney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, and other old heroes, as everything seemed so fresh and so truthful, that I lived for a few hours in the past, and forgot that I was sick and unable to go out in the cold. \* \* \*

"I must change my subject, as I find that I could almost fill your paper if I were to write as I feel in reference to our duty to the living Confederate soldier. In this State we have made ample provision for him, and will take care of him until he is called to attend the last 'tattoo.'

"I am glad to see that some interest is manifesting itself in reference to the Jeff Davis Monument Fund. In a few weeks we will send a pretty good sum to our treasurer in Richmond. I hope that you will stir them up all along the line. This State I have divided into five districts, and all are at work. I am inclined to think that our Camps will average (\$100) one hundred dollars each, not only in this State, where we have (120) one hundred and twenty Camps, but also in the Indian Territory and Arkansas. A number of new Camps have been organized in Arkansas, and also in this State, and will, no doubt, join the Association of United Confederate Veterans in time to be with us at Birmingham on the 19th and 20th of July. \* \* \*

"Your friend and comrade, W. L. CABELL."

Rev. John R. Deering, now of Kentucky, who served in the Twelfth Mississippi Infantry, Army Northern Virginia, sends this letter:

"VERSAILLES, KY., January 20, 1893.

"This is to thank you for the first issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and to approve and praise you for the noble undertaking. You deserve and will have the gratitude of every old soldier of the South, and that of their wives, mothers, sisters, and children. The VETERAN is appreciated as a tribute to the valor of the living and as an evidence of the enduring affection in which we hold our dead. It is valuable as an organ for encouragement and unification of our peo-



ple in their great and sacred memorial work. It will inspire general effort and promote worthy and harmonious co-operation. The monument at Richmond should represent Mr. Davis as he represented our cause. I wish that it could be as magnificent as the courage of the men who fought for it, and as enduring as the devotion of the women who suffered with them. Ah! gold is not good enough where love and tears and blood were shed so lavishly. No man who knows what that memorial will stand for, or cares for its impressions upon the coming generations, would consider a million of money too much to erect and protect it. Let it be like the heroism and suffering it recalls—the wonder and admiration of men!

“Inclosed find a club of six subscribers to the VETERAN, with check. Wishing you all the success you deserve, and holding myself ready to aid as I can, I am yours in the strongest bonds.”

A superb memorial picture, with Mr. Davis in the center, and pictures of nearly fifty generals, price \$2 per copy, will be supplied for that amount, and two yearly subscriptions to the VETERAN in addition.

[Farmington, Mo., Times.]

It ought to receive the encouragement of all ex-Confederates and others as well, who take a pride in commemorating our heroes, whether they wore the blue or the gray. The brave deeds and noble sacrifices of the soldiers on both sides bear the stamp of genuine American manhood and, alike, the heritage of a reunited, patriotic and prosperous people. Honor our dead heroes.

[The Nashville Sunday Times.]

Volume 1, Number 1, of this splendid paper is on our table, and does full credit to the South. Every family of our Southland should subscribe for and read it, for it will keep green dear and sacred memories, and will serve as an educator to the young upon issues with which all southerners especially should be familiar.

[The Memphis Commercial.]

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a new publication, right up in the van of current periodicals. It is devoted to a noble cause, and is a very interesting, readable monthly, too. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN has the *Commercial's* good will and godspeed upon its new venture.

[Lawrenceburg, Tenn., Democrat.]

Such a publication has long been wanted and needed to keep active pure patriotic memories. We hope the VETERAN may live long to bring these dear memories to mind of the southern veteran.

[Benton, Ark., Courier.]

The title is an index to its contents, and we advise every ex-Confederate to subscribe. We will send the *Saline Courier* and CONFEDERATE VETERAN to any address on receipt of \$1.25.

[Nashville Christian Advocate.]

It is full of interesting matter and ought to have a wide circulation. We think that we detect in it the hand of our good friend, Mr. S. A. Cunningham.

[The Lovejoy, Ga., Pleayune.]

Every southern man should subscribe for this paper—only fifty cents a year—and aid its editor in his grand work for the Jeff Davis Monument Fund.

*Beauvoir Missi*  
24<sup>th</sup> Oct 1869,

*Louis Parham Esq.,*  
*Dorset.*

*Please accept my thanks for your kind consideration in sending to me the fac simile of "The Rebel"; published at Chattanooga Aug 9<sup>th</sup> 1862. It was well, during the rejoicing at Chattanooga that some one was ready to present a relic of the time when Confederates were held in honor.*

*Respectfully & truly Yours,*  
*Jefferson Davis.*

This fac-simile print of Mr. Davis' handwriting is given because it will evidently be new to many readers, and because it refers to the reproduction of an old war paper (the Chattanooga Rebel), and many copies of it have been secured with which to compliment those who send several subscriptions. Those who send for two or more copies can have this paper by inclosing a postage stamp, and along with it good copies of the picture of Mr. Davis, like that printed in the January issue. This letter of Mr. Davis to Mr. Parham was evidently one of the last he ever wrote.

Certain books of merit are offered low with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN:

*How it Was.* Four years among the Rebels, by Mrs. Irby Morgan, of Nashville, Tenn. A thrilling narrative of what she remembers. Price, \$1. This book and the VETERAN, \$1.25.

*Bright Skies and Dark Shadows,* by Rev. H. M. Field, D. D. A series of letters on the South, concluding with chapters on Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee, a noble tribute to great men. This is the best book, doubtless, ever written about the South by a northern man. Price, \$1.50. *Bright Skies* and the VETERAN, \$1.50, price of the book.

CURE FOR ALCOHOLISM.

AN INSTITUTE FOR THIS FEARFUL DISEASE ESTABLISHED IN NASHVILLE.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we announce the opening of an Institute in Nashville for the cure of Alcoholism, the Morphine and Tobacco habits.

The treatment used will be that of Dr. Mark M. Thompson, President and Founder of the National Bi-chloride of Gold Company, of Chicago, Ill.

This wonderful cure, which has been successfully used for the past seven years, is unqualifiedly endorsed by leading clergymen and the national officers of the W. C. T. U. It possesses all the advantages of other famous cures, and is in many vital respects superior to any other known to science.

Dr. A. C. Potter, late house physician of the parent institute at Chicago, a physician of many years successful practice and a Christian gentleman of the highest type, will be the Medical Director of the Nashville Institute. Mr. L. D. Frost, well known to many of Nashville's business men, will act as business manager. These gentlemen will guarantee an absolute cure or money refunded. We clip the following from a recent address of Hon. John V. Farwell, the famous dry goods merchant of Chicago, and none the less famous as a Christian philanthropist:

"I fully believe that God can and sometimes does take away all desire for liquor from a man, and I believe just as fully that God has revealed to Dr. Thompson the scientific cure for drunkenness. God will not do for a man what the man can do for himself, or what others can do for him in a scientific way; and now that this great secret has been thus revealed, drinking men are without excuse for continuing in their bondage. I consider this Bi-chloride of Gold Cure one of the greatest scientific discoveries of the age."

The promoters of the "Nashville Institute, Bi-chloride of Gold Treatment," will cheerfully give consultation and information, free of charge, to those who may be interested.

Their down-town office is Room 30, Cumberland Presbyterian Building, Nashville, Tenn. Write to or call on them.

N. B.—They have a special proposition to make to Camps of Confederates, W. C. T. U. and all temperance societies throughout Tennessee and the South.



Statement of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

For the Year Ending December 31, 1892	Assets, \$175,084,156 61.
Reserve for Policies (American Table, 1 per cent.).....	\$159,181,067 00
Miscellaneous Liabilities.....	734,853 67
Surplus.....	15,168,233 94
INCOME.	
Premiums.....	\$32,047,765 34
Interest, Rents, etc.....	8,191,009 90—\$ 40,238,865 24
DISBURSEMENTS.	
To Policy Holders.....	\$19,386,532 46
For Expenses and Taxes.....	7,419,611 08—\$ 26,806,143 54
THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:	
United States Bonds and other Securities.....	\$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien.....	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds.....	10,494,597 50
Real Estate.....	15,438,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies.....	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, etc.....	6,075,474 87—\$175,084,156 61
INSURANCE AND ANNUITIES.	
Insurance Assumed and Renewed.....	\$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force.....	745,781,083 00
Annuities in Force.....	352,036 01
Increase in Annuities.....	\$ 82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy Holders.....	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts.....	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus.....	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets.....	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed.....	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force.....	50,295,925 00

NOTE.—In accordance with the intention of the management, as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year 1892 to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force as above stated includes the amount of such voluntary limit with but a slight increase, unavoidable in closing the December accounts.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement, and find the same to be correct. A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus a Dividend will be Apportioned as usual.

ROBERT A. GRANNIS, Vice President.  
WALTER H. GILLETTE, General Manager.  
FREDERIC CROMWELL, Treasurer.  
EMORY MCCLINTOCK, LL. D., F. I. A., Actuary.

BISCOE HINDMAN, Nashville, General Agent for Tennessee.



ARE YOU ..

AFFLICTED WITH CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, or any disease of the THROAT AND LUNGS?

Send for a book of 100 pages, mailed FREE, describing treatment and its proper use in each disease. Treatment by Inhalation.

Absolute cure and satisfaction guaranteed.

THE SPECIFIC OXYGEN CO.  
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Hair and Fancy Goods.  
Hair Dressing and  
Manicure Parlors.

Mrs. M. McINTYRE, Manager.  
CHURCH ST., NASHVILLE, TENN.

MISS L. A. WHEELER,  
MASSAGE - TREATMENT.

Rooms 17, 19 and 21, Fish Block,  
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Electric and Hot Air Baths, etc.  
Sea Salt with Massage.  
Hours from 2 P. M. to 6 P. M.

LINCK'S LAUNDRY

DOES THE  
BEST WORK.



E. W. AVERELL,  
PRACTICAL JEWELER.  
215 1/2 Union St. up stairs,  
NASHVILLE, TENN.

REFERENCES.—"Capt. E. W. Averell is a member in good standing of Cheatham Bivouac, U. C. V., T. D. J. So. P. HICKMAN, Manager."  
"Secretary."



THE OLD GUARD.

# Rangum Root Liniment Is the Best In the World It will Cure A Man

or his kind more certainly and more rapidly than any other Liniment on earth, of Rheumatism, Pains, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Soreness, Stiffness, Sore Throat or Chest, Pain in Back and Joints, Corns, Warts and Bunions, Insect Bites and Stings, Frostbite, Cramps, Aches, Cuts and Wounds. It will as surely cure

## A Horse

or his kind of Spavin, Splint, Ringbone, Windgalls, Puffs, Swiney, Scratches, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Hurts, Cuts, Wounds, Soreness, Stiffness, Knots, Harness and Saddle Hurts.

SPURLOCK, NEAL & CO., Nashville, Tenn.

## McEwen's Steam Dye Works

Make Old Clothes New.  
Match any Color or Shade.  
Write for Catalogue.  
We Pay Expressage Both Ways.

NASHVILLE, TENN.



TO CHICAGO.

RIVERSIDE MILLS

Manufacture the following grades of

# CORN MEAL.

Bolted Meal, Morgan's Matchless Meal, Pearl Meal. Also Hominy, Grits, and Graham Flour. All grocers handling the product of Riverside Mills are authorized to guarantee satisfaction. Ask your grocer for Riverside Mills Meal, and insist on having it furnished, and you will not fail to have good corn bread.

CALVIN MORGAN, Proprietor.

THE

## Finest Stationery

— at —

Wheeler

Publishing Company's.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Any book in print sent on receipt of the publisher's price.

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED.

## Russian and Turkish Baths

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Baxter Court Bath Rooms.

MONDAYS AND FRIDAYS FOR LADIES.

MRS. M. McINTYRE, Manager,  
CHURCH ST., NASHVILLE, TENN.



# "NEW YORK AND FLORIDA SPECIAL,"

SOLID VESTIBULE TRAIN.

Leaves New York and St. Augustine Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

There never was a better Beer brewed, and never before has any Beer obtained such a reputation in so short a time, as

# NASHVILLE BEER!

The proof, of course, is in the drinking. Try it. Convince yourself.

## THE WM. GERST BREWING CO.

GIVE US YOUR PATRONAGE.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

FRANK ANDERSON & CO.,

WHOLESALE

Foreign and Domestic Fruits,

204 MARKET SQUARE,

NASHVILLE, TENN.  
(15)

Latest and Best  
**BECKWITH & CO'S.**  
Thermo Ozone Battery.



and the cheapest device for  
diseases by Electricity.  
neuralgia, Insomnia and  
impure or impover-  
ished nervous system  
thus assured  
Price \$8.00  
Money refunded

General Agent,  
NASHVILLE, TENN

HOW ABOUT THAT NEW . . .

## PIANO OR ORGAN?

YOU HAVE BEEN PROMISING IT TO YOUR  
DAUGHTER FOR A LONG TIME.

We Have What She Wants, and We Sell Reasonably.

ROBERT L. LOUD,

212 NORTH SUMMER STREET, NASHVILLE, TENN.

## NASHVILLE AMERICAN.

old paper, published at its State Capital, has  
utterance of the Democratic party in Tennes-  
sian generations.

### ...G TO THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN

Was typical of its nature, and it immediately enlisted  
to serve it to the utmost.

The American and the Confederate Veteran, both One Year  
for \$1, the price of the American alone.

WEST, JOHN TON & CO., RICHMOND, VA.,

Publishers, Booksellers, and Stationers.

THE PUBLISHERS OF

"Greg's History of the United States,"

with introduction by Gen. Wade Hampton.  
The only true history of the late Civil War  
that has ever been published.

Cloth, \$2.50; Leather, \$3.50; Morocco, \$4.

"The subject is treated in a masterly man-  
ner. It bears noble testimony to the devo-  
tion, the patriotism, and the heroism of the  
citizens of the South."—Gen. Wade Hampton.

"I have advertised the book by praising it  
everywhere ever since I read it."—Gen. Wm.  
H. Payne.

Agents for Virginia and North Carolina  
for the HAMMOND TYPEWRITERS. All type-  
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BARBER SHOP AND BATH ROOMS.

C. BREYER,

Russian and Turkish Baths  
FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY.

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## JESSE ELY.

### HATS & MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

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# Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

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YEARLY 50 CENTS.

Vol. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1893.

No. 4. C. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.



*C. Kirby Smith.*

The last full General in the Confederate War, on either side, died at his home in Sewanee, Tenn., March 28, 1893.

General Kirby-Smith was a native of Florida, and graduated at West Point in 1845. He was Major in the United States Army when he resigned to go with his own people in 1861. He was made a Confederate Brigadier in June, 1861, and a Major General in October of that year. In 1862 he was promoted to Lieutenant General, and in 1864 a full General. His achievements in the war are an interesting part of its history. President Davis is said to have told him, in assignment of the Trans-Mississippi Department, in 1863, that he gave him more authority than he dare put in writing.

## THE CONQUERED BANNER.



BY FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN.

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,  
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;  
Furl it, fold it, it is best:  
For there's not a man to wave it,  
And there's not a sword to save it,  
And there's not one left to have it,  
In the blood which heroes gave it,  
And its foes now scorn and brave it—  
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take the banner down—'tis fattered,  
Broken is its staff and shattered,  
And the valiant hosts are scattered  
Over whom it floated high.  
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,  
Hard to think there's none to hold it,  
Hard that those who once unrolled it  
Now must unfurl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly—  
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,  
And ten thousand wildly, madly,  
Swore it should forever wave,  
Swore that for man's sword could never  
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,  
Till that flag would float forever  
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,  
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,  
Cold and dead are lying low;  
And the banner, it is trailing,  
While around it sounds the wailing  
Of its people in their woe.  
For, though conquered, they adore it,  
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,  
Weep for those who fell before it,  
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,  
And oh! wildly they deplore it,  
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,  
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,  
And 'twill live in song and story,  
Though its folds are in the dust;  
For its fame on brightest pages,  
Penned by poets and by sages,  
Shall go sounding down the ages,  
Furl its folds though now we must,  
Furl that banner, softly, slowly,  
Treat it gently—it is holy—  
For it droops above the dead;  
Touch it not, unfold it never,  
Let it droop there, furled forever,  
For its people's hopes are dead.

1863 1893

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# Confederate Veteran.

*Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.*

PRICE, 5 CENTS.  
YEARLY, 50 CENTS. }

VOL. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1893.

No. 4.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.

Entered at the Postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Special club rates to the Press and to Camps—25 copies \$10. An extra copy sent to each person who sends six subscriptions. Advertisements: One dollar per inch one time, or \$10 a year, except last page; \$25 a page. Discount: Half year, one-issue; one year, one issue.

## SUBSCRIPTION SUPPLEMENT.

DON'T fail to read all there is in the VETERAN. There is nothing put in to "fill up." See on editorial page, 112, the suggestions about remitting.

MANY articles from correspondents of merit are acknowledged. The reproduction of much that was published in January compels postponement to subsequent issue.

THERE are many things that might be advertised advantageously in the VETERAN. Harvesting and threshing machinery should have attention. Tobacconists, Publishers, indeed, the variety, might be stated in the extreme. There is hardly an interest that would not be advanced by its use in these columns.

THE benefit of publishing the subscription is quickly apparent. Col. John P. Hickman, the best Confederate worker in Tennessee, one of the first who paid, and who has worked gratuitously all the while for the VETERAN, finds the omission of his name.

It has been our purpose for months to procure such data in regard to population and wealth of the Southern States as to apportion to each State its part of the \$250,000 for the Davis and Southern Monument to be erected in Richmond. Will friends interested in the great cause, who can get at data, undertake the supply of this information? It would be very helpful to the cause to name the assessments for the different States. Remember the opportunity now to render this patriotic service.

INTEREST in Gen. James Longstreet, the ranking officer now of the Confederate Veterans, will increase after this. Here is a story recalled from a visit to Mission Ridge, near Chattanooga, published ten years ago: He had gone to the battle ground with some gentlemen, and at a certain point he alighted, went to an old tree, and prized from under a hiding place an old rusty blade, and turning to his companions, said: "Somehow I feel solemnly enthused. Here is a relic of exciting days. I placed that here just about twenty years ago. I remembered the spot just as well as if it had been but yesterday, and the tree is as familiar as the face of an old comrade."

With this issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN there is published and mailed the names of subscribers received until within a week of going to press. Of the six thousand copies printed it will be sure that there is a good extra supply. Request is made of every patron to send the names of some friends who would be quite sure to subscribe.

The March number, with the four flags, is not yet exhausted; copies of it will be sent to first subscribers.

OF the entire list of Generals and Lieutenant Generals in the Confederate Army only these were killed in battle: Albert Sidney Johnston, at Shiloh, Tenn.; Leonidas Polk, at Pine or "Lost" Mountain, Ga.; Stonewall Jackson, near Guinea's Station, Va.

Gen. Richard S. Ewell died at Spring Hill, Tenn., instead of Springfield, as published in a list of general officers on another page.

OMISSION was made from Rev. Thomas F. Gailor's letter commending Miss Carrie Kirby-Smith for Postmistress at Sewanee through the impression that it had been secured. The young lady is fully capable, and would serve with thorough efficiency. The assistance asked for the family might be procured through entertainments.

The battle of Franklin and the story of the siege at Jackson, Miss., are given as experiences of the editor. He submits these with other events from time to time as setting forth what merit he may possess while contributing facts for history.

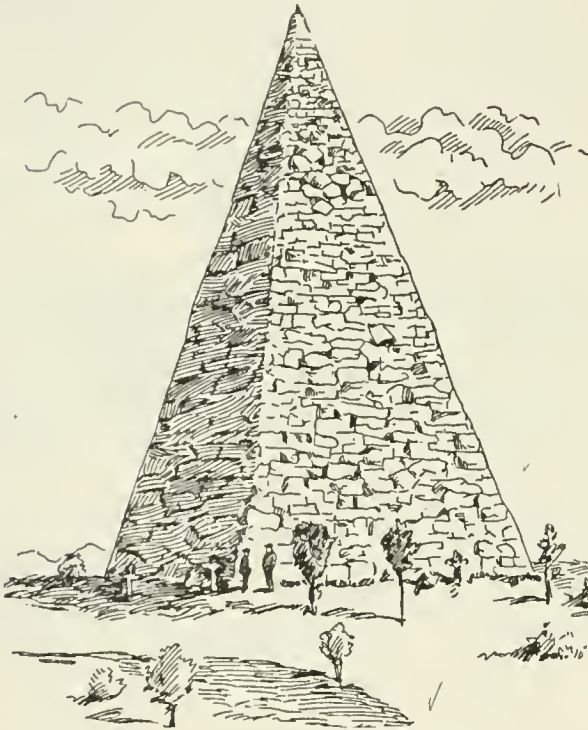
## MAY FESTIVAL IN NASHVILLE.

No other event of the year, ahead for Nashville, is looked to with so much interest as the Musical Festival to be in the large Tabernacle May 5th and 6th, with a matinee on the evening of the 6th. It will consist of the Damrosch Orchestra, Miss Currie Duke, violinist, and Sealehi, contralto.

Confederates everywhere will rejoice in the success of Miss Currie Duke, daughter of Gen. Basil Duke, of Kentucky, and whose mother is a sister of Gen. John Morgan. She has been for the last four or six years under the best violin instructors of Germany, and is considered the best lady violinist in the United States, if not in the world.

*REMOVAL OF MR. DAVIS' BODY TO RICHMOND.*

Arrangements have been made for the removal of Mr. Davis' remains to Richmond the latter part of next month, so that the burial in Hollywood Cemetery will occur May 30th, the National Memorial Day. It is understood that the body will lie in State in the capitals of Alabama and Georgia en route. Our people will do all that seemeth best to show affectionate regard upon the occasion. The daily and weekly papers will, later on, publish the programme of proceedings in detail.



THE MONUMENT to 12,000 Confederate dead in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, is a granite pyramid forty-five feet square and ninety feet high, erected by the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association at a cost of about \$50,000. A beautiful evergreen vine, the Virginia creeper, is growing upon it.

COMMENT is earnest upon the publication of the VETERAN subscription list. It is a new thing in journalism, and is regarded as a "good scheme" by some, while others regard it as "giving away" knowledge that may be utilized by competitors.

The VETERAN has no competitor. True, there is a "war journal" with the sacred word Confederate before it, published manifestly by Frank Leslie, though keeping that very tarnished name, from a sectional standpoint, away from the public. It has the accredited editorship of an ex-Confederate who has been favored with a government salary for years—not in a

discreditable way—but whose achievements for the southern people have in no way been conspicuous. The zeal with which this publication has been distributed through the South argues well for the enterprise of its management, but it may expect close discrimination by our people when it sends out a sheet on woody paper, with old cuts, with less than half the print surface, only half the pages, and at double the price. The southern people are so loyal to every thing bearing the name that many who see it, without knowing this publication, may subscribe for it.

In this comment that right spirit has sought to be maintained which is meant for the good of all who honor Confederates. The VETERAN may be too cheap, but it is not as much so as the print referred to is too high, and then it ought to be candid, and not seek to impress patriotic Southern people that it is published, in any sense, in Kentucky.

One word more only: The consequences of results in patronage should never be overlooked. It should be a rule, even in the purchase of fruit, at a stand by the street, to buy where the trifle of profit will be most worthily applied.

I seek not profit from old comrades. In every thing I have estimated the giving full value received. In the little Ku Klux Klan history offered for thirteen cents I left not a cent margin. Years ago I published a reminiscence (300 copies) of my regiment in a sixty page pamphlet, and, feeling able to afford it, I sent it to comrades without the remuneration of a cent. The zeal of our people in working for the VETERAN without accepting commission is in the same spirit. This is no doubt the cheapest publication ever issued, quality considered, and its management is willing to work on and on in the great cause. If the zeal of its friends be continued, ere long, the patronage of the business public will insure it to be all that can be desired.

Disabuse any who may not understand its mission for the Davis or Southern Monument. It has, regardless of expense, done every thing possible to advance that common cause. Some people not concerned for it, but who are cordially a friend to the editor, have shown indifference. Here is a singular circumstance on the other hand: An old friend called on me, saying he wanted to give a dollar to the Davis Monument but didn't want his name known. I pleaded that he give the use of his name, as I did not want any of that fund to pass through my hands without a full record. Then I told him I should like to have him subscribe for the VETERAN, but he declined on account of the "hard times," and gave one dollar for the monument in the name of two of his children. Another old friend and comrade said he would "look over it," while many strangers to the editor are zealous for it.



GEN. E. KIRBY-SMITH, WIFE, AND ALL OF THEIR CHILDREN BUT THE YOUNGEST.

An effort is being made to present pictures of Gen. E. Kirby-Smith and his family in this *VETERAN*. Addresses of Rev. Thos. F. Gaylor, Vice Chancellor of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Col. Thos. Claiborne, and other notes of the funeral, is given. The following extracts from a letter of Mr. Gaylor, though brief, set forth the pecuniary condition of the family:

"Mrs. Kirby-Smith is in a distressed condition. There are eleven children, only two of whom are old enough to be self-supporting. There are six girls and three boys at home. \* \* \* Mrs. Kirby-Smith is in debt to the amount of \$1,200. Several Veterans have said that they would assist in paying this off. Can you not make an appeal in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* for this object? Acting for the University, I am going to pay the General's salary for the rest of the year."

One single instance of Kirby-Smith's integrity is recited: When he surrendered, having \$5,000 in gold with him at Galveston, where he had gone with a member of his staff to send him to intercept Mr. Davis—as by appointment the latter was to go to Cuba, return to Texas, and arrange for a final capitulation at Houston—and on learning that his troops had surrendered at Shreveport, La., he wrote an order directing

the staff officer, Capt. Ernest Cucullu, to take the money to New Orleans and turn it over to Gen. Canby, commanding the United States forces. There was such an earnest plea on the part of some Confederate officers that \$1,700 of this money was paid to them on salary account, but the General refused to take any part of it and borrowed \$100 from a friend with which to get home. Canby was surprised that the money was taken to him, but was quick to express the regard he felt for his college-mate at West Point, and said: "It is just like Kirby—the soul of honor."

No worthier family belongs to the South. The mother of his eleven children nursed him through dreadful affliction during the war, when he was thought to be mortally wounded, and that event brought about their marriage.

Col. John P. Hickman, Secretary of the Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers, will receive and forward any sums sent to him. Col. Thos. Claiborne, and others, have secured about \$400 of the \$1,200 sorely needed at this time. The \$1,200, though, might be trebled, and in its giving the donors would receive comfort. This appeal is made wholly without the knowledge of the family. The General was offered positions of great emolument, one of them not long before his death, but refused for conscience's sake.

## FUNERAL OF GEN. E. KIRBY-SMITH.

The newspapers of the country have published sketches of Gen. E. Kirby-Smith in connection with his death.

The funeral was an occasion never to be forgotten by those who had the melancholy pleasure to be present. There was a special train from Nashville of six coaches.

The Episcopal Chapel at Sewanee was filled with mourners, veterans having first seats after the family. The usual service was interrupted, at the proper time, by Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Vice Chancellor of the University of the South. This superb young man has declined the office of Bishop and several calls to churches in our largest cities, like Kirby-Smith, choosing rather to serve his Church and fellows at Sewanee. He is greatly esteemed wherever known, and his remarks thrilled the assembly:

There are times when the reverent silence with which the Church lays her dead to rest may be fitly broken, and this is such a time. There are lives which stand forth conspicuous above their fellows, occupying lofty station or gifted with heroic qualities of soul, or illustrious with great achievement, and in the best way of all these ways—in essential worth—this was such a life. As the last full General of that Confederacy which is becoming more and more a tender and distant memory, our dear friend in his death closed another generation of men. As one by one the leaders have passed over to the silent shore, some of us have felt that the glory and sadness, the hopes, the memories, the regrets of that sublime but fruitless struggle were concentrated in him, lent new interest to his life, and crowned him with a crown of honor. Surely all that was best and truest and most worthy in that cause which we call "Lost" was imaged forth in this pure and manful and unselfish life. And when the recording angel shall unroll the scroll on which are blazoned the names of those whose lives have been lives of sacrifice for conscience' sake, there will be none that will shine with a purer lustre than that of Kirby-Smith. For these qualities of a great soldier were pre-eminent in him—courage, magnanimity, humility, unselfishness, and the fear of God. All the records of chivalry can disclose no truer nor higher attributes of nobleness than these. His strength was gentleness, his gentleness was strong. Valiant in fight, a stranger to fear, a hero in many a conflict, he was yet a little child in the genuineness of his simplicity—the reality of that humility which he learned at the feet of Jesus Christ. The magnanimity of great, majestic souls was his. When he surrendered the war for him was over. No bitter accusations, no vengeful reproach passed his lips. Though it were the very furnace of affliction, the dread anguish of shattered hopes and a career cut short, no darkness of those dark days could dim the cheerfulness of his hope, the constancy of his faith. No temptation of public fame, no attraction of worldly advantage, no opportunity of self-praise, ever wrung from him one harsh or angry word in poor and pitiful contention of reviews. Yes, over all and through all and in all the impulses of his nature were that love and fear of God which made his home a Christian home and made his life a Christian life.

No stress of financial embarrassment, no privation of those comforts which men hold dear, tempted him for a moment to forget his honor. To toil, even in his age, to suffer and to submit; these were small things to him compared with the sting of conscience. From the day when he deliberately spurned the wealth which his command of the Trans-Mississippi Department placed within his hands to the day—only a few weeks ago—when he refused a princely income as the price of principle, he was always inflexibly and grandly true to what he believed was his honor as a soldier, his duty as a citizen his faith as a follower of Jesus Christ. Thus was he brave. Thus was he faithful. Thus was he a good soldier, tried and steadfast, amid the smoke and din and tumult of the blood-stained field. Thus was he a greater soldier on that harder battlefield of life, where those whom we expect to be the bravest too often flinch and fail.

To-day, therefore, those of us who are too young to have known him in the stirring scenes of his military career, but who have learned to love and reverence his character in the peaceful occupation and enjoyment of this place, come with sad hearts and glad devotion to pay tribute to the beauty and the strength of his unique personality. His faith was strong, his hope was buoyant. But above both of these and shining through them was a great and tender human love, of which the apostle speaks when he says: "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity." To us here this was perhaps the most conspicuous quality of his nature. The most devoted of husbands! The most affectionate of fathers! To the trees, the flowers, the rock-ribbed mountain and the starlit sky; to the creatures that crawl and creep and fly and run and leap around us in the living world; to man and brute, nature in all her moods and to nature's God, this man's heart went out in sweet, unselfish joy. God is love.

What nobler tribute to his servant can there be than this? What crown of glory so unailing! He loved much. He was much loved. And "whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away, but love never faileth."

He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast;  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

The Bishop of Tennessee, Rev. R. Q. T. Quintard, D.D., whose identity with the Confederacy has ever been the pride of the South, at the conclusion of Mr. Gailor's peroration, requested that Col. Thomas Claiborne, of Tennessee, a gray-haired veteran of two wars, address the congregation. Col. Claiborne stepped to the dais of the chancel and said:

I thank the reverend clergy conducting the services for the invitation to the old comrades of the deceased hero to give some expression of their feelings on this occasion. We come here to bury our friend, not to the sound of cannon, for the roar of a hundred brazen-throated guns cannot speak the praises of the dead hero as we estimate them, but we come to show our love and respect for him.

This is not the place nor the time for us to set forth his eulogy, yet we desire to say what we think of him

as a man and brother, for he was one who felt the brotherhood of mankind, and dealt in charity with all men. I, who have known him from his youth, can give my testimony to the truth of all that the reverend gentleman has said of the life and characteristics of this good man. He was always gay and cheerful, no matter how darkly loomed the cloud of disaster. He was most courteous to every one, and we feel a just pride that he was a son of the South and an adopted son of Tennessee. He is gone. I know that he sits not at the feast of the heroes of Valhalla, for they were bloody. I rather see him now in the communion of those who have been redeemed through the intercession of Jesus Christ.

At the grave there were beautiful songs as the burial was being concluded. The firing of salute by the military, largely sons of veterans, was followed by "taps" from the bugler.



The various flags and designs of veteran organizations are of interest. They generally comprise the battle flag in colors extending at an angle in one direction and the State flag or motto in another. The N. B. Forrest Camp, of Chattanooga, represents a cavalryman on a horse at a dash with a battle flag. Its commander, Gen. J. F. Ship, on Gen. Gordon's staff, conceived

the plan for a united brotherhood, and it was given to the public while he was on a visit to New Orleans.

MONUMENT TO UNKNOWN CONFEDERATE DEAD.—The Latham Confederate Monument, at Hopkinsville, Ky., was erected by John C. Latham, the head of the banking house of Latham, Alexander & Co., of Wall street. He left Hopkinsville, his birthplace, to enter the Confederate army as a private at seventeen years of age, continued in the service until the final surrender at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865. In an unattended field slept in eternal rest the dead warriors of the Confederate army who had been his townsmen and schoolmates. The unmarked graves of more than one hundred Confederates lying in the "potters' field" irresistibly appealed to the tender thought and Southern patriotism of Mr. Latham. The first step was taken to remove the remains to an eligible lot, and later, in 1887, was erected and dedicated to their hallowed memory this handsome shaft by their surviving comrade, a noble Kentuckian. The monument is of Hallowell granite. The base of the structure is eight feet square, supporting a pedestal of two polished stones. Above this the die, seven feet in height, with four polished panels. The die is surmounted by a square obelisk with Corinthian capital, crowned with a pyramid of five polished cannon balls. The whole structure is thirty-seven feet high, elegantly wrought of the finest granite, marked for its classic taste and simplicity.

## BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

*THE CARNAGE AS SEEN FROM CENTER OF THE CONFLICT.*

Much of the following article appeared as a tribute to Gen. Strahl in the January number:

The removal of Gen. Johnston, and the appointment of Hood to succeed him in command of the Army of Tennessee, was an astounding event. So devoted to Johnston were his men that the presence and immediate command of Gen. Lee would not have been accepted without complaint. They were so satisfied that even in retreat they did not lose their faith in ultimate success. They were not reconciled to the change until the day before the battle of Franklin. The successful crossing of Duck River that morning at an early hour, and the march to Spring Hill, where the Federal retreat was so nearly cut off (a failure for which it was understood Gen. Hood was not to blame), created an enthusiasm for him equal to that entertained for Stonewall Jackson after his extraordinary achievements. That night the extensive valley east of Spring Hill was lighted up by our thousands of camp fires, in plain view of, and close proximity to, the retreating lines of the enemy. The next morning, as we marched in quick time toward Franklin, we were confirmed in our impressions of Federal alarm. I counted on the way thirty-four wagons that had been abandoned on the smooth turnpike. In some instances whole teams of mules had been killed to prevent their capture. A few miles south of Franklin the Federal lines of infantry were deployed, and our progress was checked; but we pressed them without delay until they retired behind the outer works about the town. Soon after they withdrew from the range of hills south, overlooking the place, and we were advanced to its crest. I happened, though in the line of battle (as I was "right guide" to my regiment), to be close to where Gen. Hood halted his staff and rode along to the top of the hill, and with his field glasses surveyed the situation. It was an extraordinary moment. Those of us who were near could see, as private soldiers rarely did, the position of both armies. Although Franklin was some two miles in the distance, the plain presented a scene of great commotion. But I was absorbed in the one man whose mind was deciding the fate of thousands. With an arm and a leg in the grave, and with the consciousness that he had not until within a couple of days won the confidence which his army had in his predecessor, he had now a very trying ordeal to pass through. It was all-important to act, if at all, at once. He rode to Stephen D. Lee, the nearest of his subordinate generals, and, shaking hands with him cordially, announced his decision to make an immediate charge.

No event of the war, perhaps, showed a scene equal to this. The range of hills upon which he formed offered the best view of the battlefield, with but little exposure to danger, and there were hundreds collected there as spectators. Our ranks were being extended rapidly to the right and left. In Franklin there was the utmost confusion. The enemy were greatly excited. We could see them running to and fro. Wagon trains were being pressed across the Harpeth river, and on toward Nashville. Gen. Loring, of Cleburne's division, made a speech to his men. Our Brigadier-General Strahl was quiet, and there was an expression of sadness on his face. The soldiers were full of ardor, and con-

fidant of success. They had unbounded faith in Gen. Hood, whom they believed would achieve a victory that would give us Nashville. Such was the spirit of the army as the signal was given which set it in motion. Our generals were ready, and some of them rode in front of our main line. With a quick step we moved forward to the sound of stirring music. This is the only battle that I was in, and they were many, where bands of music were used. I was right guide to the Forty-first Tennessee, marching four paces to the front I had an opportunity of viewing my comrades, and I well remember the look of determination that was on every face. Our bold movement caused the enemy to give up, without much firing, its advance line. As they fell back at double-quick, our men rushed forward, even though they had to face the grim line of breastworks just at the edge of the town.

Before we were in proper distance for small arms the artillery opened on both sides. Our guns, firing over our heads from the hills in the rear, used ammunition without stint, while the enemy's batteries were at constant play upon our lines. When they withdrew to their main line of works it was as one even plain for a mile. About fifty yards in front of the breastworks we came in contact with formidable *chevaux de frise*, over or through which it was very difficult to pass. Why half of us were not killed yet remains a mystery, for after moving forward so great a distance, all the time under fire, the detention, immediately in their front, gave them a very great advantage. We arrived at the works and some of our men, after a club fight at the trenches, got over. The colors of my regiment were carried inside, and when the arm that held them was shot off they fell to the ground and remained until morning. Cleburne's men dashed at the works, but their gallant leader was shot dead, and they gave way, so that the enemy remained on our flank, and kept up a constant enfilading fire.

Our left also failed to hold the works, and for a short distance we remained and fought until the ditch was almost full of dead men. Night came on soon after the hard fighting began, and we fired at the flash of each other's guns. Holding the enemy's lines, as we continued to do on this part of them, we were terribly massacred by the enfilade firing. The works were so high that those who fired the guns were obliged to get a footing in the embankment, exposing themselves, in addition to their flank, to a fire by men in houses. One especially severe was that from Mr. Carter's, immediately in my front. I was near Gen. Strahl, who stood in the ditch and handed up guns to those posted to fire them. I had passed to him my short Enfield (noted in the regiment) about the sixth time. The man who had been firing cocked it and was taking deliberate aim when he was shot and tumbled down dead into the ditch upon those killed before him. When the men so exposed were shot down their places were supplied by volunteers until these were exhausted, and it was necessary for Gen. Strahl to call upon others. He turned to me, and though I was several feet back from the ditch, I rose up immediately, and walking over to the wounded and dead, took position with one foot upon the pile of bodies of my dead fellows, and the other in the embankment, and fired guns which the General himself handed up to me until he, too, was shot down. One other man had had position on my right, and assisted in the firing. The battle lasted until not an efficient man was left

between us and the Columbia pike, about fifty yards to our right, and hardly enough behind us to hand up the guns. We could not hold out much longer, for indeed, but few of us were then left alive. It seemed as if we had no choice but to surrender or try to get away, and when I asked the General for counsel, he simply answered, "Keep firing." But just as the man to my right was shot, and fell against me with terrible groans, Gen. Strahl was shot. He threw up his hands, falling on his face, and I thought him dead, but in asking the dying man, who still lay against my shoulder as he sank forever, how he was wounded, the General, who had not been killed, thinking my question was to him, raised up, saying that he was shot in the neck, and called for Col. Stafford to turn over his command. He crawled over the dead, the ditch being three deep, about twenty feet to where Col. Stafford was. His staff officers started to carry him to the rear, but he received another shot, and directly the third, which killed him instantly. Col. Stafford was dead in the pile, as the morning light disclosed, with his feet wedged in at the bottom, with other dead across and under him after he fell, leaving his body half standing, as if ready to give command to the dead!

By that time only a handful of us were left on that part of the line, and as I was sure that our condition was not known, I ran to the rear to report to Gen. John C. Brown, commanding the division. I met Maj. Hampton, of his staff, who told me that Gen. Brown was wounded, and that Gen. Strahl was in command. This assured me that those in command did not know the real situation, so I went on the hunt for Gen. Cheatham. By and by relief was sent to the front. This done, nature gave way. My shoulder was black with bruises from firing, and it seemed that no moisture was left in my system. Utterly exhausted, I sank upon the ground and tried to sleep. The battle was over, and I could do no more; but animated still with concern for the fate of comrades, I returned to the awful spectacle in search of some who year after year had been at my side. Ah, the loyalty of faithful comrades in such a struggle!

These personal recollections are all that I can give, as the greater part of the battle was fought after night-fall, and once in the midst of it, with but the light of the flashing guns, I could see only what passed directly under my own eyes. True, the moon was shining, but the dense smoke and dust so filled the air as to weaken its benefits, like a heavy fog before the rising sun, only there was no promise of the fog disappearing. Our spirits were crushed. It was indeed the Valley of Death.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

THE following new Camps have been admitted and notice given by Adj. Gen. George Moorman:

"W. H. Brooks Camp, No. 216, Fayetteville, Ark.; Chipley, No. 217, Chipley, Fla.; Hugh A. Arnolds, No. 218, Greenwood, Miss.; Hickory Flat, No. 219, Hickory Flats, Miss.; DeSoto, No. 220, Hernando, Miss.; Frank Liddell, No. 221, Vaidan, Miss.; Pat Cleburne, No. 222, Waco, Texas; Springville, No. 223, Springville, Ala.; Franklin K. Beck, No. 224, Camden, Ala.; Wilson County, No. 225, Floresville, Texas; Amite County, No. 226, Liberty, Miss.; Frank Terry, No. 227, Richmond, Texas; Birchell, No. 228, Hungerford, Texas; Arcadia, No. 229, Arcadia, La.; Jeff. Davis, No. 230, Jacksonville, Fla.; R. E. Lee, No. 231, Commerce, Texas.

## HARPER'S FERRY IN 1861.

*FIRST EVENTS OF THE WAR IN VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND.*

F. M. Burrows, Company B. Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, Fort Worth, Texas: From time to time many articles have been published purporting to give a true history of the early occupancy of Harper's Ferry in 1861, which have been incorrect. One account is that "the first Southern soldiers at Harper's Ferry were about 1,600 Mississippians, who captured the place about the 15th of May." As a high private in the Culpepper Minute Men, I left Culpepper, Va., at 3 A. M., the 18th day of April, 1861, for Harper's Ferry.

These commands of Virginians were sent there: West Augusta Guards, Staunton, Va., sixty men; Louisa Blues, Louisa Court-house, Va., seventy-five men; Montpelier Guards, Orange Court-house, Va., sixty men; Gordonsville Greys, Orange County, Va., fifty men; Monticello Guards, Charlottesville, Va., sixty men; Brandy Rifles, Culpepper County, Va., forty men; Boomarangs, Winchester, Va., forty men; Continental Guards, Charlestown, Va., forty men; Letcher Artillery, Culpepper, Va., thirty-five men; University of Virginia Students, Charlottesville, Va., one hundred and twenty men; Culpepper Minute Men, Culpepper, Va., sixty men. Imboden's Artillery, of four guns, and a full complement of men, followed us on the 18th. The Lanier Guards, of Baltimore, came to us on the 23d, making in all about seven hundred and fifty men, rank and file. We reached Manassas Junction about 8 A. M., took trains for Strausburg, arrived there about 1 P. M., got dinner, which had been prepared by the good ladies, then took up our line of march for Winchester, about eighteen miles distant, arrived in time for a late supper, which the good ladies there had literally spread all over town. We boarded a train of box cars at 11 P. M. for Harper's Ferry, via Charleston; arrived at the Ferry just before daybreak on the 19th. Nearly all of us had guns of some kind, except the Letcher Artillery, a company of boys. They were empty-handed, and when the first long roll was sounded it was amusing to see them hurry to their quarters and fortify themselves with sticks and stones. Maj. George A. Wheatley, now a merchant in Austin, Texas, was Captain, and a very young brother of the writer was First Lieutenant.

It will be clearly seen that there were none but Virginians at Harper's Ferry for three weeks or more, save the Baltimoreans and Col. Duncan's Kentuckians, about three hundred strong. The command was a fine one. The Kentuckians were generally men of wealth and refinement, and they were well prepared to care for themselves financially, having their repeating rifles, cow-horn powder flasks, and bullet moulds. The Hon. R. E. Beckham, now District Judge at Fort Worth, was one of the boys from Kentucky who wore the fur cap and long green blouse.

The first soldiers were ordered out by a telegram from Gov. Letcher, direct to the various Captains of the State Militia, dated Richmond, Va., April 17. An extra session of the Legislature passed the ordinance of secession at 2 A. M. on the 17th. When the news reached Capt. Barbour that the troops were marching on Harper's Ferry, he, being in command of the Government's works, abandoned his post and had the buildings fired. The destruction would have been complete but for the timely efforts of the citizens, in-

cluding workmen in the shops, who, with their small hand engine and a large stationary one belonging to the Government, subdued the flames. It was the little house for this hand engine that John Brown used as a fort in 1859. We reached Harper's Ferry about daylight on the 19th. Our train stopped on a high trestle on the Shenandoah river side. While we were waiting for orders to leave the train some one put twenty or more kegs of powder under the trestle, set a match to the fuse, and ran. One of our men, seeing what had been done, jumped from the train and severed the fuse. Finally we landed in good shape, and made a descent upon the town, not knowing what we would encounter, without one round of ammunition. We took up our quarters in the buildings that remained intact, and in the churches and school-houses. For the first week the citizens were very shy of us, but soon became communicative and delivered to us many hundreds of minie rifles and muskets, and innumerable parts of guns. We found many guns hidden away under floors and between and under mattresses. The machinery, unhurt by the fire, was speedily put in motion, and many of the old employes were set at work and furnished all the commands with the latest and most approved guns.

The first officer in command was Col. Nalle. Then came Col. Jos. E. Johnston, who succeeded him, and who appointed Stonewall Jackson a Colonel. Each of them occupied the mansion on the hill belonging to Maj. D. B. Lucas, U. S. A. Next came Capt. A. P. Hill, of the regular army, who had recently resigned and was made Colonel of the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry.

Our company was quartered in the paint shop, and it was the writer's luck to be detailed with the Hon. John W. Bell, a prominent lawyer of Culpepper, to police and ditch our camp. It was rich indeed to see our near-sighted lawyer handle a spade and hear his comments, such as, "This is a nice business for a lawyer in good standing, a gentleman, and a member of St. Stephen's Church vestry, to be put to ditching the first Sunday in camp!" He is now Judge Bell, a brother of Gov. P. Hansborough Bell, who was a native of Virginia, who landed at Velasco, Texas, in 1836, \* \* \* \* and was made Governor of Texas in 1850. He subsequently served in Congress, then married, and settled in North Carolina. As a recognition of his patriotic services, and as an aid to him in his old age, the Twenty-second Texas Legislature, in 1891, voted him a donation of land and a liberal pension.

We remained at Harper's Ferry until about the middle of May, when we were called to arms and made a forced march to Shepherdstown. We were caught in a terrific hail storm in an open field, no possible place for shelter, and it was a question with us whether we would survive the storm or not.

The Lanier Guards, of Baltimore, deserve special mention. George Lanier, of Lanier Bros., wholesale dry goods merchants in Baltimore, equipped and sent off this company to join us at Harper's Ferry. Times were exciting there then. This scheme was adopted to get out of the city in a body: A funeral procession was planned. Loading a coffin with guns, and making preparations for a decent burial, they took carriages and followed the hearse to London Park Cemetery, a few miles west on the Catonsville road. When a safe distance from the city the coffin was opened, and quickly each man was armed and on his way to

join the young Confederacy. Many of the Lanier Guards were engaged in the attack on Federal soldiers when they made that memorable march up Pratt street in Baltimore.

About June 27 we were ordered from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, thence on a march to Romney, and thence to New Creek Station, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, where we first smelt gun powder. A small force of Federals held the bridge crossing the north fork of the Potomac river near the station. We surprised them, captured a swivel and a stand of colors, charged the enemy, ran them off, and burned the bridge. A few of us crossed the bridge, followed the retreating enemy a short distance, and upon returning found the bridge on fire, and we on the wrong side of the river. Our only alternative was to wade through a swift, clear, rapid stream fully five feet deep.

After the battles of Bull Run and Manassas it was the writer's privilege to stand picket at the farm-house of a good old Mrs. Taylor, a few miles east of Fairfax Station. It was there I learned the true meaning of the word Manassas, and how it originated. A faithful old negro man belonging to Mrs. Taylor met a neighboring brother, and addressed him about as follows: "Uncle Willis, kin yer tell me how dey got dis name Manassas fur dis place down dar whar dey has all dem big guns?" "I dunno, Brer Ephriam, cep'ing tis we is de man, and dem Yankees whar cum down here is de asses; dats how we gets de name Manassas, I speck."

MONUMENT AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.—All honor to the women and the men of Alexandria, Va., who close by the capital of the nation have erected a superb monument to their own Confederate dead. It is surmounted by a soldier with hat in hand, his arms folded, and standing with his head a little drooped, as if he was preparing to make another vigorous battle—a battle with conditions which mean the recovery of fortune, and redemonstrating merit to distinction as a patriot. An old paper comes to the VETERAN, which says: "For all time will Alexandria bear in her heart of hearts the manner of those gallant men who, on the 24th day of May, 1861, left their homes at the call of public duty, for the monument is inscribed with the names of those Alexandrians, whose homes never saw them again, but the hearts of whose fellow-citizens will enshrine them forever.

"'Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,  
In deathless song shall tell,  
When many a vanished year has flown,  
The story how you fell;  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
Can dim one ray of holy light  
That gilds your glorious tomb."

"Names of scores who went from Alexandria and never returned are engraved. The other inscription on the monument is: 'Erected to the memory of the Confederate dead of Alexandria, Va., by their surviving comrades, May 24, 1889.' On the south face, and on the north face, the words: 'They died in the consciousness of duty faithfully performed,' will be cut after the unveiling of the memorial." It cost \$4,400.

Adj. W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.: "Your last number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at hand, and I have read the contents with much pleasure. At the next meeting of our camp will try and get you a list of subscribers. The price is so small that every member should take it."

*Southern Standard*, Arkadelphia, Ark.: "Every 'old Confed.' should send and get it, as it contains much information and a variety of reading on subjects relating to the Confederate side of the civil war between the North and the South."

Mrs. Mary E. Dickison, Ocala, Fla.: "I inclose check for \$5, with list of names of ten more subscribers to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is very gratifying to your friends to read the well-merited testimonials of approval and admiration of your very valuable publication. As a connecting link to the sad, yet glorious, memories of the past, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN should have an honored place in every home."

Hon. S. D. McCormick, Henderson, Ky.: "Inclosed are fifty representative names subscribed in four hour's work on the streets of Henderson. You will find check for \$25. Your list will grow to one hundred here."

Pulaski (Tenn.) *Citizen*: "It is brim full of interesting war reminiscences and matters of general interest to every Southerner. The character of its contents and the low price of subscription should give it a circulation of fifty thousand within the year. The owner and editor of the paper deserves well the splendid success which is being given him."

La Grange (Texas) *Democrat*: "We have received the February number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn. It is a gem, ably edited, neat in form and print, and contains a great deal of useful knowledge. This magazine is intended to be a storehouse of Confederate history and should find a place at the fireside of every old Confederate."

J. McIntire Andrews, Columbia, Tenn.: "Inclosed please find my check for \$11, twenty-two subscribers to your good book, although I have been in bed half of the time and am hardly ever able to go to town."

*Nash's State Gazette*, Dyersburg, Tenn.: "Every issue is filled with matter such as veterans love to read when the day's work is over and their minds are left free to revert to the glorious, though melancholy, memories of the great civil war. The editor and manager is an experienced journalist and a man in thorough sympathy with his work. The magazine is worth ten times as much to any veteran."

*Atlanta Constitution*, March 22: "S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., who is so well known in newspaper circles throughout the South, and who has taken up the work of enterprising the Jefferson Davis Monument, is in the city. Mr. Cunningham is also the publisher of the new Southern magazine called the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and which he is publishing to promote the interests of the old soldiers of the South."

*The Sunny South*, Atlanta, Ga.: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN for March, with its illustrated cover displaying in colors the four different flags adopted by the Confederate Government, is a beauty and an honor to the South. Designed by its founder, Mr. Cunningham, as a nucleus about which to concentrate interest in the proposed monument to Jefferson Davis, this magazine broadens its scope with every number and is becoming a historical publication of high interest and value. We shall look for it from month to month with pleasurable anticipations."





JEFFERSON DAVIS AT EIGHTY.

JEFFERSON DAVIS was born in 1808, and lived eighty-one years. His birthplace was in a broad, low house at Fairview, a small village in Christian—now Todd—County, Kentucky. He visited the place in 1886 and participated in the dedication of a pretty brick Baptist church that had been erected on the site of the old house. There was a large gathering of people from the neighborhood, while others had gone many miles through excessive rain. It was a most disagreeable day. As the venerable gentleman stood in the midst of the congregation, whose happy faces are indelibly impressed upon the mind of the writer, he used this language: "Many of you may think strangely of my participation in this service, not being a Baptist. My father was a Baptist, and a better man."

In her Memoirs of Jefferson Davis his wife copied just as he furnished them to a stenographer, facts about his family and his own career, points of which are embodied in this little sketch.

Three brothers came from Wales in the early part of the Eighteenth Century and settled in Philadelphia. The youngest, Evan Davis, subsequently removed to Georgia, then a colony of Great Britain. He was the

grandfather of Jefferson Davis. The father, Samuel Davis, had moved from Augusta, Ga., to Southwestern Kentucky, and resided at Fairview when Jefferson, the tenth and last child, was born.

Samuel Davis had entered the army of the Revolution at the age of sixteen, with two half brothers named Williams, and while a boy soldier met the beautiful Jane Cook in South Carolina, who became his wife and the mother of Jefferson Davis. In his infancy the family moved to Louisiana, but ill health induced their return to Wilkinson County, Miss. Three of his brothers were in the War of 1812, and the fourth volunteered, but "was drafted to stay at home." The Mississippi home of Samuel Davis was rather on a divide, whereby to the west on rich land were Virginians, Kentuckians, and Tennesseans, and to the east on inferior soil were South Carolinians and Georgians. The settlements were sparse, however, for Mississippi was then of the territory ceded by Georgia to the United States, and there were but few schools. At the age of seven Jefferson Davis was sent on horseback through the "wilderness" to a Catholic school in Washington County, Kentucky. He journeyed with Maj. Hinds, who commanded the Mississippi Dragoons in the battle of New Orleans, and his family. On reaching Nashville they went to the Hermitage for a visit to Gen. Jackson. In the reminiscences Mr. Davis dwells upon that prolonged visit of several weeks and upon his "opportunity to observe a great man," and he had always remembered "with warm affection the kind and tender wife who presided over his house." Gen. Jackson then lived in "a roomy log house, with a grove of fine forest trees in its front."

In that Catholic school for a time young Davis was the only Protestant boy, and he was the smallest. He was very much favored, and roomed with the priest. One night he was persuaded by some associates to blow out the light in the reverend father's room that they might do some mischief, which they did in a hurry. He was interrogated severely, but said he "didn't know much, and wouldn't tell that." Finally he agreed to tell a little about it on condition that he be given his liberty. That little was that he blew out the candle. After two years steamboats had been put on the river, and by a steamer the lad returned home from Louisville.

Conforming to a plan proposed by his brother, who went after him, the happy lad, with throbbing heart, approached his dear old mother and asked if she had seen any stray horses round there. She had seen a "stray boy," and clasped him to her arms. He ran to the field where he found his father, who took him in his arms with much emotion and kissed him.

Young Davis went afterward to neighborhood schools, which were very poor, but one Mr. Shaw, from Boston, advanced him more than any other

## THE REBEL YELL.

teacher he ever had. Shaw married in Mississippi, and he preached while teaching.

Jefferson Davis was sent again to Kentucky, and placed at the Transylvania University, near Lexington. Afterward he was one of six United States Senators who were fellow-students at that University. At the early age of fifteen he was given a cadetship at West Point.

Here is a little extract from his dictation: "When I entered the United States Military Academy, that truly great and good man, Albert Sidney Johnston, had preceded me from Transylvania, Ky., an incident which formed a link between us and inaugurated a friendship which grew as years rolled by, strengthened by after associations in the army, and which remains to me yet a memory of one of the greatest and best characters I have ever known. His particular friend was Leonidas Polk."

Mr. Davis then gives an account of Polk's religious convictions, and of his joining the church. It is known that he afterward was a Bishop in the Episcopal Church. Polk was a Lieutenant General in the Western Army with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, whom he confirmed into church membership only a few weeks before he was killed by a cannon shot from the enemy. The dictation ended too early. In referring to it, he said to his wife, "I have not told what I wish to say of Sidney Johnston and Polk. I have much more to say of them."

The history starts on from the dictation in a manner worthy the distinguished wife.

Our people generally know quite well how meanly the publishers treated the author in regard to the royalty on her book, and that she succeeded in stopping its sale when they owed her a little more than four thousand dollars. When legal technicalities are removed, and she can procure what is due her on sales, there will, no doubt, be many orders given for the work, both because of its merits and the wish to show an appreciation of her noble service in its presentation.

In the VETERAN for February a thrilling story is given of young Davis while a Cadet at West Point. He and a companion were off the premises without leave. To avoid a professor they were hurrying home by a cliff, when Davis fell over a distance of some sixty feet. His companion, leaning well over the precipice, called out, "Jeff, are you dead?" He was severely injured, though saved by a tree top, and did not get out for weeks.

The Anaconda (Montana) Standard: "A periodical of a new and distinctive type is the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, devoted to the men who wore the gray during the civil war. It is not, however, a paper that fights the war over and tries to open old wounds, but it is, rather, devoted to the policy of burying the issues of the unfortunate conflict, and is as loyal to the stars and stripes as is any Northern publication."

Many people think of the three measured huzzas given now and then as "the rebel yell." It is shocking to an old Confederate to consider such deception. The venerable widow of Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes, in attending a Confederate reunion at Memphis a couple of years ago, modestly expressed her wish to hear "the rebel yell." Something of an old-time cheer came from the throats of men who gladly tried to compliment the wife of the eminent naval commander. Kellar Anderson, who was of the Kentucky Orphan Brigade and had heard the yell, wrote a reminiscence for the *Memphis Appeal*. It is this same Anderson, called Captain and again Gen. Anderson, who honored his native Kentucky, his adopted Tennessee, and American heroism some months ago at Coal Creek, in defying the miners who had captured him and demanded his head as a ransom, when it seemed only hopeless to refuse their demands. One thing is sure, he had heard "the rebel yell."

"There is a Southern mother on this stand who says she wants to hear 'the rebel yell' once more."

"The announcement transforms, and in an instant I find myself acting the humble part of file-closer to Company I, Fifth Kentucky Infantry, with pieces at the right shoulder, the brigade in route column. With the active, strong, swinging stride of the enthusiastic, trained soldier, they hold the double quick over rocks, logs, gullies, undergrowth, hill, and vale, until amid the foliage of the trees above them the hurling shell and hissing shot from the enemy's field guns give notice that if retreating they have missed the way. Yet, there is no command to halt. Direct, on unchanged course, this battle-scarred and glory-mantled battalion of Kentucky youths continues, and as they reach the open woods, in clarion tones comes the order, 'Change front, forward on first company,' etc. The order executed found them formed on ground but recently occupied by a battalion of their foes, and few of these had left their positions. The battalion of Kentuckians were in battle array where they once were, but now the ground was almost literally covered with the Federal dead, the entire length of our regiment of seven hundred men. Men, did I say? Soldiers is the word; there were few men among them, they being youths, but soldiers indeed. The increasing spat, whirl, and hiss of the minnie balls hurrying by left no doubt of the fact among these soldiers. They are about to enter the action again and forward is the order. 'Steady, men, steady; hold your fire; not a shot without orders. It is hard to stand, but you must not return it. We have friends in our front yet. They are being hard pressed, and their ammunition is almost expended, but they are of our proudest and best, and Humphries' Mississippians will hold that ridge while they have a cartridge.'

"It is nearing sunset, and after two days of fearful carnage—yea, one of the best contested battles of the times, the enemy has been driven pell-mell from many parts of the field. Our losses are numbered by thousands, and we are now advancing in battle array, the little red flag with blue cross dancing gaily in the air

over the heads of those who were there to defend it. The last rays of the setting sun had kissed the autumn foliage when we stepped into open ground and found that we were among the wreck of what a few short minutes ago had been a superb six-gun battery. The uniforms of the dead artillerymen and the gaily caparisoned bodies of the many dead horses, proclaimed this destruction the work of our friends. We look upon the dead, pull our cartridge boxes a little more to the front and resolve once more to face the destruction we are now entering. The boom of artillery increases. The rattle of musketry is steady—aye, incessant and deadly. The sulphurous smoke has increased until almost stifling. Only fifty yards of space separates us from the gallant Mississippians we are there to support. They have elung to the ridge with a death-like grip, but their last cartridge has been fired at the enemy, and their support being at hand these sturdy soldiers of Longstreet's corps are ordered to retire.

"Simultaneously the support was ordered forward. As the Mississippians retired the deep-volumed shouts of the enemy told us plainer than could words that the enemy thought they had routed them. Oh, how differently we regarded the situation! If they could have seen them as we—halting, kneeling, lying down, ranging themselves in columns of files behind the large trees to enable us to get at the enemy with an unbroken front, each man as we passed throwing cap high into the overhanging foliage in honor of our presence—then I imagine their shouts would have been suppressed. 'Steady in the center! Hold your fire! Hold the colors back!' The center advanced too rapidly. We are clear of our friends now, only the enemy in front, and we meet face to face on a spur of Mission Ridge, which extends through the Snodgrass farm, and we are separated by eighty yards. Thud! and down goes Private Robertson. He turned, smiled, and died. Thud! Corporal Gray shot through the neck. 'Get to the rear!' said I. Thud! Thud! Thud! Wolf, Michael, the gallant Thompson. Thud! Thud! Thud! Courageous Oxley, the knightly Desha, and duty-loving Cummings. And thus it goes. The fallen increase, and are to be counted by the hundreds. The pressure is fearful, but the 'sand-digger' is there to stay. 'Forward! Forward!' rang out along the line. We move slowly to the front.

"There is now sixty yards between us. The enemy scorn to fly; he gives back a few paces; he retires a little more, but still faces us, and loads as he backs away. We are now in the midst of his dead and dying, but he stands as do the sturdy oaks about him. We have all that is possible for human to bear; our losses are fearful, and each moment some comrade passes to the unknown. At last Humphries' Mississippians have replenished boxes and are working around our right. Trigg's Virginians are uncovering to our left. I feel a shock about my left breast, spin like a top in the air, and come down in a heap. I know not how long before came the sounds 'Forward! Forward! Forward!' I rise on my elbow. Look! Look! There they go, all at break-neck speed, the bayonet at charge. The firing appears to suddenly cease for about five seconds. Then arose that do-or-die expression, that maniacal maelstrom of sound; that penetrating, rasping, shrieking, blood-curdling noise, that could be heard for miles on earth, and whose

volumes reached the heavens; such an expression as never yet came from the throats of sane men, but from men whom the seething blast of an imaginary hell would not check while the sound lasted.

"The battle of Chickamauga is won.

"Dear Southern mother, that was 'the rebel yell,' and only such scenes ever did or ever will produce it.

"Even when engaged, that expression from the Confederate soldier always made my hair stand on end. The young men and youths who composed this unearthly music were lusty, jolly, clear-voiced, hardened soldiers, full of courage, and proud to march in rags, barefoot, dirty, and hungry, with head erect to meet the plethoric ranks of the best equipped and best fed army of modern times. Alas! how many of them are decrepit from ailment and age, and although we will never grow old enough to cease being proud of the record of the Confederate soldier, and the dear old mothers who bore them, we can never again, even at your bidding, dear, dear mother, produce 'the rebel yell.' Never again: never, never, never."

#### GOVERNOR TURNEY ON MR. DAVIS.

*THE PATRIOT AND STATESMAN'S OPINION OF HIM.*

In a speech at Clarksville, Tenn., Judge Turney said he did not care to make a speech, except to keep himself identified with the immortal idea of constitutional government.

This was not altogether an occasion of mourning. The South had much to be thankful for. Her grand leader had lived long enough to see the intense hatred and slander born of the war pass away, and to know that the divisions among his own people were healed, and all believed that he acted upon conscientious and upright judgment.

He spoke of Mr. Davis as a comrade as well as a statesman. He had seen him risk his life on two battlefields. He remembered seeing him at the first Manassas, and he felt outraged that the great guiding brain of the Confederacy, as he considered Mr. Davis, should take such risks. Again, when the noble Hatton fell, Mr. Davis was on the field. He saw Hatton's troops go into the fight, and, noting Hatton at its head, Mr. Davis said: "That brigade moves in handsomely, but it will lose its commander." Mr. Davis thought for others, but not for himself.

He thought Mr. Davis the ablest defender of constitutional law in the Union. From his sacrifice he could come to no other conclusion than that Mr. Davis believed in the justice of the South's cause as he believed in the Christian religion. He had absolutely no doubt of the right of a State to go out of the Union when the terms of the Union were violated. His State papers would live as long as Jefferson's. He was the equal of Jefferson, Calhoun, and Webster, and superior to all who lived when he breathed his last. Mr. Davis was immortal. He would live while manhood lasts.

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THE OLD VIRGINIA TOWN, LEXINGTON.

WHERE LEE AND STONEWALL JACKSON ARE BURIED—  
REMINISCENCES OF STONEWALL JACKSON.  
BY DR. J. WILLIAM JONES.

Lexington, Va., is the most interesting town of its size in the South. The Washington-Lee University, founded by the "father of his country" and presided over by Robert E. Lee, when he surrendered life's duties, is the most prominent and conspicuous institution of the place. It has a beautiful chapel, across the campus from the University main building, in which the body of Gen. Lee rests, and over which is that life-like work of Edward V. Valentine, representing, in white marble, the soldier and Christian as if asleep on his couch. The old mansion in which Gen. Lee resided is near by, and it is the residence of Gen. Curtis Lee, his son, and successor as President of the University. It is the family residence as well, the daughters residing there.

The Virginia Military Institute grounds adjoin those of the Washington-Lee University, and are entered through its campus. This old place, with its ancient cannon ornamenting the grounds, was especially interesting on the occasion of the visit which induces this article, for it was in honor of its President, who went to the front with its corps of cadets in 1861, and never returned until he had "crossed over the river," honored second to no soldier hero of any country or time.

This writing is from memory of an only visit made there July 21, 1891, an account of which was written at the time but never published, and the copy lost.

The Lees were all at home and cordially interested in honoring the memory of Gen. Thos. J. Jackson. It was the greatest day in the history of old Lexington, for the attendance was much larger than that when the formal presentation of the recumbent figure of Gen. Lee occurred.

A superb colossal bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson had been provided, and his body had been removed from the original family lot to the central circle in the old cemetery of the town, and the bronze figure (it is also by Mr. Valentine) was in position.

The principal ceremonies were had under the broad shades of the University campus, some half a mile away, at the conclusion of which the great procession, numbering perhaps 20,000, passed through the main streets and near the old church, where Jackson taught his negro Sunday-school. The military—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—passed by the cemetery and formed on an adjacent slope in the rear.

By the statue, still under a white mantle, there was a platform covered with white bunting, upon which Mrs. Jackson ascended, taking her two grandchildren with her. She was dressed in black, her heavy black veil thrown over her shoulders, and the noble face

giving cheer to the little children who were to pull the veil cord. Both children were dressed in white, their white faces and waxen curls producing the strongest contrast with the devoted widow of Stonewall Jackson. The writer occupied a position that could not have been improved for the sight, and, meditating upon it all, he thought much of whether he would not give his life, if by so doing all the South could have the comfort of the scene.

At the signal little Julia Jackson Christian pulled the cord, and the magnificent figure of the Christian soldier stood as if in life, 'mid the shouts of thousands who followed him to the death, and other thousands of women, maidens, and young men who had grown up in the faith that a greater soldier than Stonewall Jackson had never gone to battle. The bright child who exclaimed, "I underveiled it," was frightened by the noise of cannon, musketry, and human voices that followed her act.

The hospitality of the people was remarkable. The pride and gratitude that their little town among the hills was the home and the burial place of Lee and Jackson was enough to bestir the entire people to the utmost to make every visitor a guest. The writer was fortunately assigned to the delightful home of Mr. McDowell.

Every old soldier present must have wished that he had served under Stonewall Jackson. The negro men of the town who had the honor of being taught by him in his Sunday-school, when boys, were proud of it. One practical old man of the town, in commenting upon him as teacher at the Institute, said he was never proud of him until the Sunday that he started for the war. Then, dressed in military uniform, with spurs and on horseback, he seemed to be exactly in the proper place.

DR. J. WM. JONES' RECOLLECTIONS OF STONEWALL  
JACKSON.

It seems fitting in this connection to give reminiscences of Gen. Jackson, by Dr. J. Wm. Jones, who was first to write and commend the CONFEDERATE VETERAN through its prospectus. It was written at the time referred to above for the *Atlanta Journal*:

"I have to-day, after a lapse of thirty years, a very vivid recollection of his appearance, and how he impressed me.

"Dressed in a simple Virginia uniform, apparently about thirty-seven years old, six feet high, medium size, gray eyes that seemed to look through you, light brown hair, and a countenance in which deep benevolence seemed mingled with uncompromising sternness, he impressed me as having about him nothing at all of 'the pomp and circumstance' of war, but every element which enters into the skillful leader, and the indomitable, energetic soldier, who was always ready for the fight.

"At First Manassas Jackson won the soubriquet of 'Stonewall,' which has supplanted his proper name, and will cleave to him forever.

"The chivalric and heroic Bee, who had been steadily borne back all of the morning, and his little handful of brave followers nearly swept away by the blue waves which threatened to overwhelm everything before them, rode up to Jackson and exclaimed almost in despair: 'General, they are beating us back.' 'No, sir,' said Jackson, his eyes fairly glittering beneath the rim of his old cadet cap, 'they shall not beat us back. We will give them the bayonet.'

"It was then that Bee, about to yield up his noble life, galloped back to the scattered remnant of his command and rallied them by exclaiming, 'Here stands Jackson like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians! Let us determine to die here and we shall conquer!'

"And thus was the name of the heroic Bee linked forever with that of 'Stonewall' —

"One of the few immortal names,  
That were not born to die."

"But the soubriquet given was as inappropriate as can be imagined. Jackson was more like a cyclone, a tornado, a hurricane, than a stone wall.

"Jackson was accustomed to keep his plans secret from his staff and his higher officers, as well as from the people, and once said, 'If I can deceive our own people I will be sure to deceive the enemy as to my plans.'

"It was a very common remark in his corps: 'If the Yankees are as ignorant of this move as we are, old Jack has them.'"

#### HIS QUICK DECISION AND CRISP ORDERS.

"Jackson was noted for the quickness with which he decided what to do, and his short, crisp orders on the battlefield.

"I happened to be sitting on my horse near by, when Col. A. S. Pendleton, of Jackson's staff, rode up to Gen. Early, at Cedar Run, and touching his hat quietly said: 'Gen. Jackson sends compliments to Gen. Early, and says advance on the enemy and you will be supported by Gen. Winder.'

"Gen. Early's compliments to Gen. Jackson, and tell him I will do it,' was the laconic reply, and thus the battle opened.

"On the eve of another battle a staff officer rode up to Jackson and said: 'Gen. Ewell sends his compliments and says he is ready.' 'Gen. Jackson's compliments to Gen. Ewell, and tell him to proceed,' was the quiet reply. And soon the noise of the conflict was heard. At Cold Harbor, on the memorable 27th of June, 1861, after he had gotten his corps in position, the great chieftain spent a few moments in earnest prayer, and then said quietly to one of his staff: 'Tell Gen. Ewell to drive the enemy.' Soon the terrible shock was joined, and he sat quietly on his sorrel sucking a lemon and watching through his glasses the progress of the fight. Presently a staff officer of Gen. Ewell galloped up and exclaimed: 'Gen. Ewell says, sir, that it is almost impossible for him to advance further unless the battery (pointing to it) is silenced.' 'Go tell Maj. Andrews to bring sixteen pieces of artillery to bear on that battery and silence it immediately,' was the prompt reply.

"Soon the battery was silenced. 'Now,' he said, 'tell Gen. Ewell to drive them,' and right nobly did Ewell and his gallant men obey the order. When on his great flank movement at Chancellorsville, Gen. Fitz Lee sent for him to ascend a hill from which he could view the enemy's position, he merely glanced at

it once, when he formed his plan and said quickly to an aide: 'Tell my column to cross that road.'

"Just before he was wounded at Chancellorsville he gave to A. P. Hill the order: 'Press them and cut them off from the United States ford,' and as he was borne off the field bleeding, mangled, and fainting, he roused himself to give, with something of his old fire, his last order: 'Gen. Pendleton, you must hold your position.'"

#### HIS RIGID DISCIPLINE.

"He was very stern and rigid in his discipline, and would not tolerate for a moment the slightest deviation from the letter of his orders. He put Gen. Garnett under arrest for ordering a retreat at Kernstown, although his ammunition was exhausted and his brigade was about to be surrounded, preferred charges against him, and was prosecuting them with utmost rigor when the Chancellorsville campaign opened. He insisted that Gen. Garnett should have held his position with the bayonet; that the enemy would have retreated if he had not, and that under no circumstances should Garnett have fallen back without orders from him (Jackson). After the death of Jackson, Gen. Lee, without further trial of the case, restored Gen. Garnett to the command of his brigade, and this brave soldier fell in the foremost of Pickett's famous charge on the heights of Gettysburg. A brigadier once galloped up to Jackson, in the midst of battle, and said: 'Gen. Jackson, did you order me to charge that battery?' pointing to it. 'Yes, sir, I did. Have you obeyed the order?' 'Why, no, General; I thought there must be some mistake. My brigade would be annihilated, literally annihilated, sir, if we should move across that field.' 'Gen. —,' said Jackson, his eyes flashing fire and his voice and manner betraying excitement, and even rage, 'I always try to take care of my wounded and bury my dead. Obey that order, sir, and do it at once.'

"I heard one day, on the Valley campaign, a colloquy between Jackson and a colonel commanding one of his brigades. Jackson said, quietly: 'I thought, Col. —, that the orders were for you to move in the rear instead of in the front of Gen. Elzey's brigade this morning.' 'Yes, I know that, General; but my fellows were ready before Elzey's, and I thought it would be bad to keep them waiting, and that it really made no difference anyhow.' 'I want you to understand, colonel,' was the almost fierce reply, 'that you must obey my orders first and reason about them afterwards. Consider yourself under arrest, sir, and march to the rear of your brigade.' Jackson put Gen. A. P. Hill under arrest (for a cause that was manifestly unjust) on the Second Manassas campaign, and he probably put more officers under arrest than all other of our generals combined. There is no doubt that Jackson was sometimes too severe, and that he was not always just, and yet it would have greatly increased the discipline and efficiency of our service if others of our Confederate leaders had had more of this sternness and severity towards delinquents."

#### HIS ATTENTION TO MINUTE DETAILS.

"He was unceasingly active in giving his personal attention to the minutest details. He had an interview with his quartermaster, his commissary, his ordnance, and his medical officer every day, and he was at all times thoroughly familiar with the condition of these departments. It is a remarkable fact that, de-

spite his rapid marches, he rarely ever destroyed any public property, or left so much as a wagon wheel to the enemy.

"Not content with simply learning what his maps could teach him of the country and its topography, he was accustomed to have frequent interviews with citizens, and to reconnoiter personally the country through which he expected to move, as well as the ground on which he expected to fight. Being called to his quarters one day to give him some information concerning a region with which I had been familiar from boyhood, I soon found out that he knew more about its topography than I did, and I was constrained to say, 'Excuse me, General, I have known this section all my life, and thought I knew all about it; but it is evident that you know more about it than I do, and that I can give you no information at all.'

"Often at night, when the army was wrapped in sleep, he would ride out alone to inspect roads by which, on the morrow, he expected to move to strike the enemy in flank or rear.

"After all, the crowning glory of Jackson, as it was also of Lee, was his humble, simple-hearted piety, his firm trust in Christ as his personal Savior, his godly walk and conversation, and his life of active effort for the good of others. \* \* \* \* Suffice it to say, that as I saw him frequently at preaching or at the prayer-meeting drinking in the simple truths of the gospel, heard him lead the devotions of his ragged followers in prayers that I have rarely heard equalled and never surpassed in fervid appropriateness, knew of his active efforts for the spiritual good of the soldiers, and conversed with him on the subject of personal religion, I was fully satisfied that this stern soldier not only deserves a place beside Col. Gardner, and Gen. Hancock, and Capt. Vicars, and other Christian soldiers of the century, but that the world has never seen an uninspired man who deserves higher rank as a true Christian.

"I recall here just two incidents. In the early spring of 1863 I was one day walking from our camp to a meeting of our chaplains' association, when I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs behind me, and, turning my head, recognized Gen. Jackson riding along as was his frequent custom. As he came up we saluted, and he asked if I was going to the chaplains' meeting, and, receiving an affirmative response, he at once dismounted and, throwing his bridle over his arm, walked with me about two miles.

"I shall never forget that walk of the humble preacher with the great soldier. Military matters were rarely alluded to, and when I would introduce them he would promptly change the conversation. We talked of the recently organized chaplains' association, and how to make it more efficient; of the need of more chaplains and other preachers in the army, and how to secure them; of the best way of procuring and circulating Bibles and religious literature; of certain officers and men in whose salvation he felt peculiar interest, and for whom he asked that I would join him in special prayer and effort; of the necessity of having chaplains stick to the post of duty even more faithfully than other officers and men, and other kindred topics. And then we got on the subject of personal piety, the obstacles to the growth in the army and the best means of overcoming them, and as he quoted readily, and applied aptly some of the most precious promises of God's word, I almost imagined

that I was talking, instead of to this grim son of Mars, to one of the grand old preachers of the olden time who knew nothing about 'new theology,' but was content to follow implicitly the word of God, and to sing with the spirit and the understanding.

"I may now barely allude to his glorious death, the logical sequence to his noble life of simple trust and self-sacrificing toil in the vineyard of the Lord. Cut down in the execution of what he regarded as the most successful military movement of his life, shot by his own men, who would have died rather than willingly harmed a button on his old gray coat, his brilliant career ended in the full tide of his ambitions and hopes of future service for the land and cause he loved so well, he could yet calmly say to weeping friends who stood around, 'It is all right. I would not have it otherwise if I could. I had hoped to live to serve my country, but it will be infinite gain to be transplanted and live with Christ.' And in his delirium, after saying with the old fire of battle, 'Pass the infantry rapidly to the front,' 'Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action,' 'Tell Maj. Hawkins to send forward rations for the men,' a peaceful smile passed over his placid countenance, and his last words were, 'Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.'

"And this great man died! Nay, he did not die! The weary, worn marcher went into bivouac—the hero of a hundred battles won his last victory, and went to wear his 'crown of rejoicing,' his fadeless laurels of honor, and heaven and earth alike have echoed the plaudit:

"'Servant of God, well done;  
Rest from thy loved employ,  
The battle's fought, thy victory's won,  
Enter thy Master's joy!'"

#### THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

BY J. C. TAYLOR.

The sun had set in all his glory  
O'er a field of ice and snow,  
O'er a field stained red and gore  
With the life-blood of the foe.

There on a drift of snow transplanted  
Was the banner of the brave,  
Pointing upward, ever upward,  
Like the cause it could not save.

The snow-white field bright red was dyed  
With the life-blood of their country's pride,  
Men who had shown themselves so brave  
Now passed to glory and the grave.

Three cheers for the glorious ensign,  
And three for the cause divine,  
And three for Lee's brave soldier boys  
Who fought but all in vain.

And that banner pointing upward,  
Ever upward to the sky,  
Borne by an angel's small white hand  
Shall be token of our Southern land,  
And shall keep afresh the memory  
Of that glorious band of LEE.

The foregoing was written by a youth when fourteen. The author is the son of Mr. C. A. Taylor, of Richmond (Passenger Agent R., F. & P. R. R.), who, though scarce of gray hairs, is a Confederate veteran.

Don't fail to see the supplement to this issue.

STORY OF AN EPITAPH

Soon after the fall of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at the battle of Shiloh and the transfer of his remains to New Orleans, a lady visiting the cemetery found pinned to a rough board that rested on the temporary tomb the following beautiful epitaph. It was written in a delicate hand with a pencil, and the rain had nearly obliterated the characters, but she made a verbatim copy of the manuscript and sent it to one of the New Orleans papers with the request that if possible the name of the author should be published. This was gladly done, and the exquisite lines went the rounds of the press of this country and England as a model of English composition. Lord Palmerston pronounced it "a modern classic, Ciceronian in its language." Public curiosity being aroused, the authorship was traced to John Dimitry, a young native of New Orleans, and a son of Alexander Dimitry, who before the war occupied a distinguished position in the State Department at Washington. Young Dimitry, though only a boy, served in Johnston's army at Shiloh, and on visiting New Orleans and the grave of his dead chieftain wrote the lines on the inspiration of the moment and modestly pinned them on the headboard as the only tribute he could offer. When the question arose concerning the form of epitaph to be placed on the monument erected to the memory of the dead Confederate General the committee of citizens in charge, with one voice, decided upon this, and it is now inscribed upon the broad panel at the base of the statue.—*Exchange*.

IN MEMORY.

Beyond this stone is laid,  
 For a season,  
 Albert Sidney Johnston,  
 A General in the Army of the Confederate States,  
 Who fell at Shiloh, Tennessee,  
 On the sixth day of April, A. D.,  
 Eighteen hundred and sixty-two;  
 A man tried in many high offices  
 And critical enterprises,  
 And found faithful in all.  
 His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience;  
 And even that life, on a woeful Sabbath,  
 Did he yield as a holocaust at his country's need.  
 Not wholly understood was he while he lived;  
 But, in his death, his greatness stands confessed in a people's tears.  
 Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting  
 In his honor—impregnable;  
 In his simplicity—sublime.  
 No country e'er had a truer son—no cause a nobler champion;  
 No people a bolder defender—no principle a purer victim  
 Than the dead soldier  
 Who sleeps here.  
 The cause for which he perished is lost—  
 The people for whom he fought are crushed—  
 The hopes in which he trusted are shattered—  
 The flag he loved guides no more the charging lines,  
 But his fame, consigned to the keeping of that time, which,  
 Happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine,  
 Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends,  
 In honor, now, our great captain rests;  
 A bereaved people mourn him,  
 Three commonwealths proudly claim him  
 And history shall cherish him  
 Among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience unmixed  
 with blame,  
 Have been, in all conjectures, true to themselves, their country,  
 and their God.

IN MEMORIAM OF COL. BENJ. F. TERRY.

BY W. M. GILLELAND, OF AUSTIN, TEXAS.

The war steed is champing his bit with disdain,  
 And wild is the flash of his eye  
 As he waves to the wind his dark, flowing mane,  
 Starts, neighs, while the shouts and the bugler's refrain  
 Proclaim that the battle is nigh!

Charge! charge! And the Ranger flies fast on his steed,  
 Bold Terry! the fearless and brave;  
 His troops on his trail are moving with speed,  
 And each has crowned his name with a deed  
 That story or song will engrave!

He swept to the field with an eye of delight,  
 At the head of his brave, chosen band,  
 As a meteor's course, 'mid the storms of the night,  
 So splendidly shone his form in the fight,  
 And sunk down with a glory as grand.

He fought for the land of his kindred and birth,  
 Not for fame—though its laurels are won;  
 His thoughts had a higher, a holier worth  
 Than the trumpet's acclaim, which tells to the earth  
 "Of the man!"—*not the deeds he has done.*

The lightning that burst on the warrior's head,  
 From the foe that outnumbered his band,  
 Deterred not his course, as thro' columns he sped,—  
 And left on his pathway the dying and dead,  
 That had yielded their breath to his brand.

The thunders of battle are hush'd on the plain,  
 And the wild cry of carnage is o'er,  
 Dark vultures are gazing from high at the slain,  
 And the earth drank the blood from the dark purple vein  
 That thrilled to life's passions before.

But tear-drops of grief dim the eyes of the brave,  
 For their lion in death is laid low,  
 Their banners in sable above him they wave,  
 And muffle their drums in his march to the grave,  
 To the music and language of woe.

\*The Magnolia City laments for the dead,  
 Through whose streets his gay banners he bore  
 † To a far distant land—but low lies his head,  
 Yet columns shall rise on the fields where he bled,  
 And freemen his memory adore.

O calm in the tomb is the conqueror's rest!  
 For his labors of life were well done,  
 And though quenched is the light of his generous breast,  
 With heroes immortal his spirit is blest,  
 Who o'er death have the victory won.

January 4, 1862.

\*Houston, Texas, is called the Magnolia City.

†Col. Terry was killed in Kentucky in 1861.

Col. Terry was the First Colonel of Terry's Texas Rangers.

JEFFERSON DAVIS and Abraham Lincoln were born in Kentucky, in 1808 and 1809, respectively; both left their native State in childhood's days; one emigrated North, the other South; both served in the Indian wars of the West, both commenced their political life about the same time, being Presidential Electors in the election of 1844, Davis for Polk and Lincoln for Clay; both were elected to Congress about the same time, 1845 or 1846, and were in the same year, and almost the same day, elected to preside over their respective governments—one as President of the United States, the other as President of the Confederate States of America.—*Exchange*.

## The Confederate Veteran.

Fifty Cents a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. Money paid for it does not augment the Monument Fund directly, but as an auxiliary its benefit certainly makes it eminently worthy the patronage of every friend of the cause.

### SUGGESTIONS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Don't buy postoffice orders for small amounts, postage stamps or postal notes are better, being less expensive. In sending stamps let them be of two cents each. One cent stamps are admissible, but larger are inconvenient. In sending clubs, where the work is complimentary, as it so generally is, deduct cost of exchange.

Exchanges need not send regular issues. Such as have notices are requested. Comrades and friends who are zealous for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN can do it a valuable service by disabusing the minds of indifferent persons who think it is specially for old soldiers, and assuring them it is of to-day, pulsating with full life in accord with the times. Its purpose is to show the South in a true light, and to honor those who sacrificed property, comfort, and often life, through their devotion to principle.

THE gray and the blue are terms as indicating the spirit of the VETERAN by correspondents. It is sometimes delicately suggested that the VETERAN be surely gray. Come, brother, don't worry about that. This publication shall continue to be as gray as the century-burned granite. It is impossible for it to be otherwise while a sane mind directs this pen. It will control every influence possible in the way of honor and goodwill to our fellows—our noble women included—and it will stop short of nothing in declaring our merit to the respect and the pride of all true Americans, but it is absolutely without bitterness toward the other side, and it will gladly honor their brave, true men. In our last issue due credit was given Lieut. Hitchcock, who was a Sergeant and performed a heroic feat for the Union at Gettysburg. He was worthy then as well as now. While about to return to his command from the field hospital, a few days after that, he cut his double blanket in two and gave half to a wounded comrade, and before he got from the hospital he saw a Confederate badly wounded in the knee and shivering as he lay under a tree, when off went the remaining part of his blanket to warm "Johnnie Reb." Nobody has complained on this line.

Yes, we are too far away now for any bitterness. The VETERAN will vindicate the truth of history at all hazards, but its mission is fraternal. Why, it is thirty years within a few days since Stonewall Jackson finished a career that made his fame immortal throughout Christian civilization, and we who finished the fight, even in defeat, and have persisted all these succeeding decades in the maintenance of good government, have no inclination ever to stir strife again. True, we would "turn all rascals out," but we seek peace along with good to our common country.

The Nashville *Sunday Times* is publishing a series of articles on the war. One of a current issue is headed, "The Lottery of War had no Blank Cartridges for Gen. Gordon's Sixth Alabama Regiment." The article contains one of the good pictures of that hero's scarred face.

To EVERY friend of this CONFEDERATE VETERAN this statement is commended: It is in your power to establish it permanently on a safely paying basis within a fortnight. Induce somebody to send an advertisement for a year. Professional cards will be published at \$5 a year. The space of an inch will be given for \$10 a year. Any business that appeals to every part of the South for patronage can be well advertised in it. Write to anybody who advertises and tell them that Southern people have shown a determination beyond precedent to sustain it, and that it will give them special favor while advertising their wares to put it in the VETERAN. It is so well printed that everything is read with more than the usual care. Let us all stand together and patronize those who patronize our patriotic organ. You can help this movement by a letter, even if a farmer and remote from any railroad.

In this issue of the VETERAN, while republishing several of the leading articles that appeared in the first issue, it seems opportune to copy from a letter to Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, received in Richmond May 6, 1863:

"At midnight, on Saturday night, his men being drawn up in line of battle, a body of troops was seen drawn up a short distance in advance of our line. It being doubtful whether they were friends or enemies, Gen. Jackson and staff rode forward to ascertain. Whilst he was engaged in reconnoitering, his men being unaware of his movement, mistook himself and staff for enemies and fired a volley into them, instantly killing one of his staff and severely wounding Gen. Jackson and Maj. Crutchfield. One bullet passed through the General's right hand, whilst another struck his left arm below the elbow and, ranging upward, shattered the bone near the shoulder. He instantly fell to the ground. His brother-in-law, who was with him, laid down beside him to ascertain the nature of his wounds. In a moment the unknown troops in front, who proved to be the enemy, advanced and captured two other staff officers who were standing over the General without noticing him. Soon after, four of our men placed him on a stretcher, and were bearing him to the rear, when they were all shot down. The injury to his right hand is severe, one of the bones having been shot away, but it is believed he will ultimately recover its use. It is a source of regret to know that his invaluable services must be lost to the country for a long time. More than all, it is painful to know that he fell beneath the arms of his own gallant followers. While the malicious, angry bullets of the Yankees were unable to reach him, 'a chance volley and a mistake have laid low the hero of the country and the age.'"

This letter was published in Chattanooga May 10, and the paper containing it was preserved by Gen. O. F. Strahl, whose glorious career ended in the battle of Franklin, and furnished me, with many other private and published papers, by his sister, Mrs. Sigler, in Kansas.



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THE story of Mr. Green, as published in the last VETERAN, about going to the bed-room of Gen. Sherman, at Jackson, Miss., after its evacuation by Gen. Johnston, recalls interesting reminiscences. It is a very probable story, even unsupported by the author's reputation for integrity. A retreating army, compelled to abandon valuable territory, scarcely used any strategy in the rear of its columns.

Gen. Sherman could well enough sleep unguarded in Jackson at that time. Desolate place it was! I walked for a mile or more in its principal streets during the siege without seeing a white inhabitant, and but one old negro man. The houses, in many instances, were open, and elegant furniture was scattered through the yard, efforts to remove it being abandoned after the beginning. It was almost as sad a picture of desolation as was a battlefield after both armies had gone. I was in a former evacuation of Jackson when, without an hour's warning hardly, the citizens fled with the retreating Confederates pell-mell through hard rain.

But it was of the last evacuation that I have promised to write. After a week's siege, the powerful forces that had captured Vicksburg pressed Johnston at Jackson until his withdrawal became necessary. During the six successive days of this great contest many prisoners were captured by desperate Confederates, and we were successful in securing various flags of regiments, but reinforcements continued until they confronted us to Pearl River above and below, and were about to flank us across that river. My command was under severe fire of sharpshooters, who secured positions in palatial residences near our lines, and which we were compelled to burn to get rid of them.

As one of fifty volunteers from my regiment, the Forty-first Tennessee, to advance our skirmish lines, I pay high tribute to Spencer Eakin, the officer in charge, for his undaunted courage, which animated afresh our spirits while holding positions all that long August day on the south side of a plank fence in open field. Eakin was young, with face as fair as the maidens we left at home, but he seemed to have no knowledge of fear, and to be void of depression through our severest trials. We did not all survive that awful day.

I was assistant to the officer in charge of the skirmishers the night we stole away. My regiment covered the retreat over a large part of the front. We were deployed along the same line that Eakin's volunteers had established, not over three hundred yards in front of our temporary breastworks, and though the stillness was as death, our army moved away so quietly that our skirmishers, as a rule, knew nothing of it. It was my memorable duty to crawl along this

skirmish line and whisper to the men the instructions about how to move on the retreat. Each soldier was to follow the movement of the man to his right.

My opportunity for judging the characteristics of my fellows on this occasion is utilized in the statement that while one man would be sound asleep as ever he was in the babyhood cradle, another would hardly breathe sufficiently in his intense anxiety. This fact is stated not in praise of the one and in condemnation of the other. The man with steadier nerves and less fear had yielded to nature's demands and slept, but he would have been as valliant if aroused as his most watchful companion.

When we got back to the works, each moving by the man to his right, whether by the flank or abreast to the "about face," many were astonished to find the army gone. We missed our way to the Pearl River bridge, and when we finally reached it near sunrise the wooden structure had been set on fire, but we arrived in time to escape across it.

In sending this issue to personal acquaintances who have received a copy heretofore the hope is modestly expressed that its merits will be considered, and that old friends will not be indifferent to an enterprise so zealously advocated by those who don't even know the author. Some who have manifested zeal for the monument cause have been strangely silent to this power for organization and mouthpiece for all of our people furnished at individual expense. They must fail to understand the situation, or they would unite their influence and give their half dollar toward the permanent establishment of the most universally popular organ yet issued in behalf of our common interests.

THE magnetic appeal of Gen. John B. Gordon in behalf of the United Confederate Veterans is republished in this issue. That appeal is now earnestly commended to veterans everywhere. It certainly deserves consideration from all organizations not members. The accessible place for meeting this year—Birmingham—makes it desirable that every friend of the organization make known its high merits to Camps, Bivouacs, Lines, etc., with a view to as complete unification as possible.

In this connection every friend of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is requested to report organizations not listed in this publication. It seeks to serve all alike.

PROTEST was made against the plea in the last VETERAN for our old slaves, but another letter from the same source said: "Perhaps you are right." The enactment of such a law as was suggested would do much good to worthy old black folks, and it would be very helpful to those who will always care for them anyhow.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The first article of the constitution of the association declares: "The object and purpose of this organization will be strictly social, literary, historical, and benevolent. It will endeavor to unite in a general federation all associations of the Confederate veterans, soldiers and sailors, now in existence or hereafter to be formed; to gather authentic data for an impartial history of the war between the States; to preserve the relics or mementoes of the same; to cherish the ties of friendship that exist among the men who have shared common dangers, common suffering, and privations; to care for the disabled and extend a helping hand to the needy; to protect the widow and orphan and to make and preserve the record of the services of every member, and as far as possible of those of our comrades who have preceded us in eternity."

The last article provides that neither discussion of political or religious subjects, nor any political action, shall be permitted in the organization, and any association violating that provision shall forfeit its membership.

Gen. J. B. Gordon, the Commander of the Veterans, in an address to the soldiers and sailors, said:

"Comrades, no argument is needed to secure for those objects your enthusiastic indorsement. They have burdened your thoughts for many years; you have cherished them in sorrow, poverty, and humiliation. In the face of misconstruction you have held them in your hearts with the strength of religious convictions. No misjudgments can defeat your peaceful purposes for the future. Your aspirations have been lifted by the mere force and urgency of surrounding conditions to a plane far above the paltry consideration of partisan triumphs. The honor of the American government, the just powers of the Federal government, the equal rights of States, the integrity of the Constitutional Union, the sanctions of law and the enforcement of order have no class of defenders more true and devoted than the ex-soldiers of the South and their worthy descendants. But you realize the great truth that a people without the memories of heroic suffering or sacrifice are a people without a history.

"To cherish such memories and recall such a past, whether crowned with success or consecrated in defeat, is to idealize principle and strengthen character, intensify love of country, and convert defeat and disaster into pillars of support for future manhood and noble womanhood. Whether the Southern people, under their changed conditions, may ever hope to witness another civilization which shall equal that which began with their Washington and ended with their Lee, it is certainly true that devotion to their glorious past is not only the surest guarantee of future progress and the holiest bond of unity, but is also the strongest claim they can present to the confidence and respect of the other sections of the Union.

"In conclusion, I beg to repeat, in substance at least, a few thoughts recently expressed by me to the State organization, which apply with equal force to this general brotherhood.

"It is political in no sense, except so far as the word

'political' is a synonym of the word 'patriotic.' It is a brotherhood over which the genius of philanthropy and patriotism, of truth and of justice, will preside; of philanthropy, because it will succor the disabled, help the needy, strengthen the weak, and cheer the disconsolate; of patriotism, because it will cherish the past glories of the dead Confederacy and transmute them into living inspirations for future service to the living republic; of truth, because it will seek to gather and preserve as witnesses for history the unimpeachable facts which shall doom falsehood to die that truth may live; of justice, because it will cultivate National, as well as Southern, fraternity, and will condemn narrow-mindedness and prejudice and passion, and cultivate that broader, higher, and nobler sentiment, which would write on the grave of every soldier who fell on our side, 'Here lies an American hero, a martyr to the right as his conscience conceived it.'

"I rejoice that a general organization, too long neglected, has at last been perfected. It is an organization which all honorable men must approve and which Heaven itself will bless. I call upon you, therefore, to organize in every State and community where ex-Confederates may reside, and rally to the support of the high and peaceful objects of the United Confederate Veterans, and move forward until by the power of organization and persistent effort your beneficent and Christian purposes are fully accomplished."

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

## ALABAMA.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Bessemer.....	Bessemer.....	157...	W. R. Jones, N. H. Sewall.
Birmingham.....	W. J. Hardee.....	39...	F. S. Ferguson, R. E. Jones.
Eataw.....	Sanders.....	64...	Capt. G. H. Cole, F. H. Mundy.
Mobile.....	Raphael Sommes.....	11...	Capt. Thos. T. Roche, Wm. E. Mickle.
Montgomery.....	Lomax.....	151...	Capt. Emmet Sebels, J. H. Higgins.

## ARKANSAS.

Alma.....	Cabell.....	202...	
Bentonville.....	Cabell.....	89...	Capt. N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates.
Centre Point.....	Huller.....	102...	
Charleston.....	Pat Cleburne.....	191...	
Conway.....	Jeff Davis.....	213...	
Fayetteville.....	W. H. Brooks.....	216...	
Fort Smith.....	Ben T. Duval.....	146...	Capt. P. T. Devaney, R. M. Fry.
Greenwood.....	Ben McCulloch.....	191...	
Hackett City.....	Stonewall.....	199...	
Hope.....	Gratnot.....	203...	
Morrilton.....	Robert W. Harper.....	207...	
Nashville.....	Joe Neal.....	202...	
Van Buren.....	John Wallace.....	209...	

## FLORIDA.

Brookville.....	W. W. Loring.....	13...	Gen. John C. Davant, Col. Fred L. Robertson.
Chipley.....	Chipley.....	217...	
Dade City.....	Pasco C. V. Ass'n.....	57...	Capt. John B. Johnston, A. H. Ravessies.
Fernandina.....	Nassau.....	104...	W. Naylor Thompson.
Inverness.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	148...	Capt. W. C. Zimmerman, W. S. Turner.
Jacksonville.....	R. E. Lee.....	58...	Gen. Wm. Baya, W. W. Tucker.
Jasper.....	Stewart.....	155...	Capt. H. J. Stewart, John E. Hanna.
Lake City.....	Columbia Co.....	150...	Capt. W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives.
Marlanna.....	Milton.....	132...	Capt. W. D. Barnes, F. Philip.
Monticello.....	Patton Anderson.....	59...	W. C. Bid, B. W. Partridge.
Ocala.....	Marion Co. C. V. A.....	56...	Capt. J. J. Finley, Wm. Fox.
Orlando.....	Orange Co.....	54...	Capt. W. H. Jewell, B. M. Robinson.
Palmetto.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	53...	Capt. J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles.
Pensacola.....	Ward C. V. Ass'n.....	10...	Capt. R. J. Jordan, C. V. Thompson.
Quincy.....	D. L. Kenan.....	140...	Capt. R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan.

FLORIDA—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
St. Augustine.....	E. Kirby Smith.....	175.....	Capt. J. A. Enslow, Jr.
Sanford.....	Gen. J. Finnegan.....	149.....	Capt. A. M. Thrasher, C. H. Lefler.
Tallahassee.....	Lamar.....	161.....	R. A. Whitfield.
Tampa.....	Hillsboro.....	36.....	Ct. F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane.
Titusville.....	Indian River.....	47.....	Ct. J. Pritchett, A. D. Cohen.

GEORGIA.

Atlanta.....	Fulton Co., Ga.....	159.....	Gen. W. L. Calhoun, John F. Edwards.
Dalton.....	Jos. E. Johnston.....	31.....	Capt. A. F. Roberts, J. A. Blanton.
Ringgold.....	Ringgold.....	206.....	
Spring Place.....	John B. Gordon.....	50.....	Capt. R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago.....	Ex-Con. Ass'n.....	8.....	Ct. J. W. White, R. L. France.
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INDIAN TERRITORY.

Ardmore.....	John H. Morgan.....	107.....	Capt. J. L. Gaut, R. Seales.
McAlester.....	Jeff Lee.....	68.....	Gen. N. P. Guy, R. B. Coleman.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green.....	Bowling Green.....	143.....	Capt. W. F. Perry, James A. Mitchell.
Cynthiana.....	Ben Desha.....	99.....	Capt. D. M. Snyder, J. W. Boyd.
Danville.....	J. Warren Grigsby.....	211.....	Capt. E. M. Green, John H. Baughman.
Georgetown.....	Geo. W. Johnson.....	98.....	Capt. A. H. Sinclair, J. Webb.
Harrodsburg.....	William Preston.....	96.....	Capt. B. W. Allen, John Kane.
Lawrenceburg.....	Ben Hardin Helm.....	101.....	Capt. P. H. Thomas, John P. Vaughn.
Lexington.....	J. C. Breckinridge.....	100.....	Gen. J. Boyd, G. C. Snyder.
Mt. Sterling.....	Roy S. Clarke.....	201.....	Col. Thomas Johnson, W. T. Havens.
Paducah.....	A. P. Thompson.....	174.....	Ct. W. G. Bullitt, J. M. Brown.
Paris.....	John H. Morgan.....	95.....	Capt. A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines.
Richmond.....	Thomas B. Collins.....	215.....	Capt. Jas. Tevis, N. B. Deatherage.
Russellville.....	John W. Caldwell.....	139.....	Maj. J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty.
Versailles.....	Abe Buford.....	96.....	Capt. Jos. C. Bailey, Russell V. Bishop.

LOUISIANA.

Alexandria.....	Jeff Davis.....	6.....	Gen. Geo. O. Watts, Capt. W. W. Whittington.
Amite City.....	Amite City.....	78.....	Capt. A. P. Richards, G. W. Bankston.
Baton Rouge.....	Baton Rouge.....	17.....	Gen. John McGrath, F. W. Heroman.
Berwick.....	Winchester Hall.....	178.....	Capt. M. W. Bateman, F. O. Brien.
Donaldsonville.....	Maj. V. Mau In.....	38.....	Capt. S. A. Poche, P. Ganel.
Evergreen.....	R. L. Gibson.....	33.....	Col. Wm. M. Ewell, I. C. Johnson.
Lake Charles.....	Caleasteu C. Vet.....	62.....	Capt. W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hutchings.
L. Providence.....	Lake Providence.....	193.....	
Mansfield.....	Monton.....	41.....	Capt. C. Sehner, T. G. Pegues.
Merrick.....	Isalah Norwood.....	110.....	Capt. D. T. Merrick, J. Jewell Taylor.
Natchitoches.....	Natchitoches.....	40.....	Capt. J. Alp. Predhomme, C. E. Levy.
New Orleans.....	Army of N. Va.....	1.....	Col. W. R. Lyman, Thos. H. O'Brien.
New Orleans.....	Army of Tenn.....	2.....	Gen. J. Glynn Jr., N. Cmy.
New Orleans.....	Wash. Artillery.....	15.....	Col. B. F. Eshelman, Lieut. Col. L. A. Adam.
New Orleans.....	Henry St. Paul.....	16.....	Gen. Jos. Demoruelle, Col. M. T. Ducros.
Opelousas.....	R. E. Lee.....	14.....	Capt. L. D. Prescott, Col. B. Bloomfield.
Plaquemine.....	Iberville.....	18.....	Capt. Chas. H. Dickinson, John L. Bardenne.
Rayville.....	Richland.....	152.....	Capt. John S. Summerlin, O. T. Smith.
Rustin.....	Rustin.....	7.....	Capt. A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond.
Shreveport.....	Gen. Leroy Stafford.....	3.....	Capt. Wm. Kinney, Will H. Tunnard.
Tangipahoa.....	Camp Moore.....	60.....	Capt. O. P. Amaeker, G. R. Taylor.
Thibodaux.....	Braxton Bragg.....	196.....	

MISSISSIPPI.

Booneville.....	W. H. H. Tison.....	179.....	Capt. D. T. Beall, J. W. Smith.
Columbus.....	Isam Harrison.....	27.....	Dr. B. A. Vaughan, W. A. Campbell.
Crystal Sp'gs.....	Ben Humphreys.....	19.....	Capt. C. Humphries, J. M. Haley.

MISSISSIPPI—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Edwards.....	W. A. Montgomery.....	26.....	Capt. W. A. Montgomery, H. W. Barrett.
Fayette.....	J. J. Whitney.....	22.....	Capt. W. L. Stephen, W. K. Penny.
Greenwood.....	Hugh A. Reynolds.....	218.....	
Grenada.....	W. R. Barksdale.....	189.....	
Hattiesburg.....	Hattiesburg.....	21.....	Capt. Geo. D. Hartfield, Evan H. Harris.
Holly Springs.....	Kit Mott.....	23.....	Capt. J. F. Fant, S. H. Pryor.
Jackson.....	Robt. A. Smith.....	21.....	Capt. W. D. Holder, G. S. Green.
Macon.....	Jas. Longstreet.....	180.....	Capt. W. H. Foote, J. L. Griggs.
Meridian.....	Walthall.....	25.....	Ct. W. F. Brown, B. V. White.
Miss. City.....	Beauvoir.....	120.....	Gen. J. R. Davis, F. S. Hewes.
Natchez.....	Natchez.....	20.....	Lieut. Col. F. J. V. LeCand, E. L. Hopkins.
Port Gibson.....	Clairborne.....	167.....	Capt. A. K. Jones, W. W. Moore.
Rolling Fork.....	Pat Cleburne.....	190.....	
Rosedale.....	Montgomery.....	52.....	Col. F. A. Montgomery, Chas. C. Farrar.
Tupelo.....	John M. Stone.....	131.....	Gen. John M. Stone, P. M. Savery.
Viicksburg.....	Viicksburg.....	32.....	Capt. D. A. Campbell, C. Davis.
Woodville.....	Woodville.....	49.....	Capt. J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett.
Yazoo City.....	Yazoo Camp.....	176.....	Capt. S. D. Robertson, W. R. McCutcheon.

MISSOURI.

Kansas City.....	Kansas City.....	80.....	Ct. J. W. Meezer, G. B. Spratt.
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NORTH CAROLINA.

Clinton.....	Sampson.....	137.....	R. H. Holliday, C. F. Hening.
Concord.....	Cabarrus Co. C.V.A.....	212.....	
Newton.....	Catawba.....	162.....	Ct. J. G. Hall, L. R. Whitener.

OKLAHOMA.

Norman.....	Gen. J. B. Gordon.....	200.....	
Oklahoma.....	Ct. D. H. Hammon.....	177.....	Capt. J. W. Johnston, John O. Casler.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Aiken.....	Barnard E. Bee.....	84.....	Capt. B. H. Teague, J. N. Wigfall.
St. Georges.....	Stephen Elliott.....	51.....	J. Otey Reed.

TENNESSEE.

Chattanooga.....	N. B. Forrest.....	4.....	Gen. J. F. Shipp, L. T. Dickinson.
Clarksville.....	Forbes.....	77.....	Capt. T. H. Smith, Clay Stacker.
Fayetteville.....	SkefFord-Fulton.....	111.....	Col. James D. Tillman, W. H. Cashion.
Franklin.....	John L. McEwen.....		Capt. B. F. Roberts, R. N. Richardson.
Jackson.....	John Ingram.....	37.....	Capt. E. S. Mallory, S. E. Ker-tolf.
Knoxville.....	Felix K. Zollmeffer.....	46.....	Capt. John F. Horn, Chas. Ducloux.
Knoxville.....	Fred Ault.....	5.....	Col. Frank A. Moses, Maj. J. W. S. Ericson.
Lewisburg.....	Dibrell.....	55.....	Capt. W. P. Irvine, W. G. Lloyd.
McKenzie.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	42.....	Capt. Marsh Atkisson, Dr. J. P. Cannon.
Memphis.....	Con. His. Ass'n.....	28.....	Col. C. W. Frazer, R. J. Black.
Murfreesboro.....	Joe B. Palmer.....	81.....	Capt. W. S. McLeMores, Wm. Ledbetter.
Nashville.....	Frank Cheatham.....	35.....	Elder R. Lin Cave, Col. John P. Hickman.
Shelbyville.....	Wm. Frierson.....	83.....	Capt. John M. Hastings, Jno. G. Arnold.
Tullahoma.....	Pierce B. Anderson.....	173.....	Capt. J. P. Bennett, W. J. Travis.
Winchester.....	Turney.....	12.....	Capt. W. H. Brannan, J. J. Martin.

TEXAS.

Abilene.....	Abilene.....	72.....	T. W. Dougherty.
Abilene.....	Taylor Co.....	69.....	Col. H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyck.
Alvarado.....	Alvarado.....	160.....	J. R. Posey.
Athens.....	Howdy Martin.....	65.....	Capt. D. M. Morgan, W. T. Eustace.
Atlanta.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	91.....	Capt. J. D. Johnson, James N. Simmons.
Austin.....	John B Hood.....	103.....	Capt. Wm. M. Brown, Chas. H. Powell.
Beaumont.....	A. S. Johnston.....	75.....	Capt. Jeff Chaisson, Tom J. Russell.
Beltow.....	Bell Co. ex-Con. As.....	122.....	Capt. H. M. Cook, R. H. Turner.

## TEXAS—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Bonham.....	Sul Ross.....	104.	Capt. J. P. Holmes.
Brownwood.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	118.	Capt. Carl Vincent, R. L. Areber.
Bryan.....	J. B. Robertson.....	124.	Capt. H. B. Stoddard, W. H. Harmon.
Buffalo Gap.....	L. F. Moody.....	123.	Capt. Ben F. Jones, J. J. Eubank.
Calvert.....	W. P. Townsend.....	111.	Capt. J. H. Drennon, C. W. Higginbotham.
Camerson.....	Ben McCullough.....	29.	Capt. E. J. McIver, Joseph B. Moore.
Canton.....	James L. Hogg.....	133.	Capt. T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson.
Carthage.....	Horace Randall.....	163.	J. R. Bond, J. M. Woolworth.
Cleburne.....	Pat Cleburne.....	88.	Capt. O. T. Plummer, M. S. Kahle.
Colorado.....	Albert Sidney.....	—	Capt. W. V. Johnson, Thos. Q. Mullin.
Columbus.....	Shropshire-Upton.....	112.	Capt. Geo. McCormick, J. J. Dick.
Coleman.....	John Pelham.....	76.	Capt. J. J. Callan, James M. Williams.
Corpus Christi.....	Jos. E. Johnston.....	63.	Capt. H. R. Sutherland, M. C. Spain.
Corstana.....	C. M. Winkler.....	147.	Capt. R. M. Collins.
Crockett.....	Crockett.....	141.	Capt. Enoch Braxson, J. F. Martin.
Caldwell.....	Camp Rogers.....	142.	J. F. Matthews.
Dallas.....	Sterling Price.....	31.	Capt. J. J. Miller, Gen. Wm. L. Thompson.
Decatur.....	Ben McCulloch.....	30.	Capt. Will A. Miller, A. Edwards.
Denton.....	Sul Ross.....	120.	Capt. Hugh McKenzie, J. R. Burton.
Dublin.....	Erath & Comanche.....	85.	Gen. J. T. Harris, L. E. Gillett.
Emma.....	Lone Star.....	198.	—
Fairfield.....	Wm. L. Moody.....	87.	Capt. Geo. T. Bradley, L. G. Sandifer.
Farney.....	Camp Bee.....	130.	Capt. T. M. Daniel, S. G. Fleming.
Fort Worth.....	R. E. Lee.....	158.	J. W. Friend, Eugene Burr.
Frost.....	R. Q. Mills.....	106.	Capt. A. Chamberlain, Dr. M. F. Wakefield.
Gainesville.....	Jos. E. Johnston.....	119.	Capt. J. M. Wright, John T. Walker.
Galveston.....	Magruder.....	105.	Gen. T. N. Waul, Chris C. Beavans.
Gatesville.....	Ex-C. A. Coryell Co.....	135.	W. L. Saunders.
Goldthwaite.....	Jeff Davis.....	117.	Maj. J. E. Martin, F. M. Taylor.
Gonzales.....	Gonzales.....	156.	Maj. W. B. Sayers, M. Eastland.
Graham.....	Young County.....	127.	Capt. A. T. Gay, Y. M. Edwards.
Granbury.....	Granbury.....	67.	J. A. Formilvalt, I. R. Morris.
Hamilton.....	A. S. Johnston.....	116.	Capt. W. T. Saxou, C. C. Powell.
Hemstead.....	Tom Green.....	136.	Capt. Van B. Thornton, Sam Schwarz.
Henrietta.....	Sul Ross.....	172.	Capt. F. J. Barrett, C. B. Patterson.
Hillsboro.....	Hill County.....	166.	Wm. A. Fields.
Houston.....	Dick Bowling.....	197.	—
Kaufman.....	Geo. D. Manion.....	115.	Capt. Jos. Huffmaster, E. S. Pipes.
Kingston.....	A. S. Johnston.....	71.	Capt. J. F. Puckett, T. J. Foster.
Ladonia.....	Robt. E. Lee.....	126.	Capt. G. W. Blakeney, F. W. Blakeney.
LaGrange.....	Col. B. Timmons.....	61.	Capt. R. H. Phelps, N. Holman.
Lampasas.....	R. E. Lee.....	66.	J. S. Lauderdale, D. C. Thomas.
Lubbock.....	F. R. Lubbock.....	138.	Capt. W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon.
Madisonville.....	Johh G. Walker.....	128.	R. Wiley.
Meridian.....	A. S. Johnston.....	115.	Capt. Robert Donnell, J. W. Adams (acting).
Merkel.....	Merkel.....	79.	Capt. J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.
Mexia.....	Joe Johnston.....	94.	Capt. C. L. Watson, H. W. Williams.
Minneola.....	Wood County.....	153.	Capt. J. H. Huffmaster, Geo. A. Cage.
Mt. Enterprise.....	Rosser.....	82.	Capt. T. Turner, B. Birdwell.
Mt. Pleasant.....	Col. Dud Jones.....	121.	Capt. C. L. Dillahunty, J. C. Turner.
Montague.....	Bob Stone.....	93.	Capt. R. Bean, R. D. Rugeley.
McKinney.....	Collin County.....	109.	Gen. W. M. Bush, H. C. Mack

## TEXAS—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Navasota.....	Pat Cleburne.....	102.	Capt. W. E. Barry, R. M. West.
Oakville.....	John Donaldson.....	—	—
Palestine.....	Palestine.....	44.	Capt. J. W. Ewing, J. M. Fullinwider.
Paris.....	A. S. Johnston.....	70.	Capt. Geo. H. Provine, John W. Webb.
Paint Rock.....	Jeff Davis.....	168.	Capt. W. T. Melton, J. W. Ratchford.
Rockwall.....	Rockwall.....	74.	Capt. M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards.
Roby.....	W. W. Loring.....	151.	Capt. D. Speer, W. H. Smith.
San Antonio.....	A. S. Johnston.....	144.	Capt. John S. Ford, Taylor McRae.
Seymour.....	Bedford Forrest.....	86.	Capt. T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browning.
Sherman.....	Mildred Lee.....	90.	Capt. J. T. Wilson, R. Walker.
Sweetwater.....	E. C. Walthall.....	92.	Capt. W. D. Beall, J. H. Freeman.
Sulphur Sp'gs.....	Matt Ashcroft.....	170.	Capt. R. M. Henderson, M. G. Miller.
Taylor.....	A. S. Johnston.....	165.	Capt. M. Ross, P. Hawkins.
Tyler.....	A. S. Johnston.....	48.	Capt. James P. Douglas, Sid S. Johnson.
Vernon.....	Camp Cabell.....	125.	Capt. Shem E. Hatchett, M. D. Davis.
Waxahachie.....	Jeff Davis.....	108.	Capt. R. P. Mackey, W. M. McKnight.
Weatherford.....	Tom Green.....	169.	Capt. J. P. Rice, M. V. Kinnison.
Wichita Falls.....	W. J. Hardee.....	73.	Capt. C. R. Crockett, S. A. Robinson.

## VIRGINIA.

Reams Station.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	211.	—
Rielumond.....	George E. Picketts.....	204.	—
Roanoke.....	William Watts.....	205.	—
Williamsburg.....	McGruder-Ewell.....	210.	—

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington.....	Wash. City Con.....	171.	Maj. Albert Akers.
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Organizations not members of the United Confederate Veterans are to be reported in full as soon as information is received. There are in Tennessee twenty-two Bivouacs, including seven organizations of sons.

POSTOFFICE.	BIVOUAC.	OFFICERS.
Columbia.....	Leonidas Polk.....	Capt. J. H. Fussell, W. B. Dobbins.
Gallatin.....	Daniel S. Donelson.....	J. W. Blackmore, J. A. Trousdale.
Troy.....	Warren McDonald.....	P. J. Cummins, Alex. N. Moore.
Dickson.....	James E. Rains.....	Lt. W. J. Mathis, Lt. J. M. Talley.
Lyneburg.....	Woody B. Taylor.....	Capt. John D. Tolley, D. P. Allen.
Paris.....	Fitzgerald-Lamb.....	P. R. Orr, A. H. Lanford.
Dresden.....	Jenkins.....	C. M. Ewing, John D. McKeen.
Lebanon.....	Robert Hatton.....	A. K. Miller, G. R. Gwynn.
Gainesboro.....	S. S. Stanton.....	Col. M. L. Gore, N. B. Young.
Alamo.....	Joseph E. Johnston.....	L. B. Humphreys, D. B. Dodson.
Trenton.....	O. F. Strahl.....	J. C. McDearman, Maj. Wm. Gay.
Cookeville.....	Pat Cleburne.....	Capt. Walton Smith, W. P. Chapin.
Brownsville.....	Hiram S. Bradford.....	Col. Geo. C. Porter, A. D. Bright.
Hartsville.....	Barksdale.....	Col. W. J. Hale, Maj. A. S. Reaves.
Riddleton.....	E. L. Bradley.....	Thos. W. Cosby, Sgt. B. N. High.
McMinnville.....	Savage.....	— Hackett (officers not reported).

## SONS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS—TENNESSEE DIVISION.

POSTOFFICE.	BIVOUAC.	OFFICERS.
Winchester.....	Albert S. Marks.....	A. H. Marks (Died Sept. 6, 1862), Jo C. Garner.
Nashville.....	Thos. C. Hindman.....	Biscoe Hindman, Jas. F. Hager.
Clarksville.....	Alfred Robb.....	F. S. Beaumont, Chas. W. Smith.
Gainesboro.....	J. S. Quarles.....	D. H. Morgan, S. H. V. Young.
Knoxville.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	L. W. Green, J. W. S. Frierson, Jr.
Franklin.....	W. P. Rucker.....	L. W. Buford, Lee S. McEwen.
McKenzie.....	Jeff Davis.....	E. L. Cunningham, J. L. Thomason.

The following camps are reported: Henderson (Ky.), Camp Henderson, Maj. M. M. Kinnard, Commander; Capt. Richard H. Cunningham, Adjutant.

It would be very beneficial if the reader would see to it that any Camp he or she may know of would report it at once.

## LAST ORDER OF R. E. LEE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, April 10, 1865.—General Order No. 9.—After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them. But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend you his blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration for myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

## SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN commends to the patronage of all students of the history of the late war the Southern Historical Society, headquarters at Richmond, Va. This society has for its object the noble purpose of advancing the truth of history, in the furtherance of which it has published, since 1876, twenty volumes of "Papers" of inestimable value. Some of these volumes have already become very scarce, complete sets selling readily for from \$75 to \$100 when they can be had.

Vol. XV.—*Paroles of the Army of Northern Virginia, Surrendered at Appomattox Court-house, April 19, 1865, with Historical Introduction*—possesses a singular claim to the regard of those whose names it honorably includes. The information is not accessible elsewhere. It behoves every one of Lee's last followers to secure this volume, to be cherished by his posterity.

The society possesses much original material of great historical importance and interest for an indefinite continuance of its annual serial, and the hope is cherished that sustenance will not be wanting for the just performance of this worthy purpose. Each passing year adds to the importance of these publications. Distinguished soldiers of both armies in "the war between the States" indorse the statement of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, that "no library, public or private, which aims at a historical completeness, can afford to be without these volumes," and of the *London Saturday Review*, that "they contain a mass of information relative to our war, without a careful study of which no historian, however limited his scope, should venture to treat."

Annual membership fee, \$3; life membership fee, \$50. The annual volumes are sent free of cost to all members. Those taking life membership now can make very advantageous arrangements with the Secretary for securing the volumes of past publications. Address R. A. Brock, Secretary, State Capitol, Richmond, Va.

## ATTENTION, WHITWORTH SHARPSHOOTERS.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., April 3, 1893.—*Friend Cunningham*: For years I have sought in many ways to obtain the address of surviving members of the several corps of Whitworth's Sharpshooters of the Army of Tennessee. The first organization was that of Cleburne's division, at Wartrace, in 1863; afterward a corps comprising all of the Whitworth Rifles in Bragg's army was organized near Chattanooga, and did grand service thereafter till the end of the civil war. The third organization was made at Meridian, in the army of Gen. Johnston, afterward known as the Army of Mississippi, and, after the death of Gen. Polk, as Stewart's Corps of the Army of Tennessee. Can you help me? Yours truly,

CHAS. F. VANDERFORD.

Any survivors of this organization will be glad to see the above from Maj. Vanderford, who organized them at all the places named, and who was confidential and intimate with Joseph E. Johnston. Patrons of the VETERAN will prize what he may be good enough to tell them from time to time.

## THESE WONDERFUL GUNS.

The Whitworth rifle was made in England, and was imported by the Ordnance Bureau of the Confederate States at a cost of about \$1,000, in the equivalent of gold, for each rifle and one thousand rounds of ammunition. A telescope, about ten inches long, fitted with lenses of great power and exquisite finish, could be instantly hinged upon the breech end of the barrel, the eye piece adjusted so as to be at the proper distance from the left eye of the rifleman. The front, or object-glass end of the telescope, was furnished with an arc sliding easily, but close, in a guide-piece fastened upon the barrel of the gun. The axis of the telescope and that of the rifle barrel were exactly parallel in vertical line whatever the elevation of the muzzle; the aim was always made by sighting through the glass. The cartridge was made with great care; the bullets of compressed lead, one and a half inches long, and of precisely uniform weight; the charges of powder precisely of the same weight, the grains somewhat coarse, of uniform size, finely glazed; the cartridge wrapped in parchment and coated with paraffine. The men were drilled in camp, on the march, and even on the field of battle, in judging distances. They would be halted, for instance, and required to guess at the distance of a certain point ahead and then measure by steps on their way. When firing, these men were never in haste; the distance of a line of men, of a horse, an artillery ammunition chest, was carefully decided upon; the telescope adjusted along its arc to give the proper elevation; the gun rested against a tree, across a log, or in the fork of the rest-stick carried for the purpose. The terrible effect of such weapons, in the hands of men who had been selected, one only from each infantry brigade, because of his special merit as a soldier and skill as a marksman, can be imagined. They sent these bullets fatally 1200 yards, and were unpleasant a mile off.

St. Louis *Christian Advocate*: "It abounds with interesting facts and incidents concerning men and things in the late war and after the war. Mention is made of prominent actors on both sides, but always in a spirit of fraternity and good-will. It may, then, be read with interest and pleasure by people in all sections of the country."

## REVIVED REMINISCENCES.

W. A. CAMPBELL, COLUMBUS, MISS.

Your article from the Fifteenth Texas soldier, and the Federal, in the March number, reminds me of my own experience with an Ohio soldier, either of the Sixty-second or Sixty-third Ohio Regiment, July 22, 1864, just at the edge of Decatur, Ga., about six miles from Atlanta. As my command (Muldron's Mississippi Cavalry) went into Decatur I saw a wounded Federal in the hot sun, and I halted and asked him if I could do anything for him. He said, "Yes, please give me water and get me out of the sun." I unslung my canteen and gave him half in his own canteen and carried him to the shade. He then pointed to one of our men and said, "That man took my money and knife." I ordered the man to return them to him, which he did, and I said to the Federal that as soon as the battle was over I would have him carried to the field hospital. After the fight was over I went back to see about him, but he had been taken away, and I do not know anything more of him. He was shot through the right lung, and may have died. My recollection is that he belonged to Badge's corps, as we captured this general's headquarters, with books and papers.

Capt. Campbell, who is the Adjutant of the Isham Harrison Camp at Columbus, sends this additional reminiscence:

Mr. T. J. McGahee, now a citizen of this place, relates the following incident as happening to him during the war: He was wounded in the leg and captured and carried to the Federal hospital, and the surgeon in charge decided to amputate it. McGahee said to the doctor: "I do not want my leg cut off, I would rather die." But the surgeon said: "I don't care what you want, I am going to cut it off." So McGahee was put on the table and preparations made to cut. McGahee refused to take chloroform, and as the surgeon came up to the table, McGahee, who uses his left hand, gathered all his strength and hit the surgeon a stinging blow in the nose, bringing the blood and knocking him down. As soon as the surgeon could recover from the blow, with an oath he rushed at the man, cut him so badly with the surgeon's knife that he was afraid to operate, and so McGahee was carried back to the hospital, and he has his leg yet. He does not remember the surgeon's name, but no doubt if yet living he will remember this incident well.

Again he writes: A. J. Story, of the Eleventh Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade, Mahone's Division, and now living here, captured a Capt. W. W. Wadsworth, of Purnell's Legion, Maryland troops, at the Davis Farm battle, seven miles from Petersburg, Va., on the Weldon Railroad. He took his sword and pistol from him and has this sword now. If he knew that Capt. Wadsworth was living, or any of his immediate family, he would return it gladly. The pistol he gave away in Virginia. The sword was given to Capt. Wadsworth by his friends of the Twelfth Ward in Baltimore, so the inscription on the hand of scabbard shows. Mr. Story says as he was going back with his prisoner he met Maj. Crow, of the Ninth Alabama Regiment, and turned him over to the Major, and Capt. Wadsworth handed the Major his watch and purse to take care of, as they were both Masons.

## "UNCLE" DAN EMMETT, AUTHOR OF "DIXIE."

MOUNT VERNON, VA., April 2.—"Uncle" Dan Emmett, the composer of the celebrated and soul-stirring song, "Dixie," is living here on the bounty of friends. The Actors' Fund of New York has forwarded sums of money from time to time to supply his wants. Uncle Dan is seventy-eight years old, and since he began as a boy of ten to work for a living his life has been one long series of ups and downs, adventures and triumphs. And now, suffering from hardships and poverty, aged and forsaken, he is at work on a life of Daniel Boone in poetry, which is almost completed. He has received word to go to New York, that his friends may demonstrate their kind remembrance of him at a benefit. Asked about the composition of "Dixie," Mr. Emmett said:

"In 1859 I was connected with Bryant Brothers' Minstrels, of New York. One Saturday night Jerry Bryant came to me and said: 'Uncle Dan, can't you write me a hurrah walk-around, something to make a noise with, and bring it here for rehearsal Monday morning?' I told him I thought I could. He said, 'Do so, and bring it.'

"Going home, Sunday being a rainy day, I composed 'Dixie' for him, and he was so delighted with it that he made us rehearse it all day Monday for the evening performance. It was a 'go' right from the start. When the war broke out Bryant Brothers' Minstrels were forbidden to sing it. It became so unpopular in the North that when the band played it in the streets of New York they were hooted and jeered at."

While giving a sketch of Dan Emmet, who wrote "Dixie" it seems fitting to say a word about "Yankee Doodle." The story I get is that for one hundred and thirty-five years it has been a historic air. Few, perhaps, remember that to an English wit and musical genius we are indebted for the old tune. But true it is, although it was composed in a spirit of rivalry, awakened by the sight of the "Yankee Doodles who came to town" in answer to Gen. Amherst's appeal to the colonies for aid.

It was in the summer of 1775 that the British army was encamped on the east bank of the Hudson, a little below Albany. They were to open a campaign against the French Canadians, and the well-disciplined and uniformed troops awaited the arrival of the volunteers. In they came, a motley crowd—old men, middle-aged men, and young men—but all with brave hearts beating and strong arms ready to do battle. Some were mounted on ponies, others on old farm horses, taken from the plow, and many, with zeal which knew no fatigue, hurried on foot. Each carried his own outfit and provisions. No two were dressed alike; there were long coats and short coats, and no coats at all; there were high hats and low hats, covering closely-cropped heads or wigs with flowing curls. In they marched, and the regular soldiers made merry at their expense. Even the officers were not better mannered, and the Surgeon, Dr. Shackburg, entertained his friends at mess by playing "Yankee Doodle," which he had composed in derision of the volunteers.

Twenty years later "Yankee Doodle" cheered the heroes of Bunker Hill; and later still, more than ever endeared to American hearts, it was exultantly played as Lord Cornwallis' army marched into Washington's camp at Yorktown.

*BRIEF BRILLIANT CAREER OF GEN. HINDMAN.*

Gen. Thomas C. Hindman was born at Knoxville, Tenn., in 1830. His father, Thomas C. Hindman, moved to Mississippi when T. C. Hindman, Jr., was quite young. He and his brother Robert were in school at Princeton when the Mexican war broke out, and they left school to join the army. Their father, in the meantime, had become colonel of the Mississippi Regiment in that war. Young T. C. Hindman, at the age of seventeen, was brevetted second lieutenant for gallantry. In 1856, having moved to Helena, Ark., he made the race for Congress against Dorsey Rice, and was elected as a States' Rights Democrat, taking his seat in 1857. During this canvass he and Pat Cleburne, who was his room-mate and bosom friend, were attacked by John Rice, Dorsey Rice, and their brother-in-law, James Marryatt, who shot them from concealment and dangerously wounded both of them. Hindman was wounded very badly in the left side, while Cleburne was shot entirely through. In return James Marryatt was shot dead, and Dorsey Rice and John Rice ran away and left the city. In 1861 Mr. Hindman resigned his seat in Congress to enter the Confederate army. Returning to Arkansas, he raised a legion known as "Hindman's Legion," of which he was elected colonel. He was made brigadier-general at Bowling Green, Ky., in which State he took part in some severe engagements. At the battle of Shiloh he led a division and was dangerously wounded in the first day's fight, and his horse was shot while he was making a charge. He was promoted to the rank of major-general for his conduct at Shiloh. After recovering from his Shiloh wounds he commanded the Trans-Mississippi District, and by his energy and aggressiveness organized and equipped quite an army. He had succeeded in almost clearing the department of Federal forces when he was ordered, at his own request, to the eastern side of the river for more active service. While in Arkansas he commanded the Confederates in the bloody battle of Prairie Grove, where the Federals, though superior in numbers, were defeated and demoralized under Gen. Blount. He commanded a division at the battle of Chickamauga, and was so badly wounded that for several months afterwards he was unable to resume command. When the war closed Gen. Hindman went to the City of Mexico, where he remained for about three years. Returning to Helena he took a very active part in the protection of his people from the carpet-bag element and was assassinated by unknown parties September 28, 1868.

*IMPARTIAL UNITED STATES HISTORY.*

A committee appointed by the United Confederate Veterans to consider the matter of procuring an unpartisan school history of the United States, in which justice should be done to the South, with special reference to its part in the war between the States, met in New Orleans. It consisted of the late Gen. E. Kirby-Smith, Prof. Nicholson, of the University of Tennessee, Prof. Alonzo Hill and Gen. D. S. Lee, of Mississippi. Gen. Smith expressed it as his opinion that the best way to get the materials for the history outside of the records in the War Department, which, of course, were invaluable, would be to have the camps of the Confederate Veterans throughout the entire South take the trouble to collect all material in the

way of documents, personal recollections, etc., within their reach. The camps in this way could collect all that was necessary to supplement the Government records. After some discussion of the question of selecting a southern author of scholarship and reputation to prepare such a history, it was decided inexpedient at this time to take such action, and the following resolution was adopted:

1. "The committee is gratified to report that several histories of the United States, suitable for use in schools and academies, have been written in the past few years which, though partisan, deal fairly with all questions touching the South and the war between the States. This evidence that the best thought of southern as well as northern writers is now directed to this matter, encourages the hope that the long and sorely felt want of a correct history for our children will soon be, if it is not already, supplied.

2. "That the committee assign to its several members certain of these histories, and also such as are deemed unfair, and that each member be required to submit a written report on such histories as may be assigned to him at the next meeting of the committee."

The committee then adjourned to meet at Birmingham, Ala., July 17, 1893, when the members will submit their reports.

*CONFEDERATE GENERALS.*

A. M. Sea, Jr., of Louisville, Ky., sends the following carefully prepared list. Correction of any errors is requested:

NAME.	BORN.	DIED.
Samuel Cooper.....	N. Y., June 12, 1798.	Cameron, Va., Dec. 3, 1876.
Albert S. Johnston.....	Ky., Feb. 2, 1803.	Shiloh, Tenn., April 6, 1862.
Robert E. Lee.....	Va., Jan. 19, 1807.	Lexington, Va., Oct. 12, 1870.
Joseph E. Johnston.....	Va., Feb. 3, 1807.	Washington, D. C., March 21, 1891.
G. T. Beauregard.....	La., May 28, 1818.	New Orleans, La., Feb. 20, 1866.
Braxton Bragg.....	N. C., March 27, 1817.	Galveston, Texas, Sept. 27, 1876.
E. Kirby-Smith.....	Fla., May 16, 1821.	Sewanee, Tenn., March 28, 1893.

*GENERAL, TEMPORARY RANK.*

John B. Hood.....	Ky., June 1, 1831.	New Orleans, La., Aug. 30, 1879.
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*LIEUTENANT GENERALS.*

James Longstreet.....	S. C., Jan. 8, 1821.	.....
Leonidas Polk.....	N. C., April 10, 1806.	Pine Mountain, Tenn., June 14, 1864.
Theoph. B. Holmes.....	N. C., 1801.	Fayetteville, N. C., June 20, 1880.
William J. Hardee.....	Ga., 1817.	Hydenville, Va., Nov. 6, 1873.
Thomas J. Jackson.....	Va., Jan. 21, 1824.	Guinea's Station, Va., May 10, 1863.
John C. Pemberton.....	Pa., Aug. 10, 1814.	PenHyn, Pa., July 13, 1881.
Richard S. Ewell.....	D. C., Feb. 8, 1817.	Springfield, Tenn., Jan. 25, 1872.
Ambrose P. Hill.....	Va., Nov. 9, 1825.	Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.
Daniel H. Hill.....	S. C., July 12, 1821.	Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 25, 1889.
Richard Taylor.....	La., Jan. 27, 1827.	New York City, April 12, 1879.
Stephen D. Lee.....	S. C.	.....
Jubal A. Early.....	Va., Nov., 2, 1816.	.....
Richard H. Anderson.....	S. C., 1816.	Beaufort, S. C., June 26, 1879.
Alex. P. Stewart.....	Tenn., Oct. 2, 1821.	.....
Nathan B. Forrest.....	Tenn., July 13, 1821.	Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 29, 1877.
Wade Hampton.....	S. C., March 28, 1818.	.....
Simon B. Buckner.....	Ky., April 1, 1823.	.....
Joseph Wheeler.....	Ga., Sept. 10, 1836.	.....
John B. Gordon.....	Ga., Feb. 6, 1836.	.....

Capt. B. M. Teague, Aiken, S. C.: "My friends who read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN are delighted with it." Capt. Teague, who preserves war relics, is anxious for "the Confederate paper printed by Grant's men after the fall of Vicksburg."

## TRIBUTE TO GEN. BEAUREGARD.



THE OLD GUARD.

THE R. E. Lee Camp at Richmond got off its dignity in this year '93 so far as to publish the following:

## "MEAN-YOU"

FOR A "BIG EAT" IN MEMORY OF OLD TIMES.

FIRST RELIEF.—Oyster Soup, Shadow Soup, Invisible Soup, Horsetail Soup, Old Sock Soup, and more Soup; Job's Turkey, stuffed with Sauerkraut; Roast Pigs, stolen by Pogram's Battalion and kindly contributed; Nassau Bacon, sliced; Baked Duck, Wagon Grease Sauce; Baked Mule, Baked Beans, Castor Oil Beans, a la Redford.

SECOND RELIEF.—Bull Run Stew, Devil-of-a-stew, Ferriter's Irish Stew, Stewed Boot Jacks, The Mozart Academy Stew, Greyback Stew, with "Let-go" Sauce, Stew All Around, Another Stew when we get home; Pumpkins, Pumpkin-heads, Onions, Red Beets, Dead Beats, Corn Cobs (Appomattox style), Green Apples, Green Persimmons, Black Eye Peas, seasoned with old Quids.

THIRD RELIEF.—Sorghum Pies, Shortened with Plaster of Paris; Crab Apple Pie, with Pine Tar Sauce; Doughnuts, fried in Castor Oil; Adam's Apple, Pears (male and female), Onions sliced in Vinegar (copied from Westmoreland Club), Acorns, Hard Nuts (Tom Byrne and Geo. Dean), Fish Balls, Minnie Balls, and Base Balls.

COLD DISHES.—Ice, with no Cream; Home-made Ice, Northern Ice, Mill-pond Ice, More Ice; Ice Sykels, new (no kin to Julius).

LUXURIES.—Pepper Sauce, Stops, Polk-berry Bounce, Grand Bounce, Bounced Out, Rye Coffee, Muddy Water, Cold Water, Irish Whiskey and More Whiskey, Shaumpain, Pain-in-belly, Smoke.

Attached to the bill of fare was this "notice":

☞ The committee has specially ruled that no comrade shall come to the table in his bare feet, or without a shirt on (no matter about its being balled), nor shall he put his feet on the table, nor pick his teeth with a bayonet.

The Katerer (a German Prince in disguise) is skilled in his art, was chief cook for Cornwallis, and will, no doubt, give immense satisfaction in thus getting rid of his stale rarions—relics of the late wah. N. P. Banks having retired from the service, the commissary stores are rather limited.

Gen. W. L. Cabell, in public meeting at Dallas:

I knew Gen. Beauregard as long and more intimately than any of his old army friends now living, except, probably, Gen. Jubal Early. I knew him before the war, and was his chief quartermaster (and confidential staff officer at Manassas from June 1, 1861,) until after the battles of Blackburn's Ford and Bull Run, on the 18th and 21st of July, when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, by virtue of his rank, assumed command. I, of course, was after that on Gen. Johnston's staff. All this, however, is matter of history. I want to indorse every word found in these resolutions, and to reiterate, if possible, the sentiment that he was one of the greatest of civilization's soldiers and chieftains. He was a man of matchless ability as a great field commander, and known to be and pronounced one of the greatest military engineers living. His attack on Fort Sumter and his defense of Charleston won for him the admiration not only of the South, but of the European nations. He was not only a great leader, but he was a great organizer, and had the love and confidence of the Southern soldiers, no matter from what part of the South the soldiers came. The mention of his name (Beauregard) on the battlefield would inspire as much enthusiasm as "Napoleon" ever did in the zenith of his glory. I was by his side at Blackburn's Ford and Bull Run unless off-executing his orders. He was a perfect Murat in a charge, he was cool under fire, and his presence everywhere created a shout that made even a soldier quicken his pace in the charge.

I was not only with him in Virginia, but was with him at Corinth after the battle of Shiloh, and had the honor of his presence on two or three occasions at Corinth when I "skirmished" with the enemy. After the fight at Farmington he came up with Gen. Van Dorn and simply said: "Cabell, I am proud of you and your Texans." He could have said nothing that would have given me more pleasure, and I know what was said was fully appreciated by the brave men I commanded.

Gen. Beauregard's manner to his soldiers during the war was such as to win their love and admiration. His career since the war has shown him to be a "modest citizen of tender traits and sensitive honor," of generous and noble impulses always ready and willing to assist with his purse or to encourage with his example and advice the people of the South, whom he loved better than his life. Whether on the tented field or in the councils of State, Gen. Beauregard was always the same brave and true patriot. I not only admired him as a great soldier, but loved him as a brother, and his name and his fame will be cherished by me and mine as long as we are permitted to remain on this side of the great river that we all have to cross.

THE DAVIS MONUMENT.—The proposed monument to Jefferson Davis is a monument to Southern valor, sacrifice, and devotion to principles. It is a testimonial to those who will come after us that the people of this generation are not unappreciative of the indomitable courage and heroism of the soldiery of the South. It is the patriotic duty of every man and woman in the Southern States who has a penny to spare to give it to this cause, and the *Sunny South* will be pleased to receive and forward subscriptions.—*The Sunny South*.



BUILD THE DAVIS MOUMENT.

THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE TO UNITE IN THE WORTHY UNDERTAKING.

The committee appointed by Gen. J. B. Gordon, of Georgia, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, of one from each State, met in Richmond, Sept. 17, by direction of its chairman, Gen. W. L. Cabell, of Texas, to consider the location, cost of construction, plans, etc., for the Davis Memorial. The Richmond Association participated in the proceedings.

The general purposes were set forth by the chairman in a series of resolutions. They were that "as Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy, and has been selected by Mrs. Jefferson Davis as the burial place of her husband, it is regarded the most appropriate place for the erection of a monument to his memory. The United Confederate Veterans will co-operate with the Davis Monument Association of Richmond and the Southern Press Association in its efforts to erect the same." Also that State organizations be formed, and "that the chairman appoint for each Southern State and for the Indian and Oklahoma Territories a sub-committee of five members, each of which shall have within its territory the entire control and supervision of all matters pertaining to this sacred object, including the collection of funds by popular subscription, and shall have authority to name a suitable and responsible person as treasurer, to receive the same and forward quarterly to the treasurer of the Richmond Association."

Gen. Cabell has made the following appointments, selecting from Veteran Associations:

VIRGINIA—Gen Thomas A Brander, Chairman; Hon J Taylor Ellyson, Col Peyton Wise, Hon George L Christian, Richmond; Maj W T Suchtlin, Danville.

TENNESSEE—S A Cunningham, Chairman, Nashville; Col C W Frazer, Memphis; Gen J F Shipp, Chattanooga; Gen Frank A Moses, Knoxville.

INDIAN TERRITORY—Gen N P Guy, Chairman, McAlester; Gen John L Galt, Hon B W Carter, Ardmore; Col R B Coleman, McAlester; Gen D M Haley, Krebs.

ARKANSAS—Gen Ben T Duval, Chairman, Fort Smith; Senator Jas Berry, Bentonville; Col Jordan E Cravens, Clarksville; Maj A S Cabell, Fort Smith; Gen Anderson Gordon, Morrilton.

KENTUCKY—Gen John Boyd, Chairman, Lexington; Gen Bazil Duke, Louisville; Hon W C P Breckinridge, Lexington; Gen W F Perry, Bowling Green; Ex-Gov S B Buckner, Louisville.

GEORGIA—Gen P M B Young, Chairman, Cartersville; Gen W L Calhoun, Atlanta; Capt A P Roberts, Dalton; Dr J William Jones, Gen Cleman A Evans, Atlanta.

ALABAMA—Gen J I Holtzelaw, Chairman, Montgomery; Gen F S Ferguson, Birmingham; Capt George H Cole, Eutaw; Gen Joseph Wheeler, Wheeler; Joseph F Johnston, Birmingham.

FLORIDA—Gen J J Dickison, Chairman, Ocala; Col Fred L Robertson, Brooksville; Gov F P Fleming Jacksonville; Gen George Reese, Pensacola; Gen S C French, Orlando.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Gen Ellison Capers, Chairman, Gen Wade Hampton, Columbia; Gen John Bratton, Winnsboro; Gen Stanley S Crittenden, Greenville; Capt B H Teague, Aiken.

NORTH CAROLINA—Gen E D Hall, Chairman, Wilmington; Gen R F Hoke, Raleigh; Hon Rufus Barringer, Charlotte; Hon Matt W Ransom, Graysburg; M O Sherrill, Newton.

MISSISSIPPI—Gen Stephen D Lee, Chairman, Starkville; Gov J M Stone, Ex-Gov Robert Lowery, Jackson; Col C C Flowerree, Vicksburg; Lieut Fred J V LeCand, Natchez.

DIVISION OF THE NORTHWEST—Gen J C Underwood, Chairman, Col Samuel Baker, Maj F H Southmayd, Maj Jere S White, Col R Lee France, Chicago.

LOUISIANA—Gen John Glynn, Chairman; Gen J A Chalaron, Gen L Jastremski, Brig Gen Charles A Harris, Col W R Lyman, New Orleans.

MISSOURI—Gen Charles C Rainwater, Chairman, St Louis; Capt Jos W Mercer, Kansas City; Capt Henry Guiber, Col Darwin Marnaduke, Col W P Barlow, St Louis.

MARYLAND—Gen George H Stewart, Chairman, Baltimore. Gen Stewart to appoint four associates.

OKLAHOMA TERRITORY—Gen Samuel T Leavy, Chairman, Norman. Gen Leavy to appoint four associates.

There has been lack of active co-operation on the part of some of the foregoing committees. Gen. W. H. Jackson, Chairman for Tennessee, being unable to serve, S. A. Cunningham was put in his place. Gen. John Boyd, the Kentucky chairman, although full of zeal, has been unable to serve. The same is true of

Gen. Rainwater, of Missouri, and Gen. Capers, of South Carolina.

Gens. Dickison, of Florida, Hall, of North Carolina, and Lee, of Mississippi, have been zealous from the start, and will doubtless make good showings in their report. Texas is not in the above list, but the "Lone Star" is sure to shine brightly in the exhibit.

LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED.

This list of contributors to the Davis Monument does not comprise all the collections, but all money sent through S. A. Cunningham as General Agent, and since, is included, unless by some error. If inaccurate request is made for information.

ALABAMA.

ANNISTON—Through Mrs. R. Gardner, \$24.

BIRMINGHAM—J L Buford; through Mrs R M Gardner, two hundred dollars.

EUTAW—Sanders' Camp, six dollars.

GADSDEN—J Aiken, W G Brockway and A L Glenn, \$5; Wm Chandler, A J Collingsworth, L W Dean, A B Dunny, W A Dungan, W H Denson, \$5; H G Earnest, Frank & Haysdon, M L Hicks, L E Humphreys, Meek & Johnson, \$5; J H Standifer, Abe Thompson, J E Whaley, R A Mitchell, O R Goldman and L Smith, of Queen City Bank, \$5, through Mrs R Gardner.

GREENVILLE—Laura E Abrams, E R Adams, J T Beeland, J G Daniel & Co, D G Dunklin, W J Dunklin, Dunn & Ezekiel, C B Herbert, L M Lane, Robt A Lee, J A McGehee, Chas Newman, Chas Newman, T W Peagler, Wm Pierce, Mrs W Pierce, Mrs R Y Porter, J R Porterfield, J B Powell, J C Richardson, F C Smith, J C Steiner, J M Steiner, S J Steiner, A Steinhart, A G Stewart, T J Thomas, Rev G R Upton, J H Wilson, Mrs E S V Wilson, through Mrs R J Porter.

HUNTSVILLE—Miss Jeanie Shelley.

MOBILE—J R Burgett, W W Dugger, Van Dorn station; W G Duggar, Gallion station; Miss M B Kirkbride, T T Roche, Louise B Sprague, J R Tompkins, J L Tucker, Price Williams, Jr, through Miss Louise B Sprague.

MONTGOMERY—Mrs M D Bibb, Miss Jennie R Crommelin; through Mrs M D Bibb, \$143.85.

PRATT MINES—D M B Hasslet, J T Massingen, T E Mitchell, J G Moore, W N Polk, J W Randall, L M Reese, J A Rhodes, P J Rogers, \$2; W L Rogers, C A Simmons, E A Smith, Walton & Petee, E E Wiggins.

TUSCUMBIA—Through Col. A. H. Kellar, \$13.15.

UNION SPRINGS—D S Bethune, Virginia A Blackmon, N M Blidsoe, H G Bryan, Annie E Buford, J R Buford, H P Coleman, Mrs S J Foster, C C Frazer, Mrs N H Frazer, W H Fuller, E H Goodwin, R H Hajas, Annie L Hobdy, Jennie McKay Hobdy, J B Hobdy, Marie Hobdy, Mary Hobdy, R L Hobdy, R L Hobdy, Jr., Chas L Jinks, A Miles, Mrs F M Moseley, Mrs A B Phillips, Mrs J E Pickett, W W Rainer, T P Randle, E T Randle, J L Roberts, through Mr J L and Miss Annie E Buford.

ARKANSAS.

ARKADELPHIA—J H Abraham, R T Cook, D T Dalc, T M Ewing, J A Ross, C C Scott, John Smoker, \$2.50 each; Geo Fuller, \$5; C K Boswell, F J Carpenter, J W Conger, Adam Clark, J H Crawford, E L Jones, C V Murray, E H McDonald, E C McDonald, Ed Thomas, A W Wilson, J W Wilson.

AUGUSTA—James Eblin.

BATESVILLE—Nathan Adler, Simon Adler, James A Luster, John F Allen, W E Bevens, J W Case, Jas A Carter, J P Collin, R M Desha, W J Erwin, D C Ewing, John W Ferrill, J C Fitzhugh, E L Givens, S A Hail, H M Hodge, T J Horne, W B Lawrence, T M Mack, Robt Neill, T J Owens, I N Reed, James Rutherford, M A Wycough, M A R Wycough, by James Rutherford.

EL DORADO—W R Appleton.

HOPE—Mrs C A Forney

HOT SPRINGS—Dr Thomas E Holland, five dollars.

LITTLE ROCK—Through Hon John G Fletcher, \$11.25.

MOOREFIELD—Jesse A Moore, J E Ross.

MORRILLTON—West Humphreys.

#### FLORIDA.

JACKSONVILLE—Gen Wm Baya and W D Matthews, \$500.

SANDFORD—C H Adkins, R S Dickens, Capt O S Traver, Col A M Thrasher.

SANIBEL ISLAND—Mrs Letitia A Nutt, Miss Nannie Nutt, five dollars.

#### GEORGIA.

AMERICUS—C B Hudson, \$2; W E Murphy.

ATLANTA—E L Anthony, Geo T Beeland, Charles Beermann & Co, \$15; J L Bishop, F C Bitgood, B M Blackburn, W H Black, \$2; L R Bleckly, \$5; N S Blum, \$2; S D Bradwill, \$2; J D Brady, \$2; Robert Brazelton, G S Brewster, \$2; E C Brown, S E Brown, T J Burney, David J Bush, \$2; Milton A Candler, S N Chapman, J H Clifton, Philip Cook, \$5; H H Cobb, A E Cox, C J Daniel, H R Daman, M K Dennis, J A Foote, L B Folsom, W E Fonti, Harry Frank, \$2; Arnold Gedman, M B Gilmox, W C Glenn, \$5; Peter G Grant, H H Green, \$2; D R Grover, R G Guinn, J L Harrison, Rev W M Hayes, \$2; W M Hawkes, R H Hightower, Jas K Hines, \$5; Jerry Holmos, Joseph Jacobs, \$2; H Jennings, Mark W Johnson, J C Joiner, Geo H Jones, \$2; J Wm Jones, \$50; Jas L Key, \$2; Dr J J Knott, \$2; Lamar & Rankin, \$5; S H Landrum, Thos J Leftwick, \$5; Walter T McArthur, \$2; D E McCarty, Hy McCaw, B L McIntosh, \$2; C K Maddox, \$5; I H Martin, \$2; H A Matthews, V A Menard, C W Morgain, F H Moses, A J Moss, J W Nelms, \$2; R T Nesbitt, \$5; W M Newbern, \$2; Newton, Baker & Co, H L Nippert, \$2; Robert A Nisbett, \$2; John O Perry, \$2; Wm H H Phelps, \$2; J B Pickett, P Roman, \$5; Lavender Ray, \$2; K Reed, H N Ried, \$2; Sidney Root, \$10; W E Seabrook, Geo W Scott, \$25; W L Seddon, \$5; John W Shackelford, A G Smart, \$2; Burgess Smith, John Clay Smith, \$2; Hoke Smith, \$50; W J Spears, J C Steerman, \$2; R E Stockton, \$2; J D Stokes, Jos Thompson, \$5; B Vignoux, \$2; C Z Weinmaster, \$2; W A Wright, \$2; A R Wright, \$2; Wm A Wright, \$5, through Mrs R Gardner.

AUGUSTA—Patrick Walsh and others, \$400.91; Wm H Fleming.

ARLINGTON—H C Heffield, \$2.50.

BLACKSHEAR—A P Brantley, Nettie Brantley, Henry J Smith, Jennie Smith, by Miss Smith.

BLITCH—James Young.

CARROLLTON—J M Hewitt, two dollars.

CEDARTOWN—J H Sanders, two dollars.

CHICKAMAUGA—S F Parrott.

CRAWFORD—I G Gibson, two dollars.

DANVILLE—T L Hill, S W Sapp.

DUBLIN—T L Griner, John M Stubbs.

GEORGETOWN—John C Guilford.

GLENNVILLE—J P Collins, five dollars.

HANDY—W L Crowder.

MACON—J O Bell, Mrs A S Cope, J W Hinton, \$2 each; Jas M Sapp, Chas Herbst; Bibb County Association, \$163.09.

MILLEDGEVILLE—J C Woodward.

MOHER—B F Hoodspette.

MONTEZUMA—E Chambers.

PALATKA—Capt S H Gray.

SMITHBORO—James Thomas Smith.

SONORAVILLE—P T Reese.

SPARTA—Through Mrs. Middlebrooks, \$41.75.

SYLVANIA—E W Frey.

TEMPLE—Robert H Faber.

VAN'S VALLEY—Alex White.

WALKERSVILLE—J W Johnson.

#### ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO—Col G Forrester, Gen W A C Ryan, Mrs Ryan, Col J G Ryan, Mrs E A Shannon, James Fentress.

LILLY—E W Bacon, Miss Lilly Bacon.

MACKINAW—Mrs L E Brock.

#### INDIANA.

EVANSVILLE—Dr A J Thomas, \$5.

INDIANAPOLIS—G F Miller, \$5.

#### INDIAN TERRITORY.

CHOTEAU—J H' Baugh, M G Butler, W A Cantrell, V Gray, \$2; C Hayden, A G McDaniel.

PRYOR CREEK—Tom A Hancock.

SHERMAN—M L Elzy.

#### KENTUCKY.

CHILESBURG—Richard A Spurr.

FAIRVIEW—Bethel Sunday School, \$8.50; R W Downer, \$3; P E Downer, \$2.50; S B Jesup, B D Lackey, H E Morton, \$1; J L Mosely, R L Mosely, \$1.50 each; W R Vaughn.

FRANKFORT—W T Havens.

GEORGETOWN—A H Sinclair, five dollars.

HENDERSON—R H Cunningham, W M Hanna, M M Kimmel, J W Lockett, Sights & Johnston, Montgomery Merritt, D J B Reeve, J J Reeve, P K Snead, O F Walker.

HOPKINSVILLE—W B Dicken.

LEXINGTON—Mrs S B Anderson, R T Anderson, C S Bell, Sr., W S Bell, Mrs Robert Berry, John Boyd, Hart Brown, J C Bryant, R S Bullock, Mrs John H Carter, John H Carter, C C Calhoun, W H Cassell, Mrs W H Cassell, A B Chinn, James B Clay, Horace Coleman, Cicero Coleman, A A DeLong, C A DeLong, M J Durham, Jerry Delph, Edward Frazer, Graves & Cox, J M Graves, Ed Grass, Mrs A M Harrison, Mrs Laura V Hawkins, Miss Lillian Headley, James A Headley, John T Hughes, Joseph D Hunt, D H James, Moses

Kaufman, Theo Lewis, J L Logan, Joel C Lyle, J R Morton, T W Moore, Thomas W McCann, H B McClellan, Byron McClelland, Howard McCorkle, J H Nelms, Bush Nelson, Watts Parker, J T Patterson, Wellington Payne, John S Phelps, Wickliffe Preston, H C Price, Edward Price, Mrs L C Price, L C Price, J W Pryor, William Rodes, J C Rogers, J Woodson Royster, S P Salter, S G Sharp, J H Shropshire, Mrs J H Shropshire, J Soule Smith, Richard Squires, Michael Sullivan, J T Thorne, R A Thornton, Upington & Bro., J T Vance, Willa Viley, Mat Walton, John H Wiehl, Jesse Woodruff; a Friend, J R Jewell, gave two dollars each; Miss Nannie Smith and Solomon VanMeter, five dollars each.

Of the foregoing, seventy-five dollars was collected by Mrs. R. A. Spurr, and remitted to the Treasurer at Richmond; and fourteen dollars, collected by Mrs. O. L. Bradley, remitted to the General Agent at Nashville.

LOUISVILLE—Miss Martha A. Sneed, \$10; Miss Josephine Walker.

PEMBROKE—R T Chilton, Mrs. R T Chilton.

RUSSELLVILLE—T J Bailey, \$6.05; J B Briggs, John W Caldwell, \$5 each; Dr R N Beauchamp, George R Beall, Wilson Beard, R B Chastain, Joseph Cumbett, Dr B F Kidd, W B McCarty, James M McCutchen, John G. Orndorff, William Smith, C. W. Swanson, M B Stovall.

LOUISIANA.

MANSFIELD—J W Adams, C W Blair, \$5; T J Booker, F M Brownfield, C T Baunman, Henry Burns, John S Bailey, James Brown, Dr B D Cooper, Dr W N Cunningham, Cash, Jas Dilzell, DeSoto Democrat, \$5; J B Dillon, J Douglas, W J Elam, C W Elam, W F Fraser, S B Foster, E N Foster, Dr J W Fair, Wm Goss, \$5; H D Gibbons, John Glossill, S A Guy, R T Gibbs, L H Hanson, W P Hall, W T Haden, J E Hewett, John Huson, W B Hewitt, A M Hewitt, B F Jenkins, \$5; W T Jackson, J B Lee, J T McClanahan, W H Mason, W E May, R R Murphy, W L Minter, E A Nabors, J M Nabors, E R Nabors, W T Pegius, E B Pickels, J W Parsons, A V Roach, C W Page, B B Powell, G Rives, Sallie Rascoe, E B Rogers, J H Rascoe, Q Roberts, P H Ricks, Dr A V Roberts, \$2.50; J Reiley, Albert Rives, M Ricks, Jas A Rives, J C Rives, Capt W P Sample, \$5; Dr S J Smart, C J Smoot, W E Singleton, Dr Stoakes, Dr W Sutherland, O H P Sample, E W Sutherland, G H Sutherland, Miss Belle Taylor, Sam Williams, W N Williams, B Willer, B N Wimble, T J Williams, J B Williams, Chas P Williams, J B Williams, Jr., Dr J F Walker, O V Wemple, J O Wemple, L B Wilcox, J L Williams, G B Williams, Miss Belle Taylor.

Report from Col A W Hyatt, Treasurer for Louisiana, to Col W R Lyman, A A G. New Orleans:

1891.

June 22, John T. Block, La. Div. A. N. V.....	\$ 102 65
June 22, Wm. McLaughlin, Vet. C. S. C.....	54 00
July 1, J. Y. Gilmore, La. Div. A. N. V.....	55 00
July 1, J. B. Levert, Sugar and Rice Ex.....	100 50
July 1, J. B. Levert, Vet. C. S. C.....	40 50
July 1, Jos Demoruelle, C. H. St. Paul.....	22 00
July 8, Lawson L. Davis, C. H. St. Paul.....	43 00
July 9, Col. Wm. P. Johnston, Soldiers and Sons of Soldiers of Avery's Salt Mines.....	11 25
July 10, Gen. Geo. O. Watts, Jefferson Davis Camp.....	25 00

July 10, Gen. Geo. O. Watts, Citizens and Soldiers of Blue and Gray.....	64 00
July 16, Pilcher Bros. and W. H. Pilcher, proceeds of Pilcher concert, July 10.....	66 00
July 17, Chas. D. Delerey, Army of Tenn. La. Div. fund created.....	102 50
July 22, A. W. Hyatt, A. of T. La. Div.....	75 00
July 22, J. B. Levert, Vet. C. S. C.....	60 00
July 22, J. B. Levert, Sugar and Rice Ex.....	8 50
July 22, A. N. Block, La. Div. A. N. Va.....	9 05
July 22, Lawson L. Davis, C. H. St. P.....	10 00
July 22, Jos. Demoruelle, C. H. St. P.....	36 50
July 22, B. F. Eschelman, C. Wa. Art.....	150 10
July 22, Alden McClellan, La. Div. Army of Tenn.....	72 00
Aug. 17, Octave Fontenot, La. Div. Army of Tenn. at Opelousas.....	40 00
Sept. 10, Paul Conrad, C. H. St. Paul.....	221 50
Oct. 27, Oliver Normand, R. L. Gibson Camp and Ladies of Evergreen.....	75 45
1892.	
Jan. 8, Judge F. A. Monroe, members Bar, Bench and Officers C. D. Courts.....	310 00
Jan. 15, R. McMillan, C. Wash. Art.....	47 50
Feb. 10, John T. Block, Army of N. Va. La. Div., collected by J. M. Wilson.....	22 00
April 13, J. Lyons, citizens of New Orleans...	33 00
Oct 11, Nicholson & Co., sundry collections of N. O. Picayune.....	78 50
Oct. 11, Nicholson & Co., subscription of the N. O. Picayune.....	100 00
Nov. 18, J. W. Fairfax, sundry collections of Daily City Item.....	50 50
Less disbursements to date as per vouchers on file.....	17 75
	<u>\$2,068 70</u>

Oct. 10, remitted to J. S. Ellett, treasurer, Richmond, Va.....\$2,018 20

Nov. 22, remitted to J. S. Ellett, treasurer, Richmond, Va..... 50 50— 2,068 70

NEW ORLEANS—Mrs. May Poitevant, \$5.

MISSISSIPPI.

FAYETTE—James Archer, F Braws, Thos Davenport, W L Faulk, H McGladery, T J Key, W W McAa, A K McNair, W K Penny, W L Stephen, J J Whitney.

HOLLY SPRINGS—Jas T Fant.

OCEAN SPRINGS—Mrs A A Staples.

ROCKNEY—Geo Hickler.

VICKSBURG—The Vicksburg C. V. Camp, through Col. D. A. Campbell, \$409.55.

MISSOURI.

HARRISONVILLE—Jeff Burford, seventy-five dollars. H R Estes, \$2 50.

NEW JERSEY.

HOBOKEN—James Coltart, \$5; Miss Virginia M Coltart, Harriet Monk, John Stansfield.

NEW MEXICO.

SILVER CITY—C A Thompson.

NORTH CAROLINA.

ASHEVILLE—Mrs E J Aston, Mrs H A Gudger, Mrs J A Hucler, \$2 each; Mrs D Johnston, Mrs Theo D

Johnston, Mrs B M Lee, C H Miller, Mrs M Penland, Miss Mary Penland, Mrs E L Rankin, R R Rawls, Henry Redwood, Miss Maggie Smith, Miss Anna Smith, Miss Louise Smith, Bessie Smith, Mann Smith.

CHARLOTTE—Through the *Observer*, \$29.50.

JACKSON—Emma W Burgwyn, J A Burgwyn, Geo P Burgwyn, J B McRae, R B Peebles.

SALISBURY—Sent to Judge W L Calhoun, \$15.25.

STATESVILLE—Through J. P. Caldwell, four dollars

WAYNESVILLE—William Boggs, R H Dykers, G S Ferguson, J E Hall, Frank Hall, A J Reeves, Dr J H Way.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA.

CAMDEN—H G Carrison, I C Clyburn, J G Hay, A D Kennedy, P T Nuepigue, W M Shannon, Springs, Heath & Co. J B Steedman, \$5 each; Chronicle, I M Lemp, \$3 each; B B Clarke, A A Moore, \$2 each; G S Higgins, Cash.

The above were collections by Dr. John W. Corbett, and sent to the *Charleston News and Courier*. He reports about \$110 raised at a concert given by the ladies and sent to the *News and Courier*.

#### TENNESSEE.

ADAMS STATION—M L Johnston.

ALAMO—W H Biggs, J B Fleming, C A Goodbar, J B Humphreys, \$2; P B Nance, W H Poindexter, T N Skelton, J D Wortham.

BELLS STATION—Wm B Bate, Capt. Dawson, B S McLemore, J C W Nunn, J H Thomas, D H Thomas.

BOLIVAR—P W Austin, W T Anderson, C H Anderson, Ophelia P Bills, L M Carrington, W C Dorion, D E Durrett, R E Durrett, W W Farley, J L Foote, C S Ganden, H P Joyner, Kahn Bros., Austin Miller, T E Moore, A T. McNeal, J J Neely, Jr., M N Perry, J C Savage, H W Tate, Julia M Upshaw, Hugh Williams, R H Wood. By oversight the amounts were not put to the Bolivar list that exceeded \$1. The collection there is \$123 not yet forwarded.

BROWNSVILLE—Judge John Bond.

BROWNSVILLE—[HAYWOOD COUNTY'S CONTRIBUTION]—The contributors are as follows: Dr A R Haywood, Glasgow Haywood, Miss Carrie Tipping, Miss Anabel Moore, Miss Cora Sevier, J. E. Gause, Mrs R H Anderson, W A Roberts, Henry J Livingston, Jr., Miss Genevieve Livingston, Mrs Laura A Livingston, Miss Lucy C Livingston, Miss Nettie Jordan Livingston, Rev W L Dabney, J E Carter, Prof T W Crowder, E E Walker, Isaac H Read, B M Bradford, T A Tripp, Read Haywood, J B Phillips, Sr., J B Phillips, Jr., Miss Lillian Phillips, Miss Edna Phillips, Chaps Bedford, L H Borum, W H Haywood, Dr J G Haywood, Jr., Robt Haywood, Miss Sallie C Gray, W R Holbrook, Miss Mary S Livingston, Rosa Gibson Livingston, Miss Helen Somervell Livingston, Howell T Livingston, Henry Lee Livingston, Miss Rosa V Gibson, Miss Mattie Dabney, Capt R S Russell, Maj L A Thomas, Dr J S Patton, John P McLeod, Mann Wills, W E Capell, Emil Tamm, G H Moorer, Dr J G Haywood, Sr., John R Green, Ursula Green, Mattie C Green, Susan K Green, J D Green, all gave \$1 each; Maj W K Bennett, deceased, T J Moses, deceased, \$1.50 each; Prof E S Tichenor, John W Herring, J W E Moore, W W Rutledge, A F Yancey, \$2 each; T W King, Major J A Wilder, P B Anderson, Rev John Williams, Capt A D Bright, \$2.50 each; W L Anthony, \$3; P R Winston, Lawrence W Livingston, deceased, Maj W J Somervell,

deceased, John C Duckworth, J A Brewer, Dr John R Allen, Frank P Bond, Mrs Ella McLeskey, R H Anderson, Col Thomas Smith, Chancellor H J Livingston, Mrs H J Livingston, Capt Alexander Duckworth, C A Moorer, W T Bullefin, Col Benj J Lea, Samuel Killebrew, \$5 each; Haywood County Bank, \$11.70. Total, \$186.10. The excess over list as printed comes through smaller subscriptions than \$1. The committee are: W A Dabney, Chairman, R H Anderson, Secretary, J W E Moore, Alex Duckworth.

CAIRO—W J Lambert.

CASTALIAN SPRINGS—Geo Harsh.

CHATTANOOGA—G Andrews, Jr., N G Atkins, Creed F Bates, W M Bearden, P F Craig, W R Crabtree, D W Clem, B L Goulding, \$5; J B Pound, W T Plumb, G H Snead, J F Shipp, T E VanValkenburg, L G Walker.

CLARKSVILLE—Arthur H Munford; little Miss Buckner, five dollars.

COVINGTON—R R Green fund, \$54.35.

CROCKETT—J T Stamps.

FAYETTEVILLE—J P Buchanan, J L Buchanan, W H Calhoun, A J Carlross, N P Carter, James Cashion, W R Cashion, Andrew Cashion, W H Cashion, A Cashion, H B Douglass, H C Dwiggin, \$5; J C Demer, A H Edmondson, S W Fleming, Hugh Francis, J C Goodrich, Theo Harris, Jr., E J Higgins, H K Holman, T C Little, R K Locker, C A McDaniel, W C Morgan, J D Parks, W C Parks, J H Pitts, G F Pitts, G F Renegar, B T Boach, Robertson & Goodrich, J W Scott, J W Smith, H D Smith, A E Smith, J M Stewart, O C Tallant, E S Terry, Thomas Thomison, W P Tolley, R D Warren. H C Dwiggin's address is Petersburg.

FRIENDSHIP—J M Cochran, B H Harman, D B Woodson.

GALLATIN—Jas W. Blackmore, David F Barry, C S Douglass, W C Dismukes, J B Harrison, Jas J Turner, Geo E Seay, J A Trousdale, S F Wilson.

GRAND JUNCTION—W C Mauldrin.

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UNIONVILLE—J A Moon.

VICKSBURG.—Through Col. D. A. Campbell, \$409.

WAVERLY—H C Carter.

#### TEXAS.

The following list of donations from Texas, amounting to \$1,560.25, have been sent by its Treasurer, Gen.

W. H. Gaston, to Mr. John S. Ellett, Treasurer, at Richmond. The remittances are by:

Aaron Coffee, Collin, McKinney County.....	\$ 83 30
S C Upshaw, Hill, Hill County.....	121 25
G W Arrington, Mobeete, Wheeler County ...	11 75
G W Arrington, Mobeete, Wheeler County ...	16 00
H M Cook, Belton, Bell County. ....	200 50
J D Griffin, Alvarado, Johnson County.....	26 90
H N Burton, Corsicana, Navarro County .....	70 00
G W Arrington, Mobeete, Wheeler County ...	8 00
D T McAnally, Rice, Navarro County.....	20 00
S M Vernon, Farmersville, Collin County.....	72 50
G W Brennan, Plano, Collin County.....	51 25
H W Barton, Corsicana, Navarro County.....	20 00
John Traylor, Dallas, Dallas County .....	1 00
Mrs L Person, Throckmorton, Throckmorton County.....	16 00
W T Hightower, Sweetwater, Nolan County...	16 00
Mrs Mary Key, Marshall.....	3 00
Aaron Coffee, Collin, McKinney County.....	3 00
Joe Cooper, Waxahatchie, Ellis County.....	45 85
W R Sebastian (citizens) Stephens County, Breekenridge.....	70 00

*Individual Subscriptions from Dallas:*

Col Job Hunter.....	200 00
Col John N Simpson.....	100 00
Col W E Hughes.....	50 00
F M Cockerell.....	50 00
Maj R V Tompkins.....	25 00
W F Waltman.....	25 00
W M C Hill.....	25 00
Royal A Ferris.....	50 00
W L Cabell.....	25 00
W H Gaston.....	100 00
R T Bibb.....	10 00
J R Currie.....	10 00
From other citizens of Texas, names not recorded.....	34 95

Total .....\$1,560 25

In sending the list Gen. Cabell writes that contributions to the Davis Land Fund is not included.

Boz—B F Forrester.

BROWNWOOD—G H Adams, J L Harris, F W Henderson, C C Jones, J B Smith, E R Stanley, Ed T Smith.

BUFFALO GAP—Col L F Moody.

COLEMAN—J B Coleman, L E Collins, C L Coleman, Pilham Coleman, W C Dibrell, \$5.

CORPUS CHRISTI—M C Spann, collection. \$177.75.

FORT WORTH—Through Mrs. B. B. Paddock, \$101.70.

WAXAHACHIE—A J Baxter, John P Cooper, E Chaska, Joe P Cooper, G H Cunningham, Miss Meta Cooper, \$11; J A Darrow, Dr W E Farmer, B F Forrester, J A Gray, B H Lattimer, M W McMight, L H Peters, Wm Stiles, T F. Thompson, M B Templeton.

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CULPEPPER—D A Grundy.

PALMYRA—M P Pettit, Penbroke Pettit, William Schlater, J O Shepard, G M Winn.

SCOTTSVILLE—D W Anderson.

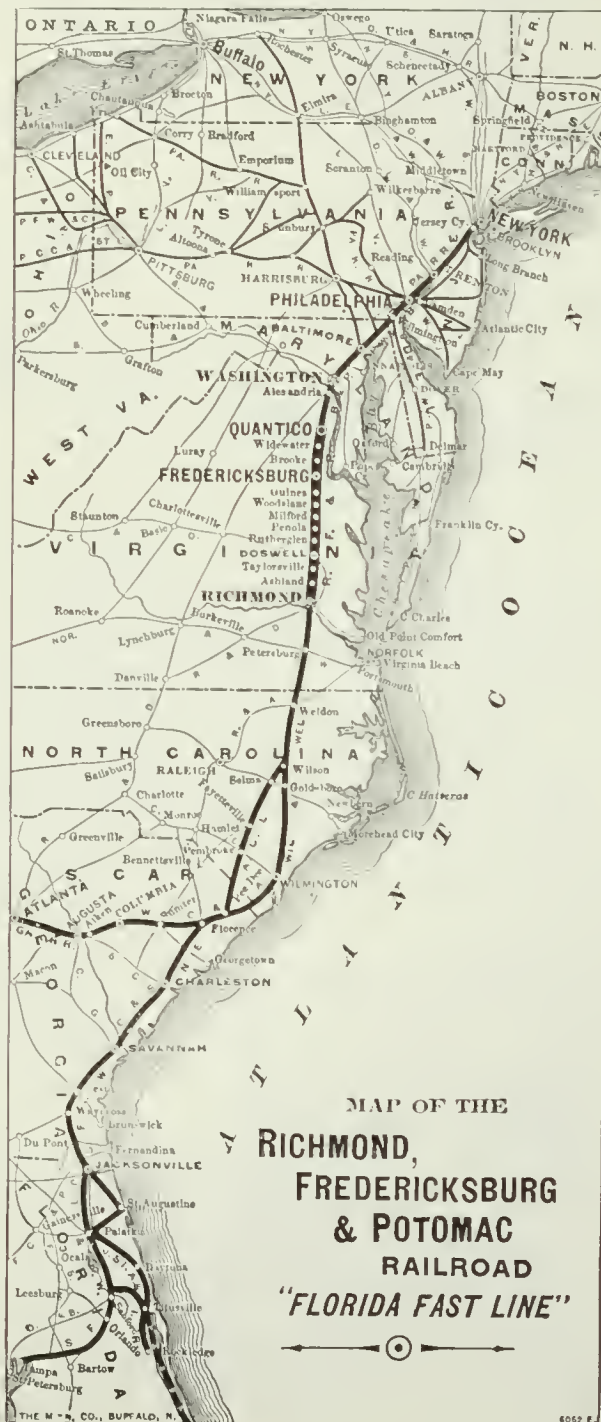
UNION MILLS—Dr. Dudley R Boston.

WILMINGTON—John W Adams.

A good many halves and quarters come from Pratt Mines, Ala.

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M. B. Burgwin, Jackson, N. C., sends \$4 with the names of four friends.



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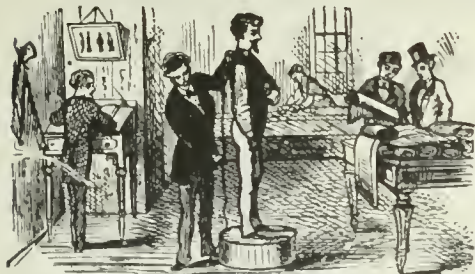
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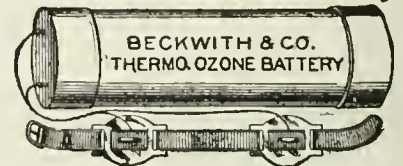
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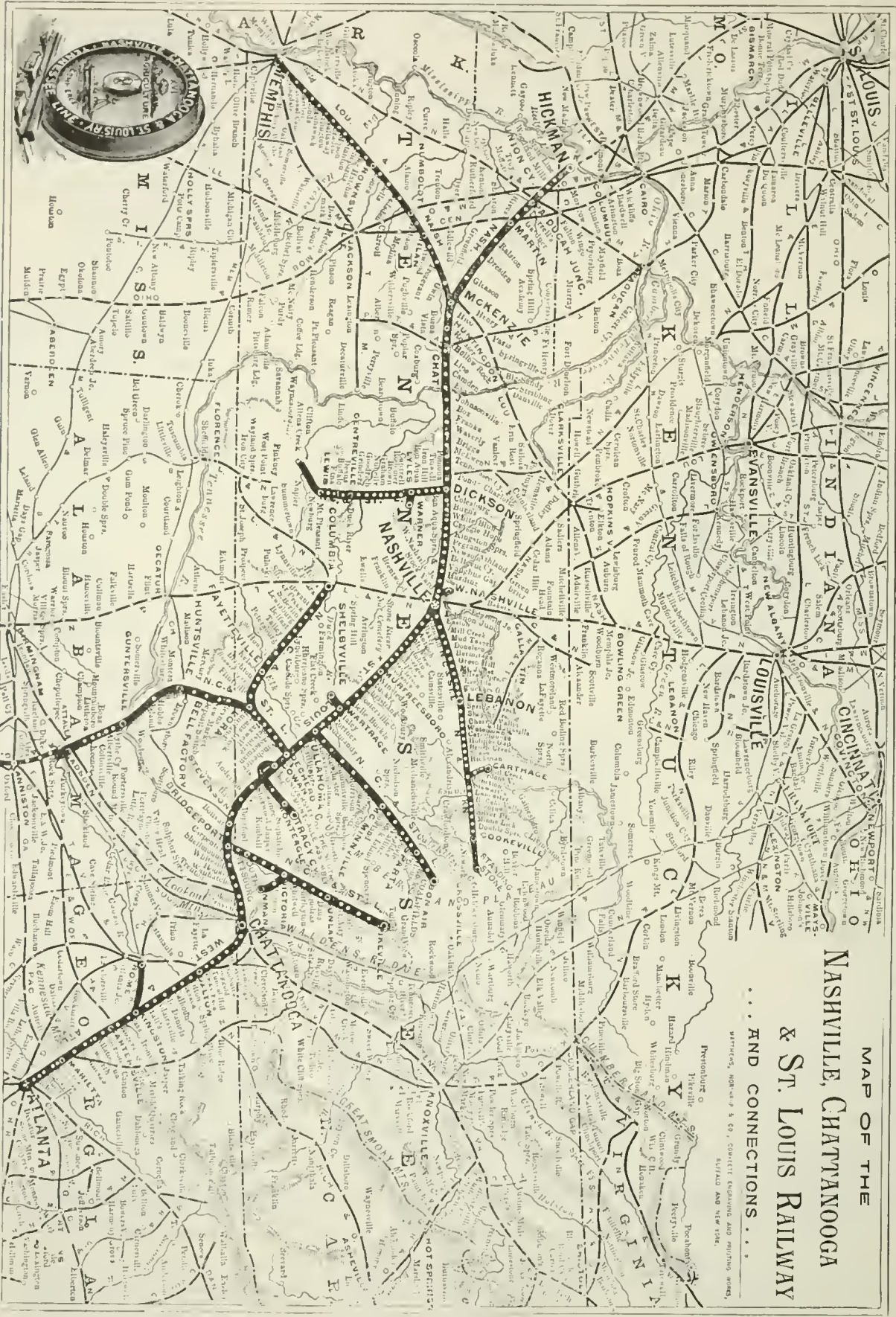
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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1893.

No. 5.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
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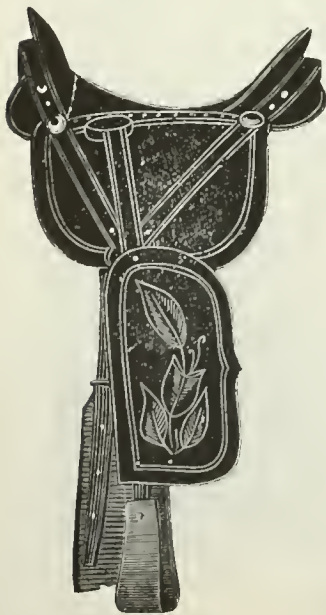
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VOL. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1893.

No. 5. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.

Entered at the Postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.  
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*Nashville, Tenn., May, 1893.*

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The most unhappy fact in connection with this publication is the inability to supply back numbers. The farther it goes into the year the more earnest the desire for back numbers, yet all are gone but April. The edition begun at 5,000, and has not gone above 6,000, yet compliance with the request herein made would create a need for 10,000 copies at once. To you, comrade in the remote part of Dixie, farmer or mechanic, as well as to you, merchant prince, this request is made. To you, fair sons and daughters of veterans, also is this request earnestly made. Write a letter and co-operate in increasing the list or explain that the VETERAN don't suit you. Write that you have suggested some advertiser to use it for influence in every part of the South. It possesses high merit for advertisers.

By compliance with the foregoing requests you will demonstrate your loyalty to one another and secure a periodical of which all Southerners will be proud.

*S. A. Cunningham*

The letter on the preceding page is for every reader. It would cost largely over one hundred dollars, and much time mailing, if sent in the usual way. There is a peril always to new publications, and friends to the VETERAN should not forget that they could, in a week, accomplish that which would make it a lasting honor as well as a permanency.

The saddest reminiscence that I have so far heard in connection with the noble work undertaken was the remark of a friend, who is Commander of the Camp that has had more attention in these columns than any other, not 'excepting the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, who said: "Those fellows are working the thing well. They go to the spot and say, 'Here is the book! Give me your dollar.'" See the picture: A Republican takes advantage of our loyal sentiment to the name Confederate, gets in with a Republican newspaper owning a lot of old cuts, publishes a periodical of less than half the size at double the price, and can thereby afford to employ solicitors on large commissions. The circulation of that journal will tend to divert from the splendid sentiment manifest in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which is regarded as worthy of the patronage of the entire South. If our people support the New York publication in preference it would be a humiliation to the influence that seeks to do all possible for our people at the lowest possible price. There never was a time when more careful discrimination should be made. If the VETERAN is not loyal to the center repudiate it. If it is worthy stand up for it *now*. Make known its merit so that others through you will do likewise.

A Lexington, Ky., Confederate of much prominence has this to say in a recent letter: "Regarding the '*Confederate War Journal*, published in Lexington, Ky., and New York, I know very little about; have seen a copy, but have not had time to peruse it. I know Mr. Ben Labree very well. He came to this city several years ago from the North, and aside from his politics (Republican) I think he is a gentleman and a very worthy man. I think he is in a position to do some good with his paper, as he deals altogether in the past and has access to a field that needs to be printed."

Rev. John R. Deering, Versailles, Ky., April 28, 1893: "Before me lies the '*Confederate War Journal*, published in New York! 'It solicits the aid and co-operation of the Southern people, and especially that of the gallant officers and men who followed the stars and bars.' It hopes 'that its purposes and aims will be heartily met and encouraged by the Southern people.' It 'solicits the judgment of a fair-minded, discriminating public.' This is in its *Salutatory*. And yet this same '*Salutatory*' refers to our civil war four times as the 'rebellion,' 'great rebellion,' etc.! Perhaps this is to please Northern-Southerners. No doubt it will pay them, and they will pay for what they get. The 'discriminating public' of our Southland knows our conflict as the 'War between the States.' There was a rebellion once, in colonial days,

but it was made against a king called George. It had no 'Confederate side,' every colony being in it. Out of that struggle came thirteen 'free and independent States.' Between these a 'late unpleasantness' did exist, but surely no 'discriminating' Southerner ever imagined that that was a 'rebellion.' Subjects rebel. The war was between States, not subjects. The States seceded and the States were overpowered and restored. I am glad the publishers of this journal gave their key-note in the first number. Every soldier will know what sort of music to expect. From Hercules' foot I judge that the ('Confederate') man will be of slim pattern and short lived. The VETERAN, of Nashville (that is in Tennessee, and that is in our Southland), is good enough for me. Let me go unrepresented, if need be, but not misrepresented, and that in a 'Confederate war journal.'"

Geo. E. Dolton, St. Louis, Mo., May 9, 1893: "I am in receipt of the April number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and inclose herewith subscription. I wish you would send me all the back numbers, as I would like my file complete. I like the magazine, and yet I do not like it—I wish it were a weekly and full of letters from those who wore the gray, fighting over the battles as they fought and saw them. I stood in front of their shells and bullets for 178 days; that is, was actually under their fire that long, and having stood that, I am not afraid that any of them can write any accounts of the past which I cannot relish. Besides, I love the heroism displayed by the gray, and I eagerly read everything I can find written of the war by one who wore it. I never had an unpleasant word during the war, nor since, with one who wore the gray. I wore the blue. I have mingled with the gray, since the war, in Missouri, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, and West Virginia. Give us a paper like the *National Tribune*—as far as the correspondence, or letters, is concerned. Stir up the old Confederates to write. I want to know how it was on that side of the line *everywhere*. I have traveled six hundred miles before now just to learn how it was on your side at a single point. I am carefully studying the War Records, but they do not satisfy. I want more detail, and I know that every wide-awake Confederate would enjoy such articles, and so would hundreds of thousands of those who wore the blue. My being one of the two who started the *Grand Army of American Veterans* (the other being one of Gen. Lee's men) shows about how I feel toward those who were—part of the time—on the other side of the breastworks. I am a subscriber for the *Confederate War Journal*, which you do not admire. It may be worth something after a while. I live in hopes, but expect to be dead about one hundred years before it reaches the end of what I am interested in at its present rate of progress." The foregoing letter is from the office of the Grand Army of American Veterans, composed of those who wore the blue and the gray.

THE *University of the South Magazine* issued a superb memorial number to Gen. E. Kirby-Smith. It contains a full and authentic biographical sketch of the General, carefully prepared by Gen. Francis A. Shoup, D. D., a distinguished Confederate general, and a life-long friend of the beloved hero.

THE splendid full-page picture of Mr. Davis on title page is copied from a large photograph that he sent Mrs. S. E. Brewer, now of Nashville, but who lived in Havana when he was released from prison, and entertained him and his family for some time afterward. When Mr. Davis left Cuba he went to Baltimore, where this picture was made. The following autograph note is on the margin of the picture:

"Mrs. Sarah E. Brewer, with the respect and regard of her friend, JEFFERSON DAVIS."

Mrs. Brewer's zeal for the Davis Monument may be realized in the fact that she subscribed \$500 to it directly, and has in addition secured \$300 through subscribing \$1,000 to a church in Nashville on condition that the \$300 be subscribed by members of that church to the monument.

The venerable lady is zealous for the VETERAN as well. She has procured nearly forty subscribers, although very feeble and rarely able to leave her house.

#### PROMISE OF A BARGAIN.

A glance will show the back cover page as a unique place for advertising. As an experiment and a matter of interest this page will be furnished the advertiser for June who will give a written offer of the largest price for it. Part of the page was under a contract for a year, but it is now clear and we will try the spirit of business men. The price for that page is \$2 per inch for each insertion; that would be \$51, but it may go for half that, or for \$1. The written proposition should be mailed by June 6.

THE Daughters of the Confederacy in Missouri have shown something of what can be accomplished by a patriotic people. Without State appropriation or other public aid they have, by persistent zeal, erected the superb Home reported and illustrated in this VETERAN. In an appeal to pay off the balance of a liability upon the property, aggregating nearly \$2,000, the President, Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, says: "This monument to the energy of the women of Missouri must not be presented to the State Association before being paid for. To avoid the necessity of borrowing money we feel that it is only necessary to lay this matter before the ladies of the South."

THE destruction of Miss A. M. Zollicoffer's studio at the home of her brother-in-law, J. B. Bond, Esq., in Maury County, occurred at night, last month, and she barely escaped from the flames. She had about \$1,000 worth of paintings on hand. The most valuable of them all, in an historic sense, was a portrait of her father, Gen. Zollicoffer, which she had just completed for the room named in his honor at the Tennessee Soldiers' Home. It was a contribution to the Home. In this calamity there will be sympathy throughout the South. There are living five of the six daughters

to the General; besides Miss Z. the four others are Mrs. Wilson, of Nashville; Mrs. Metcalf, of Fayetteville; Mrs. Sansom, of Knoxville; and Mrs. Bond. In the fire mentioned Mr. Bond lost a very fine law library.

WASHINGTON, GA., does well her part in keeping alive the spirit of patriotism. At the dedication of Confederate graves last month Capt. John T. Hester, a former citizen of the place, delivered the address. While paying tribute to the progressive spirit and the thrift of the people, he said:

"Who does not love the home of his birth? Who does not love the land of the magnolia and the honey-suckle? Who does not love Georgia—her hills and her valleys—from mountains to her sea-girt shores? Who does not love his whole country, from the granite hills of New England to the prairies of the Lone Star State, from the shores of the Atlantic to the rocky cliffs of the Pacific? But, what means this large assemblage of your citizens? Every eye that glistens a tear, every bosom that graces a garland, every flag that marks the resting place of a hero, tell us that we are here to honor the memory of the men who struggled and who died for the sovereignty of the States, and who, for full four years, stood as a stone wall of defense between your homes and the invaders of your country!"

In speaking of individual achievements and heroism, he paid this beautiful tribute to Robert Toombs:

"He who wore the insignia of rank deserves no more of our flowers and our tears to-day than the gallant privates in the rank and file of our army, who followed wherever he dared to lead. Yet there is one who drew his sword in defense of his country's rights, and if I could usurp the inspiration of the artist and wear the chaplet of the gifted sculptor, I would claim to chisel his name upon the highest niche of fame. Not alone because he was a soldier, not because he was allied to this people by education and association, but because in the legislative halls of our country, when danger threatened, he manifested the intrepidity of the warrior, the sagacity of the statesman, and the manliness of the Southerner."

On every grave was a card bearing the picture of a Confederate flag in colors, and under it the lines:

"Of liberty born of a patriot's dream,  
Of a storm cradled nation that fell."

In this connection special reference is made to Mr. Henry Cordes, of Washington, who has remitted more subscriptions more times to the VETERAN than any other person. He has shown patriotic zeal, for which he deserves gratitude and honor.

NASHVILLE is entertaining, as this issue goes to press, the Southern Baptist Convention, with delegates from Maryland to Mexico. There are many old soldiers among them, and each one is invited to call at the American building for a copy complimentary.

THE time for issuing has never been first of the month. It is nearer the fifteenth. Patrons who have subscribed recently may expect it about such time.

THE *Selma Times* gives an interesting sketch of Col. John H. Caldwell, of Jacksonville, Ala., concerning his experience with a Yankee during and after the war.

At the time of the battle of Seven Pines the Confederate was looking after his wounded when he found a young soldier in blue who was bleeding profusely from a wound in the thigh. He also had a sabre cut back of his ear. The officer gave him a canteen containing whisky, and told him to drink freely of it, and that he would send for it later. Before the infirmity corps got there the Federals had rescued their comrade.

Soon after the war Colonel Caldwell was solicitor of his circuit, and wanted to go over into St. Clair County to prosecute some fellows who had been violating the law. They were bushwhackers during the war, and had sworn that if he went to Ashville they would kill him.

It was against the martial law for an ex-Confederate to be caught with a pistol without a permit, and Colonel Caldwell went before the commander of the garrison at Jacksonville and stated his case.

The officer wrote a note to the young man who issued the permits directing him to "issue Colonel Caldwell an order to bear arms."

They talked of war times; the Colonel told this story, and the Federal, embracing him, said: "I am the soldier boy whose life you saved, and here is the wound in the thigh." And then throwing back his heavy locks he showed the sabre cut. "Yes, you cannot only get a permit to bear arms, but I will go along and help defend you with my life if necessary, for you are the man who saved mine."

It is a humorous incident in the stories told upon Robert Toombs, mention of whom is made in the diary of Alexander H. Stephens, herein printed, that when he had gone to the National Capital, from his home at Washington, Ga., to visit a gentleman of wealth, who met him at the station with his carriage, and in the good cheer of meeting forgot to inquire for his baggage until they had journeyed quite a distance. Then, startled at the oversight, he said: "What did you do with your baggage?" "I broke it," was Toombs' cool reply.

THERE is an error on the editorial page, where the types make "in iniquity" read "in equity." 'Tis a pity that so mean a spirit ever actuated any people to be so ungrateful when possessing such fortunate and agreeable surroundings as to make this criticism necessary. The South will not be robbed of her old-time glory.

It is reported that the body of the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens will be finally buried about the time that Mr. Davis is buried at Richmond. It would be fitting in Georgia to have that ceremony to her distinguished son at the time Mr. Davis' body lies in state at Atlanta.

Bear in mind that the place to leave your measure for a good fitting Dress Shirt is the Vanderbilt Shirt Co., Nashville, Tenn.

THE RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD COMPANY WILL FURNISH TRANSPORTATION FOR PASSENGERS TO THE DAVIS BURIAL AT RICHMOND FOR A TRIFLE OVER ONE CENT PER MILE EACH WAY.

*'T WILL BE A SIGHT WORTH SEEING.*

Camp Hardee of Confederate Veterans, at Birmingham, Ala., proposes to have at the Annual Reunion, which takes place in that city on the 19th and 20th of July, the finest entertainment ever seen at such a meeting. The camp is erecting now a hall with seats to accommodate 6,000 people, with a stage 150 feet long. One of the prettiest scenes will consist of eleven of the most beautiful women, selected one from each of the Southern States. This will be in tableau. Each State boasts with reason of the beauty of its women, and eleven of the most beautiful women in all the South will be a sight as rare as it will be unique, and will never be forgotten. The most perfect type of beauty, the spiritual combined with the physical, finds its home in the Southern States. The creamy blonde of Virginia will contrast with the brilliant brunette of Texas and Louisiana. This feature is to be only one in a series of others, but if each State will do justice to herself there can be nothing left to imagination—the real will excel it.

*THEIR WORK OF RAISING MONUMENT FUNDS.*

S. A. Cunningham, Chairman of the Davis Monumental Committee for the State of Tennessee, Nashville, Tenn.: Dear Sir—In order that I may make a proper report to the Association of United Confederate Veterans, which will meet at Birmingham, Ala., on the 19th and 20th of July next, I respectfully ask that you render me a report of the work done by your committee in the State of Tennessee by the 15th of June next. Hoping that you have had great success, I am your comrade,

W. L. CABELL,

*Lieut. Gen. United Confederate Veterans, Trans-Mississippi Dept.,  
Chairman Jefferson Davis Monumental Committee.*

*Dallas, Texas, May 1, 1893.*

The compliance with General Cabell's request is of the highest importance. In States where the committees have not been at work, and local organizations have secured funds, it is desirable that report be made within the time designated. The *VETERAN* will contain report of all data sent to it. In Tennessee all friends who have taken part in the cause are requested to give notice to the Chairman.

*HELP NOW THE KIRBY-SMITH FUND.*

Having been appointed Treasurer of the E. Kirby-Smith Relief Fund by Gen. W. H. Jackson, Department Commander, I am ready to receive such contributions as the benevolence of sympathetic friends may tender, to discharge the debts of the dead General, and should there be an excess of funds, to give the bereaved family the surplus. It is necessary that some one individual shall charge himself with the duty of soliciting aid in his vicinity. Friends, comrades, the necessity exists; your benevolence can and will place a most worthy family on the plane of self-support. Be quick, send in your aid. Fraternally,

THOS. CLAIBORNE, Treas.

*Nashville, Tenn., May 11, 1893.*

Vanderbilt Shirt Co., at Nashville, Tenn., will send you bill of prices and forms of measurement on application.



## MY LOVE AND I.

BY ASA HARTZ, PRISONER OF WAR.

My love reposes on a rosewood frame,  
 A bunk have I,  
 A couch of feathery down fills up the same,  
 Mine's straw, but dry;  
 She sinks to sleep at night, with scarce a sigh,  
 With waking eyes I watch the hours go by.

My love her daily dinner takes in state,  
 And so do I (?)  
 The richest viands flank her silver plate,  
 Coarse grub have I.  
 Pure wine she sips at ease, her thirst to slake,  
 I pump my drink from Erie's crystal lake.

My love has all the world, at will to roam,  
 Three acres I;  
 She goes abroad, or quiet stays at home,  
 So cannot I.

Bright angels watch around her couch at night,  
 A Yank. with loaded gun keeps me in sight.

A thousand weary miles now stretch between  
 My love and I,  
 To her, this winter night, calm, cold, serene,  
 I waft a sigh,  
 And hope with all my earnestness of soul  
 To-morrow's mail may bring my parole.

There's hope ahead! We'll some day meet again,  
 My love and I;  
 We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then.  
 Her love-lit eye,  
 Will all my many troubles then beguile,  
 And keep this wayward Reb. from Johnson's isle.

*Johnson's Island, February, 1861.*

The above is published in compliment to a comrade who copied this paper when written and has kept it all these years. It is not in good spirit. The prisoner's "Love" was not in luxury. She gave many a "sigh," and she had not "all the world to roam at will." It will be helpful to recall the errors in it. The copy comes from Tampa, Fla.

## BILL ARP'S FACTORY YARN.

\* \* \* The signs of the times are very hopeful. Action and reaction is the law of human progress. We make war and we make peace. We abuse one another and afterwards comes the love feast. The pendulum is always swinging. A few years ago a Northern man would hardly have ventured South to tell us what he thought of us. Now he goes and comes and says what he pleases and his utterances are courteously tolerated. Old father Time is a wonderful doctor. I have been under his treatment and find myself better—better in charity and hope and humanity—with a broader patriotism and less prejudice—with more philosophy and less bigotry and conceit. I think I am improving daily, and will soon be ready to certify that old doctor Time is a wonderful man, and that his medicine is good.

Our American people are never as mad with one another as they think they are. It is a kind of surface enmity, while the heart beats warmer than they are willing to admit. Let a Yankee and a Georgian meet together in Egypt or Peru, or on the Suez canal, and they instantly become friends, and would defend each other to the very death. The love of country makes us kin, and kindred makes us kind.

When I was a merchant in a country town I managed somehow to provoke the enmity of my principal

competitor. To avenge himself he put out posters that he would undersell anybody regardless of cost or profit, and added a codicil that he would sell factory yarn ten cents a bunch cheaper than it could be bought in the village. Determined to keep up with the sensation, I put out my posters to the effect that I was going to sell my goods so cheap Spence would have to give his away or take down his handbill. The first day of the contest a customer called for two bunches of yarn, 8s and 10s. I didn't have the 10s, but I gave him a bunch of 8s for nothing, on condition he would buy the 10s at Spence's. He went down forthwith, and asking the price, Spence looked straight at him and says: "What did Arp charge you for that bunch?" "Nothing," says he, "he is giving it away." With a spasmodic jerk, Spence threw down a bunch on the counter and snapped a dime by the side of it. "There's your yarn, sir, and there's your money. I'll see who can play this little game the longest." Well, I wasn't foolish enough to play it any more, but from that day our intercourse was much more limited than our animosity. We never came to a pitched battle, but it was a regular skirmish all summer. Early in the fall Spence went to New York, and I followed a few days after. Arriving about midnight, the hotel clerk said that they were very much crowded, but if I didn't mind bedding with a Georgian, he could accommodate me. I was conducted to the room, and as the light shone in my bedfellow's face I saw it was Spence, and Spence saw it was me. There was no time to calculate, or say prayers, and we didn't want any, for no two brothers ever gave each other a more earnest and cordial greeting. From that day until his untimely death we were friends.

## VIVID WAR INCIDENT.

On the morning of May 4, 1865, after the surrender of the Army of Tennessee by Gen. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., after being paroled I, with a few comrades, was at Salisbury, N. C., and left about 7 o'clock A. M. for our homes, all of us going westward, and all stepping at a lively gait. We were going towards Charlotte, N. C., and traveling parallel with the railroad. A few miles out from Salisbury I noticed clots or lumps of blood often in the road, and as the road was full of men, some walking and others riding, I thought it probable that a horse had been hurt and was bleeding. But soon I saw a man sitting on some railroad wood with, as I thought, a red bosomed shirt on, and upon getting close to him I saw he was red, but with his own blood. As I have already said, the road was full of men, but no one seemed to give the unfortunate man any attention until I got up opposite to him, when two men said something to him which I did not understand, but I heard him say in a very distinct voice, "No, there is no use trying to do any thing, for I am dying. But you can take that coat," which lay six or eight feet from him, "to my wife in Augusta, Ga. She is the daughter of Gen. Rains." During his talk he put his hand in the gaping wound, which had been made, as we supposed, by himself, and got out the blood and rubbed all over his arms. And the two men turned away from him and moved on, and I did so too. He was an officer of some rank, but I could not tell the rank. His uniform was what we called English cloth, though considerably worn. He was a fine looking man about thirty years of age.

W. F. ALLISON.

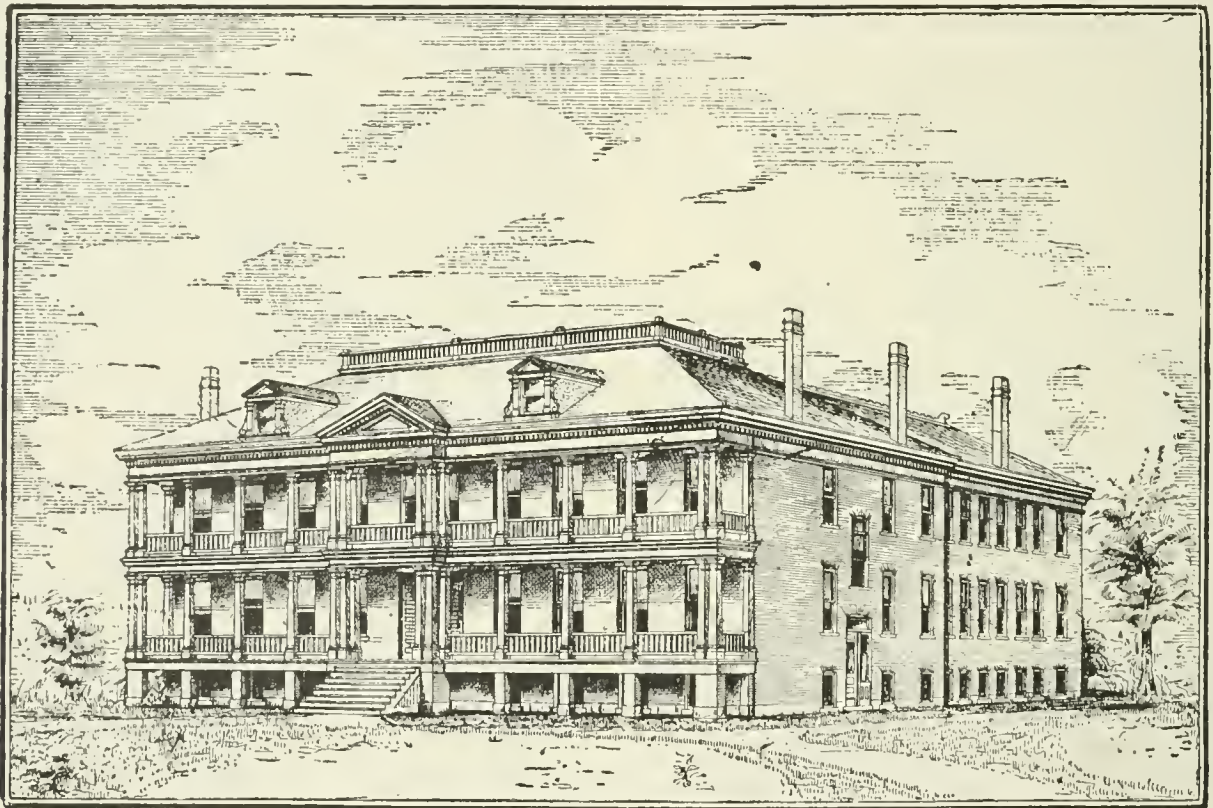
*CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME FOR MISSOURI.*

The great work of erecting the main building of the Confederate Home of Missouri is nearly completed. It is to cost about \$24,000, and is to be finished June 1. Of this sum \$12,000 has been paid to the builder. About \$2,000 more must be raised by the first day of June. As this is the work of the women of Missouri, and one of which all may well be proud, the Auxiliaries of the State are urged to prolong the labors until this sum is raised. If possible, they will furnish the building complete. This will require the united efforts of all the Auxiliaries for at least another year.

The main building will be presented to the State Association about the first of June, with proper ded-

Mrs. E. R. Gamble writes: "This closes the second year of my office as Secretary. Though the duties have been arduous the labor has been one of love. Accept my best wishes for the future prosperity of the Association. I feel confident that a body of ladies so deeply interested, and possessing the noble spirit which animates the Daughters of the Confederacy, will continue the work until the goal is reached. Their reward will be, in the words of Him who said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

The officers are: President, Mrs. M. A. E. McLure; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. C. C. Rainwater, Mrs. R. W. Parcells, Mrs. John S. Bowen, Mrs. W. N. R. Beall, Mrs. J. P. Richardson, Mrs. R. K. Walker; Treasurer, Mrs. W. P. Howard; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. M. Pickett; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. R. Gamble.



CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME FOR MISSOURI.

icatory ceremonies. All Auxiliaries are urged to send representatives to Higginsville to assist in this dedication, of which due notice is being given. It is only in this way that they can realize the grand results of their united work. A circular reads as follows:

"It has been a source of gratification that the honored President, Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, has been present with us so frequently during the past year, with undiminished zeal, prompted by love of the cause so dear to her heart. Her influence has been exerted to promote the accomplishment of our work. Possessing that charity "which thinketh no evil," she has by her gentleness and forbearance with our errors and faults won the hearts of all who know her. May the life which brings so much sunshine to other hearts be spared for many years."

A PHILOSOPHIC DARKEY.—Some time ago two colored boys, between whom there was a feud, met and began to quarrel. One of them became very abusive, and called the other a great many hard names. The other listened to him until his stock of vituperation was exhausted, and then he said: "Is you done?" The first intimated that he had no more to say. Then he replied: "All dem things you say I is you's dem."

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN takes much pleasure in publishing that the Southern Express Company, through its agency at Nashville, has been unstinted in its liberality for the promotion of the Davis monument and for the advancement of its own interest.

## RECENT COMMENTS UPON THE VETERAN.

None of these notices have appeared before this.

Chicago Letter in Pine Bluff (Ark.) paper: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN should be in every Southern home."

Savannah (Ga.) *News*: "The VETERAN is the best Southern Confederate journal that has yet been published."

Gen. John Boyd, Lexington, Ky.: "The VETERAN is like our Kentucky whisky—improves with age. Gen. E. Kirby-Smith's picture is the best I ever saw of him."

Isaac Garrett, Pembroke, Ky.: "Through Capt. C. D. Bell I became a subscriber, and like it so well that I wanted my friends to have it, so I send you my check for thirteen subscriptions."

Col. E. E. Tansil, Dresden, Tenn., with inclosed subscription for the VETERAN, adds: "Will try and send you a good list of subscribers at next meeting of our Bivouac. May it live long and prosper."

The VETERAN is sufficient, thinks a man of high character: "We want but one war journal, and you are giving us that. Keep 'the fly' out of the ointment, and we'll try to keep out rivals, especially 'yanks.'"

Gen. George Reese, of Pensacola, Fla., after showing much patience with errors in list of subscribers sent by him, adds: "I hope you will have abundant success. The last number is a splendid one, and worth the year's subscription."

Robt. Chisholm, Esq., Birmingham, Ala.: "Your CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the best and cheapest periodical I have ever seen. I only wish you were in Birmingham so that I could help you to make for it the largest circulation in this country."

A Republican said to a lady who was of a large party of Iowa journalists, when handing her a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN: "I want you to see how a Confederate, who was himself a soldier, can write all about the war, all on his own side, and not say one offensive word."

Col. J. H. Moore, Canton, Ga., May 10: "Our mutual friend, Capt. Newman, of this place, and I succeeded, without much effort, in procuring the inclosed list of twenty subscribers to the VETERAN. All who have seen the VETERAN pronounce it first-class and believe it will exactly fill a long-felt need in the South."

Thos. D. Osborne, Louisville, Secretary Confederate Association of Kentucky: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN for April has just arrived. It cannot be surpassed. I hope you will get a good many subscribers in Kentucky. At the next meeting of our association I will make a statement about it to the members."

Dr. John Young, with a good list from Springdale, Ark., adds: "It is a matter of astonishment to me that such enterprises are so rare in the South. By all means let the record—before, since, and during the war—be truthfully written, and the contrast be drawn, that generations yet unborn may read and judge."

John T. Moore, Henderson, Ky.: "We have a Confederate Association here of about sixty members, with Maj. M. M. Kimmel (Chief of Staff with Gen. Van Dorn) as Commander and Capt. R. H. Cunningham, who was Adjutant of Gen. McCausland's Brigade, Virginia Infantry. Our members represent eight different States." He sends eight subscribers.

Judge Pitkin C. Wright, Secretary Tennessee Press Association, Memphis, Tenn., May 6: "I am delighted to welcome the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and its Cunningham to the fold. \* \* \* I have had but time to glance it over, but have seen enough to know that it is worthy of you and of the old veterans. What more could be said of it?"

Chas. F. Belser, President the *Pythian Period*, Nashville, April 27: \* \* \* "I must beg your pardon, however, for delaying until this day the remittance of the exceedingly small subscription price. This I now hand you. As an offset of my negligence, I herewith offer the following names as yearly subscribers, and hand you herewith \$2.50."

A zealous patron in Texas, who works diligently for the VETERAN and accepts no discount, begins a recent letter as follows: "As the ocean is composed of little drops of water, and the shore of little grains of sand, so must the 100,000 subscribers to the VETERAN be composed of individuals, and I hope your subscription may reach the 100,000 before 1894."

Col. W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.: "Send me copies of April number. I will circulate them and try and get you a club from this place, among the members of our camp. I do not understand why every soldier of the war should not take it, as it is very interesting to all old soldiers specially. I would like to see your list go to a hundred thousand."

Phil. Samuel, Richmond, Va., May 9: "I saw yesterday a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and was so much pleased with it that I determined to subscribe for it at once. I am the janitor of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, and an 'old Virginian,' and take the greatest interest in anything that stirs my memory about those glorious, though sad, days, and your paper was so full of such memories that I am determined to do what little I can to increase its circulation. I shall send you all the subscribers I can."

The *Nashville American*: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN for April is being mailed to subscribers, with its remarkably large subscription list, age of the publication considered, as a supplement. Its title page contains a fine half-tone picture of Gen. E. Kirby-Smith and the 'Conquered Banner,' by Father Ryan, with the Confederate battle flag in colors. Of the other illustrations the monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, where Mr. Davis is to be buried next month, is excellent, as is also a family picture of the Kirby-Smiths, with a dozen faces in it. Mr. Cunningham's thrilling experience in the battle of Franklin, a story which has attracted much attention and caused historians to visit the field of carnage and elaborate his data, is republished. 'The Rebel Yell' is reproduced from the January issue, as is also the sketch of Jefferson Davis and his picture at eighty years. The subscription list, which nearly fills four seven column pages of the *American*, attests the popularity of the publication, and it exhibits an enthusiasm which is beyond precedent. The projector of the enterprise could well afford to publish it, with the scores of letters in its praise by representative Southern people. Vivid reminiscences from the siege of Jackson, Miss., by the editor, follows an editorial which emphasizes the spirit of the publication. This issue clearly excels all the preceding issues, and is not only a credit to Nashville, but to the journalism of the country."

Newman Brandon, Tobacco Port, Tenn.: "I read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN with much interest and pleasure. I was in my cradle when the greatest of modern dramas was being enacted, and the Southern soldiers were winning for themselves immortal glory. The magazine will do a great deal of good towards presenting a true history of the war. I send you two subscribers."

*Courier Journal*: "The editor, S. A. Cunningham, is a well-equipped newspaper man. His description of the battle of Franklin has not been surpassed. Several hundred subscriptions have been sent out from Kentucky, and it is probable that there will be a thousand or more. It is the most attractive magazine of the Confederate history, and will win its place everywhere."

Col. A. Fulkerson, in sending three subscriptions, April 12: "I am greatly pleased with your periodical, and hope you will make it a success. I am sure it deserves the hearty support of every Confederate soldier, and I will endeavor to secure other subscriptions, and lose no opportunity to bring the VETERAN to the attention of all old comrades in Tennessee and Virginia within my reach."

Col. S. A. Champion, Nashville, Tenn.: "I received a letter from my little niece in Missouri, to whom I had sent a copy of your valuable journal, and in the letter she inclosed a dollar, saying: 'I have gotten you two subscribers for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and will get more.' I have taken so much interest in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, mainly on your account, that you see Miss Eva thinks it belongs to me."

Master George Wilson, Rutherford, Gibson County, Tenn.: "I received the April number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and read it with much interest. I am only a boy, but I feel by reading the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that I shall learn the true history of the boys in gray, something that can't be found in the common school history. I send you the following list. I would canvass for your valuable paper if I had time, but school is keeping me busy."

Adj. J. Thos. Dunn, Portsmouth, Va., March 22, 1893: "The Committee of Arrangements of Stonewall Camp decided to change the time of memorial and dedication of monument. In compliance with the wishes of the Grand Commander, the Grand Camp will convene on the 11th of June. The memorial and decoration will take place the following day, the 15th of June. Col. R. C. Marshall, who is now Commander of Stonewall Camp, will deliver the oration, and Rev. B. D. Tucker, of Norfolk, will read a poem."

Geo. W. R. Bell, Cedar Springs, Cherokee County, Ala.: "We have in our county an organization known as the Cherokee County Confederate Veteran Association. We belong to the State Association and have elected delegates to attend the meeting in Birmingham in July. It does seem to me that every true Confederate Veteran ought to take it from a personal, if not a patriotic, consideration. I can say for myself that I am not only pleased, but delighted, with its high moral tone and conservative, patriotic sentiment."

Manly B. Curry, Louisville, Ky.: "Through the solicitation of Mrs. P. P. H. I became a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I take a number of papers, and when this one came I paid no attention to it, but happening to accidentally catch sight of your name, my curiosity was aroused, and I looked through

the number. I feel repaid for having done so. I shall not only look forward to the coming of the paper in the future, but am interested in its welfare. \* \* \* I am a son of Dr. J. L. M. Curry, of Richmond, Va. As one of the younger generation who has grown to manhood since the war, I want to make a suggestion: Our fathers, mothers, and big brothers were old enough to appreciate what was going on, and we love to hear them tell of their personal experiences, but they are now rapidly passing into old age and will soon be on the other side of the dark river. If you can get some of them to write you letters giving their personal experiences you will preserve in a permanent form exceedingly valuable information. Generals, literary people, and historians tell us of battles, but the annals of the privates, the sufferings of the women, and the make-shifts which they resorted to to supply the necessities of life, exist only in the memories of a rapidly decreasing few. A letter by Mrs. Jefferson Davis, recently published in the Sunday papers, is somewhat in the line of what I mean. I don't think that you can have too much of this sort of material. Another thing, our opponents have published tons of literature giving the dark side of slavery. We have little telling of its bright side. Although I was born during slavery times and was old enough before its abolishment to appreciate its existence, I have seen so much against it that the very idea of it is abhorrent to me. I have read so much of the dark side that I wonder how those whom I love so dearly could have upheld such an institution. If I am so influenced, what must be the feelings of my children when they grow up? Let each issue of your paper contain something telling of the bright side, of the corn shuckings, the quiltings, the barbecues, the big meetings, the weddings' etc., showing that the slaves enjoyed life and were not eternally skulking in dark corners dodging the whip of the brutal overseer, or quaking with terror at the bay of a blood hound. You advocate the building of monuments to our heroes. I tell you that unless something is done at once, and done persistently, to counteract the influence and misrepresentation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and the like, our children will look upon those whose memory those monuments are intended to perpetuate as objects of pity, if not of contempt. For the past eight years I have been living in St. Paul, Minn. I have talked with children there on the subject of slavery, and the poison is doing its work, and doing it effectually. Even at this day a man who owned slaves is looked upon as little, if any better, than a slave trader, a pirate, or a brigand, who held prisoners for a ransom. I am not talking theory, but actual experience. As soon as those who were the actual owners of slaves have died out in the South this feeling will gradually work its way into our own country. For God's sake do something to prevent the great names of our ancestors being the theme for a jest and the subject for taunts. Please pardon this long letter and tirade, but I feel deeply on this subject. I think something should be done to counteract the growing sentiment. I believe that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the medium through which it can be done."

COMRADES can get the regulation Confederate Battle Flag Badge, enameled in colors, to be worn in buttonhole of coat lapel, by sending their order, with 50 cents, to Capt. E. W. Averell, Jeweler, 215½ Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

See his regular advertisement in this issue.

*ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS' PRISON LIFE.*

A complete history of "The war between the States" will never be printed. Occasionally, after a lapse of several decades, new chapters will appear, seeming incredible, because the vigilant journalist has not "handed it in" sooner.

These reflections are given as introductory to a few chapters, it becomes my fortune to possess, concerning the surrender and imprisonment of the Confederate Vice-President. Many items will appear of general interest, and altogether it will be interesting to those who most admired the extraordinary statesman. Strange as it may seem a dismal blank occurred in a Southern record of events just at this period.

Mr. Stephens' own language is used except where there are necessary abbreviations, and then the substance is given with the least change possible.

FORT WARREN, NEAR BOSTON, MASS.,  
27 May, 1865.

This book was purchased this day of A. J. Hall, Sutler at this Post, by Alexander H. Stephens, a prisoner on the Fort, with a view of preserving in it some regular record of the incidents of his imprisonment and prison life. It may be interesting to himself hereafter, sometimes, should he be permitted to live, to refer to it—and if his own life should not be spared it may be of interest, in like manner, to some one of his relatives and friends.

He knows it will be of intense interest to his dear and only brother, Hon. Linton Stephens, of Sparta, Ga. Besides, he feels sure that all his relatives will be exceedingly glad to peruse it: especially in the event that they never see him again. For these reasons the book has been purchased.

## HIS ARREST AT LIBERTY HALL.

Thursday, 11th May, 1865.—This was a most beautiful and charming morning. After a refreshing sleep I rose early. Robert Hull, a youth of about 16 years of age, son of Henry Hull, Jr., of Athens, Ga., spent the night before with me. After writing some letters for the mail, my custom being to attend to such business as soon as breakfast was over, Robert and I were amusing ourselves at a game of cassino, when Tim came running in the parlor where we were, saying, "Master, more Yankees have come: a whole heap of them are in town galloping all about with guns."

Suspecting what it meant, I rose, told Robert I expected they had come for me, and entered my bedroom to make arrangements for leaving if my apprehensions should prove correct. Soon I saw an officer with soldiers under arms approaching the house. The doors were all open. I met the officer in the library. He asked if my name was Stephens? I told him it was. "Alexander H. Stephens?" said he. I told him that was my name. He said he had orders to arrest me and put me in custody. I asked him his name, and to let me see his orders. He replied, his name was Capt. Saint, of the 4th Iowa Cavalry, or mounted infantry. He was then under Gen. Upton. He showed me the order. It was by Gen. Upton at Atlanta for my arrest, and that of Robert Toombs. No charge was specified. He was directed to go to Crawfordville and arrest me, and then proceed to Washington and arrest Mr. Toombs, and to carry both to General Upton's headquarters. I told Capt. Saint that I had been looking for something of this kind, at least had thought it not improbable for some weeks, and hence

had not left home. Gen. Upton need not have sent any force for me. Had he simply notified me that he wished me at his headquarters I should have gone.

I asked the Captain if I would be permitted to carry any clothing with me, and how long I would be allowed to pack up. He said a few minutes—as long as would be necessary. He said, "You may take a servant with you, if you wish." I asked him if he knew my destination. He said, first to Atlanta, and then to Washington City. I called in Anthony, a black boy from Richmond, who had been waiting on me for several years, and asked him if he wished to go, and that I would send him to his mother in Richmond from Washington. He was willing to go, and was soon ready. It was about 10 o'clock A. M. when Capt. Saint came to my house. In about fifteen minutes—not much over—we started for the depot. Friends and servants followed, most of them crying. My own heart was full—too full, however, for tears. While Anthony was getting ready I asked Capt. Saint if I could write a note or two to some friends. He said I could. I wrote my brother in about these words:

CRAWFORDVILLE, GA., 11th May, 1865.

DEAR BROTHER—I have just been arrested by Capt. Saint, of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry. The order embraces Gen. Toombs. We are both to be carried to Atlanta, and thence to Washington City, it seems. When I shall see you again, if ever, I do not know. May God enable you to be as well prepared for whatever fate may await me as I trust he will enable me to bear it. May his blessings ever attend you and yours. I have not time to say more. A kiss and my tenderest love to your dear little ones. Yours most affectionately,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

This letter I sealed and addressed to him, and told Harry to send it over to Sparta immediately after I should leave. The Captain said he preferred I should not send the note then, that we would come back, and after that I might send it. I told him it was a note simply announcing my arrest and destination. I told him he might read it. I opened it and handed it to him. He still objected, and I tore the note up. At the cars a great many people had assembled. All seemed deeply oppressed and grieved. Many wept bitterly. To me the parting was exceedingly sad and sorrowful. When we left the depot the train backed up several hundred yards, where several soldiers, that seemed to have been put out there as scouts, got on. There was no stop until we reached Barnett. There we took another engine and started to Washington. About four miles from the town the train stopped at a shanty occupied by a supervisor of the track. Here I was put off, with about twenty soldiers to guard me. The Captain and the others went on to Washington. He said he expected to be back in an hour. He did not come until after dark. In the meantime there came up a cloud and a heavy fall of rain. The man of the house gave me dinner, fried meat and corn bread, the best he had. I was not at all hungry—indeed, had no appetite, but I ate to show my gratitude for his hospitality—share his homely but substantial fare.

Soon after dark the returning engine was heard coming. I was intensely anxious to know what had been the cause of detention. When what we supposed was the returning train came up it was nothing but the engine. The Captain had returned to bring his men some commissary stores and went back immediately. I asked him what was the cause of detention—what

had occurred—if Gen. Toombs was at home? He answered evasively and left me in doubt and great perplexity. About 9 o'clock the train came. The ground was saturated with water, and I got my feet partially wet—damp; this, together with the chilliness of the night, after the rain, gave me a sore throat, attended with severe hoarseness. When the train was under way for Barnett, I asked the Captain if he had Mr. Toombs. "No," he said, "Mr. Toombs flanked us." This was said in a rather disappointed, irate tone, and I made no further inquiries. About 11 o'clock we took the night schedule up train at Barnett for Atlanta. It was cool and clear; some panes of glass were broken out of the windows of the cars, and I was quite chilled by the exposure. This was one of the most eventful days of my life. Never before was I under arrest, or deprived of my liberty.

12th May.—Reached Atlanta about half past 8 o'clock A. M. Morning clear and cool—quite unwell—carried to Gen. Upton's headquarters. He had gone to Macon, but was expected back that night. Capt. Gilpin, on Gen. Upton's staff, received me and assigned me a room. Anthony made a fire, and Capt. Gilpin ordered breakfast. Walked about the city under guard. The desolation and havoc of war in this city were heartrending. Several persons called to see me. Gen. Ira R. Foster called. He was allowed to address me a note, and I was allowed to answer it, but no interview was permitted. Col. G. W. Lee called. He was permitted to see me, to speak to me, but not permitted to have any conversation. John W. Duncan was permitted to visit my room and remain as long as he pleased. The same permission was extended to Gip, Grier. Grier and Duncan called several times during the day. Capt. Saint called and said he would send the surgeon of the regiment to prescribe for my hoarseness. The surgeon came and prescribed remedies that did me good. Maj. Cooper called and gave me a bottle of whisky. I started from home with about \$500 in gold, which I had laid up for a long time for such a contingency. Gip, Grier offered me \$100 additional in gold if I wished it. I declined it. John W. Duncan offered any amount I might want. Gen. Foster, in his note, also offered me any assistance in the way of funds I might need.

13th May.—Did not sleep well last night. Gen. Upton called in my room early. I was so hoarse I could hardly talk. He informed me he had removed all guards; that I was on my parole. I told him I should not violate it. He seemed very courteous and agreeable. I learned from him that Mr. Davis had been captured. That Mr. C. C. Clay had surrendered himself. That Mr. Davis and party, with Mr. and Mrs. Clay, would be in Atlanta to-night on their way to Washington also. Said he would send me in a special train to-night to Augusta, but from there to Savannah I should have to go in the same boat with Mr. Davis and party. I had frequent talks with Gen. Upton during the day, and was well pleased with him. Several friends called again to-day, Maj. Cooper, Duncan, Gip, Grier and others, several times. Duncan gave me a bottle of Scotch ale, which I put in my trunk. He also gave me the name of a banking house in Europe, with which he had funds, and authorized me to draw on it for any I might need.

This evening a Col. Peters came to renew his acquaintance with me. We talked pleasantly and agreeably of past events and associations.

#### REMINISCENCES OF OTHER DAYS.

From my window, just before night I took a bird's-eye survey of the ruins of this place. I saw where the Front House stood—where Douglas spoke in 1860. Thought of the scenes of that day—the deep forebodings I then had of all of these troubles, and how sorely oppressed I was, at least, in their contemplation. Not much less so than I now am in their full realization and myself amongst the victims. How strange it seems to me that I should thus suffer, I, who did everything in the power of man to prevent them. God's providence is mysterious, and I bow submissively to his will. In my survey I could but rest the eye for a time upon the ruins of the Atlanta Hotel, while the mind was crowded with associations brought to life in gazing upon it. There is where, on the 4th September, 1848, for resenting the charge for being a traitor to the South I was near losing my life. And now I am a prisoner under charge, I suppose, of being a traitor to the Union. In all I am now I have done nothing but what I thought was right. In my whole life—public life as well as private—I have been governed by a sense of duty. I have endeavored in everything to do what was right under the circumstances surrounding me. The result be what it may, I shall endeavor to meet and bear with resignation.

At 9 o'clock P. M. Gen. Upton informed me that my train would start at 11 o'clock; that I might stop at home and get breakfast and take more clothing if I wished. The train that would carry Mr. Davis and party would leave two hours later, and I could remain until it reached Crawfordville. \* \* \* I told Gen. Upton that there was another colored boy at my house, Henry, a brother of Anthony, whose mother was in Richmond. I should like, if there was no objection, to take him along with me to Fortress Monroe, whence I could send him to his home. He consented.

Sunday, 14th May.—This is ever a memorable day to me. It is the anniversary of my step-mother's death. It is the day on which was severed the last tie that kept the old family circle together around the hearthstone at the old homestead. My father died just one week before, on the 7th. This was in 1826. At half past 11 this morning the cars reached the depot at Crawfordville. My coming was known, and a large crowd was at the depot to see me. I hastened to my house, as I had much to do. Church was just out, preaching over and the congregation leaving. I could but give a hearty shake of the hand to many whose eyes were filled with tears. Nearly all my servants from the homestead were at church. I learned that John had been over to Sparta and informed my brother Linton of my arrest. Also that he was sick. Oh! what a pang that intelligence struck to my heart. In a hurried manner I had a repacking of clothes. Henry and Anthony were soon ready.

Such hurried directions as could be were given to the servants on the lot and at the homestead. The leavetaking were hurried and confused. The servants all wept. My grief at leaving them and home was too burning, withering, scorching for tears. At the depot there was an immense crowd—old friends, black and white. They came in great numbers and shook hands. That parting and that scene I can never forget. It almost crazes the brain to think of it. I could not stand it until the other train arrived, but told the Captain to move off. This he did. When we arrived at Barnett we waited for the other train. Gen. Upton

came in to see me, and suggested that I would be more comfortable in the car he had on the other train. In a short time we were under way again. Reached Augusta some time before sundown. Gen. Upton had a carriage for me to ride in to the boat, which was four or five miles from the city, down the river. After the other train came up, which was half an hour behind us, Mr. and Mrs. Davis were put in a special carriage, some officer with them, Mr. Clay and Mrs. Clay in a separate carriage by themselves. Then, as our carriages passed each other, I for the first time saw them. They both bowed to me and I to them. Mr. Davis did not see me until we reached the boat. A major from Indiana rode in the carriage with me. Mrs. Davis' white nurse came and asked to ride in our carriage. We let her in. She had Mrs. Davis' infant in her arms. Guards were in front, on the side and, in the rear—some mounted on horses, some in wagons—all well armed. After the carriages started, which looked much like a funeral procession, and we had got away from the depot, we found the streets lined on both sides with immense crowds of people. I recognized but one familiar face in the whole passage through the city, and that was Moore, of the *Chronicle and Sentinel*, although I bowed to several who bowed to me. All that I saw looked sad and depressed. When we reached the landing it was a long time before we got on the boat. The walk to the river's edge was rough. Deep ravines, without bridges, had to be crossed, and it was with great difficulty, even with assistance that I was enabled to get along.

The boat was a miserable affair to bear the name of steamboat. It was a river tug without cabin. There were a few berths which the ladies occupied. All the rest of us were put on deck except Mr. Davis. He stayed in the part of the boat occupied by the ladies. There was a covering over us, but the sides were open. Gen. Wheeler and four of his men we found on the boat.

[To be Continued.]

MONUMENT AT ATHENS, GA.—Athens, Ga., has a very interesting monument, located in the center of an important thoroughfare. It cost \$4,444, and the funds were raised through the zeal of Athens women. To the President, Mrs. James Rutherford, is due the honor of a handsomer monument than would otherwise have been erected. Misses Pauline Thomas, Bessie Mell and Mrs. Lizzie Minor are remembered as zealous workers.

Mrs. Rutherford, mentioned above, was a remarkable woman. She was sister of Gens. T. R. R. Cobb and Howell Cobb, two names that will forever be a part of the history of our Empire State. While the struggle for independence was in progress she took up every carpet in her house but one and made them into blankets for soldiers, and she openly declared her willingness to go into the fight. Her personal courage was illustrated in a memorable event near the close of the war: The Federals had pulled down the fence to a little field of young corn just back of her garden and turned a multitude of mules in it. She called a negro man, ordered him to drive them out and put up the fence, but he said, "No, Mistis, dem Yankees would kill me." "No," she said with emphasis, "I'll go with you, and they will not resent us." Sure enough the soldiers stood astounded upon seeing the lady and the negro clear the field, and when the negro had put up the fence they gave three cheers. Moreover, they never disturbed her premises again.

PRESENTATION OF FLAG IN MAY, 1861.

Miss Lillian T. Rozell, now Lillian Rozell-Messenger, the authoress, presented a flag to Gen. Pat Cleburne's command near Pine Bluff, May 17, 1861. She said:

Our beloved countrymen, we greet you to-day to present your brave band with this banner, made by the ladies of Pine Bluff—those dear to your hearts and firesides. \* \* \* \* \*

You go, brave ones, to struggle in the dearest cause an American heart has at stake—the rights of this hallowed land of the South. Remember, it was liberty, not union, for which our forefathers fought. Now that your own cherished State has bared her bosom to breast the storm, struggle for her; retain her a bright constellation in that great galaxy of Southern States.

\* \* \* \* \*

This banner we consign to your care with prayers and tears, sent up to Heaven's throne in your behalf by those who daily cry, "Our hearts are with you." (The flag's motto.) Accept our farewell and last injunction:

Oh, shield the bright South, this beautiful land,  
Sacred and dear to your own loyal band,  
Her winds sang your cradle-hymns gently and low,  
And tuned were your hearts to her brooklets' soft flow.

And now that the foe, with despotic sway,  
Seeks to tear all her wealth and glory away,  
Nerve your strong hearts, to the rescue go on,  
Till silenced the storm, and bright battles won!

There, too, the heart of true woman will go  
To smile in your joy and soothe in your woe;  
When laurels the brightest your brows shall entwine,  
Her soul-hymns for you shall witchingly chime.  
Then on, brave ones, ever on in the right,  
God, your defender, will save you from blight.

After the close of this address the officers of the regiment had a salute of nine guns fired in honor of Miss Rozell. A stand had been purposely erected from which the address was given. About this the entire battalion was drawn to participate in the ceremonies. The "Jefferson Guards" being a part of this body, the flag was presented to Gen. Cleburne for his regiment. He made an enthusiastic address in reply to Miss Rozell, as he stood up in a plain split-bottom chair in front of the stand. The motto of the flag, "Our hearts are with you," was chosen by Miss Rozell.

HE DESERVES HIS SWORD.—W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss., March 27, 1893: "Mr. A. J. Story, of the Eleventh Alabama Volunteers, says that in the battle of the Crater, near Petersburg, he captured a Federal lieutenant-colonel with a wooden leg, and that broken. He asked him when he lost his leg, and learned that it was at the first battle of Manassas. He gave Mr. Story his sword and pistol, and he left his sword with a Miss Belle Peay, of Richmond, Va. He offered the pistol to this lady, but she said she would keep the sword for him. He now says if this colonel is still living and would like to get his sword (if Miss Belle Peay is living), he might get it by writing to Richmond."

WANTED.—To buy, immediately, Confederate Money, Confederate Stamps on original envelopes, old U. S. Stamps older than 1872, and old Coins. Describe exactly what you have got, and address, EDWARD S. JONES, Garland Avenue, Nashville, Tenn. (11)

## AN INCIDENT OF WAR TIMES.

In Florida May is quite a warm month. Open doors invite the perfume-laden breeze, the sky, the air, the birds, the flowers. All nature is joyous, buoyant, riotous in happiness without that undertone of languor, and even melancholy, which comes later as the season advances. The May in question was the memorable May of 1865. Not many gave a thought to the charms of nature as every ear strained, every nerve throbbled, every heart ached to hear the news from Virginia. All felt that the cause was lost, but the feeling was not put into words, except in the sacredness of the most confidential friendship. The air was full of rumors of defeats, victories, terms of peace, unconditional surrender, European interference, etc. Everywhere the unsettled state of the country provoked deeds of lawlessness, but most hideous of all were the accounts of negro outrages, theft, murder, arson, and blacker crimes.

You sweet and gentle women who dwell now in sheltered homes enjoying the security of a native land at peace, whose fathers, brothers, husbands and sons come and go regularly, or if detained inform you by telephone or telegraph, or the slower but very sure postoffice service, of the changed programme, do you not wonder how we lived through those sorrowful years of war, especially through those last solemn days when all regular transportation was discontinued, the mails stopped, all official news cut off? Almighty God himself, who feeds the springs of life and hope, alone knows how we were supported. The negroes were as restless as the white people. A wonderful change was coming. Of that they felt certain, but what to do to reap its benefits they did not know. As a rule the negroes were astonishingly obedient. Having but little knowledge of the world beyond their own neighborhoods, the change was anticipated with mingled feelings of awe and delight. Their deliverers were coming, they could afford to be still and wait for "the salvation of the Lord;" at least that seemed to be the temper of all the slaves on the plantation where I awaited the return of my husband from the Army of Virginia.

As the days swept by anxiety grew more intense. We undertook the most hazardous journeys, on foot or horseback, to see or hear from somebody who had returned from the seat of war. Getting home at dusk after one of these profitless jaunts, I delayed only long enough to tell my friends the result, and that I was too tired to take supper, I went to my room. It was up stairs, a very large, square room, with wide windows on three sides and a door on the other side opening into the hall, just at the head of the stair-steps. The large, old-fashioned bedstead stood in the center, to catch every breeze and to avoid contact with the walls, thereby securing immunity from insects which lead riotous lives in the land of the orange. A full moon floated in the dappled sky, under the clouds one moment, luminous, clear, brilliant the next. Fatigue, suspense, helplessness, the enervating influences of the night broke down all thoughts of self-control. I threw myself on the bed and sobbed my strength, if not my life, away. I heard the shutters carefully closed down stairs, the doors locked and heavily barred. Over among the negro cabins silence and darkness reigned supreme. The big "white folks' house" shone in the moonlight. The quarters were low cabins, shaded by live oaks and magnolias. One ignorant of their proximity would never have suspected it, so entirely were they concealed by the abundant foliage in which they nestled.

"Ah! there is the shadow," I thought, finally recognizing the necessity of going to bed, "the shadow in this fair landscape, the shadow on our horizon, no matter how the conflict ends. But why magnify my personal sorrows while a whole nation weeps? This night is like many of its predecessors, and will pass probably as they have done. Confusion there will be, but in the end intelligence rules everywhere, and so it will in Dixie."

How inviting the wide, white bed! I was glad not to be obliged to shut out the air and the moonlight, as being up stairs it was not necessary to close either the window shutters or the door. How long I slept I did not know, but I suddenly became conscious that I was awake and the room totally dark. The moon had gone down, I thought, as I raised up on my elbow. What sound was that? Deep, regular breathing, such as could proceed only from healthy human lungs. One moment more made me certain that the human being was under the bed. My mind was in a wild turmoil. Should I scream the sound would arouse the sleeper, who must have entered the house for some nefarious purpose and been overtaken by sleep. Should I attempt to spring past him would I reach the door first? Was he alone or were others outside? Was it particular mischief directed to me or was it general disaster threatening the whole family? I was not aware of coming to any conclusion concerning these momentous propositions, but in less time than it takes to tell about it I found myself flying down the steps screaming as never woman screamed before, all listeners, white and black, testified. The family were aroused instantly. The master of the house seized one pistol, his wife took the other, the children carried brooms, sticks, any available weapon of offense or defense. From the quarters rushed faithful Caesar, the carriage driver, with a big flaming light-wood torch, the regular slogan of a Florida darkey, followed by a frightened crowd of all ages and both sexes. Screams, exclamations, questions, created a perfect Bedlam.

"I'll go fust, Mars Joe," said Caesar. "Let me ting de light o' dis torch on him, dat 'll wake him. Ef he *more den* you shoot. An' you, Miss Lizzie, git out on de gal'ry, pint your pistol towards de yard, ef he jump over de bannisters den *you* shoot." These preliminaries being arranged Caesar, the self-elected captain, marched valiantly forward, his master, with his pistol cocked, a little in front. The dismayed crowd of youngsters stopped in the hall below and on the turn of the steps, only a few bold field hands kept close to Mars Joe and Caesar. The stillness of awe fell upon us, expectation was on tiptoe; every moment we thought to hear the loud report of the pistol, followed by the death wail of some miserable wretch, but instead came a loud guffaw from Caesar, and a "well, is that all?" from his master. Caesar was not long in securing the trespasser, who proved to be none other than a picaninny not yet attained to the dignity of two garments, whose mammy had forgotten to count her brood at supper or bed time. He had climbed the steps and gone to sleep without attracting anyone's attention.

His adventure was very quietly begun, but it ended in shrieks and screams very natural as he received on his thinly clad person a fusillade of blows from his irate mammy, who was quite full enough of human nature to practice the long-used art of abusing another to detract attention from her own carelessness.

M. M.

Monteagle, Tenn., May 1, 1893.



UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The first article of the constitution of the association declares: "The object and purpose of this organization will be strictly social, literary, historical, and benevolent. It will endeavor to unite in a general federation all associations of the Confederate veterans, soldiers and sailors, now in existence or hereafter to be formed; to gather authentic data for an impartial history of the war between the States; to preserve the relics or mementoes of the same; to cherish the ties of friendship that exist among the men who have shared common dangers, common suffering, and privations; to care for the disabled and extend a helping hand to the needy; to protect the widow and orphan and to make and preserve the record of the services of every member, and as far as possible of those of our comrades who have preceded us in eternity."

The last article provides that neither discussion of political or religious subjects, nor any political action, shall be permitted in the organization, and any association violating that provision shall forfeit its membership.

Gen. J. B. Gordon, the Commander of the Veterans, in an address to the soldiers and sailors:

"Comrades, no argument is needed to secure for those objects your enthusiastic indorsement. They have burdened your thoughts for many years; you have cherished them in sorrow, poverty, and humiliation. In the face of misconception you have held them in your hearts with the strength of religious convictions. No misjudgments can defeat your peaceful purposes for the future. Your aspirations have been lifted by the mere force and urgency of surrounding conditions to a plane far above the paltry consideration of partisan triumphs. The honor of the American government, the just powers of the Federal government, the equal rights of States, the integrity of the Constitutional Union, the sanctions of law and the enforcement of order have no class of defenders more true and devoted than the ex-soldiers of the South and their worthy descendants. But you realize the great truth that a people without the memories of heroic suffering or sacrifice are a people without a history.

"To cherish such memories and recall such a past, whether crowned with success or consecrated in defeat, is to idealize principle and strengthen character, intensify love of country, and convert defeat and disaster into pillars of support for future manhood and noble womanhood. Whether the Southern people, under their changed conditions, may ever hope to witness another civilization which shall equal that which began with their Washington and ended with their Lee, it is certainly true that devotion to their glorious past is not only the surest guarantee of future progress and the holiest bond of unity, but is also the strongest claim they can present to the confidence and respect of the other sections of the Union.

"In conclusion, I beg to repeat, in substance at least, a few thoughts recently expressed by me to the State organization, which apply with equal force to this general brotherhood.

"It is political in no sense, except so far as the word 'political' is a synonym of the word 'patriotic.' It is a brotherhood over which the genius of philanthropy and patriotism, of truth and of justice, will preside; of philanthropy, because it will succor the disabled, help the needy, strengthen the weak, and cheer the disconsolate; of patriotism, because it will cherish the past glories of the dead Confederacy and transmute them into living inspirations for future service to the living republic; of truth, because it will seek to gather and preserve as witnesses for history the unimpeachable facts which shall doom falsehood to die that truth may live; of justice, because it will cultivate National, as well as Southern, fraternity, and will condemn narrow-mindedness and prejudice and passion, and cultivate that broader, higher, and nobler sentiment, which would write on the grave of every soldier who fell on our side, 'Here lies an American hero, a martyr to the right as his conscience conceived it.'

"I rejoice that a general organization, too long neglected, has at last been perfected. It is an organization which all honorable men must approve and which Heaven itself will bless. I call upon you, therefore, to organize in every State and community where ex-Confederates may reside, and rally to the support of the high and peaceful objects of the United Confederate Veterans, and move forward until by the power of organization and persistent effort your beneficent and Christian purposes are fully accomplished."

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

ALABAMA.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Bessemer.....	Bessemer.....	157.	W. R. Jones, N. H. Sewall.
Birmingham.....	W. J. Hardee.....	39.	F. S. Ferguson, R. E. Jones.
Eutaw.....	Sanders.....	64.	G. H. Cole, F. H. Mundy.
Mobile.....	Raphael Semmes.....	11.	T. T. Roche, Wm. F. Mickle.
Montgomery.....	Lomax.....	151.	Emmet Sebels, J. H. Higgins.
ARKANSAS.			
Alma.....	Cabell.....	202.	
Bentonville.....	Cabell.....	89.	N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates.
Centre Point.....	Haller.....	192.	
Charleston.....	Pat Cleburne.....	191.	
Conway.....	Jeff Davis.....	213.	
Fayetteville.....	W. H. Brooks.....	216.	
Fort Smith.....	Ben T. Duval.....	146.	P. T. Devany, R. M. Fry.
Greenwood.....	Ben McCulloch.....	191.	
Hackett City.....	Stonewall.....	199.	
Hope.....	Gratiot.....	203.	
Morrilton.....	Robert W. Harper.....	207.	
Nashville.....	Joe Neal.....	202.	
Van Buren.....	John Wallace.....	209.	
FLORIDA.			
Brookville.....	W. W. Loring.....	13.	J. C. Davant, F. L. Robertson.
Chipley.....	Chipley.....	217.	
Dade City.....	Pasco C. V. Ass'n.....	57.	J. B. Johnston, A. H. Ravesties.
Fernandina.....	Nassau.....	101.	W. Naylor Thompson.
Inverness.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	148.	W. C. Zimmerman, W. S. Turner.
Jacksonville.....	R. E. Lee.....	58.	Win. Baya, W. W. Tucker.
Jasper.....	Stewart.....	155.	H. J. Stewart, J. E. Hanna.
Lake City.....	Columbia Co.....	150.	W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives.
Marianoa.....	Milton.....	132.	W. D. Barnes, F. Philip.
Monticello.....	Patton Anderson.....	59.	W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge.
Ocala.....	Marion Co. C. V. A.....	56.	J. J. Finley, Wm. Fox.
Orlando.....	Orange Co.....	51.	W. H. Jewell, B. M. Robinson.
Palmetto.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	53.	J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles.
Pensacola.....	Ward C. V. Ass'n.....	10.	W. E. Anderson, R. J. Jordan.
Quincy.....	D. L. Kenan.....	140.	R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan.
St. Augustine.....	E. Kirby Smith.....	175.	J. A. Enslow, Jr.
Sanford.....	Gen. J. Finnegan.....	149.	A. M. Thrasher, C. H. Lefler.
Sprigdale.....	Pat Cleburne.....	—	E. T. Candle, J. S. Patterson.
Tallahassee.....	Lamar.....	161.	R. A. Whitfield.
Tampa.....	Hillsboro.....	36.	F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane.
Titusville.....	Indian River.....	47.	J. Pritchett, A. D. Cohen.

## GEORGIA.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Atlanta.....	Fulton Co., Ga.	159...	W. L. Calhoun, J. F. Edwards.
Dalton.....	Jos. E. Johnston	34...	A. F. Roberts, J. A. Blanton.
Ringgold.....	Ringgold	206...	
Spring Place.....	John B. Gordon	50...	R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey.

## ILLINOIS.

Chicago.....Ex-Con. Ass'n.....8...J. W. White, R. L. France.

## INDIAN TERRITORY.

Ardmore.....John H. Morgan.....107...J. L. Gaut, R. Seales.  
McAlester.....Jeff Lee.....68...N. P. Guy, R. R. Coleman.

## KENTUCKY.

Augusta.....John B. Hood.....23...Jno. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson.  
Bowling Green.....Bowling Green.....143...W. F. Perry, Jas. A. Mitchell.  
Cynthiana.....Ben Desha.....99...D. M. Snyder, J. W. Boyd.  
Danville.....J. Warren Grigsby.....214...E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman.  
Eminence.....E. Kirby Smith.....151...W. L. Crabb, J. S. Turner.  
Flemingsburg.....Albert S. Johnston.....232...Wm. Stanley, Milfd Overley.  
Georgetown.....Geo. W. Johnson.....98...A. H. Sinclair, J. Webb.  
Harrodsburg.....William Preston.....96...B. W. Allin, John Kane.  
Lawrenceburg.....Ben Hardin Helm.....101...P. H. Thomas, J. P. Vaughn.  
Lexington.....J. C. Breckinridge.....100...John Boyd, G. C. Snyder.  
Mt. Sterling.....Roy S. Cluke.....201...Thos. Johnson, W. T. Havens.  
Paducah.....A. P. Thompson.....174...W. G. Bullitt, J. M. Brown.  
Paris.....John H. Morgan.....95...A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines.  
Richmond.....Thomas B. Collins.....215...Jas. Tevis, N. B. Deatherage.  
Russellville.....John W. Caldwell.....139...J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty.  
Shelbyville.....John H. Walker.....237...W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen.  
Versailles.....Abe Buford.....96...J. C. Bailey, R. V. Bishop.

## LOUISIANA.

Alexandria.....Jeff Davis.....6...G. O. Watts, W. W. Whittington.  
Amite City.....Amite City.....78...A. P. Richards, G. W. Banks-  
ton.  
Baton Rouge.....Baton Rouge.....17...J. McGrath, F. W. Heroman.  
Berwick.....Winchester Hall.....178...M. W. Bateman, F. O. Brien.  
Donaldsonville.....Mal. V. Maurin.....38...S. A. Poche, P. Ganel.  
Evergreen.....R. L. Gibson.....33...Wm. M. Ewell, I. C. Johnson.  
Lake Charles.....Calcasieu C. Vet.....62...W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hntchings.  
L. Providence.....Lake Providence.....193...  
Mansfield.....Mouton.....41...C. Schuler, T. G. Pegnes.  
Merrick.....Isalah Norwood.....110...D. T. Merrick, J. J. Taylor.  
Natchitoches.....Natchitoches.....40...J. A. Prudhomme, C. E. Levy.  
New Orleans.....Army of N. Va.....1...W. R. Lyman, T. B. O'Brien.  
New Orleans.....Army of Teoo.....2...J. Glynn, Jr., N. Cuoy.  
New Orleans.....Wash. Artillery.....15...B. F. Eshelman, L. A. Adam.  
New Orleans.....Henry St. Paul.....16...J. Demornelle, M. T. Ducros.  
Opelousas.....R. E. Lee.....14...L. D. Prescott, B. Bloomfield.  
Plaquemine.....Iberville.....18...C. H. Dickinson, J. L. Dardenne.  
Rayville.....Richland.....152...J. S. Summerlin, O. T. Smith.  
Rustin.....Rustin.....7...A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond.  
Shreveport.....Gen. Leroy Stafford.....3...W. Kinney, Will H. Tunnard.  
Tangipahoa.....Camp Moore.....60...O. P. Amaeker, G. R. Taylor.  
Thibodaux.....Braxton Bragg.....196...

## MISSISSIPPI.

Booneville.....W. H. H. Tison.....179...D. T. Beull, J. W. Smith.  
Brookhaven.....Sylvester Gwin.....235...J. A. Hoskins, J. B. Daughtry.  
Columbus.....Isham Harrison.....27...B. A. Vaughan, W. A. Camp-  
bell.  
Crystal Sp'gs.....Ben Humphreys.....19...C. Humphries, J. M. Haley.  
Edwards.....W. A. Montgomery.....26...W. A. Montgomery, H. W. Barrett.  
Fayette.....J. J. Whitney.....22...W. L. Stephen, W. K. Penny.  
Greenwood.....Hugh A. Reynolds.....218...  
Greenville.....W. A. Percy.....—...S. W. Ferguson, W. G. Yerger.  
Grenada.....W. R. Barksdale.....189...  
Hattiesburg.....Hattiesburg.....21...G. D. Hartfield, E. H. Harris.  
Hernando.....De Soto.....220...Sam Powell, C. H. Robertson.  
Hickory Flat.....Hickory Flat.....219...W. A. Crum, J. J. Hicks.  
Holly Springs.....Kit Mott.....23...J. F. Pant, S. H. Pryor.  
Jackson.....Robt. A. Smith.....24...W. D. Holder, G. S. Green.  
Liberty.....Avalte County.....226...M. Jackson, Geo. A. McGee.  
Macon.....Jas. Longstreet.....180...W. H. Foote, J. L. Griggs.  
Meridian.....Walthall.....25...W. F. Brown, B. V. White.  
Miss. City.....Beauvoir.....120...J. R. Davis, F. S. Hewes.  
Natchez.....Natchez.....20...F. J. V. LeCand, E. L. Hopkins.  
Port Gibson.....Claborne.....167...A. K. Jones, W. W. Moore.  
Rolling Fork.....Pat Cleburne.....190...  
Rosedale.....Montgomery.....52...F. A. Montgomery, Chas. C. Farrar.

## MISSISSIPPI—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Tupelo.....	John M. Stone.....	131...	John M. Stone, P. M. Savery.
Vadon.....	Frank Liddell.....	221...	S. C. Baine, W. I. Boothe.
Vicksburg.....	Vicksburg.....	32...	D. A. Campbell, C. Davis.
Woodville.....	Woodville.....	49...	J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett.
Yazoo City.....	Yazoo Camp.....	176...	S. D. Robertson, W. R. Mc- Cutecheon.

## MISSOURI.

Kansas City.....Kansas City.....80...J. W. Mercer, G. B. Spratt.

## NORTH CAROLINA.

Clinton.....Sampson.....137...R. H. Holliday, C. F. Hening.  
Concord.....Cabarrus Co. C. V. A. 212...  
Newton.....Catawba.....162...J. G. Hall, L. R. Whitener.

## OKLAHOMA.

Norman.....Gen. J. B. Gordon.....200...  
Oklahoma.....C't. D. H. Hammon.....177...J. W. Johnston, J. O. Casler.

## SOUTH CAROLINA.

Aiken.....Barnard E. Bee.....81...B. H. Tengue, J. N. Wigfall.  
St. Georges.....Stephen Elliott.....51...J. Otey Reed.

## TENNESSEE.

Chattanooga.....N. B. Forrest.....1...J. F. Shipp, L. T. Dicklson.  
Clarksville.....Forbes.....77...T. H. Smith, Clay Stacker.  
Fayetteville.....Shackelford-Fulton.....114...J. D. Tillman, W. H. Cashion.  
Franklin.....John L. McEwen.....—...B. F. Roberts, R. N. Richardson.  
Jackson.....John Ingram.....37...E. S. Mallory, S. E. Kierolf.  
Knoxville.....Felix K. Zollcoffer.....46...Jno. F. Horn, Chas. Ducloux.  
Memphis.....Con. Ills. Ass'n.....28...C. W. Frazer, R. J. Black.  
Lewisburg.....Dhrell.....55...W. P. Irvine, W. G. Loyd.  
McKenzie.....Stonewall Jackson.....42...Marsh Atkisson, J. P. Cannon.  
Memphis.....Con. Ills. Ass'n.....28...C. W. Frazer, R. J. Black.  
Murfreesboro.....Joe B. Palmer.....81...W. S. McLemore, W. Ledbetter.  
Nashville.....Frank Cheatham.....35...R. Lin Cave, J. P. Hickman.  
Shelbyville.....Wm. Frierson.....83...J. M. Hastings, J. G. Arnold.  
Tullahoma.....Pierce B. Anderson.....173...J. P. Bennett, W. J. Travis.  
Winchester.....Turney.....12...W. H. Brannan, J. J. Martin.

## TEXAS.

Abilene.....Abilene.....72...T. W. Dougherty.  
Abilene.....Taylor Co.....69...H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyek.  
Alvarado.....Alvarado.....160...J. R. Posey.  
Athens.....Howdy Martin.....65...D. M. Morgan, W. T. Eustace.  
Atlanta.....Stonewall Jackson.....91...J. D. Johnson, J. N. Simmons.  
Austin.....John B Hood.....103...W. M. Brown, C. H. Powell.  
Beaumont.....A. S. Johnston.....75...Jeff Chalson, Tom J. Russell.  
Belton.....Belt Co. ex-Con. As. 122...H. M. Cook, R. H. Turner.  
Bonham.....Sul Ross.....164...J. P. Holmes.  
Brownwood.....Stonewall Jackson.....118...Carl Vincent, R. L. Archer.  
Bryan.....J. B. Robertson.....121...H. B. Stoddard, W. H. Harmon.  
Buffalo Gap.....L. F. Moody.....123...Ben F. Jones, J. W. Eubank.  
Calvert.....W. P. Townsend.....111...J. H. Drennon, C. W. Higgin-  
botham.  
Cameron.....Ben McCullough.....29...E. J. Melver, J. B. Moore.  
Canton.....James L. Hogg.....133...T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson.  
Carthage.....Horace Randall.....163...J. R. Bond, J. M. Woolworth.  
Cleburne.....Pat Cleburne.....88...O. T. Plummer, M. S. Kahle.  
Colorado.....Albert Sldney.....—...W. V. Johnson, T. Q. Mullin.  
Columbus.....Shropshire-Upton.....112...Geo. McCormick, J. J. Diek.  
Coleman.....John Pelham.....76...J. J. Callan, J. M. Williams.  
Corpus Christi.....Jos. E. Johnston.....63...H. R. Sutherland, M. C. Spann.  
Corsicana.....C. M. Winkler.....147...R. M. Collins.  
Crockett.....Crockett.....141...Enoch Braxson, J. F. Martin.  
Caldwell.....Camp Rogers.....142...J. F. Matthews.  
Dallas.....Sterling Price.....31...J. J. Miller, W. L. Thompson.  
Decatur.....Ben McCulloch.....30...Will A. Miller, A. Edwards.  
Denton.....Sul Ross.....129...Hugh McKenzie, J. R. Burton.  
Dublin.....Erath & Comanche.....85...J. T. Harris, L. E. Gillett.  
Emma.....Lone Star.....188...  
Fairfield.....Wm. L. Moody.....87...G. T. Bradley, L. G. Sandifer.  
Forney.....Camp Bee.....130...T. M. Daniel, S. G. Fleming.  
Fort Worth.....R. E. Lee.....158...J. W. Friend, Eugene Burr.  
Frost.....R. Q. Mills.....106...A. Chamberlain, M. F. Wake-  
field.  
Gainesville.....Jos. E. Johnston.....119...J. M. Wright, J. T. Walker.  
Galveston.....Magruder.....105...T. N. Waul, C. C. Beavins.  
Gatesville.....Ex-C. A. Coryell Co. 135...W. L. Sanders.  
Goldthwaite.....Jeff Davis.....117...J. E. Martin, F. M. Taylor.  
Gonzales.....Gonzales.....156...W. B. Sayers, M. Eastland.  
Graham.....Young County.....127...A. T. Gay, Y. M. Edwards.  
Granbury.....Granbury.....67...J. A. Formival, I. R. Morris.

TEXAS—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Hamilton.....	A. S. Johnston.....	116..	W. T. Saxon, C. C. Powell.
Hemstead.....	Tom Green.....	136..	V. B. Thornton, S. Schwarz.
Henrietta.....	Sul Ross.....	172..	F. J. Barrett, C. B. Patterson.
Hillsboro.....	Hill County.....	166..	Wm. A. Fields.
Houston.....	Dick Bowling.....	197..	
Kaufman.....	Geo. D. Manion.....	145..	Jos. Huffmaster, E. S. Pipes.
Klogston.....	A. S. Johnston.....	71..	J. F. Puckett, T. J. Foster.
Ladonia.....	Robt. E. Lee.....	126..	G. W. Blakeney, F. W. Blake- ney.
LaGrange.....	Col. B. Timmons.....	61..	R. H. Phelps, N. Holman.
Lampasas.....	R. E. Lee.....	66..	J. S. Lauderdale, D. C. Thomas.
Lubbock.....	F. R. Lubbock.....	138..	W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon.
Madisonville.....	Johb G. Walker.....	128..	B. Wiley.
Meridian.....	A. S. Johnston.....	115..	Robt. Donnell, J. W. Adams.
Merkel.....	Merkel.....	79..	J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.
Mexia.....	Joe Johnston.....	94..	C. L. Watson, H. W. Williams.
Minneola.....	Wood County.....	153..	J. H. Huffmaster, G. A. Caga- MI. Enterprise-Rosser.....
82..	T. Turner, B. Birdwell.		
Mt. Pleasant.....	Col. Bud Jones.....	121..	C. L. Dillahunty, J. C. Turner.
Montague.....	Bob Stone.....	93..	R. Bean, R. D. Rugeley.
McKinney.....	Collin County.....	109..	W. M. Bush, H. C. Mack.
Navasota.....	Pat Cleburne.....	102..	W. E. Barry, R. M. West.
Onkville.....	John Donaldson.....	—	
Palestine.....	Palestine.....	44..	J. W. Ewing, J. M. Fullinwider.
Paris.....	A. S. Johnston.....	70..	G. H. Provine, J. W. Webb.
Paint Rock.....	Jeff Davis.....	168..	W. T. Melton, J. W. Hatchford.
Rockwall.....	Rockwall.....	74..	M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards.
Roby.....	W. W. Loring.....	151..	D. Speer, W. H. Smith.
San Antonio.....	A. S. Johnston.....	144..	John S. Ford, Taylor Melne.
Seymour.....	Bedford Forrest.....	86..	T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browning.
Sherman.....	Mildred Lee.....	90..	J. T. Wilson, R. Walker.
Sweetwater.....	E. C. Walthall.....	92..	W. D. Beall, J. H. Freeman.
Sulphur Sp'gs.....	Matt Ashcroft.....	170..	R. M. Henderson, M. G. Miller.
Taylor.....	A. S. Johnston.....	165..	M. Ross, P. Hawkins.
Tyler.....	A. S. Johnston.....	48..	J. P. Douglas, S. S. Johnson.
Vernon.....	Camp Cabell.....	125..	S. E. Hatchett, M. D. Davis.
Waxahachie.....	Jeff Davis.....	108..	R. P. Mackey, W. M. McKnight.
Weatherford.....	Tom Green.....	169..	J. P. Rice, M. V. Klinnson.
Whehta Falls.....	W. J. Hardee.....	73..	C. R. Crockett, N. A. Robinson.

VIRGINIA.

Reams Station.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	211..	
Richmond.....	George E. Picketts.....	204..	
Roanoke.....	William Watts.....	205..	
Williamsburg.....	McGruder-Ewell.....	210..	

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington.....	Wash. City Con.....	171..	Albert Akers.
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Organizations not members of the United Confed-  
erate Veterans are to be reported in full as soon as in-  
formation is received. There are in Tennessee twenty-  
two Bivouacs, including seven organizations of sons.

POSTOFFICE.	BIVOUAC.	OFFICERS.
Columbia.....	Leonidas Polk.....	J. H. Fussell, W. B. Dobbins.
Gallatin.....	Daniel S. Donelson.....	J. W. Blackmore, J. A. Trousdale.
Troy.....	Warren McDonald.....	P. J. Cummins, Alex. N. Moore.
Dickson.....	James E. Rafoos.....	W. J. Mathis, J. M. Talley.
Lynchburg.....	Woody B. Taylor.....	John D. Tolley, D. P. Allen.
Paris.....	Fitzgerald-Lamb.....	P. R. Orr, A. H. Lankford.
Dresden.....	Jenkins.....	C. M. Ewing, John D. McKeen.
Lebanon.....	Robert Hatton.....	A. K. Miller, G. R. Gwynn.
Gainesboro.....	S. S. Stanton.....	M. L. Gore, N. B. Young.
Alamo.....	Joseph E. Johnston.....	J. B. Humphreys, D. B. Dodson.
Trenton.....	O. F. Strahl.....	J. C. McDearman, Wm. Gay.
Cookeville.....	Pat Cleburne.....	Walton Smith, W. P. Chapin.
Brownsville.....	Uthram S. Bradford.....	Geo. C. Porter, A. D. Bright.
Hartsville.....	Barksdale.....	W. J. Hale, A. S. Reaves.
Riddleton.....	E. L. Bradley.....	Thos. W. Cosby, B. S. High.
McMinnville.....	Savage.....	— Hackett (officers not reported).

SONS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS—TENNESSEE DIVISION.

POSTOFFICE.	BIVOUAC.	OFFICERS.
Winchester.....	Albert S. Marks.....	A. H. Marks. Died Sept. 6, 1892, Jo C. Garner.
Nashville.....	Thos. C. Hindman.....	Biscoe Hindman, Jas. F. Hager.
Clarksville.....	Alfred Robb.....	F. S. Beaumont, Chas. W. Smith.
Gainesboro.....	J. S. Quarles.....	D. H. Morgan, S. H. V. Young.
Knoxville.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	J. W. Green, J. W. S. Frierson, Jr.
Franklin.....	W. P. Rucker.....	L. W. Buford, Lee S. McEwen.
McKenzie.....	Jeff. Davis.....	E. L. Cunningham, J. L. Thomason.

FIRST CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

From the *Chattanooga Rebel*, which is being given to  
patrons who send stamp with request:

The following is a list of the members of the first Congress, first  
session, of the permanent Government of the Confederate States:

SENATE.		
ALABAMA.	KENTUCKY.	NORTH CAROLINA.
Wm. L. Yancey, C. C. Clay, Jr.	Henry C. Burnett, Wm. E. Sims.	George Davis, Wm. T. Dortch.
ARKANSAS.	LOUISIANA.	SOUTH CAROLINA.
Robert W. Johnson, J. B. Mitchell.	Edward Sparrow, T. J. Semmes.	Robert W. Barnwell, James L. Orr.
FLORIDA.	MISSISSIPPI.	TENNESSEE.
James M. Baker, N. E. Maxwell.	A. G. Brown, James Phelan.	Gustave A. Henry, Landon C. Haynes.
GEORGIA.	MISSOURI.	TEXAS.
John W. Lewis, B. H. Hill.	John B. Clarke, R. L. E. Peyton.	Louis C. Wigfall, W. S. Oldham.
VIRGINIA.—R. M. T. Hunter, Wm. Ballard Preston.		

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.			
ALABAMA.	Dist.	Dist.	
1 T. J. Foster,	9 E. M. Bruce,	9 R. S. Gaither,	
2 W. R. Smith,	10 J. W. Moore,	10 A. T. Davidson.	
3 J. P. Ralls,	11 R. J. Breckenridge,	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
4 J. L. M. Chitty,	12 J. M. Elliott.	1 John McQueen,	
5 F. S. Lyon,		2 W. Porcher Miles,	
6 W. F. Chilton,	LOUISIANA.		
7 D. CLOPTON,	1 Charles J. Villere,	3 L. M. Ayer,	
8 J. F. Pugh,	2 Chas. M. Conrad,	4 M. L. Bonham,	
9 — S. Dorgan.	3 Duncan P. Kenner,	5 James Farrow,	
ARKANSAS.			4 Lucien J. Dupree,
1 A. G. Garland,	5 John L. Lewis,	6 W. W. Boyce.	
3 Jas. M. Patterson.	6 John Perkins, Jr.	TENNESSEE.	
[Incomplete.]	MISSISSIPPI.		
FLORIDA.			1 J. W. Clapp,
1 Jas. B. Hawkins,	2 Reuben Davis,	3 W. H. Trobs,	
3 R. P. Hilton.	3 Israel Welch,	4 E. F. Gardenhire,	
GEORGIA.			5 Henry S. Foote,
1 Julian Hartridge,	4 H. C. Chambers,	7 M. P. Gentry,	
2 C. J. Monnerlyn,	5 O. R. Singleton,	8 Thomas Menees,	
3 Hines Holt,	6 E. Barksdale,	9 J. D. C. Atkins,	
4 Aug. H. Keenan,	7 John J. McRae.	10 John V. Wright,	
5 David W. Lewis,	MISSOURI.		
6 W. W. Clark,	1 W. M. Cook,	2 T. C. Harris,	
7 Robert P. Trippe,	3 Casper W. Bell,	3 John Tyler,	
8 Lucius J. Gartrell,	4 Adam H. Condon,	4 Roger A. Pryor,	
9 Hardy Strickland,	5 G. G. West,	5 Thomas S. Bocack,	
10 Aug. R. Wright.	6 L. W. Freeman,	6 John Goode, Jr.,	
KENTUCKY.			7 James P. Holcombe,
1 Alfred Boyd,	8 — Dyer.	8 D. C. DeJarnette,	
2 John W. Crockett,	NORTH CAROLINA.		
3 H. E. Read,	1 W. N. H. Smith,	9 William Smith,	
4 George W. Ewing,	2 R. R. Bridges,	10 Alexander R. Bote,	
5 J. S. Chrisman,	3 O. R. Keenan,	11 John B. Baldwins,	
6 L. T. Burnett,	4 T. D. McDowell,	12 Walter R. Staple,	
7 H. W. Bruce,	5 A. H. Arrington,	13 Walter Preston.	
8 G. B. Hodge.	6 J. R. McLean,	14 Albert G. Jenkins,	
	7 T. S. Ashe,	15 Robert Johnson,	
	8 Wm. Landor.	16 Chas. W. Russell.	

THE FARMINGTON MONUMENT.—The oldest village in  
Tennessee is Farmington. Its leading citizens, in war  
times, held to the cause of the Union, and there was  
very little sympathy manifested for the Confederates.  
Gen. Joseph Wheeler's cavalry corps had a hard fight  
in the vicinity, and lost many gallant men. Maj.  
McDowell, who commanded "Forrest's old battalion,"  
was among the killed. The families removed the  
known to the cemeteries, but there were nine gallant  
martyrs whose identity could not be ascertained, and  
they were buried by the roadside. After the war  
Messrs. Bement Chapman, Cols. J. R. Neil, J. H. Lewis  
and others determined to erect a monument to their  
memory. Inclosed within a rock wall is the shaft 16  
feet high. The inscriptions are pathetic. One of them  
is as follows:

No useless coffin inclosed their breasts,  
Nor in sheet nor shroud we buried them,  
But they lie like warriors taking their rest,  
With their martial cloaks around them.

The Dibrell Bivouac of Lewisburg maintains the  
fostering care of this sacred place, and decorates the  
place each year. May 16 is the date for the next gath-  
ering there. Thanks to Capt. W. G. Loyd, Adjutant  
of the Bivouac, for an invitation to attend.

## The Confederate Veteran.

Fifty Cents a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. Money paid for it does not augment the Monument Fund directly, but as an auxiliary its benefit certainly makes it eminently worthy the patronage of every friend of the cause.

### SUGGESTIONS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Don't buy postoffice orders for small amounts, postage stamps or postal notes are better, being less expensive. In sending stamps let them be of two cents each. One cent stamps are admissible, but larger are inconvenient. In sending clubs, where the work is compulsory, as it so generally is, deduct cost of exchange.

Our earnest comrades and friends who are zealous for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN can do it a valuable service by disabusing the minds of indifferent persons who think it is specially for old soldiers, and assuring them it is of to-day, pulsating with full life in accord with the times. Its purpose is to show the South in a true light, and to honor those who sacrificed property, comfort, and often life, through their devotion to principle.

As interesting event to the Southern people will be the burial of Jefferson Davis at Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., May 31st, 1893. The body was deposited in the vault of Army of Northern Virginia, at New Orleans, at the time of his death. There is now a family lot in Hollywood, selected by Mrs. Davis.

A TERM born in equity, and nurtured by the vilest sentiment known to American citizenship, and so ingeniously used as to secure advocates among conservative people, is the detestable prefix to our beloved South. OLD South is sometimes used in contra-distinction. Let all who join in the spirit of progress (?) be careful of this phrase, remembering that the word "New" in such connection was conceived and its adoption urged by a class who came among us for spoils, and sought to put the "bottom rail on top." We have changed conditions, but the dear old South is good enough.

If any mistake the spirit of this VETERAN, through its disposition to respect and honor men who fought to maintain the Union, and who declared the war ended in 1865, they may know now and forever that it will never tody to a sentiment that compromises the Southern people of ante-bellum times. No meaner spirit has ever prevailed than that which has sought to give outsiders the honor for the development of our God given resources.

"THE war is not over with me," said I to some Northern people, who manifested surprise at the remark. "We could not whip you with our guns, and I am now trying to do it with kindness."

We do not truckle to the sentiment of being deceitful for pilfer. Whether we of the South want it or not, we are destined to be one people, and we want to make the best of it. We are no more loyal to the principles of constitutional liberty now than when we tried to keep the stars and stripes out of Dixie. The Southern people (it will be remembered by actors of the time, and should be learned and remembered by succeeding generations) adopted a Constitution very

similar to that for which our fathers fought. It seems now that the most important difference is becoming a political question, and the Confederate side may be adopted in the United States. It is that of making a single term for President, and for a term of six instead of four years.

Reconstruction is not a well understood term. If it means acceptance of the "situation" simply, then most men are reconstructed. It does not imply uncompromising belligerence to say that one is not reconstructed. The meaning generally is to detest the sentiment of concession for policy, which some have done who breathe the fragrance of air in Dixie.

People who will not tolerate insolence from an inferior class or race are quickly considerate. If a gentleman accidentally collides with a ruffian he is prompt to "beg pardon," and if the other be resentful the instinct is to down him. Our people are very considerate of others, but they demand courtesy in return.

THE VETERAN is anxious to publish the truth for its own side, but in giving this letter it suggests that the conditions might have been such as to enable 35,000 men to hold out indefinitely against 46,000. However, this comment is not intended to condone the palpable error referred to:

In a costly cyclopedia, edited by Richard Gleason Greene, and published in New York by Dodd, Mead & Co., 1890, it is stated that at the second battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, the Federals under Pope, or commanded by Pope and McDowell, numbered only 35,000 men, against 46,000 Confederates commanded by Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet. Now if this is the truth it ought to be accepted and believed by both parties, but if untrue, no matter how high the authority that sustains it, it ought to be assailed and discredited. The idea of 46,000 Confederates under such leaders as Lee and Jackson, having to fight 35,000 Federals, commanded by Pope or anybody else, three days before they could rout them, is too absurd for a child to believe. Dr. Dabney, one of Jackson's chaplains, places the number of men under Pope and McDowell, including reinforcements from McLelland's army, at about 100,000. Jackson, in closing his report of the campaign, states that the "command occupied an isolated and perilous position" while contending with "greatly superior numbers of the enemy." Jackson and Dabney should be good enough authority for us.

FELIX S. MOTLOW.

*Mulberry, Tenn.*

THE Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery are building, on Capital Hill a monument to the Confederate dead in Alabama, which is to cost, when completed, \$45,000. Notwithstanding this Herculean work for that Association, which was organized away back in war times, and has been heavily burdened for a generation, gave an entertainment for the great monument in which all alike are interested, and netted \$143.85, which amount is credited in the list as coming through the President, Mrs. M. D. Bibb.

THERE is an important bit of unwritten history in the diary of Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens. It is the pathetic fact that the renowned statesman, despite all constitutional law, seriously feared the result of his captivity. He did not show the defiance clearly manifest by the Chieftain, by some vilely called "arch traitor," his only superior in Confederate authority.

There is an exquisite sentiment of concern by him in the failure of his captors to secure Robert Toombs also, when they went to his home, Washington, Ga. His devotion to the man whose fame will ever be intensified by the declaration that "we were not whipped, but wore ourselves out whipping them," was remarkable. On an occasion I expressed surprise that he and Toombs were so very different in public matters and yet were so very intimate. He replied, "Toombs speaking and Toombs acting were very different things."

Mr. Stephens' timidity on this occasion would mislead as to his personal courage, for it will be remembered that he frequently challenged strong men to personal combat without hesitation, feeble as he always was, if he felt the least reflection upon his honor. The composure of Mr. Davis under trial did not mislead as to his desperation under outrageous treatment. When, being ignominiously shackled in prison, and he begged the guards to kill him, he taught a lesson of heroism that should not be forgotten.

In connection with the personal courage of Mr. Davis, and his peril, which must have been far greater than that of Mr. Stephens, reference is made to a story which has been one of the sensations of daily papers recently. It is to the effect that while Mr. Davis was being sent to Fortress Monroe he was tried by a mock court, "the court" being made by a number of officers on board the United States steamer Pontoosuc, then acting as guard of the transport Clyde, who determined to avenge the assassination of Mr. Lincoln by the execution of Mr. Davis. Ensign J. J. Kane, a noted marksman, now Chaplain of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, was selected to fire the fatal shot. The other passengers on the Clyde besides Mr. Davis were his wife, sister, and three children, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Reagan, Postmaster General; Clement C. Clay and wife, General Wheeler and staff, Colonel Johnson and Lubbock, of Davis' staff, Major Morand, Captain Moody, Lieutenant Hathaway and several privates.

The event as reported by Kane is substantially as follows:

"Mr. Davis was sitting in a steamer chair on the deck of the Clyde. It was a clear day, and I could see him as plainly as if he had been but one hundred feet away. I loaded an Enfield rifle I had picked up on the battle-field of Fort Fisher, and resting the muzzle in an air port, aimed it at the heart of Davis.

I feel confident I could have sent a bullet to the target, but some influence prevented me from pulling the trigger.

#### MYSTERIOUSLY RESTRAINED.

"I can't do it," I said to my comrades, but they urged me to fire, and said I would be justified in doing so. "It would be murder," I said, and one of them answered, "Think of the death of Lincoln." With that I took aim again, and even touched the trigger, but a psychological force I now think was of divine origin prevented me from doing the act which would have ruined me forever after. I still hesitated, however, and was still aiming when the little daughter of Davis came on deck with a lady who was probably her mother, and ran into her father's arms. It was then impossible to shoot without endangering the life of the little girl, and I laid up the gun. A short time afterward, and before the child had left the arms of its father, the vessels drifted apart, making it impossible for any of the other officers to do the killing.

"I have been thankful ever since that I was restrained from doing what would have been an extremely rash act, and I have never until now related the incident except with a requirement of secrecy."

What merciless times those were! It will shake the credulity of the Southern people now to consider the distrust of Northern people in regard to one another. The wife of Gen. Hancock, that noble woman who died recently, in her reminiscences of her honored husband, states: "The spy system was so thoroughly established during the war that nearly every household was invaded by one or more in the employ of the Government. On two occasions were these creatures detected in my own house. I reported the fact to Mr. Stanton, and commented to him upon the lack of confidence shown by the Government towards loyal officers and their families."

Think of spies in the homes of Confederate Generals! Such thing was never thought of in connection with Confederate privates.

OMISSION occurred in the brief sketch of Gen. E. Kirby-Smith in the last VETERAN of his exact age. That he graduated from the West Point Military Academy in 1845 gave an approximate. He was born in St. Augustine, Fla., May 16, 1824. He came from an illustrious family of soldiers. His grandfather served both against the French and the British, being a major in the Revolutionary war. His father was a colonel in the war of 1812, and was afterwards made United States Judge of the Supreme Court of Florida. His elder brother, Ephraim, was killed in the Mexican war. General Kirby-Smith married Miss Cassia Selton, of Virginia, in 1863.

An earnest plea is made to every person who is friendly to this enterprise to do as quickly as practicable what is merited. Write to correct errors in names of subscribers. If you like the publication and intend to subscribe, do so promptly, please. If you can procure other subscribers please do it right away.

*MY KENTUCKY COMRADE, GRANT.*

The following sketch is written for two reasons: First, to entertain the readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and then in the hope, if the man Grant is living, he may be found.

When Hood's army was thoroughly routed from its position, before Nashville, I escaped from a very hazardous position, where my immediate associates surrendered. It was a perilous run for a long distance, and I was stunned by the scene, wherein a company officer had the top of his head shot off just before me as we ran through an open field. I had hesitated before that, to consider whether I should shoot an enemy whose daring tread into our scattered army, ahead of all his comrades, had excited my admiration, and I was going to spare him when he made quick aim at one of my comrades. After marching in quick time through ravines away from the south-bound turnpike, along which the enemy had long sweep with rifle cannon, I finally got onto it, and ere the light of another day dawned I was west of Franklin, where a mule was lent me on which to continue my journey. More than three years had elapsed without a sight of home, from which I had never before been absent as many weeks. At Spring Hill, where the failure of a few weeks before to make battle had lost us a great victory, I caught up with Frank Cheatham, my Major General, and with assurance that the army would stay at Columbia several days, and with verbal permission to go to my home east of Columbia, I had made excellent headway on the little mule, considering that much of the time I had to flank the enemy to keep him from flanking me, and at nightfall I was at the head of the army while it waited for placing a pontoon bridge across Duck river.

A half hour before reaching the river I incidentally conversed with a young cavalryman who gave his name as Grant and his State as Kentucky. On our advance he was wounded at Spring Hill, and should not have been on the road but for the advancing enemy. He manifested very sincere attachment for me, and proposed to verify it by staying with me through the night in the rain, if I should fail to get by the vigilant guards at the river bank, and also at the pontoon entrance across the swollen river. Orders were to pass only the wounded, except with their regular commands. Grant gave me his crutch, and riding up to the first guard, he told him he was wounded, also that I belonged to his company and was detailed to go with and assist him. This excuse passed us to the bridge entrance, and just as the officer guarding it was about to test of our merit to pass as "both wounded," some intensely exciting circumstance induced him to leap from his place, and we rode on to the narrow bridge, without side protection.

We had gone to the center of the stream, and were waiting for the pontoon wagons to move off (for we were at the head of the army), when my mule stepped backward for a better position to rest. Unhappily, his backward movement was at such an angle that very soon his hind feet were at the edge of the bridge. It was evidently easier to have him go further back than to regain proper place on the bridge, and, as if bound by a spell, he so changed position that, sooner than I can write it, we were both head and ears under water. I was a poor swimmer, and the chill of the water that December night—the 18th—may be imagined. Fortunately, we fell at the upper side of the bridge, and on coming to the top, there was the merest edge of a plank on the under slope of a pontoon, on which I got hold with my finger tips. In falling, my little animal turned up a floor plank, and on clearing my eyes of the muddy water, I discovered that the large horse of my friend Grant was standing astride the opening, and with his heels on the ends of the planks directly over my head. I hallowed an appeal to move his horse forward, but it was unavailing. The monstrous animal, under a wounded man who could not swim, stepped backward, and down into the stream he fell. It seemed miraculous that he did not knock me from my hold, but I "tucked" my head under the best I could, and held my position. Grant fell on the bridge. Our animals swam to the right side of the river, and we were soon on them, riding through the suburbs of Columbia in the rain. My hat and blanket were floating oceanward, and as the heavy drops of rain were like lumps of lead, to protect my head, Grant gave me his blanket and took the rain.

We spent the night together at a cottage, and we enjoyed warm "crackling" bread. Although no dry clothes were offered, we burroughed about two feet into a pile of cotton, and I had the sweetest and most refreshing sleep of my life. Grant was inclined to go home with me, but he wisely decided to avoid the risk of capture. From that cottage—whose miserly owner of seventy years died, leaving a beautiful wife of twenty, who soon found a younger husband—Grant and I journeyed a quarter of a mile together the next morning. Our roads forked, and have never since come together. He was in the cavalry service from Kentucky. Address S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Nashville.

W. R. Moore, Welborn, Fla.: "I send three subscriptions. The paper should be in every family in the South."

LIFE OF SENATOR BENJAMIN H. HILL.—Agents wanted everywhere for "The Life, Speeches, and Writings of Senator Benjamin H. Hill." Special inducements to young men and women who desire to make money to complete their education, and to all who desire to attend the several Business and Medical Schools and the Law School of this city. Address,

PASSING MANASSAS, 1862.

BY LILLIAN ROZELL-MESSENGER.

Here's where it thundered  
From field to field, and through valley to valley,  
There, where the line was bluest,  
Crash, fell the volley truest!  
Then broke the legions, then the grand rally,  
And day wept and wondered.

Here's where the battle flame,  
The cannon and tumult, uproared to heaven;  
Then through the azure wall,  
As grey legions rise and fall;  
There's wailing and triumph, the land in twain riven  
By shocks of Manassas' fame!

There's where the sundered  
And grand, stricken armies once wavered and fell;  
There's where the oriflame  
Of a new nation's birth came,  
'Bove tumult and fires as if risen from hell;  
And the world gazed and wondered.

Here now a pilgrim passed,  
Pale from the terror and roar of life's battle!  
She's wept o'er the flying,  
The dead, lost, and dying;  
And voices stilled ever by death's chilly rattle,  
While Hope was the last.

Life-angel to leave her!  
Long since faith, and love, as heroes inglorious,  
Fell in wrong's night-terror,  
Like Justice struck by Error;  
But when the column breaks, comes one victorious!  
Death, the true victor, cannot deceive her.

OUR SOUTHERN WOMEN IN WAR TIMES.

VIVID REMINISCENCES BY MRS. V. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The women of the South did not shrink from the prospect of great and painful economies; they also appreciated that their own patriotic duty was, as cheerfully as possible, to bid farewell to the men of their family who must go to the front, perhaps never to return. Sometimes hope buoyed them up, and they looked on the sunny side and believed that their dear ones would be spared because their cause was righteous. They did shrink, however, affrighted from the prospect of being left alone with a multitude of ignorant negroes who might be instigated to rebellion, without physicians to attend their children or priests to bury them if they died. These horrors oppressed them.

Many a woman, buckling on her husband's sword, asked him to show her how to load and shoot a pistol, adding, "not that I am afraid of any thing, but in case of need." Her next problem was how to handle that pistol, which was an object of almost as great dread as would be the foe it was to repel.

GOOD CONDUCT OF THE NEGROES.

All Southern women acknowledge with pride the good conduct of the rank and file of negroes on the breaking out of the war. They generally remained true to the families left in their charge, and protected the women and children to the best of their ability. In short, their course was a powerful testimonial to the life-long kind and just exercise of their masters' power over them.

However, the crops failed frequently. The negroes grew to partake more or less of the excitement which pervaded the whole country, and this interfered with

the needful routine of their labor. Then again, the work horses were levied upon for the use of the Government. Thus were the means of cultivation narrowed. The fallow land grew impassable with weeds, the fences and levees fell, the fields which had waved with corn and the cotton blooms became a tangle of vines and bushes, "unprofitably gay with the blue flowers of the destructive morning glory, the execrated tie-vine."

Moreover, all large balances of cash lay out of reach, invested, so that there was little wherewith to buy from the neighboring towns or cities; and as the prosperity of these centers was dependent upon the grain and cotton sent in from the plantations, want came upon all.

The very poor suffered in the absence of their bread-winners. Necessarily those better provided for gave of their surplus, and when they became sorely pressed themselves they shared whatever could be spared by their families; as the poorer classes expressed it, they "had a divide." \* \* \*

The harbors were closed by the blockade. No supplies of clothing could be imported. The time came when the stock of cloth, shoes, medicines, machinery—indeed, of almost every thing necessary to civilized people—was nearly exhausted. The South had proved agriculture to be the most profitable employment, and had never fostered manufactures; besides, her operative classes were not suited to the care of machinery. Now the people found themselves confronted with new problems which they must learn to solve. All these needs must be supplied by the women.

The store each family possessed themselves, of quinine, and such other drugs as were needful for the diseases of a warm climate, was gradually relinquished for the use of the soldiers. Replenishment was impossible. Quinine had been proclaimed by the blockaders "contraband of war."

The women turned, undaunted, to the indigenous materia medica. Decoctions of willow bark, of dew-berry root, orange flowers and leaves, red pepper tea and other "tisanes" took the place of the drugs.

One heart-broken woman wrote to her husband: "Twenty grains of quinine would have saved our two children. They were too nauseated to drink the bitter willow tea, and they are now at rest, and I have no one to work for but you. Do not think of coming. I am well and strong, and am not dismayed. I think day and night of your sorrow. I have their little graves near me."

HOW CLOTHING WAS CONTRIVED.

The sheep were sheared; the wool was cleansed, carded and spun in the house. Small looms were set up and the warp adjusted under the eye of the practical weaver—this being the mistress, generally. All the clothes for the plantation, as well as some cloth to exchange for other commodities, was woven for the winter use. In winter the cotton clothes were made for summer. Pretty homespun checks, brown, black, blue, or red and white, were manufactured for the ladies' and children's frocks. The ladies spun the wool and knitted the stockings and socks their children and husbands wore, also many for the soldiers.

When the longing for the silk stockings, habitually used, pressed upon refined women, the old pieces of black silk were picked to a "frazzle" and spun to make stockings and gloves for themselves and their daughters. Said one, putting out her nattily clad slender

little feet: "I could not bear to wear coarse stockings, my husband takes such pride in my small feet."

Towels and sheets were spun from cotton to replace the house linen which had been cut into bandages, or scraped into lint for the surgeons in the field. One handsome young woman, the daughter of an ex-Minister to Spain, rises before me out of the haze of by-gone years, stepping lightly to and fro winding bandages on the spindle of her wheel and talking pleasantly to her visitors, while her patriotic mother sat by cutting up the table linen which she had treasured for forty years. The daughter showed great callous knots on her shapely hands made by scraping lint, and mentioned them with an expression of gratitude to God that she could procure material for so much work.

A general officer's wife called to see the wife of the President and brought her, as the most acceptable present, a paper pattern of a glove like those she herself wore, beautifully embroidered and exactly fitted to her delicate hands. This paper pattern is still extant, and very precious to the recipient. It was very useful in providing the President's whole family with presentable gloves made from the sleeves and breast of an old Confederate uniform and the cast-off black cloth garments of the gentlemen of the family.

Ladies plaited exquisite straw hats and bonnets, and learned every brand except that of Leghorn. The birds of the country furnished feathers for their adornment.

#### INGENIOUS LUXURIES.

When new companies or battalions organized, for which flags were needed, the sisters and sweethearts of the men sacrificed their best silk frocks to make the flags. With cunning embroidery they emblazoned them in such royal style that they are wondrously beautiful even in this day of the Renaissance. Is it astonishing that our men wrapped these flags about their bodies and, like the stern Scotch father who gave another and another son "for Eachim," died one after the other to preserve them from capture?

The snippings left by the army tailors, pieces of gray and black cloth five or six inches across, were pieced together and then cut into jackets for the soldiers' children. Very acceptable these "Joseph's coats" proved to those who could boast no better covering.

Such rags as could be utilized in no other way were wound in balls and woven into carpets, which did duty in place of those long since cut up for horse and saddle blankets, and these home-made carpets were contributed later as the need of them arose.

Bits of the clippings of the best gown were sewed neatly over the worn-out house slippers of the women, and they straightway became dandy little congeners of the gown, and were dainty to look upon, as well as objects of pride to their owners.

Flannel was very scarce, and cost \$15 or \$20 a yard; but underwear was knitted of homespun wool, and was quite as comfortable as the woven. Dyes were made of the juice of plants. The raw silk wound from cocoons was dyed and twisted into very smooth thread. The finest and most even flax thread, nearly as strong as wire and quite as smooth and fine as sewing silk, was made in Virginia, and even now there is none so good in the market.

#### HOW WE LIGHTED OUR HOUSES.

Lampwicks were plaited by hand and the oil was fried out of refuse pork. Sometimes wild myrtle berries were stewed until they yielded a pale green wax,

which made beautiful and aromatic candles. The oil of peanuts served also for illuminating purposes. When none of these were to be had the resinous pine—"fat pine"—was cut into splinters and burned one at a time, while the overworked women sat around the flickering light and sewed until late in the night.

I once saw five soldiers' wives making clothes by this light, and while they worked they talked over the chances of their "men" coming home alive. "I don't expect mine," said one, "but God knows I do not want to complain. Since my baby died he hasn't any occasion to come." By "occasion" she meant inducement.

During all these laborious occupations the children had to be clothed, generally without the assistance of a sewing machine; they must be watched, fed, taught and disciplined. Night schools were established in the basements of the churches, where the ragged children were taught by the young ladies.

Great barrels of soap were made of the refuse of the hogs killed for family and plantation use. Was toilet soap required the need was supplied each time that a home-cured ham was boiled for family use, and the old-fashioned sweet flowers and herbs of the garden furnished the perfume.

The principal food in every house was pork or corned beef. The meat was cured under the supervision of the ladies of the family, and hams, sausages and "spareribs" were prepared in the most dainty manner. Pork, sugar, sorghum molasses, corn-meal, fowls, eggs, butter—every thing produced on the plantation—were exchanged with grocers for other commodities. Any surplus of cotton, buttons, and such like drapers' stores, were exchanged in the same way.

A few sauces were invented to add zest to our poor fare, and some of these have been accepted by the world of gourmets. Wine was made of elderberries, bitter oranges, or wild cherries.

Hundreds of gallons of blackberry brandy were manufactured and sent to the hospitals for the soldiers.

#### OUR COFFEE AND TEA.

In order that the wounded might have tea and coffee, "substitutes" were made for home use of sassafras leaves, balm, or sage, and even orange leaves, were steeped in hot water sweetened with sorghum molasses. For coffee parched sweet potato shavings, parched corn or wheat, and parched carrots, were used.

All the coffee, tea, white or brown sugar, and every other scarce luxury, was sent to the soldiers. "Real coffee and sure enough tea" were for the sick and wounded, not for people in health.

The strong tension upon the nerves of the women was not relieved by pleasant new books or magazines. The newspapers were annals of ardent endeavor, some triumphs, but also of sorrow, wounds and death.

All work and no play began to tell upon our nervously organized women. Some of them turned for relief when any of the soldiers were home for reunions, called, from the absence of any refreshments save cold water, "starvation parties." To these came the young officers, who danced as gaily as though there were no serried ranks of the enemy confronting them to do battle to the death, perhaps, on the morrow. There were charades, private theatricals and tableaux. One lovely young woman, who has since bloomed into an authoress of much renown, personated a marble Niobe embracing her stricken children, and the sculptors of antiquity have left us no more beautiful statue.



## OUR HOSPITAL NURSES.

The hospital nurses were largely women, and mostly ladies. What they did is recorded in the "Book of Life," but mortal pen would fail to depict their loving service amidst the horrors of military hospitals near the battlefields. The food was generally prepared by private families; delicate breads, strong broths, or ounces of the precious "real tea and coffee" were daily taken in baskets, and the soothing voices of the nurses could be heard whispering hopes of victory and home, or murmuring comforting texts from the Scriptures, while the sufferers were fed or cooling lotions poured upon the dressing of their wounds. I wish it were possible to give the names of these devoted women who administered to the wounded, soothed the dying, and received the little tokens and messages for their absent families. The list would be too long here, but their names are household words in every Southern home—and "when shall their glory fade?"

## HOW DEFEAT WAS BORNE.

How can justice be rendered to the wives of the common soldiers? On those women fell the burden of deprivation unheard of. In silence they sowed and reaped the land, clothed and tended their children, buried them when they sank under want and exposure, or themselves laid down in solitude and died.

It was the exception when the men in the field knew the trials to which their wives were subjected. The women were vocal in hope, silent in despair. The wives of the common soldiers labored and sorrowed without the expectation of earthly honor or eclat. For if the men of their household perished in battle it was only "collective glory" acquired for the army, for their cause, not for themselves; a nameless grave their share.

When the last sad days of the struggle drew nigh and every heart was cast down, the women were the most cheerful. When the young and old non-combatants were summoned to man the trenches there were no tears and repinings. Such preparations as were practicable for the comfort of the aged or infirm citizen guards were quietly made, and the men were dispatched with as much cheer as trembling lips could summon.

At last, when Gen. Lee's half-starved army must be withdrawn from before the overwhelming force of the enemy, he sent an officer to inform Mr. Davis of the fact. The message was delivered in St. Paul's Church during morning service, where the President had gone to pray for his people. The congregation divined the purport of the dispatch, and though they expected, as the outcome of it, that their homes would be burned and the city laid waste, there was no panic, no plea for protection. The women gathered about Mr. Davis and said: "Leave us to our fate if you can save the country. Perhaps some time you may win Richmond back; but if not, we know you have done your best, and you must not grieve over us." In this spirit our women met defeat, starvation, labor, humiliation, and all the heart-rending conditions of "reconstruction."

The placid, gray-haired matrons of to-day have covered with decorous pride the scars of that dread struggle, but they are no less veteran conquerors in a mortal conflict in which every noble aspiration and human effort was called forth, and answered with a cheerful "ad sum!"

## MEMORIAL DAY—ITS ORIGIN.

MRS. GEO. T. FRY, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

It is a matter of history that Mrs. Chas. J. Williams, of Columbus, Ga., instituted the beautiful custom of decorating soldiers' graves with flowers, a custom which has been adopted throughout the United States. Mrs. Williams was the daughter of Maj. John Howard, of Milledgeville, Ga., and was a superior woman. She married Maj. C. J. Williams on his return from the Mexican War. As Colonel of the First Georgia Regulars, of the army in Virginia, he contracted disease, from which he died in 1862, and was buried in Columbus, Ga.

Mrs. Williams and her little girl visited his grave every day, and often comforted themselves by wreathing it with flowers. While the mother sat abstractedly thinking of the loved and lost one, the little one would pluck the weeds from the unmarked soldiers' graves near her father's and cover them with flowers, calling them her soldiers' graves.

After a short while the dear little girl was summoned by the angels to join her father. The sorely bereaved mother then took charge of these unknown graves for the child's sake, and as she cared for them thought of the thousands of patriot graves throughout the South, far away from home and kindred, and in this way the plan was suggested to her of setting apart one day in each year, that love might pay tribute to valor throughout the Southern States. In March, 1866, she addressed a communication to the *Columbus Times*, an extract of which I give:

"We beg the assistance of the press and the ladies throughout the South to aid us in the effort to set apart a certain day to be observed from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and to be handed down through time as a religious custom of the South, to wreath the graves of our martyred dead with flowers, and we propose the 26th day of April as the day."

She then wrote to the Soldiers' Aid Societies in every Southern State, and they readily responded and reorganized under the name of Memorial Associations. She lived long enough to see her plan adopted all over the South, and in 1868 throughout the United States. Mrs. Williams died April 15, 1874, and was buried with military honors. On each returning Memorial Day the Columbus military march around her grave, and each deposits a floral offering.

The Legislature of Georgia, in 1866, set apart the 26th day of April as a legal holiday in obedience to her request. Would that every Southern State observed the same day.

GEN. W. L. CABELL, of Dallas, Texas, sends to the *Baltimore Sun* a roster of the surviving Generals of the Confederate Army, compiled from the most reliable data to be had to October 1, 1892. The number of general officers of all grades appointed and commissioned was four hundred and ninety-eight. One hundred and two rose to the rank of Major-General, and twenty-one rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General. General Joseph E. Johnston, six Major-Generals, and twenty-two Brigadier-Generals are reported in 1891-2. One hundred and sixty-six Generals survive.

Fayette (Miss.) *Chronicle*: "We desire to commend it to every Confederate soldier, and to all others interested in them and their affairs."

## ONLY A PRIVATE.

BY CAPT. F. W. DAWSON.

Only a private! his jacket of gray  
Is stained by the smoke and the dust;  
As Bayard, he's brave; as Rupert, he's gay;  
Reckless as Murat in heat of the fray;  
But in God is his only trust.

Only a private! to march and to fight,  
To suffer and starve and be strong;  
With knowledge enough to know that the might  
Of justice and truth and freedom and right,  
In the end, must crush out the wrong.

Only a private! no ribbon or star  
Shall gild with false glory his name!  
No honors for him in braid or in bar,  
His Legion of Honor is only a scar,  
And his wounds are his roll of fame!

Only a private! one more hero slain  
On the field lies silent and chill!  
And in the far South a wife prays in vain  
One clasp of the hand she may ne'er clasp again,  
One kiss from the lips that are still.

Only a private! there let him sleep!  
He will need no tablet nor stone;  
For the mosses and vines o'er his grave will creep,  
And at night the stars through the clouds will peep  
And watch him who lies there alone.

Only a martyr! who fought and who fell  
Unknown and unmarked in the strife!  
But still as he lies in his lonely cell  
Angel and Seraph the legend shall tell—  
Such a death is eternal life!

Richmond, Va., Oct. 24, 1866.

## CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

A. M. Sea, Jr., of Louisville, Ky., sends the following carefully prepared list. Correction of any errors is requested:

NAME.	BORN.	DIED.
Samuel Cooper.....	N. Y., June 12, 1798.....	Cameron, Va., Dec. 3, 1876.
Albert S. Johnston.....	Ky., Feb. 2, 1803.....	Shiloh, Tenn., April 6, 1862.
Robert E. Lee.....	Va., Jan. 19, 1807.....	Lexington, Va., Oct. 12, 1870.
Joseph E. Johnston.....	Va., Feb. 3, 1807.....	Washington, D. C., March 21, 1891.
G. T. Beauregard.....	La., May 28, 1818.....	New Orleans, La., Feb. 20, 1893.
Braxton Bragg.....	N. C., March 27, 1817.....	Galveston, Texas, Sept. 27, 1876.
E. Kirby-Smith.....	Fla., May 16, 1824.....	Sewanee, Tenn., March 28, 1893.

## GENERAL, TEMPORARY RANK.

John B. Hood.....	Ky., June 1, 1831.....	New Orleans, La., Aug. 30, 1879.
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## LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

James Longstreet.....	S. C., Jan. 8, 1821.....	
Leonidas Polk.....	N. C., April 10, 1806.....	Pine Mountain, Tenn., June 14, 1864.
Theoph. H. Holmes.....	N. C., 1801.....	Fayetteville, N. C., June 20, 1880.
William J. Hardee.....	Ga., 1817.....	Hydesville, Va., Nov. 6, 1873.
Thomas J. Jackson.....	Va., Jan. 21, 1824.....	Guinea's Station, Va., May 10, 1863.
John C. Pemberton.....	Pa., Aug. 10, 1814.....	Penlynn, Pa., July 13, 1881.
Richard S. Ewell.....	D. C., Feb. 8, 1817.....	Springfield, Tenn., Jan. 25, 1872.
Ambrose P. Hill.....	Va., Nov. 9, 1825.....	Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.
Daniel H. Hill.....	S. C., July 12, 1821.....	Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 25, 1889.
Richard Taylor.....	La., Jan. 27, 1827.....	New York City, April 12, 1879.
Stephen D. Lee.....	S. C., .....	
Jubal A. Early.....	Va., Nov., 2, 1816.....	
Richard H. Anderson.....	S. C., 1816.....	Beaufort, S. C., June 26, 1879.
Alex. P. Stewart.....	Tenn., Oct. 2, 1821.....	
Nathan B. Forrest.....	Tenn., July 13, 1821.....	Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 29, 1877.
Wade Hampton.....	S. C., March 28, 1818.....	
Simon B. Buckner.....	Ky., April 1, 1823.....	
Joseph Wheeler.....	Ga., Sept. 10, 1830.....	
John B. Gordon.....	Ga., Feb. 6, 1836.....	

As well as I remember it was in 1863, and our line confronted Federals on the Rapadan in Virginia. All being quiet, the two great armies were taking a rest, but were preparing to spring upon each other at a moment's notice. I was ordered to take my company, which was Company I, Fourteenth North Carolina troops, and relieve our advance pickets. In taking command of the line I found that the soldiers of both sides had become quite free with each other in friendly exchange of papers, coffee and tobacco, and a game of cards to pass the time. The officer whom I relieved informed me that he and his men had made arrangements for exchange of courtesies next morning. Instructions came to me that evening to have no communication with the enemy, and to fire on them if they showed themselves in our front. Here came a temptation to surprise, kill and capture quite a number of them, thereby, perhaps, winning promotion and commendation from commanding officers; but a small still voice whispered to me in the silent hours of our lonely watch that night to give the enemy a chance for their lives before slaughtering them in cold blood. My sense of justice and honor decided in their favor. At daylight next morning a horseman rode from the woods in our front and dashed straight for my picket post, where I was surrounded by six brave soldiers armed with good and trusty rifles, and my lines extended on either side ready for action at the command. Many unarmed private soldiers followed close in the wake of the horseman loaded with papers, coffee, etc., for exchange. The horseman rode up in a few paces of my post and came to a halt, at the same time crying out, "Here is your papers, and I have a canteen of whisky for Col. Lee, of North Carolina, who was in West Point with me. I am Gen. Custer." He and his men were then as completely in the power of my men as he was when surrounded by the savage Indians who unmercifully slew him and his companions in arms. I did not give the command to fire and close from right and left upon them, but I ordered one of my soldiers to tell him our orders changed in the night, and I would give him one chance for his life, and that was retreat in haste, or I would be compelled to fire, though they were unarmed and defenseless. He turned and rode away out of my sight that day and forever, and I soon had good cause to thank God for letting him go unharmed. In the fall of 1864, at the battle of Cedar Creek, "the battle of Gen. Sheridan's famous twenty miles ride," I was shot through my lungs while leading the gallant Second Regiment of North Carolina troops in the morning charge. I was left that night in a private house in Strasburg by my friends as mortally wounded. I fell into the hands of Vermont troops, Col. Foster's regiment, Brig-Gen. Grant's brigade, and by their kindness was permitted to write to Gen. Custer, who was at Washington at the time. I never received an answer, but one day Gen. Grant's Adjutant General came into my room and informed me that I would not get a letter from Gen. Custer, but I was to be left within our lines when they fell back, which took place in about three weeks, and the friends who had been so kind to me came in and told me good-bye, and bid me go home to my young wife I had married a short time before, who was thinking of me as dead. THOS. B. BEAL.

Salisbury, N. C.

## "MISTIS."

Of all extraordinary myths and illusions ever cherished, the popular idea of those in the North and East of the ease and luxurious idleness of Southern women is the most delusive.

Not of the "new" South do I write, but of the ante-bellum days of slavery.

The most painstaking, indefatigable workers, mental and physical, the world ever knew were the wives and daughters of the Southern planter.

This statement may sound paradoxical nevertheless it cannot be gainsaid.

Take, for example, a cotton plantation of four hundred slaves, the master had his assistant or overseer, whose duty was to superintend the outdoor work of the field hands; but the master was no sluggard, he arose at dawn, and sometimes steadily pursued his work of general superintendence far into the night.

The mistress had more exhaustive duties still. She was the head and front of business. In her hands lay a heavy and a fearful responsibility. She was at once at the head of the sanitary and commissary departments.

The master filled the large square smoke-house with provisions. "Mistis" carried the key. No planter's wife ever surrendered that scepter of power, the smoke-house key. It was she who saw that provisions were plentifully and justly dealt out. She saw that her people were well clad as well as well fed, and otherwise made comfortable.

Think of the amount of clothing required for four hundred people, and not a garment bought ready made and not a sewing machine in the land!

The material was bought by the bale, cut into shape and made up. The planter's wife had to superintend, oftentimes cut, arrange and sew. No one could teach negro seamstresses but "mistis." Every detail, every preparation, and always the button holes, were left for her tired hands.

Outside of this responsibility and monotonous labor it was "mistis" who was called up at midnight to minister to some sufferer in the quarter. If not moved by that beautiful charity so inherent in the hearts of women, another very important impetus urged careful attendance upon sick slaves—negroes were not neglected. Losing a "field hand" was equivalent to losing fifteen hundred or two thousand gold dollars, therefore medical attention was prompt and efficient. A physician was often miles away, therefore "mistis" sometimes practiced medicine—her store room was also her drug store. Blue mass and quinine were her favorite medicines, though paregoric, epsom salts and "number six" played quite an important part. Lard and molasses was her infallible remedy for croup and bad colds. On the intelligence, energy and benevolence of "mistis" much depended.

The plantation was altogether one vast family. The only seeming drone in this busy hive was the black mammy, who, though she toiled not with her hands, she, too, had her responsibilities, for to her were confided the children of her master. To her loyal heart this trust was as beautiful as it was sacred. The children were taught to respect and obey her, and she in turn gave her whole life to their welfare and happiness. I know of one Southern statesman whose home holds many rare and valuable pictures, but the

most appreciated of all is the life size crayon of a withered, black face—his mammy, whom he now cares for with a son's devotion.

On the plantation the slaves had comfortable dwellings in the quarter in sight and hearing of the planter's residence. The quarter was two long streets crossing each other midway. Each dwelling boasted a flower yard in front and vegetable garden in the rear. The plantation church stood a little way back, and all were required to attend services on Sunday. There was very little friction on a well-ordered plantation. Well-fed negroes are usually contented; their careless temperaments, reckless of to-morrow's weal or woe, are easily satisfied.

The "mistis" of the quarter, the medical and clothing departments, was also "mistis" of the kitchen. The secrets of culinary success were taught by that inexorable teacher, experience; for verily there's no royal road to the mysteries of the successful concoction of dainties.

The purest and best training for boys and girls was on the ante-bellum plantation. From the teachings of a well-chosen governess, or from neighborhood schools, they had first a solid literary training—though still under mammy's argus eye.

Within the home circle "mistis" reigned supreme. With the refining influence of her social jurisdiction, with books and music and flowers, with carefully chosen companions, she developed the characters of her daughters and sons into the beauty and chivalry of the South. Her life was concentrative in its aims and efforts, and every one within the radius of her influence was the better for it.

Plantation life, with its hearty, open-handed hospitality, the old-time Southern "mistis" entertaining with gentle grace and dignity, are things worthy of remembrance.

"Mistis" was the authority, the oracle of the plantation. It was she who was appealed to for favors, she who praised or scolded, she who stood between the offender and the overseer's wrath.

Ask some old-time plantation dinky who in slavery times was his best friend. My word for it, his dim old eyes will brighten as, in a flash of memory, he sees the crowning joy of the old home, and he will answer, with a smile, "MISTIS."—*Mrs. C. C. Scott, in Arkansas Traveller.*

THE Camp at Portsmouth, Va., is making extensive preparations for a celebration on unveiling the new monument. The last two statues are soon to be placed in position. At the recent reunion of the Camp the following officials were elected: Col. H. C. Hudgins, Commander; Capt. Jas. H. Toomer, Second Commander; L. P. Slater, Third Commander; J. Thos. Dunn, Adjutant; W. S. Langhorne, Quartermaster; Dr. Jas. Parrish, Surgeon; John C. Ashton, Paymaster; Williamson Smith, Sergeant-Major; Rev. J. D. Powell, Chaplain; John H. Hume, Member of Board of Visitors Soldiers' Home at Richmond; Josh. Denly, Videt.

GOOD MONEY FOR OLD POSTAGE STAMPS.—Look over your old letters, and if you find any with Confederate stamps on issued by postmasters of Nashville, Knoxville, Memphis, Livingston, New Orleans, Baton Rouge, or any other southern city, send the letter or envelope, with stamp on (do not pull it off), to P. H. Hill, 408 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn, and he will pay you from 50 cents to \$10 for each stamp, according to its worth. Collections of stamps purchased.

## STORY OF FIVE PRIVATES.

"The warrior's banner takes its flight  
To greet the warrior's soul."

It was in the early days of '61, just after the pressing call for volunteers rang over the South, that the real shock of contending armies closed in the death-grapple which was to last for four awful years, and when volunteers for the armies of Virginia seemed almost to sign their death warrants as they mustered for the fray. Nothing daunted, the boys of the Confederacy, from Maryland to Texas, rushed forward to the defense of their beloved Southland. With all the chivalry and dauntless courage that has ever marked their race they sprung forward to the contest, and were ever ready to even die when duty called.

When the first regiment from South Carolina (Greggs) was ordered to Virginia, one evening just before leaving Charleston, there assembled in one of the most refined and charming houses in this old city by the sea, a party of young fellow volunteers of this regiment, representatives of some of the best families of this State. They had come to bid adieu to the young ladies of the house, whose brother was one of their number. Their ages ranged from seventeen to nineteen. They were bright, buoyant spirits, with high hopes and noble aspirations, whom even the dangers and uncertainties of the future could not tame. The tender mother and devoted, trembling sisters, filled with sad forebodings that this might be the last meeting for some of them, at least, yet they nerved themselves with fortitude to the terrible ordeal, and not a word was spoken to shake the determination of the young soldiers in the holy cause that called them forth. With firmest faith in the justice of their cause, and that God would do what was best, they surrendered them at their country's call, bade them farewell with sad but hopeful faces, and not until they had gone upon the long, dark journey from which but one ever returned, did they weep over the departure of their loved ones.

The following extract from an address by Charleston's gifted orator, Col. James Armstrong, who was with them in the fight and saw what he relates, will best give the last scene in the bloody drama of which the above sketch gives the first, and which recounts the splendid bearing and the death of four of these five young friends:

"That old Roman, Maxey Gregg, orders his brigade to charge, and with a yell that awakes the slumbering echoes of meadow and stream, they press irresistibly along. The chivalrous Col. A. M. Smith falls mortally wounded, and the blue flag of South Carolina, which he told his men to die by but never let trail, wavers; for the boy hero, James Taylor, who bore it, had his breast fatally pierced by a bullet after being twice fatally wounded. It is for but a moment, for the daring young Shubrick Hayne takes it from his dying grasp, and again it floats on high. Alas! he too, falls to the earth to rise no more. It is now in the hands of the youthful but fearless Alfred Pinkney, but soon it drops from his nerveless grasp as he falls mortally wounded across the body of his friends. Then the fourth, Gadsden Holmes, sprang forward to rescue it, but fell pierced with seven balls before he reached the flag. It does not touch the earth, for an-

other hero rushes from the ranks of the color company and takes the falling standard, and again the Palmetto rustles in the breeze held by the stalwart arms of the lion-hearted Dominick Spellman, who bore it through the fight. Many others perished beneath the withering flame, but the column moved victoriously on, and after a most stubborn and bloody resistance the enemy retreated, and the danger that menaced the capital of the Confederacy disappeared with the setting sun."

Another authority relating the same incident says: "The most touching and pathetic incident concerning this class of youthful heroes is that of the defense of their flag by some of the boys of Col. Gregg's regiment of South Carolina volunteers on the battlefield of Gaine's Mill, Va. \* \* \* Thus in a few minutes were offered upon the altar of their country five as noble spirits as ever graced the annals of any history."

The fifth of the party, Lieut. Ingraham Hasel, a nephew of Commodore D. N. Ingraham, passed safely through the fight, and after the battle assisted in burying his dead comrades, and marked the spot on which they fell. They now lie in Carolina soil. He passed through the war from the firing on the Star of the West to the surrender at Appomattox, then in command of Company A, sharpshooters of brigade. He was only once wounded—at Sharpsburg—although he passed through many battles. His record is one of the most remarkable of the war.

PALMETTO.

Charleston, S. C.

## FOR THE DAVIS MONUMENT.

LYNCHBURG, TENN., April 4, 1893.

Enclosed you will find check for \$25.00, presented by the Merry-makers, a social club of ladies of our town, as their mite to the Monumental Fund for Jefferson Davis. The money is the proceeds of an entertainment given by the club three years ago by request of Woody B. Taylor Bivouac, to assist in erecting a monument in our town to the memory of the Confederate dead of our county, Moore. From some cause they failed to carry out their design, so we gladly give it for a monument that will stand as a memorial of every Southern boy who fell wearing the gray. While Mr. Davis deserves a monument as a noble man among men, a hero and a martyr, we feel that the marble that will be erected over his sacred dust will thus fitly memorialize our lost but just and ever dear cause. We regret that our donation is not ten times as large, for we would be glad to see a monument as solid and lasting as the pyramids of Egypt, \* \* \* a fit emblem of the ones erected in the hearts of every true man and woman of our sunny South, to a cause made dear and sacred by the blood of her brave sons and the tears of her loving daughters.

Wishing to join hands with our sister women working so earnestly in this cause, and wishing it a glorious success, we are,

Respectfully,

MISS ROSA GORDON, President.  
MRS. R. E. L. MOUNTCASTLE, V. Pres.  
MISS NANNIE SALMON, Sec. and Treas.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS WANTED.—Vol. VII, No. 12 (December, 1879), and Vol. X, Nos. 8 to 12 (August to December, 1882), of the Southern Historical Society Papers, are wanted to complete a set, and can be disposed of to advantage by addressing P. O. Box 274, Richmond, Va.

## STRANGE INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

"Oh, brandy, brandy, bane of life!  
Spring of tumult, source of strife,  
Could I but half thy curses tell,  
The wise would wish thee safe at hell."

(Not a Temperance Story)

During the early months of 1863 our command was in camps on Big Black river, about twenty miles below Vicksburg. Lieut. Persons and myself were ordered to go to Fort Pemberton, at the mouth of Yellowbousha River, to attend to some important business. On our return night overtook us at a little village in the central portion of Mississippi, called Aconna. There was no hotel or public place of entertainment in the village, so we rode up to a family residence and asked for a nights lodging. Learning that we were soldiers, the kind lady bade us welcome, had our horses cared for, and invited us into a room in which burned a pleasant fire. Supper was soon announced, and during the meal the lady, without seeming to be inquisitive, learned from us that we were from Texas, that we were members of the cavalry battalion of Waul's Texas Legion, that we had been to Fort Pemberton on business, and were now on our return to our command. After supper we again seated ourselves before the cheerful fire, and were soon joined by the lady of the house and her three children, two beautiful flaxen-haired girls, one about eight and the other about ten years of age. The third was a bright, rosy-cheeked boy, perhaps four or five years old. I soon had the young gentleman on my knee, and with a little prompting from his mother, learned from him that his father's name was Capt. Johnson; that he was in Gen. Johnston's army, but had not been heard from for months.

The next morning we bid adieu to Mrs. Johnson and her children, but could not prevail on her to receive any pay for our nights lodging. We returned and rejoined our command, but when we arrived at our camps I had a raging fever, and soon discovered that I had the mumps in addition to typhoid fever. My command was ordered to take up the line of march for Tennessee, and with one of my friends to nurse and take care of me I was left behind. After forty days of suffering I felt able to ride, and after providing myself with the necessary papers, we started to find the command. Arriving at Vicksburg, we put up at the Washington Hotel for the night. I felt the need of a stimulant, and above all things I wished for a drink of peach brandy. I sent my comrade out in town and directed him to pay any price for peach brandy, but he failed to find any, and we left the city without it. After a few days travel we arrived at Aconna, the residence of Mrs. Johnson. I was yet wishing for peach brandy, and imagined that one drink of it would do me more good than all of the medicine I could take. As we neared the little village I told my comrade that I must call and pay my respects to the lady who had been so kind to me. She welcomed me as she would an old-time friend, insisted that I was unfit for duty as a soldier, and said if I would remain a week she would take care of me and try to fit me for active soldier life. But I was determined to go on and try to find my command, although I was yet quite feeble. When I arose to bid Mrs. Johnson adieu she remarked, "Wait a minute," and went into an adjoining room. In a few minutes

she reappeared with a bottle in her hand, and said: "Here is a bottle of good peach brandy of our own make; use it cautiously and it will do you good." I would willingly have paid fifty dollars for it, but she seemed to read my thoughts as I went to draw my purse. "No," she said, "use it as medicine, and I hope you may soon recover and make, as I believe you will, a good soldier." I used the brandy as directed. I recovered. I found my command and was soon engaged in active service, but nothing could remove from my mind the image of Mrs. Johnson and her children.

The war continued, and in September I was made a prisoner, spent a few days in the Irvin Block at Memphis, Tenn., then was sent up the river to Alton, Ill. Here I had small-pox, and in March following, with others, was sent to that earthly hell, Fort Delaware. After months of untold suffering the hospital steward (Conkling) ordered me to take charge of Ward No. 9 as ward master. It was an agreeable change. I could now keep clean and free from "grey-backs." I at once began to form the acquaintance of my patients. On one of the ward bunks a fine looking middle aged soldier was reclining, and at the head of his bunk the letters, "— Johnson, — Mississippi Infantry." I immediately enquired for particulars, and from him learned that he was then Colonel of the — Mississippi Regiment, that his home was Aconna, Miss., where he had, when last heard from, a wife and three children; that he was shot and captured in Tennessee and could not sleep or rest without an opiate or stimulant of some kind; that he thought if he could have a drink of brandy at night he would be able to sleep and rest. And here before me was the husband of the lady who had once been so kind to me, more than a thousand miles from home and family, a prisoner, and suffering for the same stimulant that his wife had once so kindly given me. I was permitted to keep brandy in the ward room, but not to give it out without a doctor's prescription, under severe penalty. But if Col. Johnson did not rest and sleep well thereafter it was not for want of a drink of brandy.

OLD GRAY.

CONCERNING the story of the battle of Franklin, published in the April VETERAN, the Nashville *American* says:

Although written as the experience of a boy with a gun in his hand, it has been accepted so generally that nearly every leading daily in the South has copied it, and the Rev. Dr. Field, of New York, makes it the basis of a chapter of fifty pages in his splendid history of tours through the South.

In the most concise manner possible the writer tells the story of how the Confederates made way through the obstructions and leaped over the stupendous breastworks against whizzing bullets and fixed bayonets. Then how the enemy pressed their way back on the neutral ground between the breastworks, the Carter residence and other places of protection near by. Mr. Cunningham pays high tribute to Gen. O. F. Strahl, his brigadier, who stood in the entrenchment and handed up guns to him and others until nearly all the men and the General too were shot down. Recently, while in Kansas, he visited Mrs. Sigler, a sister of Gen. Strahl, who gave him the use for a time of his diary and many of the private papers which had been preserved by the General.

*THE TEXAS REUNION AT HOUSTON.*

Capt. Will Lambert, Commander of Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., at Houston, Texas, writes as follows under date of May 1, 1893:

"We had a grand three-days reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in this city last month—20th, 21st, and 22d—closing the last day with an old-fashioned Southern barbecue. It would have done your heart good to have been with the 'boys' and heard once more the old 'rebel yell,' as the soul-stirring notes of 'Dixie' and 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' floated out upon the soft South breezes.

"Maj. Hannibal B. Boone, one of the most gifted speakers in all the Southland, delivered a soul-stirring speech at the barbecue grounds, and brought out the grandest enthusiasm. The address was replete with conservative but manly references to the past; no begging the issue, but brilliant and touching references to what we did do under the 'Stars and Bars,' and what we can do under the Stars and Stripes. Many of his words fell with telling effect upon the 'Boys in Blue' who were present. A one-armed New Jersey veteran occupied a seat on the platform, and as Maj. Boone poured hot shot into the ranks of the fraudulent pensioners—'wagon yard bummers who got shot stealing hogs'—this maimed yankee, who lost his right arm at Chancellorsville, was the most enthusiastic applauder of all the five thousand present. The speech throughout was a gem.

"The re-election of ex-Gov. Sul. Ross, 'the Little Cavalryman,' to be Major General of the Division of Texas for the ensuing year, caused one of the grandest orations I ever witnessed. His election was made by acclamation and a rising vote, and when the two thousand old Confederates rose up to proclaim their votes the 'ayes' fairly shook the rafters of the City Hall. But this scene was 'not a marker' to that which followed when the committee on notification escorted Gen. Ross into the hall. The 'boys' went wild with shouts of welcome; hats flew up to the ceiling, handkerchiefs were waved, and the enthusiasm was caught up by the large number of ladies present, only to make the veterans more enthusiastic. 'The Little Cavalryman' was visibly affected in this demonstration of love and admiration by the old soldiers, many of whom he had led into the very jaws of death. Verily, Sul. Ross is a great favorite with all Texans—and he should be. He is their friend, as true as the needle to the pole.

"Please send me some subscription blanks—a canvasser's outfit, as it were. I will 'detail my 'rebel daughter,' as some call her, to work up a good list of subscribers to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN among the members of our camp. I wish you the abundant success which your splendid publication merits."

*MORTALLY WOUNDED.*

Among all the thrilling incidents, hair-breadth escapes and deeds of valor that have been published, I have never seen where any old vet. has acknowledged how bad he was scared "durin" the war, so I come to the front and tell my truthful story. How ignorant we were in the beginning about war! I fully believed I could whip five yanks before breakfast, and was afraid the war would be over before I could try my hand. Whole regiments were armed with long shop-

made knives and old "pepper box" pistols, expecting a hand to hand fight. But to my story. I had served in the Virginia army, had been discharged from injuries received, and had re-inlisted just in time to go through the Georgia campaign under Johnston and Hood. So you can imagine whether I had a chance to kill a yank or not. One of those foggy, gloomy mornings in June, 1864, not far from New Hope Church, I was on videt. All old vets know how perilous the moment the fog would rise, or daylight come. It was similar to turkey-hunting, waiting to see how to shoot. All still. No cheering commands or martial music or rebel yells. A shot up or down the line would ring out and some poor fellow would cross the river. I was hiding behind my pile of rocks in an old field with gun in position. To my right I saw a bright Enfield poked around another pile of rocks but a short distance away. Of course I changed position, but only to be in range of another yankee on my left behind his pile of rocks. Imagine the situation. Retreat, I considered, was the better part of valor. On my hands and knees I began to crawl. No shot was fired until I reached an open space some two hundred yards wide, and in the woods was a line of works held by our skirmishers. On I went with all possible speed. How I wished for wings to fly! Zip! zip! the bullets would pass—a thudding sound. I was certainly struck. I glanced down and saw that my pants were red to my boot tops. I could feel the blood in my boots, but no time to make examination. A solid blue line was yelling behind me. Completely faint and exhausted, I rolled over the works only to find my canteen shot through and my sorghum all wasted on my pants and in my boots.

Thanks to the God of battle, I have been permitted to live and raise a large family, and will expect to meet many of the old country veterans at Birmingham in July.

CAMP BEE.

*Forney, Texas.*

Vic Reinhardt, Terrell, Texas: I have been much pleased with the VETERAN. I like its conservative, manly position on all matters. Our Camp is doing splendidly (J. E. B. Stewart, No. 45). We have about 110 members, and they are from nearly every Southern State—from Alabama, Arkansas, Missouri, Louisiana, Florida, Mississippi, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Maryland. All are represented in our Camp, with also a goodly proportion of Texas veterans. I see a great deal about engagements in the Army of Tennessee, and these impress me especially as my four years were spent mainly from Mississippi to North Carolina and Kentucky. We have always been especially proud of our regiment, the 25th Alabama Infantry. Many will remember the old flag when we looked at it the last time at Greensboro, N. C. I accompanied my company (C) from the organization at Fort Gaines in '61 until its surrender, and to think of the trying ordeals through which we passed is too great to grasp at one time. I would like to see an article from some ready writer of the old brigade, who passed through Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and the various engagements until we reorganized in North Carolina, with not enough men out of the whole brigade for a small company.

We have all the shirt measures from all persons we have made shirts for in ten years, and can duplicate same with any changes ordered. Vanderbilt Shirt Co., Nashville, Tenn.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT OAKWOODS, CHICAGO

In June, 1891, Gen. John C. Underwood was authorized by the ex-Confederate Association of Chicago to raise funds with which to erect a monument at Oakwoods Cemetery, in that city. Starting with a nucleus of \$1,500 raised by that association, through a lecture previously given there by Gen. J. B. Gordon, of Georgia, he, assisted by prominent members of the association, has succeeded in raising the necessary funds, and has contracted for the erection of a handsome monument over the Southern dead in Oakwoods Cemetery.

A generous response from citizens of Chicago resulted, and they subscribed \$10,000 for the purpose. There are six thousand Confederate dead buried in Oakwoods.

The monument is to be built by the Southern Granite Company of "Pearl" granite from its quarries at Constitution Hill, Ga., noted for clearness of grain, beauty of texture, and susceptibility of receiving a brilliant and lasting polish. The memorial will present a dignified and imposing appearance.

The lower base or platform is fifteen feet six inches square, upon which are laid three other bases; and, on the front of one of them, cut in raised and polished letters of bold outlines, are the words "Confederate Dead." The upper base is adorned with a series of rich mouldings, and on the front of this stone is placed an enlarged model of the well-known Confederate seal, worked in bronze, representing in relief a mounted soldier (Gen. Washington) inclosed within a wreath, wrought by entwining the foliage of products peculiar to the South.

The "die" of the monument is made of one massive stone, the dimensions being six feet one inch square by two feet ten inches high, and has re-entering angles which are filled with groups of cluster columns terminating in richly carved Romanesque caps.

On the front side, north face, the following inscription will be worked in incised letters upon a polished panel: "Erected to the memory of the six thousand Confederate soldiers here buried, who died in Camp Douglas prison, 1862-65."

On the other three sides will be placed artistic bronze panels: That on the east will represent the "Call to Arms" at the beginning of the Confederacy. It is a very striking scene, and that relates the story at a glance. Figures representing men in various conditions of life, the laborer, artisan, and professional man are depicted as they are hastening

from their avocations to enroll for the war. The panel on the west will represent the "Lost Cause." In the foreground of the medallion is an unarmed Confederate soldier in rude and picturesque garb, leaning on a hickory staff cut on his return from the "front." His attitude reveals deep dejection. He is gazing upon a dismantled log cabin. The broken door lies extended across the deserted threshold, part of the roof has been carried away by a round shot, and the house in which he was cradled is a ruin. Near by lies a discarded cannon and war debris, and the sun slowly descending in the west, by its departing rays, furnishes an appropriate setting to the picture and lends completion to the idea sought to be expressed by the left hand of the sculptor. The bronze on the remaining side of the "die" is entitled the "Eternal Sleep," and is an allegorical representation of the Southern soldier who, dying in captivity, is buried 'neath foreign sod. "Side by side they sleep the sleep that knows no waking" away from home and kindred. To die a prisoner in a hostile land, far from all endearing associations, lends a special halo to his heroism.

An elaborate piece of masonry, ornamented with a carved wreath on each of its four gables, forms the crown to the "die" and completes the pedestal; and, from which as a base, springs the shaft two feet six inches square at the bottom and twelve feet in height, surmounted with a finely designed battlemented cap which supports a bronze statue of a typical Confederate foot soldier, eight feet high.

This statue is true to nature and perfect in detail, even to the placing of the trousers within the socks to guard against dust—a common practice with Confederate infantry.

The figure represents the soldier after the surrender, without military arms and accoutrements, natural in its pose, and it readily conveys the story of the Confederate soldier.

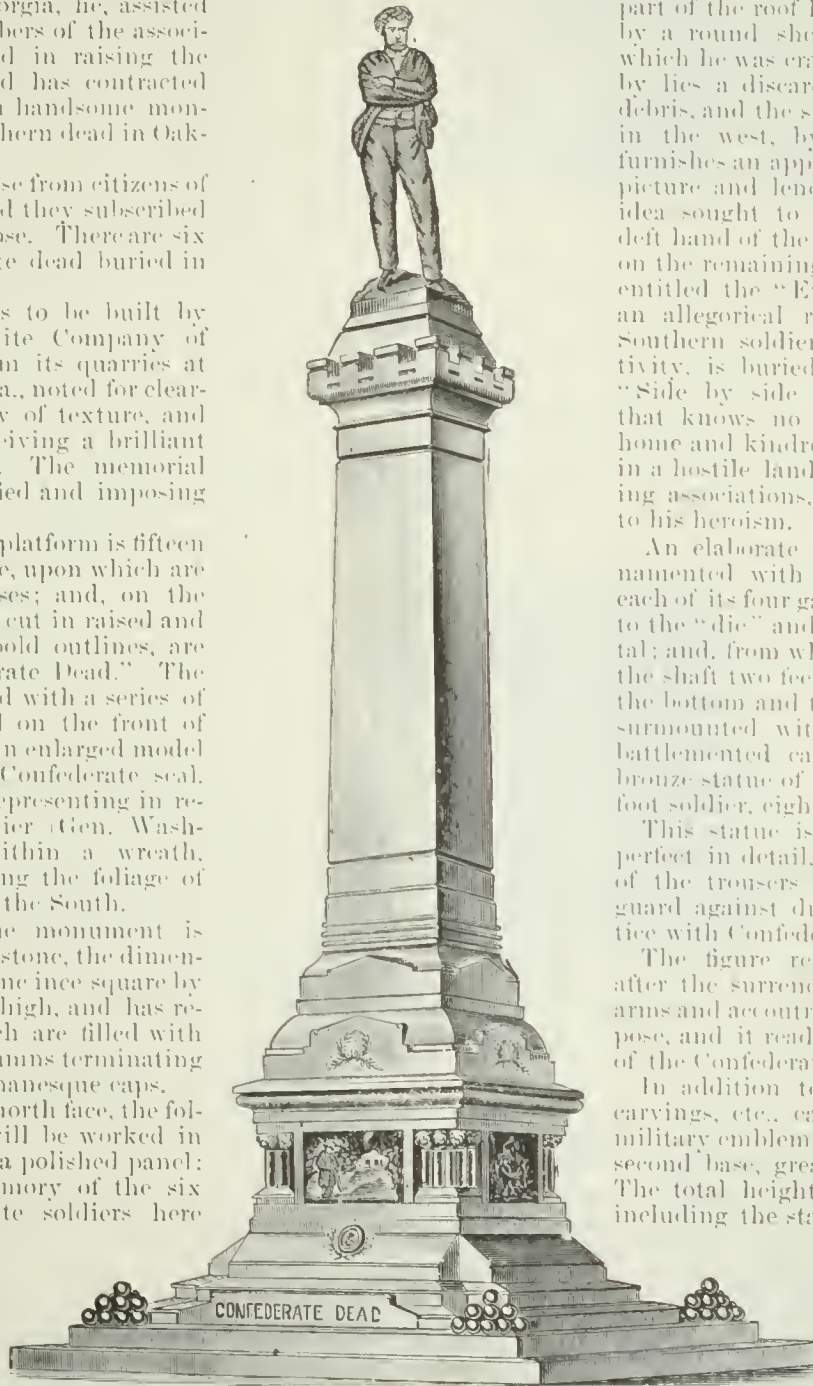
The figure represents the soldier after the surrender, without military arms and accoutrements, natural in its pose, and it readily conveys the story of the Confederate soldier.

In addition to the bronze panels, carvings, etc., cannon balls piled as military emblems in the angles of the second base, greatly add to the effect. The total height of the monument, including the statue, is thirty-six feet six inches.

The monument was designed by Gen. Underwood, the Southern officer in command of the Northern Divisions

of the United Confederate Veterans, with Mr. Louis R. Fearn as delineating architect.

Arrangements have been made by and through which members of the United Confederate Veterans can visit Chicago from Birmingham, Ala., after the



meeting there in July next, and be present at the unveiling of the monument.

The unveiling will take place on Tuesday, July 25, 1893, and the dedicatory oration will be delivered by Senator John B. Gordon, of Georgia, General commanding the United Confederate Veterans.

The excursion will start from Birmingham July 21, A. M., stopping at Chattanooga, Cincinnati, Columbus, and Sandusky, Ohio, will remain four days in Chicago; and returning via Indianapolis, Ind., will make the circuit within ten days.

#### ABOUT SOUTHERN BOOKS.

*Some Rebel Relics from the Seat of War*, by Rev. A. T. Goodloe, Chapel Hill, Tenn., is the title of a book that is now in press at the Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., Barbee & Smith, Agents.

It is the result, largely, of my being the Chairman of the Historical Committee of John L. McEwen Bivouac, No. 4, Franklin, Tenn. Having been placed in that position by my comrades, I felt that it was my duty to gather up relics of the war, so as to be enabled to make reports to the Bivouac. This I did mainly from a diary which I kept during my term of service. Having begun the work of a committeeman in this way, I have gone on writing until a prospective book is the result, of about 320 pages, 12mo, pica type.

You will not understand me as wishing to put myself before the readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as having accomplished some great feat in military literature. I mean to say that something of this sort ought to be the result of the labors of many historical committees in our bivouacs. Possibly but few diaries have been kept, but an active committee could gather up many important and interesting war items, both among themselves and from others. At every meeting of the Bivouac a report of some length ought to be made, and, sooner or later, material for an interesting and valuable volume of Rebel relics would be at hand. And we ought to be in a hurry about this matter, for the number of those who can tell of the war from personal experience is rapidly lessening, and with the death of every old soldier some important facts are lost. You have heard many war incidents told which ought to be written down, but which never have. Let the historical committees gather up all such that they can, and let them be carefully preserved. It is due to ourselves, to our children, and to the South at large, that we do this.

And in this connection allow me to say that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a grand and timely reservoir, so to speak, for the deposit of many and a great variety of Rebel relics. Already several pieces have appeared in it, which must be in a book some day. Perhaps the thoughtful and discriminate editor is looking forward to the publication in book form, after awhile, of such editorials and communications as ought to be thus preserved. It would be rich reading, surely. Success to you in your enterprise. It strikes me as being the very periodical we have been needing for a long time.

WANTED.—To buy, immediately, Confederate Money, Confederate Stamps on original envelopes, old United States Stamps older than 1872, and old Coins. Describe exactly what you have, and address EDWARD S. JONES, Garland Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

#### IMPORTANCE OF OUR LITERATURE.

Dr. A. J. Thomas, Medical Superintendent of the Southern Indiana Hospital for Insane, Evansville, Ind., under date of March 22, 1893, writes: "The March number of the VETERAN is a good one, and I hope that this is simply a forerunner of the excellence to which the journal may attain. Every family in the South should subscribe for it. None are too poor as to make poverty an excuse for not subscribing. The South needs such literature. Our weakness before and during the war was, I always thought, owing to the fact that the North presented their peculiar political and social views more largely to their own people and to the world than we did. While able intellectually to compete with any in a literary contest, we did not feel the necessity of presenting our side of the social and political problems, but felt that a just and wise jury would render the verdict in their favor. Every Southern soldier and every Southern woman should feel it a sacred duty to contribute something to the literature of the South. Things that are written are not forgotten, but leave an impression that is productive of good."

In Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, there is an irregular-shaped, small spot of ground, enclosed with a neat iron fence. On the gate is the name "Jefferson Davis," and on the marble headstone is engraved:

JOSEPH,  
Son of our Beloved President,  
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Erected by the Little Girls and Boys of the Southern Capital.

It will be recalled by the older people that the lad lost his life by falling from a window of the Confederate "White House" during the war.

### World's Columbian Exposition, OPENS MAY 1, 1893.

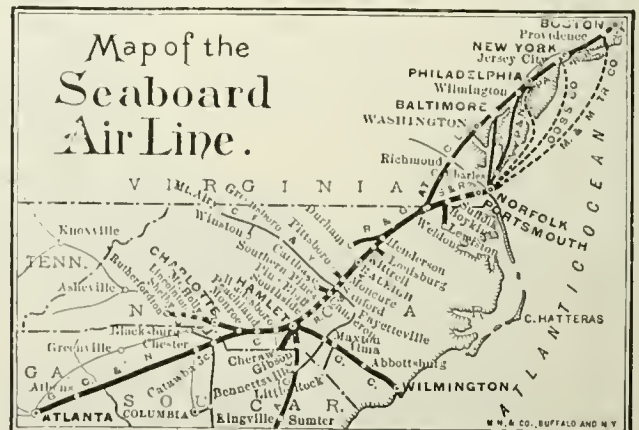
If you are going to attend, take the **Evansville Route** (E. & T. H. and C. & E. I. Railroads), the only line which can offer through train service between the South and Chicago, having two trains daily. Train No. 8, "**World's Fair Special**," leaves Nashville at 7.00 A. M., Evansville at 1.05 P. M., and arrives at Chicago at 10.00 P. M., will be the daylight train, and is equipped with elegant Pullman Parlor Buffet Cars and handsome coaches.

Train No. 6, "**Chicago and Nashville Limited**," a solid vestibuled train, leaves Nashville at 7.50 P. M., Evansville at 1.40 A. M., and arrives at Chicago at 10.40 A. M. This train is equipped with Pullman Sleepers and day coaches, and also has an elegant Dining Car, which serves meals en route.

Round-trip Tickets will be on sale from April 25th to October 31st, good returning until November 5, 1893.

For sleeping-car reservation, maps, rates, etc., apply to either of the undersigned.

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Dr. A. C. Potter, late house physician of the parent institute at Chicago, a physician of many years successful practice and a Christian gentleman of the highest order is the Medical Director of the Nashville Institute. Mr. C. L. Frost, well known to many of Nashville's business men, will act as business manager. These gentlemen will guarantee an absolute cure or money refunded. We clip the following from a recent address of Hon. John V. Farwell, the famous dry goods merchant of Chicago, and none the less famous as a Christian philanthropist:

"I fully believe that God can and sometimes does take away all desire for liquor from a man, and I believe just as fully that God has revealed to Dr. Thompson the scientific cure for drunkenness. God will not do for a man what the man can do for himself, or what others can do for him in a scientific way; and now that this great secret has been thus revealed, drinking men are without excuse for continuing in their bondage. I consider this Bi-chloride of Gold Cure one of the greatest scientific discoveries of the age."

The promoters of the "Nashville Institute, Bi-chloride of Gold Treatment," will cheerfully give consultation and information, free of charge, to those who may be interested.

Their down-town office is Room 30, Cumberland Presbyterian Building, Nashville, Tenn. Write to or call on them.

N. B.—They have a special proposition to make to Camps of Confederates, W. C. T. U. and all temperance societies throughout Tennessee and the South.



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"I presume to call this little volume 'Sparks from a Backlog,'" says the author, among other things in his preface, "because sparks are short, detached, disconnected; so are these articles. . . . The backlog is a constituent in every good wood fire. So the layman is a necessity in the church, though he must not be too forward, but must keep in the rear."

The quotation will serve a double purpose: To indicate the purpose and plan of the book, and afford a glimpse of the author's simple, chaste style, which has made his writings so popular.

The book is a literary mosaic—without even a show of systematic arrangement. It will be the more interesting on that account. It is a book to be read "by snatches." There is consolation in it for the hour of grief and gloom; there is encouragement for the moment of despondency; there is strengthening for the weak, and warning for the boastful strong. A word is there for everybody in every condition. A delightful commingling of story and essay, lay preaching and human philosophy, the serious and the gay, wit and wisdom. It is one-sided in but a single respect—that is, it is wholly pure.

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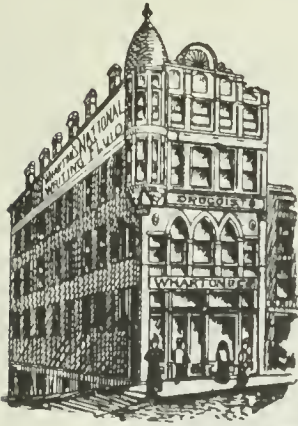
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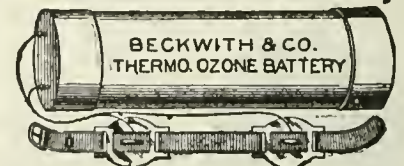
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Vol. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1893.

No. 6.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.



MRS. MAGGIE DAVIS HAYES.

The elder of Jefferson and Varina Howell Davis' two daughters, was born in Washington, D. C., during the latter part of her father's term as Secretary of War. She remembers much of the trials of her father during the Confederate struggle. While Mr. Davis was in prison, Maggie was with her maternal grandmother, near Montreal, Canada, and attended school at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. After Mr. Davis' release, and while he was with his family in England, this daughter was put at another Catholic school in London, where she completed her collegiate course. In her girlhood she was delightful companionship to her father, who called her "Little Polly," and she is exceedingly like him in appearance, voice and manner.

[See additional sketch within.]



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# Confederate Veteran.

*Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.*

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VOL. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1893.

No. 6.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.

Entered at the Postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Special club rates to the Press and to Camps—25 copies \$10. An extra copy sent to each person who sends six subscriptions. Advertisements: One dollar per inch one time, or \$10 a year, except last page; \$25 a page. Discount: Half year, one-issue; one year, one issue.

THE picture of Mrs. Joel Addison Hayes, on cover page, will give pleasure to veterans. Strange as it may seem, many people had lost sight of her. This occurred through so much having been written about the very popular "Daughter of the Confederacy," while Mrs. Hayes, who married very young, has been largely occupied with family cares.

Mr. Hayes belongs to one of Nashville's oldest and wealthiest families, although he was born in Holly Springs, Miss., and was never much in Nashville. Two important streets, Addison and Hayes, are named for his family. He became a banker in Memphis at a very early age, and was successful from the beginning, but while on a trip in Mr. Davis' interest he took a severe cold which so affected his lungs that a change of climate became necessary, and he has for several years engaged in banking at Colorado Springs, Col., where he has been even more successful than at Memphis. In darker hours of adversity than the Southern people have knowledge, to Mr. Davis' family this son-in-law, ever ardently devoted, has been the strong arm of support. The first child of this union, named Jefferson Davis, died. There are four living, two daughters, named for their grandmothers, Varina Howell and Lucy White; the son, whose name has been changed by the Mississippi Legislature to Jefferson Hayes Davis, and little "Billie," the youngest grandchild, whose picture appears by the side of his mother, and who proudly claims to be "a Confederate." The picture of Mrs. Hayes is an excellent likeness. While returning from Hollywood on burial day I happened near the carriage containing Mrs. Davis, Gov. McKinney, and Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, and although well acquainted with both for years, I made the mistake to greet the latter as "Miss Winnie." A lady devoted to Mrs. Hayes, and who knows her intimately, said this:

"Richly gifted by nature in all fine qualities of mind and person, she reigns a social queen—that high type of well-bred women that has made our Southern land so famous. Not alone in the social world, however, does she please and charm by her fascinating womanly qualities, but in her home life, where the wife and mother adorns and beautifies her character. Unselfish, tender, and loving, she guards well the happiness intrusted to her keeping."

A VIRGINIA lady who was guest of the Governor, in sending a list of subscribers, but withholds her name from the public, wrote:

"I was awakened at three o'clock at night by the band playing a solemn dirge. Leaning from the window, which overlooked the capitol grounds, I saw what appeared to be a dark line of Confederate soldiers. The body of our dear old President was being borne reverently between them and up the steps of the capitol. The whole scene was bathed in moonlight. The war was so vividly recalled to my mind that I laid my head on the window sill and wept. Such a scene of sadness and desolation came over me that for a time I was almost overwhelmed. The great gathering of our clan, and the honor showed our sacred dead, must ever be a satisfaction to us older Confederates."

It is a coincidence that after I had put in type the reference to John Howard Payne on editorial page there should come from my ever faithful friend, Charley Herbst, of Macon, the following clipping from the Davis Memorial Services in Montgomery:

"There was an incident connected with the Davis exercises here on the 20th ult. that the newspapers neglected to mention," said a lady yesterday, "and it was one of the most pathetic things of the entire day. Just as the casket was lowered from the catafalque and was started up the steps of the capitol, the band played 'Home, Sweet Home,' and it moved the people to tears. There was not a dry eye anywhere around where I was standing. The old hero, though dead, was at home at the first capital of the Confederacy, and lived in the heart and memory of every Alabamian. He was at home in Alabama, and I have felt all along that here his body ought to have rested; but his family have decreed otherwise, and I trust that he may rest well."

TEN THOUSAND COPIES FOR JULY.

An effort will be made to send out for July the best issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. A supplement is promised, as an inset, the four flags as published on front of March number. The 10,000 copies will furnish a good supply for the Birmingham meeting of United Confederate Veterans and for specimen copies to many whose friends would be glad to have them see copies. Patrons who first write requests for copies to be mailed will be supplied whether the edition is sufficient or not. All former editions have been exhausted. There are being printed of this number 6,000 copies. Advertisers cannot procure a better medium in the South. See the low rates.

ALL editions exhausted. There has not been a waste pound of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN since the publication started in January.

CORRESPONDENCE is delayed painfully. At a sitting more than a hundred communications have claimed attention, and gratitude has urged prompt attention that it has been impossible to give.

SEVERAL friends, anxious that the VETERAN be accurate in every statement, have kindly given notice of error in our list of Lieutenant Generals killed in battle. The omission is that of A. P. Hill, and Dr. J. Wm. Jones, in his constant zeal for our cause, and the VETERAN too, has supplied a thrilling sketch, which may be expected in the July issue.

THIS issue of the VETERAN goes to press without certain articles suggested by recent events. One of these is a patriotic appeal to our fellow-citizens at the North, suggested by a recent visit to the national capital and to "Arlington," this side of the Potomac. A zealous effort will be made in the next issue of the VETERAN to have outsiders see us as we see each other, in the hope that great good will be accomplished.

THE widow of Gen. W. T. Hillyer writes from her home, East Orange, N. J., of an interesting article by Mrs. W. H. Cherry, of Nashville, copied from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN into the New York *Observer*. General Hillyer was on General Grant's staff at Savannah and Shiloh. The good woman kindly considers sending some war reminiscences to the VETERAN. Her husband was of General Grant's original staff, and remained with him until after the fall of Vicksburg.

THIS beautiful tribute was paid to the memory of Col. John McGavock, of Franklin, at his funeral, by Col. Thos. Claiborne, of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac: "There is no need of tears over this gentleman and patriot whom we are now burying. A life of four score years spent right here among you is so well rounded out that nothing is wanting to his reputation. Not one of your citizens can say he ever robbed the widow or orphan or gave evil advice. Never will it be forgotten that he took the wounded of that carnage over there (pointing to the battle-field) into that very room from which we have borne his corpse, and with infinite tenderness provided for them, and (pointing to the graves of the heroic dead) gave that resting place to the gallant dead, whose graves have been watched by him for nearly thirty years. Old Charon waves a pleasant good-bye as he pushes his boat out into the misty night, and we with Christian faith behold him landing where white arms stretch to receive him among the great throng."

#### UNIFORM WITHOUT COUNTERSIGN.

A friend writes confidentially, hence his name and place are withheld: "I hail thee! I wish thee God-speed! I hold thee as a brother. Hope that I am not a meddler. I may be mistaken, but you must not be. I write not for publication. Still less is it intended to do harm to any one. It is designed to aid you, and through you to serve the truth of history and the cause of our beloved Southland.

"I am reliably informed that the *Confederate War Journal* is backed by the money of Mrs. Frank Leslie, of New York. Its traveling representative claims to be an unreconstructed rebel and not to know that the associate editor is a Republican.

"I am not satisfied, and fear that the thing is an enemy in disguise. It hasn't our countersign, yet wears our uniform. It wants our money, no matter what it thinks or how it speaks of our cause. Withal it is inferior. It seems to have set its sails to catch every wind that blows. A Confed. and a Republican editor! New York and Lexington! What next?

"Comrade, can't you uncover and show up this stranger? If he is of 'S he can stand it; if he is an enemy and a spy' we would like to know it. It is to be represented at the reunion at Birmingham. Will you be there to look after it? If I had the time and change I would go especially to bring it to the attention of those in authority. Some one should do the South this service. Please call some true man's notice to it. I know of no one interested in it, and outside of my love for Dixie feel no interest in it myself.

"One who does not know you, but loves you for your work's sake."

Thanks to the author of the above, this subject shall have attention. The VETERAN is strong enough to dare discuss this matter, and it will do it.

The publication referred to has been sent to our subscribers, as published in April, and they have seen for themselves that there is not an expression in it of courageous Southern loyalty. To assume that our people will be caught by the name "Confederate," and pleased over war times pictures, printed then by Frank Leslie, and sent South under the assumption that they are now being made by "a corps of artists" is revolting. It would be a good (?) scheme if our people could be so gulled, for "the cheapest illustrated paper in the United States" would make the Republican manager rich on an approximate of what the VETERAN is doing. It is *only half* the size of the VETERAN, is on very *inferior* paper, and *double* the price.

We hail with good cheer any means of making the South and the cause of her people known, but this "*Confederate*" *War Journal* will have to begin anew on truer lines to secure one word of approbation from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Since the above was put in type a careful review of each issue of this publication has been made to see if there is anywhere a spark of Southern patriotism in it. G. A. R. may be put in place of Confederate and it will answer the same purpose. Indeed, Union soldiers whose war ended in 1865 would say far better of

us. The strongest expression in it is "our beloved Southland." A leading editorial is upon a quotation from some one who wants every copy for the "instruction and amusement" of his children. Amusement furnished by the same old pictures made in war times by our enemies, and now reprinted and sent among us at several times the cost, depending upon agencies on large commission to give it circulation! This editorial concludes with the thrilling declaration that "Before we get through our work every veteran soldier will be able to point out a picture showing a battle in which he took an active part. We propose satisfying every reasonable expectation of our boys in gray." Shame upon the action of a Southern man who will lend his name and "write occasionally" upon a subject so sacred as the war is to us, and have neither the courage nor the patriotism to vindicate his people and yet write under the sacred name of Confederate! The sheet will secure solicitors, and can well afford to pay more as commission than the price of the VETERAN. Keep it out of your homes.

#### THE SENTIMENT OF OUR MEMORIAL DAY.

The editor of the Memphis, Tenn., *Commercial*, in commenting upon Memorial Day, concluded:

"When we lay roses and lillies above the tombs of our dead brothers we are not perpetuating strife or giving embers to sectional fires. We are simply honoring valor, and giving tributes of gratitude to the record of nobility and suffering. These brothers, lovers, husbands, who lie there, fell in no Lost Cause. No cause is lost which develops so much of the God-like in man, which calls forth so much that is splendid in sacrifice and love. We will forget some day all the bitterness and the hatred, but as long as truth and honor are loved in the world we will not forget the reverence due to those who made the history of a people eternal, and wrote the immortality of a dead cause in blood and tears above the tomb of issues which have passed away. It is for this reason, for the reason of the lives and deaths of our Southern soldiers, that the conquered banner will be remembered when many a victorious standard is forgotten, and as long as the durability of generous natures, the prophecy will be true that

'Its fame on brightest pages,  
Penned by poets and by sages,  
Shall go sounding down the ages,  
Furl its folds though now we must.'

"And when all the swords of the world are made into plowshares, and war shall be a dream of old tradition, the history of the South will still be an inspiration to the noble, and the men it produced examples to the men that shall be."

The Memphis contribution for the Richmond Memorial Bazaar by the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association was \$250.25. The sums were as follows: Cash contribution, \$160.25; fancy articles for sale, value, \$40; crayon, \$50. Of this eleven sum thanks are due Miss Clara Conway and her school for \$50, the proceeds of a very beautiful benefit entertainment.

#### SOUTH CAROLINIANS WHO WENT TO RICHMOND.

The Charleston survivors who paid their respects to the memory of our great and heroic ex-President of the late Confederate States at the reinterment on the 31st, were a representative body, not only of duty-loving Confederate soldiers, but also of worthy citizens of South Carolina. They represented the State that gave the first impetus to the war and furnished more men in proportion to number of inhabitants than any of her sister States. "Camp Sumter," of the U. C. V., is the outcome of the "Survivors' Association of Charleston District," which was one of the very first to organize for "social and charitable purposes." Our President, Rev. Dr. John Johnson, who was Major of Engineers U. S. A., has a war record of unsurpassed courage. As the Engineer in charge of Fort Sumter he saw more service and doubtless was more exposed while in charge of the repairs to the fort than any one connected with the defense of this grandly famous fortification. Of the thirty members of the delegation many knew all the vicissitudes of war. Mr. John Harleston was captured in the first privateer sent out by South Carolina, and was tried as a pirate, the enemy being anxious to hang the "arch rebels" of the first seceding State. At Richmond we met Rev. Dr. Ellis Capers, D.D., Assistant Bishop elect of South Carolina, commanding the department that includes South Carolina, and we were honored by having these two at the head of our column when we took our place in line. Gen. Ellison Capers was of the army of the West, and Maj. John Johnson of the fame of Fort Sumter.

Your space wont permit me to amplify the records of the party, many of whom are worthy of special notice, but it must be pleasant for you to know that nineteen of the delegation cheerfully subscribed to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and the others were already subscribers—some were veteran to the core.

JAMES G. HOLMES.

*Charleston, S. C., June 2, 1893.*

#### THE CORRECTION CHEERFULLY MADE.

In the April number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN you published your account of the Franklin fight, and I write to correct one mistake, in reference to wagons abandoned and mules killed on the pike between Spring Hill and Franklin. It was done by one regiment of Ross' Texas Cavalry instead of the enemy, which fired into the retreating Federals on the night before the fight at Franklin. I know because I was in that little affair myself. On the night in question we were on the enemy's flank, and we discovered a light to our left, when General Ross halted his command and took me as one of his escort with him. We dismounted to reconnoitre, and we went in the direction of the light, which was on the pike, until we got within thirty yards of the retreating Yanks, when he sent me back to bring up one regiment, dismounted, which was either the 9th Texas or Whitfields Legions, I forget which. When they arrived they formed line not over thirty yards from the pike and fired. Then General Ross ordered us to burn the wagons. We stayed there until the Yanks made it too hot for us. For confirmation of this statement I refer you to General Ross.

P. B. SIMMONS,  
Company K, 6th Texas Cav.

*Cedar Creek, Tex., June 2.*

*SOMETHING OF HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY.*

A brief history of the "Holly-Wood Cemetery Company," Richmond, is fitting in this issue of the *VETERAN*. Its conception occurred by two gentlemen of that city while visiting "Mount Auburn," near Boston, in 1847. In June of that year they purchased forty-two acres of land for \$4,675. A few other acre purchases were soon after made at \$1,000 per acre and less. The Legislature of '47-8 refused a charter, however, and the property was advertised for sale in April, 1848. Subsequently conveyances were made to a Board of Trustees, and there were interested right away fifty-five persons as stockholders.

In February, 1856, the Legislature granted a charter, eight years after its organization. In 1868 there were 1,500 lot owners, and in October of that year nearly three acres were "turned over to the Confederacy," in which area there were buried 7,557 soldiers.

There can be no profit to stockholders, and while the area has been increased largely, it would seem to several hundred acres, all the proceeds from sales of lots must be used in improving the property. Mr. Davis' grave must be fully a half mile from the soldiers' monument, recently illustrated in the *VETERAN*. The name now is one word—Hollywood.

The cemetery contains many interesting monuments, under which are buried Presidents and peculiar people. Here is a well executed inscription under a beautifully carved railroad engine:

JAMES E. VALENTINE,  
KILLED IN A COLLISION.

In the crash and the fall he stood unmoved, and sacrificed  
his life that he might fulfil his trust.

Until the brakes are turned on time  
Life's throttle-valve shut down;  
He wakes to pilot in the crew  
That wears the martyr's crown.

On schedule time, on upper grade,  
Along the heavenward section,  
He lands his train at God's round-house  
The morn of resurrection.

His time all full, no wages docked,  
His name on God's pay-roll,  
And transportation through to heaven,  
A free pass for his soul.

J. K. B. SMITH, who served as engineer from Mississippi in charge of pontoon train gives an interesting story of a Tennessee family through the *Sunny South*. Mr. Higginbotham, of Nashville, Tenn., had been arrested as a "rebel sympathizer," and was imprisoned in the Tennessee penitentiary, where he died just before the battle of Murfreesboro. His family, consisting of three daughters and a young son 13 years old, were sent south. They took only what they could convey in a one-horse carryall. At Shelbyville they tarried with the Confederates until another fall back,

and then hurried on to Chattanooga, where they located. On a Sunday morning the first shell from a Yankee cannon that fell in the town exploded and shattered the thigh bone of one of the little girls. They left Chattanooga when the place was filled with soldiers, and went on south through the thick of the Mission Ridge fight. They stopped next in Ringgold, Ga., and left that town on the last train before the enemy got possession. Several shots were fired through the train on which they traveled.

While they resided in Atlanta the eldest daughter, a very handsome young woman, was married to Lieutenant Ozanne, of a Tennessee regiment. With the retreating army they got a train, through much peril of flying shells, and stopped at Forsyth, where they remained until the close of the war. Mr. Ozanne has been in the grocery and confectionery business at Nashville for several years, and though he has had business reverses, the "Ozanne" baker's bread has been a great success. The lad then thirteen is W. H. Higginbotham, a member of the city council of Nashville, and has for years been prominently connected with the mechanical department of the *Nashville American*. With willing hands, and gratuitously, Mr. Higginbotham made the forms to print the subscription supplement for the April *VETERAN*. The *Nashville American* was gracious in its kindness to print it for me.

The author of the reminiscence states in conclusion: "I never saw a more striking illustration of sturdy courage, resolute patriotism or beautiful faith than was furnished by that heart-stricken warrior-widow and her beautiful, loving, war-orphaned daughters, who maintained themselves through all these dangers, struggles and sufferings by their own efforts. I never think of these Higginbothams but I want to give three rousing cheers in honor of Southern female heroism."

Mrs. PARALEE HASKELL.—Among the noted persons who have lately passed from the scenes of earth, the South lost a former citizen, one of the truest and best, in Mrs. William T. Haskell, who died a few weeks ago at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Rightor, in Helena, Ark. Gen. Haskell is proudly remembered as one of the finest orators who ever charmed an audience, and who had the power of almost literally enchaining his listeners until the silver sentences ceased to flow from his lips. After his death his wife, for some years, had charge of the State Library at the capital of Tennessee, and made many friends by her amiability and kindness. She was ardently attached to her people of the South, and even in the feebleness of advanced age took an active part in keeping green the memory of the past. She had written a history of the Governors of Tennessee, and that of her husband. She was anxious for the success of the former that she might send out a memorial volume in honor of the latter.

## CONFEDERATE VETERAN ORGANIZATIONS.

Comrades out of Tennessee, why are you so long silent against appeal for lists of organizations? You are equally zealous for the VETERAN, and it is as faithful to you. At a glance you may see report of sixteen Bivouacs in Tennessee, and seven organizations of Sons of Veterans. Now please report at once all the organizations of comrades and sons that you know, so the July VETERAN will contain a list of *every one*.

THE United Confederate Veterans honor Alabama by convening in Birmingham next July. The organization is growing in every section of the South. Would not all comrades do well to consider membership? Let us stand together steadily to the end. The ranks are thinning rapidly, but we know how to "close up." Let us do it.

THE presentation of flag in May, 1861, an account of which was given in the May VETERAN, occurred near "Mound City," Memphis, instead of Pine Bluff. The fair young girl, Miss Rozzell, was but sixteen at the time, but the event was a memorable one, and is referred to with pride by gray veterans now.

AN English gentleman wishes historic information concerning Gens. Pemberton, VanDorn, Kirby-Smith, Wheeler, D. H. Hill, and Cleburne. Information for his benefit as to histories, and where procurable, if sent to the VETERAN, will be gratefully received and forwarded.

REQUEST is made for all contributions to the Davis monument not already published to be given in the July number. It is desirable to give full credit to all contributors wherever they may be.

THE sword Gen. Beauregard bequeathed to Charleston is an unusually ornate saber, with a fine Damascus blade and an elaborated hilt wrought in gold. The scabbard, which is of gold, is very handsomely ornamented in low relief, and on it is engraved the inscription, "Brig. Gen. G. T. Beauregard, from the ladies of New Orleans, May, 1861." The sword was sent to Gen. Beauregard just after the fall of Fort Sumter, and was given to commemorate that event.

MISS HUNT, of the Stonewall Jackson Institute, Abingdon, Va., secured the last and best page in the VETERAN. Its contents will interest everybody.

THE Sweetwater Seminary for young Ladies is one of the best institutions of its kind in the country. The location is by the E. T., V. & G. R. R., in one of the richest sections of the great valley. The healthfulness of the vicinity is remarkable. Its advantages are such as to merit careful attention from parents and guardians. See view of the buildings and notice of the Seminary.

## REUNION AT DIXON SPRINGS, TENN.

One of the most interesting gatherings that ever occurred at Dixon Springs, a community of refined and notably wealthy people, was that of the Bradley Bivouac, May 27. Secretary W. W. Fergusson delivered a patriotic address of welcome. It deserves place in the VETERAN.

The following young ladies represented the Confederate States named, and delivered short, appropriate speeches:

Missouri, Miss Barbara Corley; District of Columbia, Miss Nannie Corley; Kentucky, Miss Saekie Haley; Georgia, Miss Lizzie Duffy; Florida, Miss Alice Allen; South Carolina, Miss Mary Black; Tennessee, Miss Nannie Hale; Virginia, Miss Orleansa Scruggs; Mississippi, Miss Cora Denton. Appreciative expressions were given by each like this for the Indian Nation by Miss M. Fergusson—

Beside his white brother, fighting our homes to save,  
None stood more nobly than the Indian brave.

Arkansas, Miss Cora Bradley; Louisiana, Miss Mattie Miller; North Carolina, Miss Gertie Piper; Alabama, Miss Callie Haynie; Maryland, Miss Ella Cosby; Texas, Miss Mamie Bowman.

Addresses were made by Thos. Cosby and J. D. Allen, retiring and incoming Presidents of the Bivouac. The latter quoted from the poem written by Wm. C. Forsee last year in behalf of the Davis monument these patriotic sentiments:

"We are in our father's house; we love our country's flag.  
Long may its folds unchallenged fly on sea and mountain crag!  
Long may Columbia's gonfalon float proudly to the breeze!  
And let no man with angry hand the sacred emblem seize.  
But let us grieve over every wound wherein our country bled;  
We love the brave of every faith; we mourn our gallant dead.  
Secure against fraternal hate they sleep beneath the sod;  
The Lord of Hosts has summoned them; their fame is safe  
with God."

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Maj. J. D. Allen; First Vice President, Capt. J. B. Hale; Second Vice President, Col. W. J. Hale; Third Vice President, A. J. Apple; Secretary, W. W. Fergusson; Treasurer, R. W. High; Chaplain, Rev. R. B. Davis; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. H. Bradley.

VALUE AND PRESERVATION OF WAR RELICS.—W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.: "I see that some papers North are advertising for war relics, and want to pay for them. I suggest you put a card in the VETERAN recommending it as a good place for any who have such relics to sell to advertise them with you. I have only a few, and do not feel like selling them, but some old soldiers may have such relics they would part with as they need the money. Of course if they send an advertisement they should expect to pay for it."

For the first time since the war period a squadron of cavalry was recently quartered near Washington, on the old Lee estate, "Arlington." One of the companies halted near a farm-house, and the captain, in conversation with the owner, remarked that he was going to the Bull Run battle-field, and would remain there over Sunday. The farmer's daughter, seated near by on the piazza, began to laugh, and when asked for an explanation said: "Well, Captain, yours will be the first Union soldiers who have stayed there that long."

## WHAT FRIENDS TO THE VETERAN ARE DOING.

A. Fulkerson, Esq., Bristol, Tenn.: "I am certainly glad to see that you are meeting with success in your most worthy undertaking." He sends another batch of subscribers.

Jno. M. Henderson, Tampa, Fla., May 21: "Inclosed you will find \$1.50 for three more subscriptions. You may depend on my doing all I can toward getting subscribers for the VETERAN, as I think every Southern fireside ought to be furnished with a copy."

Dr. C. Deaderick, Knoxville, Tenn., May 22: "I am much pleased with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, so that I inclose the names of two new subscribers."

J. N. Moreno, Pensacola, Fla.: "In compliance with your request I send you postal note to pay for two subscriptions. P. S.—I have secured two more subscribers."

Miss Sallie McFarland, formerly of Nashville, but now in San Francisco, responding to a friend who sent her a copy, says: "I showed it to some friends and inclose two subscriptions."

Dr. J. A. Hall, Warrensburg, Tenn., May 24: "I am delighted with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Will try and send you some subscribers soon. I feel like it ought to be in every Southern home."

R. H. Phelps, LaGrange, Texas: "We all prize your magazine very highly, and it grows better and better each month. I wish you grand success, and hope the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will live to preserve the acts of daring patriotism and bravery of our boys who wore the grey."

R. T. Owen, Adjutant John H. Waller Camp, 237, Shelbyville, Ky., May 19: "The May number of the magazine received, and I am delighted with it. It should be in the family of every veteran and friend of the South and fair dealing. God speed you in your noble work."

Paul M. Atkinson, manager Cyclorama, Nashville: "The information in No. 3 concerning our Confederate flag is worth more than the subscription price. You have already had so many complimentary things said of your paper that anything I might say would be 'stale and flat,' but I want to thank you for it, and assure you of my best wishes."

G. T. Morgan, Russellville, Ky., May 21: "I am one of the boys, and I take the VETERAN. Am well pleased with it, and will do all I can to increase its subscription list here. I am the first one who subscribed for it in Russellville."

Henry Clay Fairman, editor *Sunny South*, Atlanta, Ga., May 22: "Bill Arp gave you a shockingly good 'ad' to our forty or fifty thousand readers. So very good, indeed, that nothing but the sentiment of fraternity could have induced me to let it pass."

In sending four subscribers from Australia, Mo., Mr. J. J. Parks writes: "I am acting agent at this point. Have advertised the VETERAN in the county paper. Will do all I possibly can. I am delighted with it, and would have it at any price."

Maj. J. B. Briggs, Russellville, Ky., May 19: "I want to do my part in aiding you to make the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a success—a periodical that should be in the family of every old Confederate soldier. To show how easy it is to help you, I secured eight subscribers in an hour by simply asking parties to subscribe."

Miss Harriet R. Parkhill, Jacksonville, Fla.: "Having taught several years after the close of the war, I felt keenly how ignorant the children of the next generation would be of the true action of their forefathers, and instead of glorying in their bravery and the grandeur of their character and deeds, they would learn to be ashamed of them. This sheet will do a noble work in teaching the young people of the South and the whole world the true history of those sad but wonderful four years."

W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.: "The May VETERAN is at hand, and its contents were read with interest from beginning to end. I trust your letter in it may meet with a ready response from all over the South. Our camp will meet in June, and I will lay the claims of the VETERAN before the members. It is so cheap that every soldier should take it."

Mrs. Keller Anderson, Memphis, Tenn.: "Accept hearty congratulations for the success of your paper. I thought it excellent at first—worth far more than the price of subscription—but the marked improvement in each succeeding number is simply wonderful. Every article is well worth a careful reading."

B. P. McAllister, Harrodsburg, Ky.: "In compliance with your request in the last issue of the VETERAN, I send you seven new subscribers. To get them required no effort on my part. I secured them all this morning, and without leaving my business. I am glad you inserted that letter, for I think it will swell your number of subscriptions greatly. I was a Confederate soldier."

K. F. Peddicord, St. Louis, Mo.: "May number of the VETERAN received this morning. Your letter was read with interest, and I respond at once, having learned years ago that obedience to orders was our first duty. In this instance it is a very pleasant duty. We are more than pleased with the VETERAN. Inclosed find New York draft for \$3.50 for seven subscriptions.—Inclosed find another subscriber."

John W. Ashcroft, Newbern, Tenn.: "In response to your call for each subscriber to send two new subscribers, I herewith send you check for \$1.50 for three. Surely all ex-Confederates should take the VETERAN and do everything in their power to extend its circulation and make it a success. Will send you more."

Mrs. Leo Vogel, St. Augustine, Fla.: "The first copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was greeted with much interest and pleasure. Each copy increases in value. Your journal is truly worthy of the name 'Confederate Veteran,' and many noble sentiments and loyal actions are reflected from the VETERAN—the mirror of all true southern principle. Inclosed find pay for five."

J. Mont. Wilson, Springfield, Mo.: "I inclose you a list of names who ought every one to take the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I will do all I possibly can to increase your circulation. I have in my mind some lady friends who I believe would take an interest in your work. Mr. Manly B. Curry, in his letter in May issue strikes the key-note. We must counteract the influence of unjust publications."

Mrs. W. T. Ellis, Fort Worth, Texas, May 22: "Herein find pay for the April VETERAN. I gave mine to a gentleman who fell in love with it. I am getting up a club, and I had that as a specimen copy. I have three subscribers on my list, and hope to have more by next week, when I will send them to you."

Mrs. M. Marr, Monteagle, Tenn., May 29, 1893: "To say that I am pleased with the VETERAN expresses very mildly my state of mind concerning your staunch little magazine. It is natural, faithful to the times and principles it represents. It is needed to keep alive the thought in this mercenary age that there is something besides money to live and die for. I have told everybody, or a great many everybodies, at least, to subscribe for the VETERAN."

D. G. Fleming, Secretary Confederate Association, Hawkinsville, Ga.: "Inclosed I send \$3.50 and seven names for the VETERAN. These were procured through the influence of Rev. Dr. W. A. Nelson at a recent meeting of the Association. I will try and get you more soon."

Oscar E. Fluker, Union Point, Ga., May 30, 1893: "Through the kindness of Brother Cordes, of Washington, Ga., who sent me the May number of your VETERAN, I have shown it to a few friends and secured for you the following list of subscribers. Send me a few extra copies and I will place them where they will increase your subscription. Success to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

Aaron G. Davis, Dyersburg, Tenn., whose newspaper has been helpful to me, sends a batch of subscriptions, including his own and one for Col. Tom W. Neal, editor of *Neal's State Gazette*, which paper has been unstinted in its advocacy of the VETERAN. Brothers, this is unprecedented. I thank you.

A. S. H. Boyd, Tolu, Ky.: "Please publish the letter from Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston to President Davis, that he wrote just before the battle of Shiloh. It was published after his death. You would oblige many friends of the VETERAN."

This request deserves attention. Any one having a separate print will oblige by sending it.

Walter S. Cochran, Rome, Ga., "I saw a copy of your paper and was much pleased with it. Think I can get you a few subscribers here."

Mrs. Leo R. Vogel, St. Augustine, Fla., June 7, 1893: "I send you eleven subscribers in addition to the five sent in my last letter."

J. M. Wilson, Golden City, Mo.: "I am away from home a good deal, and will carry a copy of the VETERAN with me and show it to all ex-Confederates I meet, and try to induce them to subscribe."

W. G. Hinson, Charleston, S. C., June 2, 1893: "I had subscribed for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN through one of our dealers, and am so pleased with it I send to several friends."

Mrs. W. T. Ellis, Fort Worth, Texas, May 29, 1893: "Please find herein \$2.50, and the names of five subscribers. The last on the list is a good old veteran who fought on the other side."

L. P. Harling, Hibler, S. S.: "I think the VETERAN a perfect gem, and I hope it will live until all the old vets answer the last roll-call, and then live on. It is time that we were publishing our own history. We have here in Edgefield a County Survivors' Association, with about four hundred members, of which I am President, Monroe Wise Vice President, and John A. Colgan Secretary. I think we will join the United Confederate Veterans at our next meeting. I will do all I can to get subscribers to the VETERAN—will urge its claims at our next meeting, and think I can get quite a number."

Geo. H. Cole, Commander Sanders Camp, Eutaw, Ala., June 3: "In reply to the letter on first page of last number of the VETERAN, addressed to ME, please find the following subscribers. I send \$4 for the eight. This makes twelve that I have sent you. Capt. Hodo, of Carrollton, will send you some, and I hope to send more. Every Confederate ought to have it, and it is easy to get them when you try."

W. A. Burham, Wills Point, Texas: "Inclosed please find postal note for fifteen subscriptions to the VETERAN. I like it very much, and will try to get more subscribers. Think it ought to be in every Southern home."

Frank Gaiennie, General Manager St. Louis Exposition and Music Hall Association: "Please send me your paper for one year, subscription to begin Jan. 1, 1893. Send the back numbers. I should have sent it sooner, but neglected it."

Charles T. Morse, Clerk Supreme Court of Texas, in sending his subscription, says: "I want your publication, and am anxious to begin with back numbers. If this is not enough let me know."

E. B. Rathilf writes from the Indian Territory: "Your paper is worth ten times as much as it costs. Please send it to my mother." She lives in Mississippi.

T. C. Brittain, Holt's Corner, Tenn., June 6: "I see that all we have to do is just to name it to old veterans, and when they get a copy they enlist as subscribers for it."

J. A. Williamson, Golden City, Mo.: "Please send all the back numbers you can, and date the subscriptions accordingly. By a mere accident a copy of the May number fell into my hands for a few hours, but had to give it up. I want a copy of that issue particularly."

J. W. Cooley, Tampa, Fla., June 7: "I attended our annual meeting on the 3d. I had the great pleasure to hear Gen. Dickison relate his engagements of the Confederacy in Florida. He has promised to write for the VETERAN, and he insisted on all veterans taking it. The copies you sent me I distributed in different localities of the country, and I think will return you several subscribers. Everybody here who has seen the VETERAN is greatly pleased with it. Our County Camp enrolls something over two hundred. May the VETERAN live long and prosper."

M. McDonald, Palmyra, Mo.: Commence as far back as you have the numbers, with my sincere wishes for your overwhelming success in the publication of this most desirable and, I hope, highly appreciated journal.

W. T. Melton, Paint Rock, Texas: "I am well pleased with the VETERAN, and think that every ex-Confederate soldier should take and read it. I hope you may meet with the financial success that your efforts merit."

John W. Rooser, Marianna, Fla.: "I am working to get you a long list of subscribers. Inclosed I send four. Am well pleased with the VETERAN. It is just the paper that we have long needed."

Neal Coldwell, Center Point, Texas: "I inclose money order for \$3, for which please mail the VETERAN for one year to the following names at this office."

Miss Sue M. Monroe, Wellington, Va., delayed sending a subscription for a friend, as she wanted two that she might inclose a dollar bill.

Jno. W. Dyer, Sturgis, Ky.: "Inclosed find \$1 for two more subscriptions. Being one who wore the gray from '61 to '65, I appreciate the aim of the VETERAN, and enjoy nothing more than this means of communicating with my fellow soldiers. Although scattered, we can know of each other, and in a manner live over our experiences, which, though painful, are precious to us as to no other people on earth."

Rev. T. K. Faunt Le Roy, Mansfield, La.: "It is with true pleasure that I congratulate you upon the success that you are making of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Each number is more interesting than the former, and no paper comes to my desk that has more interesting matter. It should be in the hands of every old soldier, and ought to have a circulation which would reach every home in the South. Therefore, as an earnest of my faith by my works I send you ten subscribers and the money for the same. I shall continue to work for the VETERAN."

Live Oak, Texas, *Leader*: "The copy before us is replete with historical and biographical sketches of the men and times of those stirring days, detailed by actual participants on the bloody battle-field and in the councils of the nation. We bespeak for the publication a hearty support, as its statements are from a Southern standpoint and should be read by the present and rising generation of the South."

B. F. Myers, Goodlettsville, Tenn.: "Inclosed find check for \$2.50, for which please send the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to \* \* \* We accidentally saw a few copies of the April number."

Capt. W. W. Fergusson sends this news from Riddleton, Tenn., after mention of plan to secure many subscriptions at the reunion of the E. L. Bradley Bivouac, quotes from his son at West Point: "I received the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Many thanks for it. My room-mate was so struck with it that he subscribed, as will a good many others who have seen it. It has been going the rounds of the corps of cadets, and it is not likely that much of it is left."

The *Sunday Times*, Nashville, Tenn.: "The VETERAN for May is out, showing on its face that it has reached its fifth month of age. When one thinks how short a while ago it has been since the first copy appeared, and sees all the improvements which mark the May number, it seems impossible that so much could have been accomplished in so short a time. It breaks all records. To edit a paper like the VETERAN successfully, the editor himself must be a veteran. S. A. Cunningham is one, true and tried. The handles, 'Col.,' 'Maj.,' 'Capt.,' are not wanted in the use of his name. He was neither, but something he is prouder of now, a private, which placed him where the bullets fell thickest, and where he could see all that was terrible in war."

James G. Holmes, Charleston, S. C.: "As per request in May number of CONFEDERATE VETERAN, inclosed find \$5, for which please commence with earliest number on hand and send VETERAN." After the above Mr. Holmes was intercepted on the way to Richmond, and he said, "I have just gotten nineteen more subscribers for you."

Robert Knickmeyer, Apalachicola, Fla.: "Inclosed find postal note for \$1.50 subscriptions. I am very much pleased with the copy I have seen, and will try and send you some more subscriptions soon. Was in the Fourth Florida, Breckinridge's division."

J. Mont. Wilson, Springfield, Mo.: "Publish that open letter on front page for the next three months to come and it will bring forth fruit." The result of the publication may be seen as extraordinary, and yet there was a kind of plea in it that embarrassed the author in putting it before those who were not familiar with the little journal. Instead of sending two, one friend in Kansas sends twenty-two, another in Charleston sends twenty-nine, while scores sent two and three times the number requested.

Shreveport, La., *Caucasian*: "We are indebted to Mrs. J. S. Swan for April number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the best Confederate paper published. The Ladies' Auxiliary will open a subscription list for it, and in this way help keep alive the memories of the 'lost cause.'"

Thos. J. Love, Fullerton, Ala.: "We have in our country an organization known as the Cherokee County Confederate Veteran Association. We belong to the State Association, and have elected delegates to attend the meeting of United Confederate Veterans at Birmingham in July. It seems to me that every true Confederate ought to take the VETERAN from personal if not from patriotic considerations. I am not only pleased, but delighted with the high moral tone and conservative patriotic sentiment."

Dr. B. A. Tarr, Baltimore: "I assure you no other document in my library has a more welcome space. Again, I feel it should be patronized by every man, woman and child of the dear Sunny South. Would say that owing to close attention to my business I have been unable as yet to do my duty in behalf of such a glorious messenger of the past strife of our fallen people. I hope after September 10th to place an 'ad.' with you, as I am not aware of any medium that can reach the family circle of our Southern people to better advantage."

T. A. Bunnell, Woolworth, Tenn.: "I have received three numbers of the VETERAN, and I like it. I think it is the best paper published in the South, and that it ought to be in every Southern home. I have gotten up thirty subscribers, which list you will find inclosed. I am going to keep on working for the VETERAN and see how many I can get. I was a member of the 11th Tennessee Regiment, and was severely wounded in the battle of Franklin. Am now a member of Forbes Bivouac at Clarksville."

Judge D. C. Thomas, Lampasas, Texas, May 25: "I have received the May number of the VETERAN, and read your letter requesting the old boys to write and send two subscribers each. I send three, and wish it was three hundred. How easy it would be for all the old soldiers to send the two! A few minutes time, a few kind words for the VETERAN, and all could succeed. 'Don't give up the ship.' Your efforts are noble and praiseworthy, and I feel that success will eventually crown you, as you so richly deserve. I am glad to see that you have enlisted Will Lambert, of Houston. We went out together in April, 1861, and have been warm friends and chums ever since. We were both young Lieutenants in the First Regiment of Texas Mounted Rifles, under the gallant Henry E. McCulloch. It was a twelve months regiment, and when we were mustered out of service on the Texas frontier we separated and enlisted in different commands, and did not meet again until 'the cruel war was over.'"



## ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS' PRISON LIFE.

The thrilling events as narrated by Alexander H. Stephens in a diary of his capture and imprisonment was commenced in the issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for May. These introductory notes are made for the benefit of those who have not seen that number.

This report was furnished me by his nephew, Hon. Jno. A. Stephens, who is now dead.

Mr. Stephens was arrested at his own Liberty Hall, Crawfordville, whither he had gone, and was quietly awaiting the action of the victors until his arrest. His imprisonment and subsequent street parole at Atlanta, then the removal to Augusta, where he, Mr. Davis, General Wheeler and others became fellow passengers, are also given in that number.

## FROM HIS DIARY—VERBATIM COPY.

General Wheeler and four of his men were on the boat. They had been captured near Albany some days previous, and had been sent down to the boat some hours before our arrival. The whole party were Mr. Davis and those captured with him, Mr. and Mrs. Clay, myself, General Wheeler and his men, numbering over twenty. I don't know exactly how many were in Mr. Davis' party. I recognized General—— and Col. Wm. Preston Johnston, of his staff, Mr. Harrison, his private Secretary, and Postmaster Gen. J. H. Reagan. Mr. Davis had with him a man and woman, also colored servants and little boy. His children, Jeff, Maggie and Varina also Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell and her brother J. D. Howell. A young man, a grandson of Judge——of Kentucky, was also with him. I did not see him after we got on the boat. Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay came on the deck where we were. Our meeting was the first Mrs. Davis and party knew of my arrest. General Wheeler had not heard of the arrest of any of us. Mr. Clay told me he had been on parole all the way, and that he did not come on in the procession with the rest of us—that he had been permitted to drive his carriage out in the city (Augusta) and visit some lady acquaintances of his wife. He gave me all the particulars of his surrender.

On taking leave of me General Upton turned me over to Colonel Pritchard, of the 11th Michigan Cavalry, who had captured Mr. Davis, and who then took charge of all of the prisoners. The General told Colonel Pritchard that I and Mr. Clay were on parole, and he allowed us the run of the boat. I asked him to grant me permission to write to my brother; and he said he supposed this permission would not be denied whenever I got to a place where I could write.

On the cars from Barnet to Augusta I traveled with General Elzy (C. S. A.), who had been paroled. I requested him to write to John A. Stephens at Crawfordville, and say to him I wished him to remain with his mother until he heard from me. I greatly and deeply regretted that I did not meet John at home to-day, as I passed there.

My feelings this night on this boat pass all description. We were all crowded together in a small space on the boat's deck, covering over us, but both sides open. The night was cool and the air on the water damp, and I was suffering from a severe headache. No mention was made of supper, but I cared not for supper. I had taken breakfast at 12 and did not feel as

if I should ever want to eat again. Clay and I united our cloaks, coats and shawls. General Wheeler sent us a blanket. Mrs. Davis sent us a mattress, and we made a joint bed in the open air on deck. I put the carpet-bags under our heads, and strange to say, I slept sweetly and soundly and arose much refreshed the next morning. The boat raised steam and left the bluff—not wharf—about nine o'clock at night. Reagan, Wheeler and the rest, including the servants, stretched themselves about on the open space the best way they could. All had covering of some sort but one little boy.

Just before I fell asleep I witnessed this scene: A little black boy about 14 years old, ragged and woe-begone in appearance, was stretched on deck right in the passage way. Whose he was, or where he was going, I knew not. An officer came along, gave him a shove, and told him in harsh language to get away from there. The boy raised up, waked from his sleep, and replied in a plantation mood, "I have no lodging, sir." That scene and that reply were visibly on my mind when all my present cares were most opportunely and graciously, if not mercifully, drowned in slumber as I was being borne away from home, and all that was most dear to me, on the broad and smooth bosom of the Savannah.

15th May: Waked much refreshed, morning beautiful, got a rough soldier breakfast. Mr. Davis came out on our deck soon after I got up. It was our first meeting since we parted the night after my return from the Hampton Roads Conference to Richmond. Talked to-day a good deal with Clay, Reagan and Wheeler, but spent most of my time in silent, lonely meditation on the side of the boat, looking out upon willows on the margin of the sluggish, muddy, crooked stream. Most of my thoughts were filled with home scenes and their kindred associations. Colonel Pritchard introduced to me Captain Hudson, of his regiment, and a Mr. Stribling (?), who was a correspondent of the New York *Herald*. We talked a good deal on the state of the country, etc. The entire day was clear, mild and beautiful.

16th May: Went to sleep last night as the night before. I omitted to note yesterday that we got dinner and tea at the usual hours, potatoes (Irish) and beef stewed together for dinner; at tea a good cup of black tea that suited me well. There was hard-tack on the table; some prefer that, but I chose the soft, or what is known as light bread or "bakers'" bread. The table was small; only four could be seated at once. It took some time for all to eat. We reached Savannah this morning at four o'clock; did not land, but were transferred from the tug to a coast steamer, bound to Hilton Head—a much more commodious boat. On it we got a good breakfast—beefsteak, hot rolls and coffee.

On the passage to Hilton Head I took a berth and slept most of the way; reached Hilton Head about 11 o'clock A. M. The day was clear and rather warm, though not hot or sultry; anchored in the harbor and were transferred to another steamer bound for Fortress Monroe. This was the Clyde, a new boat, a propeller of about 500 tons; there were several good berths in the cabin below, and quite a number of state rooms on deck above. The ladies and most of the gentlemen selected state rooms. I preferred a berth below, and chose my place there, which I found on the voyage was a most excellent choice. After we were transferred to the Clyde, quite a number of officers and other per-

sons came aboard. They brought New York papers, *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated News*. It had been a long time since I had seen these prints. Here for the first time I heard of the military commission trying the assassins of Mr. Lincoln. The officers came down into the cabin where I was, and talked some time of the state of the country. They were all courteous and agreeable. Captain Kelly, formerly of Washington City, who knew me there, told me he was now in the Quartermaster Department at Hilton Head. He was pleased to speak kindly of his former recollections of me; alluded to my Milledgeville speech in November, 1860; spoke highly of it and expressed regret that I had not adhered to it. I told him I had. In that speech I had with all my ability urged our people not to secede. The present consequences I then seriously apprehended, but in the same speech I told them that if in solemn convention the people of the State should determine to resume their delegated powers and assert her sovereign and independent rights, that I should be bound to go with the State. To her I owed ultimate allegiance. In that event her cause would be my cause, and her destiny my destiny. I thought this step a wrong one, perhaps fatal, and exerted my utmost power to prevent it, but when it had been taken, even though against my judgment, I, as a good citizen, could but share the common fate, whatever it might be. I did as a patriot what I thought best before secession. I did the same after. He did not seem to have recollected that part of the speech, which acknowledged my ultimate allegiance to be due to the State of Georgia. The whole conversation was quite friendly. He manifested a good deal of personal regard toward me.

At about three or four o'clock the Clyde put out to sea.

Before leaving, Mrs. Davis addressed a note to General Saxon (?), who had charge of colonization, in confiding to him the little orphan mulatto boy she had with her. The parting of the boy with the family was quite a scene. He was about seven or eight years old, I should think. He was little Jeff's playfellow; they were very intimate and nearly always together; it was Jeff and Jimmy between them. When Jeff knew that Jimmy was to be left, he wailed, and so did Jimmy. Maggie cried, Varina cried, and the colored woman cried. Mrs. Davis said the boy's mother had been dead a number of years, and this woman had been as a mother to him. As the boat left our side, that was to take Jimmy away, he screamed and had to be held to be kept from jumping overboard. He tried his best to get away from those who held him. At this, Jeff and Maggie and Varina screamed almost as loud as he did. Mrs. Davis also shed tears. Mrs. Clay threw Jimmy some money, but it had no effect. Some one on deck of his boat picked it up and handed it to him, but he paid no attention to it, and kept scuffling to get loose, and wailing as long as he could be heard by us.

After all, what is life but a succession of pains, sorrows, griefs and woes! Poor Jimmy! He has just entered upon its threshold. This will hardly be his worst or heaviest affliction, if his days be many upon this earth.

The Clyde is long and narrow, and rolls very much at sea. The Purser on the Clyde is named Moore, a son of the Captain of the boat. He expressed some kind personal regard for me this evening; said he was

from Philadelphia; gave me a copy of *Harper's Weekly*, and requested anything I could spare as a little memento. I chanced to have in my pocket a chess piece of a set that was very prettily made—it was a Bishop. I took it out and asked him how that would do; he seemed highly pleased with it.

May 19: We enter Hampton Roads this morning: a pilot boat meets us; we are asked where we wish to be piloted to. To Washington was the reply.

The Tuscarora leads the way, and we arrive at Hampton Roads. Colonel Pritchard goes to Fortress Monroe, returns and says we must await orders from Washington. Before going ashore I asked him to inquire if I would be permitted to telegraph or write home. He could, on returning, give no information on that point. We anchor in the harbor, and the Tuscarora anchors close by. We see near us the iron steamer Atlanta, captured at Savannah. Dinner at usual hour, and all hands at table except Miss Howell; all with good appetite except myself. My throat is still sore from continued hoarseness, but much better than it was when I left Hilton Head. I have, however, no relish for food.

20th May: Still at anchor in the Roads. Colonel Pritchard informs us he got a telegram last night informing him that General Halleck would be at the Fort at noon to-day and give him further orders. The day is dull; nothing to enliven it but the passing of steamboats and small sails in the harbor. A British man-of-war and a French lie near us.

Called Henry in the cabin, told him he would go from there to Richmond; gave him \$10, and told him to be a good, industrious, upright boy, and never to gamble. Colonel Pritchard came to the cabin at 8 o'clock at night and told Judge Reagan and myself that some officers in the Captain's room wished to see us there. We went immediately and found Captain Fraley, of the Tuscarora, and Captain Parker, of the war steamer, in the cabin. Captain Fraley received us courteously, and told us that he had orders to take Reagan and myself aboard the Tuscarora next day at 10 o'clock. He had come over that night to give us notice that we might be ready. In reply to the question of our destination, he told us Boston. I knew then that Fort Warren was my place of confinement and imprisonment. I told him I feared the climate would be too cool and damp for me; I should have greatly preferred to go to Washington, if the authorities had so decided.

Before we left the Captain's office, General Wheeler and party came in. His conference was with Captain Parker; we learned from what passed that Captain Parker was to take them in his steamer in the morning to Fort Donaldson. Reagan and I left General Wheeler in the office. I sent for Captain Moody, who was a fellow prisoner with us, taken with Mr. Davis, and who had been a prisoner of war at Fort Warren, to learn from him some of the prison regulations there. He spoke in very favorable terms of them; said he had been in several prisons, and he had been better treated at Fort Warren than anywhere else. Being relieved of the suspense we had been in for several days, Reagan and I went to our berths at an early hour. I slept but little, thought of home, sweet home; saw plainly that I was not to be permitted to see anyone there. This was the most crushing thought that filled my mind. Death I felt I could meet with resignation, if such should be my fate, if I could be permitted to

communicate with Linton and other dear ones while life should last.

May 21st: Anthony was not permitted to go with me; gave him \$5 and same advice I gave Henry; I gave him my leather trunk he had brought his clothes in. Saw Mrs. Clay and requested her to write to Linton and Mrs. D. M. DuBose the same thing—my destination and present condition. We do not know what is to be done with Mr. Clay, or where he is to be sent. After that shall be made known it is Mrs. Clay's intention to go North, if allowed; that is, if her husband shall be confined. Yesterday evening we got New York papers; saw the progress of the trial of the assassins. Mr. Clay expressed to me the fullest confidence that nothing could be brought against him in such a crime. He spoke in the strongest terms of deepest regret at it; said how deeply he deplored it, and his explanation to that effect, when he first heard of President Lincoln's assassination. We had a long talk this morning.

General Wheeler and those who went with him left at 6 A. M. I was up and took my leave of them; the parting all around was sad. At 10 o'clock Captain Fraley came up in a tug; came aboard the Clyde. Reagan and I were ready; we took leave of all. Anthony and Henry looked very sad; Anthony stood by me to the last. Mrs. Davis asked Captain Fraley if he could not go; he said that he had inquired of the officer commanding the fleet, and he had informed him that his orders related to only two persons. This closed the matter just as I had looked for. I bade Anthony good-bye, the last one. I had before taken leave of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Clay, and Colonel Harrison. Upon taking leave of Mr. Davis he seemed to be more affected than I had ever seen him. He said nothing but good-bye, and gave my hand a cordial squeeze. The tone of the voice in uttering good-bye evinced deep feeling and emotion. With assistance I descended the rope ladder to the deck of the tug. All the baggage being aboard, off we steamed to the Tuscarora.

#### SOMETHING OF SLAVERY AS IT EXISTED.

At the suggestion of Mr. Curry, made in your paper for May, I am moved to write the following:

I am a Southerner, 55 years of age. I was familiar with the "institution" of slavery, for my father owned quite a number of negroes—men, women and children. Being forced to pay two large security debts, he was reduced to the alternative of selling his land or his negroes. The latter begged so earnestly not to be sold that the land was sold and all the negroes were held until at the fall of the Confederacy they were set free.

To my mind there was much beauty as well as happiness in the relation of the old Southern owner and his slave, when both "acted up" to their duties under such relation, just as there is, under similar circumstances, in the other family relations, of husband and wife, parent and child. "At our house" the white children were made to "behave" respectfully to the old negroes, and were punished for any breach of respect reported by black "Uncles" and "Aunties," as we were taught to call them. In a few homes that I knew impudence of the white children to the old negroes was not checked, but in other respects this shortcoming was more than counterbalanced, especially by the invariable kindness of their white par-

ents. I have also known families—but very few, I am thankful to say—in which the negro slave was treated in a very cruel and barbarous manner. In such cases both man and master were frequently to blame. In some cases the vice of the master seemed to beget its like in the slave, just as, in many cases, the virtue and gentle breeding of the master and mistress were assumed by the negro. In dignity and courteous demeanor negro coachmen and dining-room servants were very agreeable company. The author of "In Ole Virginia" has drawn pictures of the old negro that were very true to nature.

After the question of slavery had been thrust into politics a large amount of rhetorical fireworks were set off in abuse of it and in the praise of freedom. For years it was impossible for two persons from the different sections of our country to speak dispassionately on this matter. Now, after almost thirty years have elapsed since the abolishment of the institution, I believe it may be approached from both sides more calmly than was ever possible heretofore.

Whatever its effect may have been on the whites I do not think any one will deny that it has done much for the negro. We may dwell on the horrors of the voyage in the slave-ship until we forget that it was thus that the poor savages were providentially rescued from the worse fate of being roasted to feast their cannibal conquerors. Their lives as slaves had, on an average, no more bitterness than fell to the lot of each one of us during our minority. Our hearts bled for them when, after the death of "Ole Marster and Mistis," they were sold from the auctioneer's block or divided among the heirs, separating parents from children and husbands from wives. But such separations were not peculiar to slavery. We still experience the same sad scenes whenever the children of the poor are cantoned out, at the death of their parents, in homes so widely separated that they may never meet again.

Brutal masters beat their helpless slaves; brutal husbands and brutal parents beat their helpless wives and children. The lewd master compelled his unwilling maid-servant to gratify his lust; the lustful brute still assaults the helpless woman that falls into his power.

If the facts were known it would appear that negro slavery in the United States was a most humane state of pupillage by which a lot of savages brought from Africa were trained up in the arts of civilization and in the knowledge of Christian duty, thus fitting them to take part in our government, the grandest in the world. I can think of no better plan by which such an amount of good work could have been done. Both England and the United States established colonies in Africa by which to educate, civilize and Christianize the natives. They have accomplished little or nothing more than to render assistance to the natives in hampering the slave trade on the coast. The interior trade is still carried on, but does not afford a sufficient market, and the conquerors have again resorted to the "sacrificial feast" on their prisoners as a means of disposing of them. OMIKRON KAPPA.

*Louisiana, Mo., May 29.*

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS WANTED.—Vol. VII, No. 12 (December, 1879), and Vol. X, Nos. 8 to 12 (August to December, 1882), of the Southern Historical Society Papers, are wanted to complete a set, and can be disposed of to advantage by addressing P. O. Box 274, Richmond, Va.

*CLEBURNE'S MEN AT FRANKLIN.*

DEAR VETERAN—I like the description of the battle of Franklin in the April number, but don't like to hear of Cleburne's division falling back, as we occupied from the turnpike to beyond the ginhouse, Granberry's Texas and Gordon's Arkansas. I would like to know where those high works were where General Strahl was killed. I was with old Pat Cleburne all the time east of the river and never knew his division to fall back when any other troops remained on the field. At Franklin nearly all of us were killed. If the old war-horse, Frank Cockerill, with his brave Mississippians, had not come to our assistance, we would all have been killed or captured. I was First Lieutenant of the 25th Texas Infantry.

*McAllister, Ind. Ter., May 22.*

J. K. JONES.

There can be no controversy about the courage of Cleburne's men. It was no discredit to them that they fell back as reported at Franklin. They went to the same line of breastworks at which General Strahl was killed, and were exposed to an awful cannonading from across the Harpeth River.

John M. Payne, Graham, Texas: "I see in the VETERAN for April your sketch of the Franklin fight, and I know from the way you write you were there yourself, for no man could write as you have written and explain things as they were without having been in the battle. I was with the 14th Mississippi Regiment, Adams' Brigade, Loring's Division, a private, and was wounded at the first hedge just after crossing the railroad on the extreme right, and lay in a ravine until after dark, and then was carried to the field hospital under the cover of the hill. I lost my Captain, Third Lieutenant, and eight privates, all killed. They were buried in one long grave in about ten feet of where I was wounded. Gen. John Adams was shot just to my left, and his horse fell across the breastworks. I shed tears when I read your letter. I was also one of the videts at the evacuation of Jackson, Miss., and can see now in my imagination the skirmishers as described in the last VETERAN. I was near enough to hear the Federals talk when the signal was given to retreat. We just did get to the bridge in time to get over before it was burned. I was at the evacuation of Jackson three times, and saw the fire of the big Confederate hotel. I was also at the battle of Fort Donelson, was captured and taken to Camp Douglas, Chicago."

Jas. Staley, Scottsboro, Ala., May 21: "I read your request for correspondence. My whole heart is with you, and I have talked with several of our citizens as to subscribing, and invariably get the answer, yes. I must have the VETERAN. I read the account of General Hindman's horse being killed in a charge. I was in less than ten feet of the General when it occurred. We had been halted immediately on the crest of a ridge and ordered to lie down, as I understood to await the changing position of our battery. I and a young man from Goodlettsville, Tenn., took a seat on the ground close to the General. He was sitting on his horse watching the Yankee battery that was playing it seemed to me directly on the General and staff. I think he was smoking a cigar, and was as cool as I now am. The shell or ball struck his horse just back

of the right hip. He fell so suddenly that it threw the General over his head and fractured his thigh, but he arose at once and said, 'Tennesseans, take that battery!' And with the old yell we rushed forward. I had not gone but a few yards until a solid shot passed under my knee and I was left with one foot. I was with Capt. Jim James' company at the time, though I belonged to the 18th Tenn. After we were surrounded at Donelson I did not feel disposed to go to prison, so came out with General Pillow and went into the fight at Shiloh with the 55th Tennessee."

F. O'Brien, Adjutant Winchester Hall Camp, Berkeley, La.: "Your letter in the last VETERAN appeals to the hearts of all old Confederates. I would not now do without this paper under any circumstances. I am doing all I can for you in this section, and you deserve all the success in the world. The last number brought vividly to mind the terrible trials we went through, with a pathetic instance of brotherly affection. After the surrender of Vicksburg the paroled prisoners from trans-Mississippi departments were ordered to Demopolis, Ala., but very few went all the way. As they made their way along I recollect that when we were five or six days out there were only 30 of our regiment together and most of them officers. Some Georgia troops passed, and one young man who had fought through the siege had his brother, a mere boy, on his shoulders. The boy having been sick for a long time, he intended to carry him home to his mother if he lived. Think of the devotion to country, to home and to mother here shown! He was carrying a young, weak and emaciated brother from Vicksburg to Georgia. My wife's father, Col. S. F. Marks, was in three wars—Florida, Mexico and the Confederate. As Colonel of the 11th Louisiana, with his gallant soldiers, he won the fight at Belmont, Ky., by crossing his regiment and coming up just in time to turn disaster into victory."

*REMARKABLE VICTORY AT SABINE PASS.*

It was very well understood in Confederate military circles during the summer of 1863 that General Franklin was fitting out an expedition at New Orleans to make an attempt on some point in Texas. It was surmised that Galveston would be attacked. Gen. J. B. Magruder, being in command in Texas, had made every preparation in his power to defend it. He had fortified it; had massed all the powers he had at or near Galveston—something near 7,000 in all. There were some 300 men at Beaumont, on the Necker, or at Neblett's Bluff, on the Sabine. These troops were some 10 miles from Sabine Pass, and were the only possible hopes of success for the pass in case it was assaulted. Sabine Pass itself was defended by the famous "Davis Guards," Company E, Colonel Cook's Regiment Heavy Artillery. There was also a small company of cavalry at the pass.

The fortification consisted of a simple earthwork, Fort Griffin, one mile and a half nearer the mouth of the pass, mounting six guns—two iron 32s, two iron 24s, and two brass 24s, mountain howitzers on wheels. These guns had all been condemned by a board of ordnance—officers of the old army—but they were the only guns the Confederate Government had to give, and the utmost range of the best of them was about two miles.

The Federal fleet, under the command of Lt. Com-

modore Fred Crocker, on the "Clifton," mounting eight guns, commenced assembling off the mouth of the pass early on the morning of September 7th, 1863. At first we thought it was simply an inspection of the blockading squadron. There were from two to four vessels lying off the pass all the time. But as ship after ship came up, until by the afternoon twelve or fifteen vessels had taken up positions, we were satisfied we would be attacked. Captain Odium sent off courier after courier to Beaumont asking help. From Beaumont it was telegraphed to General Magruder at Houston to order every available man there to hasten to our relief. About 250 embarked on some old river steamboats, but arrived at the pass after the fight was over and the fleet was retreating.

By the morning of the 8th the entire fleet, consisting of twenty-five or twenty-seven vessels and transports, having General Franklin's army of twelve or fifteen thousand on board, had arrived and taken up their positions. If they could capture the pass they could overrun the country; could prevent any more supplies from being sent over the Mississippi, and would have been able, with their superior numbers, to have forced General Magruder to evacuate Galveston and Houston, and retreat toward San Antonio. Fort Griffin, with its six guns and the Davis Guards to work them, was all the obstruction there was to the enemy's landing; a forlorn hope, truly, but it proved sufficient. There were thirty-eight of the Guards, under the command of Lieut. R. W. Dowling, Lieut. N. H. Smith, of the engineer corps, and Assistant Surgeon G. W. Bailey, in the fort.

The enemy opened fire on the 8th of September, 1863, and from that time until about 2 p. m. they "lay off" about five miles and shelled the fort and its approaches with such vigor and sweep that I verily believe a rabbit could not have lived outside the fort or anywhere in its immediate vicinity.

About 2 p. m. the Federals commenced their grand advance, in two columns, one led by Commodore Crocker, on the "Clifton," followed by three others. These came up the Texas Channel, while the "Sachem," a fine gun ship, followed by her consorts, two in number, came up the Louisiana Channel. They kept up an incessant and tremendous fire. It looked as if the fort would be battered all to pieces and totally demolished before they got within range of our guns. But we bided our time, held our fire and waited with what patience we could command until the nearest ship was within about two miles. Then, at the order from Lieutenant Dowling, the men cheered and rushed to their guns. The second order was to "Load and fire at will." One of the howitzers in the recoil after the second discharge fell off the platform and could not be used, so the battle was thus fought with five guns. There were not enough men to work these five guns, even, to the best advantage, but their efficiency, their discipline, and above all, their perfect coolness, compensated for their want of numbers. I don't believe, after the first round or two, that any shots were wasted. Every one told, and the rapidity of their fire was wonderful. People who witnessed the battle at a safe distance assured the writer that they could scarcely distinguish an intermission in the discharge of the guns.

Owing to the tortuousness of the channel, the danger of grounding, and above all, to the terrible fire from the Confederate battery, the progress of the Federal ships was necessarily slow. Their evident

plan was to rush a vessel by the fort. The guns of Fort Griffin were mounted "en Bralette," and could only be fired in one direction. The "Sachem" was in about five or six hundred yards of passing, when Jack White, of Houston (now a member of Dick Dowling Camp), gunner of No. 1 (a 32), succeeded in planting a solid shot through the center of her steam chest. She was disabled, and immediately surrendered.

The surrender of the "Sachem" enabled us to concentrate our fire on the "Clifton," coming "bows on." The channel makes a short turn 600 yards from the fort at this place, and she was run on an oyster reef. Commodore Crocker, seeing the damage done, the great loss among his officers and men, and the close and murderous fire of our battery, hauled down his flag. The "Clifton" was only slightly grounded, but it was not possible for them to get her off in the teeth of such a withering fire as the "Davis Guards" poured into her. The "Arizona" also hoisted the white flag. She was following the "Sachem," but owing to the confusion following the surrender she ran out to sea, and is said to have foundered after reaching the protection of the fleet.

The Confederate loss was nothing. But one man was touched, and that was by a round shot, which grazed his arm just above his wrist. It did not even draw blood; and as the men were exposed in working the guns from the waist up it is singular that none were hurt.

The Federal loss, in killed, wounded and prisoners, was over 400 men; also the capture of the "Clifton," of eight guns, the flag ship; the "Sachem," of five guns, and the escape of the "Arizona." But the most glorious effect of our victory was sending General Franklin, his army 15,000 strong, and fleet back to New Orleans. Thus again making good our pledge that Texas was sacred, and not to be invaded or polluted by an enemy unless as a prisoner. And less than one year afterward this same army, strengthened and under the command of General Banks, attempted the invasion of Texas by way of Red River, and were met at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill and defeated, routed and sent back again to their base.

#### WAR STORIES FOR THE SUNNY SOUTH.

The *Sunny South*, of Atlanta, which has nearly completed the second decade of its history, gives to its section liberal attention concerning that period which made the valor of its people an honor to the human race. It publishes a department for "Gray and Blue," only it puts the blue first in the names, a fact noted because other publications loyal first to the South do the same thing. In this department it offers \$50 for four stories, none of which are to exceed 1,720 words, as follows: The best story is to secure \$20; the second, \$15; the third, \$8, and the fourth, \$7. Each writer is to insert his or her own name and address at the top of the first page, and note, "For Competition—War Story." Manuscript not returnable.

*Truth and Justice—the guardian of the brave, especially the fallen.*

THE CHARITY OF AN EPOCH.—A lecture national in sentiment, and pronounced a complete answer to the historical crimination of the South.

Special terms to U. C. V. Camps in behalf of the Monument Fund. Address S. D. McCORMICK, Henderson, Kentucky.

*THE HERO OF PICKETT'S OLD BRIGADE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE AND REBELLION."

It is the eve before a great battle. The sun is low in the west. A death-like stillness has settled over the two armies—one on Seminary Ridge, the other on Cemetery Hill. It is the battle of Gettysburg. The fight of the first day is over. The Confederates are hopeful, for Gen. Lee's small army has held in check Gen. Mead's vast forces. The sun goes down, the hush deepens, the armies slumber, the golden stars come out in the violet skies above. They shine down upon the pale, sweet face of a young soldier. The night is sultry, and the youth sleeps on the uncovered ground. The delicate face has the innocence and infantile purity of a baby's holy countenance. All day the dreaming boy has fought with tiger fearlessness, now he sleeps quietly under the watching stars, and his weary limbs rest in the careless grace of slumber. Beside the sleeping boy is a strong, manly warrior. He does not sleep, but guards the resting youth. A thickly foliaged tree shelters them.

This fair young soldier is the man's wife, but their comrades deem the two father and son. Sleep on, weary soldier, take your brief, unconscious rest, tomorrow's night will find you in eternity! The Gettysburg of your life will have been fought, and you and hundreds of your comrades will have pitched your tents on the camp fields of the great beyond. Ah, child-woman! you have no equal in your heroic devotion. The perils of battle are joys when shared with your heart's idol.

With the first dim streak of light that crosses the blood-stained hilltops commences the cannon's boom. The hollow roar echoes down the valley between Seminary Ridge and Cemetery Hill, then dies far away like the roll of distant thunder. The great battle of Gettysburg rages in fierce fury. In this battle Pickett and his division make their charge that renders their names immortal, and gives the historian a chapter of unparalleled heroism. In the fiercest shriek and wildest roar of battle, suddenly the cannon's thunder dies over the hilltops, the smoke rolls down the valley, a hush solemn as death falls over these vast armies. A small band in Confederate gray goes down the opposite hillside, slowly and calmly. Orderly and straight into the teeth of death they march. They reach the foot of the hill, and are crossing the valley. The silence is yet unbroken. Stern Federal warriors stand awe-stricken, and are thrilled with wonder at sight of this unequalled heroism.

At length the silence is broken. The roar of cannons shake the earth. The boom dies, the smoke clears, and shows a wide gap in that moving wall, but in good order the broken ranks come together. Steadily the brave immortal Pickett and his men march forward, and again the cannons thunder. The smoke drifts away and reveals a wide, wide gap. The ranks move together again, closing the gap. A long line of their gray-clad comrades crosses the valley behind, and the little band moves unfalteringly forward. The cannons again boom. The smoke clears. A wider gap than ever this time, but once more it is closed, and the heroic few move onward. The hearts of brave Federal soldiers grow sick at such slaughter. At last Pickett and his survivors reach the hill on which is stationed Gen. Mead's great army. Up the steep side

they charge, over the breastworks they go, and back goes the Federal army, but it is only for a time. Pickett's division is slaughtered charging that vast Federal army.

In that charge a flag-bearer in the Confederate ranks is shot. A fair, sweet-faced young soldier raises the old standard. For a moment it floats above the storm of battle. Thick the bayonets gleam, but the youthful hero, with a rigid countenance and unflinching bravery, keeps an eagle eye fixed on the silken banner as it waves in the smoke. A stream of sunlight floods it for a moment, and hallows the ghastly upturned face of the girl soldier as she holds aloft the silken emblem. A sword pierces her, and she falls beside her husband. Both surrender life in this wonderful charge. \* \* \* \*

The world has heard of Gettysburg and its slaughter, but it has never been told the thrilling but sad story of the young wife who fell beside her husband that day when Pickett's immortal division attempted the impossible.

Many months have passed since then. Burning suns and purple skies have kept their silent watch over the spot where the girl-soldier fell.

Again it is sunset. An old man and his little boy walk over the field where once was fought the great battle. The old man had fought in that battle. He shows his child the area over which Pickett's old brigade had charged. He tells the boy of the sweet-faced flag-bearer, and searching for the place where the young hero fell they find an old flag. Tattered it is and dropping to pieces. It had been embroidered by the fair hands of Virginia women with their own hair. As the young boy raised it he saw underneath two skulls. Through long silent days and the solemn hush of nights it had been their winding sheet; under burning suns and golden stars it had been their blood-drenched and battle-rent shroud. Digging a hole in the hillside, the Federal veteran wrapped the skulls in the flag and buried them in the calm, sweet hour of the sunset stillness. He had lost two sons in that battle. They had fallen repulsing Pickett's division, but this evening the bitterness dies in the breast of the old Federal soldier. He stands, and watching the sunset his thoughts drift back to that day when he saw the young girl-hero, calm and serene, with her large blue eyes fixed upon the silken banner, unflinching in the shriek and storm of battle. His sword had pierced her. There was no bitterness in his heart now.

Europe has her Joan of Arc, her Charlotte Corday, America her Mollie Pitcher, but the Confederacy has her sweet girl-hero who fell in the charge of Pickett's men at Gettysburg.

IT WAS MY ERROR.—Mr. McCormick, of Henderson, Ky., called attention to the statement in the *March VETERAN* that Richard Henry Lee was the father of R. E. Lee, and states: "Somebody has blundered. Robert E. Lee was the son of Gen. Henry Lee; the latter, a first cousin of Richard Henry Lee, died childless. The father of Robert E. Lee died in 1816. Webster's letter bears date of 1846. Your magazine cannot afford to be historically inaccurate." This error was made before in a superb pamphlet about the United Confederate Veteran Re-union at Chattanooga. It also occurs in a history of Arlington since its occupation as a national cemetery.

## TO A CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG.

FOR THE VETERAN BY ALBERT SIDNEY MORTON.

Whence comest thou, immortal rag?  
 Whose shapely hands so wondrous deft  
 Did fasten thee, beloved flag,  
 Mute witness of that cursed theft  
 Of nations' rights which hist'ry made?  
 What gallant lad, receiving thee  
 From her whom love and honor swayed,  
 Did bravely bear thee under Lee?  
 What spots be these upon thy face?  
 The blood of him whose trenchant blade  
 Defended from an alien race  
 The hearts and homes our fathers made?  
 Thou can'st not speak, and yet to me  
 A vivid picture of the past;  
 Its glories suff'ring, agony,  
 Art thou, and wilt be to the last,  
 Till man forgets the deeds of men,  
 Who, conquering died, defeated bled  
 T' immortalize with brush and pen,  
 And fame and glory both are dead.  
 When first thy glories met the day—  
 Thy brilliant colors swept the sky,  
 Dread menace to invader's sway—  
 A careless, prattling child was I.  
 No heed gave I to sounds of strife,  
 Nor thought of what was just and right;  
 But now I know the glorious life  
 Of those who right, were crushed by might  
 And now, methinks, for one proud day  
 Of marching 'neath thy starry folds,  
 While matchless chieftains led the way,  
 I'd give the wealth that this earth holds.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Too brief for us thy glorious life,  
 Ah! far too long that struggle, rife  
 With scenes of carnage, women's woes,  
 Defeated heroes conq'ring foes,  
 'T were better that thou should'st be furled—  
 While gazed enrapt a wond'ring world—  
 A dying nation's glorious shroud  
 Of which humanity is proud.  
 A million hearts which gladly gave  
 Their blood our country's flag to save  
 Still pulse on his'try's glowing page  
 The wonder of the present age.  
 Had'st thou survived those trying days  
 Thou might'st (thro' man's devious ways)  
 Have had thy laurels torn from thee,  
 For mankind's weaknesses, ah! me,  
 Permit no nation's color gage  
 To pass unsullied ev'ry age.  
 But now thy pure, unstained face,  
 Thou guerdon of a mighty race,  
 Doth speak to me the while I rue  
 The loss of valiant men and true;  
 Thou art to me an epic song  
 Of right and truth opposed to wrong.  
 Fear not that thou did'st live in vain,  
 No flag e'er fell more free from stain;  
 Thou art an emblem still to all  
 Who mourn thy too untimely fall;  
 Thy cross our faith, thy blue our skies,  
 Thy stars the wraith of woman's eyes,  
 Thy red the gore of gallant slain  
 Who died that o'er us peace might reign.

St. Paul, Minn., May 27.

R. H. Dykers, Waynesville, N. C., May 28: "Am more and more pleased with each succeeding issue. It bears on its face the elegance of a Southern hand; it brings us back to the atmosphere of our short-lived nation; it is food for the hungry at heart, and its presence on any table is an evidence of refinement and advanced sentiment. While I write this the body of our late President is borne on its way from New

Orleans to Richmond, Va. The funeral passes through the States he loved, and the grand drama lowers its curtain on the final act befitting the occasion.

"Come, close ranks, comrades, round the bier  
 Where Davis lies, and let us rear  
 His statue to the skies.  
 We'll rear it where the people pass,  
 And while the light of truth shall last  
 His name shall be revered.  
 In sculptured lines on stone we'll tell  
 The story of what since befell  
 The land we love and those who fell  
 Defending all 'twas worth.  
 Where heroes of the 'lost cause' dwell,  
 Where children list when matrons tell,  
 Where maidens sing the deeds of sires,  
 And virtue fans the patriot fires;  
 Where slopes Virginia's classic shore,  
 Where brawls the James at Richmond's door,  
 Where thousands sleep on fields of fame  
 We'll raise a shaft to Davis' name.  
 There he shall rest in phalanx deep  
 As heroes rest in one grand sleep;  
 There he shall rest in sweet accord  
 With those who dared to serve their God.  
 In Old Virginia's lap we lay  
 His sacred form of sacred clay."

## IN THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. F. G. DE FONTAINE.

In the South, a deeper crimson  
 Comes upon the robin's breast,  
 And a grander opalescence  
 Lingers in the fading west.  
 In the South, the soft winds whisper  
 Love songs to the birds and flowers,  
 And responsive answers waken  
 Echoes from the leafy bowers.  
 In the South, the rippling waters  
 Softly chant fond lullabys,  
 To the nodding ferns and flowers  
 Bending low in sweet surprise.  
 In the South, the grand orchestra  
 Of the forest pines is heard,  
 When the low, sad miserere  
 Into trembling life is stirred.  
 In the South, the warm blood rushes  
 Through the veins in faster streams,  
 Painting blushes on fair faces,  
 Waking passion from its dreams.  
 In the South, love's chords are minors,  
 Meant for hearts, not ears to hear,  
 Yet they sometimes tremble wildly,  
 As if unseen hands were near.  
 In the South, my heart still lingers,  
 Lingers loth to say farewell,  
 For, like rush of many waters,  
 Memories come their loves to tell.  
 And I listen, fondly dreaming  
 Of a past so wondrous bright,  
 That I start in wild amazement,  
 Finding daylight turned to night.

New York.

In sending various kinds of war money, Confederate and State, M. F. Kelley, who served in the Tenth Alabama Regiment, writes: "I send you a present, 'representing nothing on God's green earth' now, but it does us good to look at it."

## The Confederate Veteran.

Fifty Cents a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. Money paid for it does not augment the Monument Fund directly, but as an auxiliary its benefit certainly makes it eminently worthy the patronage of every friend of the cause.

### SUGGESTIONS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Don't buy postoffice orders for small amounts, postage stamps or postal notes are better, being less expensive. In sending stamps let them be of two cents each. One cent stamps are admissible, but larger are inconvenient. In sending clubs, where the work is complimentary, as it so generally is, deduct cost of exchange.

Our earnest comrades and friends who are zealous for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN can do it a valuable service by disabusing the minds of indifferent persons who think it is specially for old soldiers, and assuring them it is of to-day, pulsating with full life in accord with the times. Its purpose is to show the South in a true light, and to honor those who sacrificed property, comfort, and often life, through their devotion to principle.

### BURIAL OF OUR CHIEFTAIN AT RICHMOND.

The burial of Jefferson Davis at Richmond, which occurred May 31, was a notable event. The daily and weekly papers have given elaborate accounts for the historian. They reported the ceremonies at New Orleans under the management of Gen. Glynn, and the journey with its attendant events en route; the special ceremonies at Montgomery, Atlanta, and Raleigh, three State capitals, were reported in every part of the South. They told of the many thousands who gathered by the way, and of women and children remaining up until three o'clock in the morning to show their regard and affection at stopping points in South Carolina.

Almost a score were left by the special train in Atlanta through error in report of the departing hour, which was occasioned by the train leaving on Eastern time. Of the number left were Gen. Gordon and the writer. We started the next morning, arriving in Richmond early the next, and but a few hours after the funeral train.

At Charlotte I called, with H. C. Fairman, editor of the *Sunny South*, upon Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, who had declined a special invitation to attend the ceremonies at Richmond a week before, feeling she would be unable to do so, but she had so much improved that she very much regretted not being ready to join us en route. She honored the occasion and our party by going with us to the station and far down the railway to our train, which had been backed for the Washington vestibule limited to pass. This trip was in special compliment to Gen. Gordon, who had been ill all the day. Upon realizing what she had done he evidently forgot that he ever had been ill, and joined us on the return to the station as gallant and magnetic as he ever was. The dear, motherly woman, the worthy wife and widow of Stonewall Jackson, amiable and practical, as she always is, cordially responded to

the enthusiastic greeting of veterans, and hastily furnished her autograph, "M. A. Jackson," to as many as she could write it for while we waited.

The thousands who read this will be gratified to learn that through a recent successful operation Mrs. Jackson expects to be spared the misfortune of total blindness, to which she had become quite resigned. I was surprised that this calamity had been expected, for there seemed to be no thought of such a year ago when I enjoyed much of a Sunday with her and the venerable Dr. Dabney, now of Texas, who has been blind for years, and his wife, who is her cousin.

The ceremonial day at Richmond was stamped with sacred memories. In so far as Providence could bless it nothing was omitted. The air was fine, the sky clear, and abundant rains had made the streets free from dust.

In the rotunda of the old Confederate capital, under the skylight of which a marble statue of Washington faced the west, and on that side the body had been placed. In a niche near by there was a white bust of Mr. Davis, which could be seen over the multitude of floral tributes that had been supplied by nearly every section of the South. These floral designs so nearly filled the rotunda as to enroach upon the passage way at all points, and they almost hid from view the elegant casket of carved oak.

[In this connection I note the strange oversight of another reinterment, when the body of John Howard Payne, whose "Home, Sweet Home," has softened the heart of the human race, lay in state at City Hall, New York, all day, and though 50,000 people passed by it there were no flowers contributed by any one. Since then the benefactor, W. W. Coreoran, who had the body brought to America at his own expense, has gone the way of all the earth. Mr. Coreoran was fond of the Southern people, and spent forty successive summers at White Sulphur Springs, Va.]

The procession to Hollywood was solemnly grand. There were not so many visitors from a distance as might have been expected, but the military display was very fine. It required more than an hour for the line to pass its length.

Without asking the advantages that my credentials entitled me, I left the carriage of friends at entrance of Hollywood, and had gotten to the head of the procession, led by Gen. Gordon and his staff, of United Confederate Veterans, on horse-back (walking by Col. C. W. Frazer, of Memphis), and in passing the police officer at a point near the grave, I asked permission as "editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN" to pass in, but the officer referred me to another. When, however, I said I was a Tennessean he quickly replied, "Go on."

I stood by the open grave of Jefferson Davis when



Gen. John B. Gordon, the most eminent Confederate now living, stepped to my side. He looked into the grave, seven feet deep, all ready for lowering the casket, and saw that a Confederate battle flag exactly filled the end at the foot, and the Confederate national flag filled the end at the head, each with gilt fringe at the bottom, and they were connected by white and red strips quilted on both sides, so as to hide entirely from view the brick with which it was walled. Looking at it carefully the General—the battle-scarred warrior—in tones pathetic, and with the polished emphasis of a statesman said, "It is very nice." Then raising his eyes and beholding the view of Richmond, the western end of the capital being directly to the east, the houses rising with the hills of the city into a sort of pyramid, and then the turbulent James River with its many bridges, and the railway tracks girding the bank on the east, while terraces of green occupied the view to the left, with a lovely lawn in front, and where many thousands of people were assembling to witness the last ceremony, he said, "This is the most beautiful place I ever saw. I am glad they brought him here now." The scene is indelibly impressed. How I wish I could photograph it to the reader!

The reading of the Scriptures by Rev. William Murford, and the singing, led by Capt. Frank Cunningham, were very impressive. "How firm a foundation" was joined in by the veterans, who nearly all wore gray. There were many having scars under their white hairs. Doubtless there were more distinguished men of the South there than will ever assemble again.

This prayer by Rev. Moses D. Hodge, of Richmond, is given as the expression of the people:

"Our God, most high, most holy, most merciful, with lowly reverence of spirit, and with hearts subdued by the hallowed memories of the past and the tender offices of the hour, we invoke thy gracious presence and benediction.

"Beneath these quiet skies, which bend over us like the hollow of thy sheltering hand, in thy good providence we gather in this consecrated place. Around us rest all that is mortal of patriots, sages and soldiers, whose virtue and valor gave luster to our historic annals, and who, at the call of duty, having consecrated their lives to the toils allotted to them, died, committing their souls to God and their memories to us who survive them. By thy help, Lord God of truth and justice, we will be faithful to our trust. We will perpetuate the story of all who, by disinterested service and heroic sacrifice, struggled to maintain the empire of principle in the world, and who, with honor stainless and conscience inviolate, fulfilled their task.

"Now numbered among the immortal dead, they still live enshrined in the souls of those who love them all the more for what they suffered, and who cherish their memories with undying devotion.

"Accept our thanks, gracious Father, that we have accomplished the sacred undertaking of giving to our honored chief his appropriate resting place among those who shared with him the joys of victory and the sadness of defeat, and who followed the banner

now forever furled with a fortitude which no reverse could shake and which no disaster could extinguish. Here, on this imperial hill, have we laid him down beside the river whose waters sing their perpetual requiem, and amid the flowers which speak of the resurrection of the just and of the land where death never withers the affections which bloom in beauty and fragrance evermore. We look up from the open grave to the open heaven, where thou dost live and reign, and where all who have died in the true faith do live and reign with thee in glory everlasting.

"In this the power of their freshly awakened sorrow, O Father, most tender and loving, in the plentitude of thy compassion, remember and comfort thine hand-maiden and all dear to her. Thou husband of the widow and father of the fatherless, be thou their strength, their song and their salvation.

"Lord God of hosts, we beseech thee to sustain and cheer the veteran survivors of the war, who, with ever diminishing numbers, and with ever increasing burdens of age and infirmity, await their final discharge and final recompense.

"Almighty God, author of peace and lover of concord, now that the sorrows and desolations of war have been for so many years exchanged for the blessings of peace, may all animosities be buried in the grave, and may all the inhabitants of this great land, from North to South and from East to West, learn more and more to cherish the relations which unite them as children of one father and as children of one country.

"May mutual regard for each other's interests, happiness and rights become the noble law of national life. May freedom, founded on justice, and guarded by constitutional law, with religion pure and undefiled, secure to our whole people a perpetual heritage of unity, prosperity and peace, and to God most high will we give all honor and glory evermore. Amen."

Rev. Dr. O. S. Barten, of Norfolk, pronounced the benediction, after which the casket was lowered into the grave. The bugle signaled taps and the infantry fired a salute. The column then moved to Gettysburg Hill, where the annual memorial service of the Ladies' Hollywood Association took place. It consisted in the decoration of the graves of 16,000 Confederate soldiers.

There were many historic flags in the procession. The Rowan County, North Carolina, Veteran Regiment, of Salisbury, carried in its line three flags which have an interesting history. One of the banners was the first company flag of the Lexington Wildcats, which was presented to them by the ladies of Lexington and figured in several battles. The banner, which is now torn and faded, was borne by Mr. T. B. Beall, who wore his original Confederate uniform. Another of the ensigns in the procession of the North Carolina Veterans was the old battle-flag of the 8th North Carolina Infantry, while the third was the battle-flag of Manly Battery, of Raleigh, N. C. This command passed formal resolutions of acknowledgment and gratitude to the people of Richmond for their hospitality.

The entire programme was creditably conceived and happily executed, and the military ceremonies were thrilling at the close.

*BRAVE CHARLES SNELLING AND HIS FATE.*

BY R. B. COLEMAN, M'ALLISTER, IND. TER.

In Johnson County, Missouri, lived the most loyal of Southern people. At the breaking out of the war there lived about sixteen miles southeast of Warrensburg Charles Snelling, who was then assessor of the county. When Lyon went into the State Charles Snelling raised a company of Southern boys and went to the front at Boonville. After Clabe Jackson fell back to Carthage Snelling was detailed as recruiting officer, and returned to Johnson County, where he raised another company and took the men south. He delivered them to "Pap" Price, at Cow Skin, returned again to his old home and raised another company, stayed in the county most of the winter of 1861, harassing the Federals and State Militia, capturing a good many prisoners, among them General Veach and staff. As Blount's army was marching along the road, General Veach and staff were riding between two regiments, when Captain Snelling, with Dr. David Warren, Dr. Henry Owsly, a brother of the writer, and Dr. Roger Snelling, rode out of the bushes and captured General Veach, a Major Starr, I think, two captains and two orderlies, with a servant. They took them down on the creek and kept them all night near Dr. Hough's farm. When morning came they were paroled and sent back to Sedalia where they started from. Captain Snelling then went south and delivered his company to the main army.

In the spring of 1863 he was sent by General Price back to Missouri to recruit more troops, and had proceeded on his way as far as Grand River, in Henry County, where, in a desperate struggle he was captured and taken to Calhoun, in Henry County, by one Bill Weaver, who commanded, or rather followed, a lot of cut-throats called "Home Guards." Captain Snelling was tried by a court-martial and convicted of being a "bushwhacker."

He was taken to Clinton, the county seat of Henry County, his coffin was prepared, the grave dug, and he placed on his coffin and taken to the grave, and there, within eighteen miles of his old widowed mother, was shot dead. When he was placed on his coffin a man commenced to bandage his eyes, when he said, "Don't do that; I am not afraid to die like a brave man." Thus was enacted one of the blackest crimes in the annals of the war, as Captain Snelling was a regular commissioned officer of the Confederacy, and not a bushwhacker. But there had to be some excuse to murder helpless soldiers by men who were too cowardly to go to the front.

*MURFREESBORO MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.*

The "Confederate Memorial," composed of ladies of Murfreesboro, Tenn., are working most zealously for funds to erect a monument to the Confederate dead at that place. Mrs. Will Vickers, Secretary, writes to us:

The many brave soldiers who fell in the battle at this historic place lie buried in Evergreen, the beautiful cemetery that belongs to this town. No wooden slab, even, gives notice of the fact that resting there are hundreds of gallant men who bravely met their death on the battle-field. The waving grass as it sways in the silent breeze above these many graves, reminds us of their neglect. The ladies who are working for the noble cause of erecting a monument to the memory of

these heroes have made various efforts in the way of giving entertainments at different times, and have accumulated about \$600, and they trust by continued exertions to increase that amount to a sum sufficient to purchase a handsome one.

The "Murfreesboro Confederate Memorial" has been organized only two years. They have not heretofore appealed to the public at large for assistance, but knowing any mention of their labors through the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* would be read in thousands of Southern homes, we deem it a duty to let our work be known over the South. Many a Southern soldier boy fell on this battle field, and perhaps some mother, father, sister or near relative would be glad to add a contribution to perpetuate the memory of those who were so dear to them. We trust all who feel this interest will add a donation to our fund, however small it may be. Contributions are asked from those whose hearts are connected by consanguinity with the occupants of these narrow and noiseless homes. Our ladies have just begun anew the noble work of raising this money, and by persistent effort they hope to increase it greatly this year. Address Mrs. WILL VICKERS, Sec'y Confederate Memorial, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

*MRS. BATES WANTS HER FLAG—THE NINTH TEXAS.*

A friend writes from Arkansas: \*\*\* Thinking you might trace it, here are the story and description of the flag. It was made of dark red bunting, with diagonal cross bars of white with blue stars or blue with white stars, and the names of the battles through which it had been carried—Elkhorn, Iuka, Corinth and some others—were put on in white cloth. It belonged to the 9th Texas cavalry, was carried by Capt. J. C. Bates' company, and brought off the battle-field by a private in his bosom for Captain Bates, who is now dead. His widow prized the flag above all things. At the time of the reunion at New Orleans Mrs. Bates loaned it to John Webb, who attended the meeting. He was expected to return it to Mrs. Bates at Paris, Texas. He did not bring it back, nor will he tell what he did with it. Mrs. Bates is very much grieved over its loss. Should you be able to hear about it and place Mrs. Bates in position to get it you would confer a very great favor on her.

Information about the flag will be gratefully received at this office.

Mrs. W. T. Ellis, Fort Worth, Tex., May 28: "Your request for authentic war incidents reminds me that I heard the first public address of General Lee to the people after he had resigned his position in the United States army. It was in April, 1861, the 21st, I think. I was in the same coach with General Lee, who was going from Alexandria to Richmond, Va. The fact that he was on the train soon became known, and at every stopping place the people cheered and cried for 'a speech from Lee.' At last, after urgent and repeated requests from some prominent gentlemen who accompanied him to 'say something to quiet the people,' he went on the platform when the cars stopped at Orange Court House and said, 'Gentlemen, I am a private citizen traveling to Richmond for orders.' He then stepped back quickly into the car and could not be induced to say anything more. I have always regarded it as characteristic of the modesty of this greatest of all great Virginians."

*SHILOH CHURCH.*

This sketch of Shiloh Church is copied from an original outline made on the second day of the battle (Monday), when Gen. Beauregard reviewed the line previous to the second line taking position on the right. The sketch does not show a gun that leaned against the house on the right of the front door, nor some officers' baggage tents that had been thrown down near the church.

W. W. Fergusson, President of Bradley Bivouac, is the author of the sketch, and honors the *VETERAN* by permission to make the first copy, and it is doubtless the only picture of Shiloh Church ever made. This good comrade promises other sketches, which may be looked for in the *VETERAN*.

*THE GREAT BATTLE OF SHILOH.*

The following extracts from an address on the Battle of Shiloh, recently delivered before the Tennessee Historical Society by T. M. Hurst, are given in the *VETERAN* because of the fraternal spirit they breathe, as well as for their historic value. In the multiplicity of war histories the gathering of great fleet seems to have been overlooked and forgotten.

Beginning his address, Mr. Hurst said: "In the evolution of civilization and the progress of human government wars have been necessary. By them the genius and energy of the ages have been aroused, and with the blood of human sacrifice nations have been made great. Every great war has had one decisive battle, in which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes, and these battles have for men an actual interest, both in the investigation of the chain of causes and effects by which government has reached its present standard, and in speculation as to what probably should have been if any one or all of them had come to a different termination.

"In studying these battles it is probable that we would not all agree in the details that lead to nor the effects that follow them.

"They mark epochs and form new outlines of history and become altar places where men gave up their lives for the perpetuation of an idea; places where some current of fate is turned back and where new impulses originate.

"The culture of Athens stands between us and the Asiatic despotisms that rise before us through the twilight of primeval history.

"The English student regards with pleasure the growth of English ascendancy, and points with pride to English achievements in all that tends to make nations great, but back of English greatness lies the field of Hastings, which determined the course of English history for centuries, and marked the beginning of a decisive future for the English-speaking people.

"For centuries the culture and energy of England have congregated in London, and the fashions and arts of France have sought an abiding place in Paris, but on the open plains near the village of Waterloo was fought the great battle that made a new map of

Europe necessary, and that gave to the nineteenth century a history that shall outlive the British Museum or the towers of Notre Dame.

"When the crumbling walls of feudalism shook Medieval Europe from center to circumference there came a western tidal wave that landed the Puritan and the Cavalier on the strange shores of an unexplored continent, and left them there, charged with the task and duty of building a new government that should demonstrate the practicability of triumphant democracy; a government broad as humanity, and comprehensive enough for every human interest wherein the fullest development of a cosmopolitan citizenship would be possible, and whereby every man could be made a peer and every man might enjoy the possibility of kingship. Not a government for the Puritan alone, nor yet for the Cavalier, but a broader, higher government, in which should be blended the good in Puritanism with the heroism of chivalry, both merging with whatever else is noble in man into a comprehensive citizenship, whose history is yet to be written.

"This work was taken up and prosecuted under difficulties and with conflicting differences of opinion that grew as it progressed until they finally culminated in the great Armageddon of the Western Hemisphere—the battle of Shiloh—the decisive battle in which were centered these vexing differences and by which were determined the conflicting issues of this new civilization; a battle that shall be catalogued along with Marathon, Chalons, Hastings, Blenheim, Pultawah, Valmy and Waterloo.

When the time had fully come for the baptism of fire and blood that was necessary for the blending and remoulding of the nation, and when the uniformed hosts under flaunting banners stood ready to do the bidding of the god of war, they were not marshaled at Castle Garden nor in the streets of the National Capital, nor yet at the Golden Gate, neither were they deployed along the restless shores of the great lakes, or called to bivouac under the perfumed orange groves down by the gulf, but amid the scrubby oaks and the broom-sedge of the quiet woods, in the midst of which nestled a spireless meeting-house, whose name will live in history when the flaring electric light flickers and grows dim in our Broadways, and when the twenty-story buildings crumble in the bustling State streets. They gathered at Shiloh."

The speaker said it was not his purpose to name the hero of this battle, nor to criticize or compare its leaders, but to deal with it in reference to its general influence on our future history, and after suggesting them any controverted points concerning it and leaving them for individual study, he added: "No matter how varied our differences concerning the incidents of this battle, or the wisdom of the Generals who led its contending forces, we must agree that it was a conflict of heroes, whose valor was only equalled on other American battle-fields. The victorious soldier," he said, "is not always the bravest, nor is the successful General necessarily possessed of the greatest military tact. Cataline was as brave a soldier as Leonidas, and a much better General. Alva surpassed the Prince of Orange in the field, and Suwarrow was the military superior of Kosciusko, but a just comparison of American generalship is not possible to an American, and there are no degrees of heroism among American soldiers. They are all heroes. The men of Shiloh were all Americans, and the unmarked resting place of the man in gray and the terraced tomb of his brother in blue testify alike to the unflinching heroism of American soldiery, and the man who would dare snatch from either a single laurel is a coward and an ingrate."

Discussing the lines of battle, the movements of the contending armies from the first of January up to the battle, and commenting on the action of the different leaders, the letter of Mrs. W. H. Cherry, heretofore published in the VETERAN, was read, denying the charge of drunkenness made by his unfriendly critics against General Grant.

Discussing the movements of the armies further, Mr. Hurst said that in February, 1862, the Union army, "with a fleet of 167 vessels, not excelled in number by the Spanish Armada, nor in tonnage by any flotilla that ever broke the foam," was plowing its way up the Tennessee River to form a junction with the army under General Buell. "There is nothing in history that equals this fleet. We wonder at the stupendous proportions of the Royal Navy and the Spanish Armada, under the leadership of Lord Howard and the Duke de Medina Sedonia, without knowing, it may be, that in our own civil war there gathered in our beautiful Tennessee River a grander spectacle than either of these. Under the convoy of fourteen men-of-war, there came a fleet of 153 steamers, giving the river, when at their moorings at Savannah, the appearance of a grand, floating city of splendid palaces."

Here is a list of the vessels composing this fleet. We care not for the names of the vessels, but their publication will give a better comprehension of the magnitude of the fleet, and its contemplation will illustrate not only the powers against which the South contended through those four awful years, but will exalt us all in our estimate of the great civil war in America:

## MEN-OF-WAR.

Alfred Robb,	Key West,
Carondelet,	Undine,
Conestoga,	Taw Waw,
Brilliant,	Paw Paw,
Tyler,	Peasca,
Lexington,	St. Clair,
Fair Play,	Naumkeg.

## STEAMBOATS.

Autocrat,	Empire City,	Memphis,
Argyle,	Emerald,	Manhattan,
Aurora,	Emilie,	Mary E. Forsythe,
A. McDowell,	Fort Wayne,	Musselman,
Alex. Scott,	Fannie Bullett,	Minnehaha,
Anglo-Saxon,	Falls City,	Marengo,
Americus,	Forest Queen,	Marble City,
Atha Waltham,	Fannie Barker,	New Uncle Sam,
Armada,	Golden State,	Nashville,
Adam Jacobs,	Gray Eagle,	Nebraska,
Belle of the West,	Gossamer,	Niagara,
Bostonia No. 1,	Glendale,	Ohio,
Bostonia No. 2,	Gladiator,	Ohio No. 3,
Boston,	Hiawatha,	Oriental,
B. J. Adams,	Hazel Dell,	Planet,
Baltic,	Horizon,	Poland,
Bay City,	Havana,	Prairie Rose,
Ben South,	Henry Fitzhugh,	Pink Warble,
Black Hawk,	Iatan,	Phantom,
City of Memphis,	Iowa,	Rocket,
City of Madison,	Izetta,	Rose Hamilton,
Clara Poe,	Imperial,	Rebecca,
Chateau,	Indiana,	Sunny South,
Commercial,	Jewess,	Southwestern,
Champion No. 2,	J. W. Chapman,	Saline,
Champion No. 4,	Jno. D. Roe,	S. W. Thomas,
Chancellor,	J. B. Ford,	Sir Wm. Wallace,
Continental,	John Taines,	Sallie List,
Commerce,	J. C. Swann,	Shenango,
Charley Miller,	J. B. Dickey,	Spreadeagle,
City of Alton,	J. W. Kennett,	Silver Moon,
City Belle,	Jesse K. Bell,	Sunshine,
Charley Bowen,	John Galt,	Sciota,
Crescent City,	John Bell,	Silver Wave,
Clarionet,	John Warner,	St. Clair,
Coronet,	J. W. Hailman,	St. John,
Countess,	J. S. Pringle,	Sam Orr,
Diamond,	Jonas Powell,	Telegram No. 3,
Duet,	Jas. H. Trover,	T. L. McGill,
D. A. January,	Jacob Poe,	Tecumseh,
Demleith,	Liberty,	Tycoon,
D. J. Taylor,	Lady Pike,	T. J. Patton,
Evansville,	Leonard,	Tribune,
Elenora,	Lewellen,	Tigress,
Emma,	Lancaster No. 3,	Empire,
Emma No. 2,	Lancaster No. 1,	Universe,
Empress,	Lizzie Simmons,	Wisconsin,
E. W. Fairchild,	Louisiana,	Wild Cat,
Eugene,	Leni Leoti,	White Cloud,
Equinox,	Masonic Gem,	Westmoreland,
Edward Walsh,	Meteor,	Yorktown.

The Lexington and the Tyler were the first gun-boats that went up the Tennessee River.

The Tigress was General Grant's flagship. The Henry Fitzhugh was the first boat to carry wounded Federal soldiers back from Pittsburg Landing.

In this great fleet the Glendale was the only boat with a calliope.

While at Savannah Governor Harvey, of Wisconsin, who was visiting officers of the 16th Wisconsin Regiment, stepped from the steamer Demleith into the river and was drowned.

Discussing the criticisms that have been made on General Johnston, the speaker said: "General Johnston did his best, and he did well for his cause, and his heroism will be honored as long as heroism has an advocate and self-sacrifice has a votary." And clos-

ing he said: "Other wars have settled the disputed questions of possession, or the right of possession of territory; they have settled questions of political expansions whereby one sect or nation was made greater, while the other was extinguished as a civilizing or controlling force, but no other great war has been fought by a great people among themselves for a great country in order that their country might be made greater.

"The miracle and marvel of history! One great people with one great country, moved by one controlling idea, but simply differing as to methods, pass through the greatest fratricidal war the world ever saw, and came out still one people, with one flag, one patriotism and one country, only with an enlarged plan for the future and an intensified devotion to popular free government.

"Shame on the man who dares impugn the motives of the hero who offered his life as a sacrifice on the altar of the Southern Confederacy, and cursed be he who would tear a single star from the grand banner that hangs its protecting folds to-day over 65,000,000 free and happy people."

#### A SURGEON'S STORY.

BY DR. R. H. DALTON.

If all the striking incidents that occurred to surgeons engaged with the armies in our late war were published the book would contain some of the most interesting incidents of that awful conflict. I write of one that happened near Dumfries, Va., in the winter of 1861-2. I was surgeon of the 11th Mississippi Regiment, and Dr. Estell of the 1st Tennessee Regiment. One morning we were both ordered to report at the quarters (two miles distant) of a captain of artillery for some professional service, the nature of which was not revealed. Dismounting near his tent, we observed the Captain sitting a few paces from the front of the tent, in company with a lady dressed in deep mourning, a black veil falling over her face. The Captain arose and met us, remarking that a youth was in the tent whom he wished us to examine in order to ascertain if he was diseased, and if so, whether it was organic and likely to have existed long, and then pointed us to the closed door. We entered and found a young man lying on a stretcher, with two soldiers armed and sitting on camp stools at his feet. The youth was quite delicate, well dressed and comely. After conversing with him in regard to his age, health, the origin and duration of his complaint, we made a careful physical examination. We found palpable organic affection of the heart, which had existed since his access to puberty, four years before that time. It was one of the clearest cases we had ever seen. Then approaching the couple as they sat in silence, I said, "Captain, the young man is certainly afflicted with organic disease of the heart of long duration, and he ought never to have been enlisted as a soldier." Instantly the lady sprang to her feet, screaming out, "God bless you, you have saved my only child!" and throwing her arms around me she wept for joy. Soon she rushed to the tent where her son lay.

It was a startling mystery to us, but the Captain explained: The boy had enlisted in '61, and from the battle field at Manassas he had deserted and fled to his home. Late in the fall he had been arrested and returned to his command at Dumfries, where he had

been tried and was condemned to be shot on the next day after our examination. In the meantime his mother, hearing the news, hastened to the army, and had arrived in time to plead for an examination to prove her son's real condition. The Captain showed us the General's order, which was, "Arrest the sentence and discharge him if the surgeons confirm the mother's statement."

#### REUNION AT TERRELL, TEXAS.

J. E. B. Stuart Camp, No. 45, U. C. V., had their first Memorial Day on Tuesday, May 2. The cold weather preceding had greatly crippled the crop of flowers, but there was an abundance for the purposes. The procession was formed about 10:30 a. m., and proceeded to the city cemetery. The Confederate veterans took the lead, followed by about 600 school children, then came the delivery wagons with flowers, followed by the fire department and citizens. The procession was more than a quarter of a mile in length, and was a general surprise to all. Dr. J. A. Anthony, Commander, was also Marshal of the Day. On arriving at the beautiful cemetery the audience gathered at the junction of the two principal streets and listened to lively vocal music by a large choir, led by Mr. B. H. Scott. The services were opened with song, and a prayer by Rev. Mr. Fleming, of the Baptist Church. After this a brief and appropriate memorial address was delivered by Rev. L. P. Lively, a veteran soldier as well as a minister. This service being ended, after other well selected music, the old soldiers gathered armsfull of flowers, and marching from grave to grave, covered them with flowers, both blue and gray. There was no difference shown between them. Leaving the city cemetery, these soldiers, almost alone, visited the Pioneer cemetery, and there decorated the graves. En route to this cemetery they came to three that were covered with weeds and grass. The family was poor, but the occupants of the graves had been good soldiers. The veterans halted and looked at each other. Some one remarked, "This ought not to be." Without further word the soldiers began drawing their pocket-books, and each one contributed until the sexton said it was enough, and that he would clean them off and keep them in good condition for a year. This was the last of the services.

At night Gov. Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, lectured at the opera house, and one-fourth of the proceeds was given to the Ladies' Memorial Association of Terrell, who are raising funds for the Confederate monument at Richmond. This fund received nineteen dollars, which was turned over by the writer to Mrs. Jno. Preston, Chairman of the Association in this city. In concluding this, Terrell has raised eighty-five dollars to this fund.

#### BEAUREGARD MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

This Association, composed of many representative men in Louisiana and elsewhere, has gone actively to work. The Executive Committee is as follows: Ex-Gov. Francis T. Nicholls, President; Gen. Wm. P. Miles, First Vice-President; Ex-Gov. Samuel D. McEnery, Second Vice-President; Capt. Lawson L. Davis, Third Vice-President; A. B. Booth, Secretary; Gen. John Glynn, Jr., Treasurer. The Committee on Hon-

orary Life Membership has sent out the following appeal:

Dear Sir:—The Beauregard Monument Association, with confidence in early success, appeals through you to those who followed the flag with the starry cross through the four years' ordeal which contributed to indelibly impress upon the American soldier the stamp of enduring valor, and to their descendants, for co-operation in erecting a monument to the memory of one whose genius and superb soldierly qualities and achievements have added so much lustre to American arms, the late Gen. G. T. Beauregard.

The patriotism and devotion which sustained both armies during our protracted struggle will be reproduced by leaving to coming generations a monument which will fitly typify the grandeur of our dead heroes and convey forever the testimony of our appreciation and hallowed reverence for their deeds.

We believe that the desire to co-operate in this great work is shared by thousands who only wait the opportunity of identifying themselves with the movement, and we ask you to further our object by obtaining membership to our association, for which purpose we inclose the necessary blanks. Remittances should be made to the committee, Box 654, New Orleans.

A certificate and badge will be issued to Honorary Life Members when the design for the monument shall have been adopted, it being the intention of the committee that these should represent the monument.

Respectfully,  
PAUL CONRAD, *Ch'm'n.*  
WALTER H. ROGERS,  
J. NEMA AUGUSTIN.

#### "HERE'S YOUR MULE."

Much has been said and written of the horse—the war horse—but the mule is rarely if ever mentioned except in ridicule.

After some months in the Confederate service we were encamped at Columbus, Ky., where the teamster of our regiment was given a beautiful team of iron gray mules. One of these was "Honest John." After some service here Honest John goes to Shiloh and takes part in the conflict by pulling ammunition to the front. After the battle we go to Corinth, and then via Mobile we go to Chattanooga. Honest John goes through the country, we meet again. After a short rest the long road to Perryville is traversed and a battle is fought.

We find him again at Knoxville in October, and the snow is falling thick and fast on the old servant's back. By rail we go to Murfreesboro, John gets there too. Murfreesboro is a record of the past, and Honest John rests at Shelbyville. After a long, weary mid-summer haul he is at Chickamauga. The storm of battle being over, he rests again on the heights of Missionary Ridge. John winters at Dalton. Spring opens, and with it orders to climb Rocky-face Ridge; John climbs it too. Dalton, Resaca, Adairsville, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Chattahoochee River, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Lovejoy are reached. Then we about face northward and go back almost the same route. Many hills and mountains are pulled over, and Honest John does his part. After bloody Franklin John goes on, having survived one companion and another.

Nashville and that terrible winter march to Corinth again, time is rapidly passing. Nearing the Atlantic,

he is moved to a quick-step. Raleigh, Hillsboro, Haw River is crossed, and this faithful old friend is still on duty. Four years have gone. "Whoa, John," is called in the piney woods near Greensboro, the ordnance is unloaded, guns are stacked, wagon scantily filled with commissary stores, and westward John starts, with weary limbs, downcast head and drooping ears. The Cumberland is crossed, the last long pull to Greenville, Tenn., is made, and from the car window we take a last sympathetic look on the scar worn and almost fleshless frame of poor old Honest John as he bathes his long bony sides in the May day sun mid the mountains of Tennessee.

HERE WAS YOUR MULE.

A note from R. J. Dew, of Trenton, Tenn., who sends the above and asserts its accuracy, concludes as follows: "Am well pleased with the VETERAN. Your experience at Franklin vividly reminds me of mine. I was about 50 yards north of the pike when we reached their works. It almost makes me shudder to think of that evening and night." Mr. Dew served in the 9th Tennessee with Maury's Brigade, Cheatham's Division.

A special from Fredericksburg, Va., May 20, says: Mr. Philip S. Honey, a farmer who lives a few miles from this city, in Stafford County, is an ardent Confederate, and still the proud owner of the mule, now thirty-eight years old, which he rode all through the war as a member of the 9th Virginia Cavalry. They were together at the battles of Gettysburg, Cedar Mountain, Brandy Station, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Richmond, Petersburg, Stony Creek, and surrendered at Appomattox. The mule shows the marks of time, but notwithstanding her advanced age is still strong. She does light work regularly, but is blind in one eye, and some of her teeth are gone.

An effort is being made to induce Mr. Honey to take the mule to Richmond by rail and ride her in the parade when the remains of Jefferson Davis will be reinterred.

The volunteer mention of the VETERAN in the first issue of the new daily *Hotel Reporter* for Nashville is appreciated. It is published by Jas. A. Phirl and Jeff D. Kelley. A facetious editorial note is copied, with the preface that the VETERAN does not mean to be sensational; it hopes by occasional production of "dark and bloody scenes" to show the growing generation what their fathers endured for principle: "Is life worth living?—Well I should say so. You will agree when you attend Sam Jones' meetings; and if you want your hair to fairly rise on your old gray pate just read S. A. Cunningham's CONFEDERATE VETERAN portraying those dark and bloody scenes of over thirty years ago. The VETERAN is far better than its price, and Mars' Frank's followers should every one subscribe for that superb magazine."

U. J. Owen, Allisona, Tenn.: "The VETERAN is an ever welcome visitor at my home, and sometimes its visits seem too long delayed. We are always anxious for the VETERAN to come, and when it does I read it through and through again. It seems new to me every time I read it. I was not old enough myself to take part in the great struggle of our people in 1861-5, but my father spent four years in defense of the principles we loved so dearly; seventeen months of the time he was confined in prison at Rock Island, Ill. I send you four subscriptions, and will send others later on, as I expect to do all I can for the VETERAN."

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

ALABAMA.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Bessemer.....	Bessemer.....	157...	W. R. Jones, N. H. Sewall.
Birmingham.....	W. J. Hardee.....	39...	F. S. Ferguson, R. E. Jones.
Eutaw.....	Sanders.....	64...	G. H. Cole, F. H. Mundy.
Mobile.....	Raphael Semmes.....	11...	T. T. Roche, Wm. E. Mickle.
Montgomery.....	Lomax.....	151...	Emmet Sebels, J. H. Higgins.

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Alma.....	Cabell.....	202...	
Bentonville.....	Cabell.....	89...	N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates.
Centre Point.....	Haller.....	192...	
Charleston.....	Pat Cleburne.....	191...	
Conway.....	Jeff Davis.....	213...	
Fayetteville.....	W. H. Brooks.....	216...	
Fort Smith.....	Ben T. Duval.....	146...	P. T. Devany, R. M. Fry.
Greenwood.....	Ben McCulloch.....	194...	
Hackett City.....	Stonewall.....	199...	
Hope.....	Gratiot.....	203...	
Morrilton.....	Robert W. Harper.....	207...	
Nashville.....	Joe Neal.....	202...	
Van Buren.....	John Wallace.....	209...	

FLORIDA.

Brookville.....	W. W. Loring.....	13...	J. C. Davant, F. L. Robertson.
Chipley.....	Chipley.....	217...	
Dade City.....	Pasco C. V. Ass'n.....	57...	J. B. Johnston, A. H. Raynes.
Fernandina.....	Nassau.....	104...	W. Naylor Thompson.
Inverness.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	148...	W. C. Zimmerman, W. S. Turner.
Jacksonville.....	R. E. Lee.....	58...	Wm. Baya, W. W. Tucker.
Jasper.....	Stewart.....	155...	H. J. Stewart, J. E. Hanna.
Lake City.....	Columbia Co.....	150...	W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives.
Marianna.....	Milton.....	132...	W. D. Barnes, F. Phillip.
Monticello.....	Patton Anderson.....	59...	W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge.
Ocala.....	Marion Co. C. V. A.....	56...	J. J. Finley, Wm. Fox.
Orlando.....	Orange Co.....	51...	W. H. Jewell, B. M. Robinson.
Palmetto.....	Geo. T. Ward.....	53...	J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles.
Pensacola.....	Ward C. V. Ass'n.....	10...	W. E. Anderson, R. J. Jordan.
Quincy.....	D. L. Kenan.....	140...	R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan.
St. Augustine.....	E. Kirby Smith.....	175...	J. A. Enslow, Jr.
Sanford.....	Gen. J. Finnegan.....	149...	A. M. Thrasher, C. H. Lefler.
Springdale.....	Pat Cleburne.....	—	E. T. Candler, J. S. Patterson.
Tallahassee.....	Lamar.....	161...	R. A. Whitfield.
Tampa.....	Hillsboro.....	36...	F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane.
Titusville.....	Indian River.....	47...	J. Pritchett, A. D. Cohen.

GEORGIA.

Atlanta.....	Fulton Co., Ga.....	159...	W. L. Calhoun, J. F. Edwards.
Dalton.....	Jos. E. Johnston.....	34...	A. F. Roberts, J. A. Blanton.
Ringgold.....	Ringgold.....	206...	
Spring Place.....	John B. Gordon.....	50...	R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago.....	Ex-Con. Ass'n.....	8...	J. W. White, R. L. France.
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INDIAN TERRITORY.

Ardmore.....	John H. Morgan.....	107...	J. L. Gaut, R. Seales.
McAlester.....	Jeff Lee.....	68...	N. P. Guy, R. B. Coleman.

KENTUCKY.

Augusta.....	John B. Hood.....	233...	Jno. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson.
Bowling Green.....	Bowling Green.....	143...	W. F. Perry, Jas. A. Mitchell.
Cynthiana.....	Ben Desha.....	99...	D. M. Snyder, J. W. Boyd.
Danville.....	J. Warren Grigsby.....	214...	E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman.
Eminence.....	E. Kirby Smith.....	151...	W. L. Crabb, J. S. Turner.
Fleunfurg.....	Albert S. Johnston.....	232...	Wm. Stanley, Mil'd Overley.
Georgetown.....	Geo. W. Johnson.....	98...	A. H. Sinclair, J. Webb.
Harrodsburg.....	William Preston.....	96...	B. W. Allin, John Kane.
Lawrenceburg.....	Ben Hardin Helm.....	101...	P. H. Thomas, J. P. Vaughn.
Lexington.....	J. C. Breckinridge.....	100...	John Boyd, G. C. Snyder.
Mt. Sterling.....	Roy S. Cluke.....	201...	Thos. Johnson, W. T. Havens.
Nicholasville.....	Humph'y Marshall.....	187...	Geo. B. Taylor, E. T. Lillard.
Paducah.....	A. P. Thompson.....	174...	W. G. Bullitt, M. M. Brown.
Paris.....	John H. Morgan.....	95...	A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines.
Richmond.....	Thomas B. Collins.....	215...	Jas. Tevis, N. B. Dentherage.
Russellville.....	John W. Caldwell.....	139...	J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty.
Shelbyville.....	John H. Waller.....	237...	W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen.
Winchester.....	Roger W. Hanson.....	—	R. F. Curtis, J. L. Wheeler.
Versailles.....	Abe Buford.....	96...	J. C. Bailey, R. V. Bishop.

LOUISIANA.

Alexandria.....	Jeff Davis.....	6...	G. O. Watts, W. W. Whittington.
Amite City.....	Amite City.....	78...	A. P. Richards, G. W. Bankston.

LOUISIANA—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Baton Rouge.....	Baton Rouge.....	17...	J. McGrath, F. W. Heroman.
Berwick.....	Winchester Hall.....	178...	M. W. Bateman, F. O. Brien.
Donaldsonville.....	Maj. V. Maurin.....	38...	S. A. Poche, P. Ganel.
Evergreen.....	R. L. Gibson.....	33...	Wm. M. Ewell, I. C. Johnson.
Lake Charles.....	Calcasieu C. Vet.....	62...	W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hutchings.
L. Providence.....	Lake Providence.....	133...	
Mansfield.....	Mouton.....	41...	C. Schuler, T. G. Pegues.
Merrick.....	Isalah Norwood.....	110...	D. T. Merrick, J. J. Taylor.
Natchitoches.....	Natchitoches.....	40...	J. A. Predhomme, C. E. Levy.
New Orleans.....	Army of N. Va.....	1...	W. R. Lyman, T. B. O'Brien.
New Orleans.....	Army of Tenn.....	2...	J. Glynn Jr., N. Cuny.
New Orleans.....	Wash. Artillery.....	15...	B. F. Eselman, L. A. Adam.
New Orleans.....	Henry St. Paul.....	16...	J. Demorelle, M. T. Ducros.
Opelousas.....	R. E. Lee.....	14...	L. D. Prescott, B. Bloomfield.
Plaquemine.....	Iberville.....	18...	C. H. Dickinson, J. L. Dardenne.
Rayville.....	Richland.....	152...	J. S. Summerlin, O. T. Smith.
Rustin.....	Rustin.....	7...	A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond.
Shreveport.....	Gen. Leroy Stafford.....	3...	W. Kinney, Will H. Tunnard.
Tangipahoa.....	Camp Moore.....	60...	O. P. Amacker, G. R. Taylor.
Thibodaux.....	Braxton Bragg.....	196...	

MISSISSIPPI.

Booneville.....	W. H. H. Tison.....	179...	D. T. Beall, J. W. Smith.
Brookhaven.....	Sylvester Gwin.....	25...	J. A. Hoskins, J. B. Daughtry.
Columbus.....	Isham Harrison.....	27...	B. A. Vaughan, W. A. Campbell.
Crystal Sp'gs.....	Ben Humphreys.....	19...	C. Humphries, J. M. Haley.
Edwards.....	W. A. Montgomery.....	26...	W. A. Montgomery, H. W. Barrett.
Fayette.....	J. J. Whitney.....	22...	W. L. Stephen, W. K. Penny.
Greenwood.....	Hugh A. Reynolds.....	218...	
Greenville.....	W. A. Percy.....	—	S. W. Ferguson, W. G. Verger.
Grenada.....	W. R. Barksdale.....	189...	
Hattiesburg.....	Hattiesburg.....	21...	G. D. Hartfield, E. H. Harris.
Hernando.....	De Soto.....	220...	Sam Powell, C. H. Robertson.
Hickory Flat.....	Hickory Flat.....	219...	W. A. Crum, J. J. Hicks.
Holly Springs.....	Kit Mott.....	23...	J. F. Fant, S. H. Pryor.
Jackson.....	Robt. A. Smith.....	24...	W. D. Holder, G. S. Green.
Liberty.....	Amite County.....	226...	M. Jackson, Geo. A. McGee.
Macon.....	Jas. Longstreet.....	180...	W. H. Foote, J. L. Griggs.
Meridian.....	Waldall.....	25...	W. F. Brown, B. V. White.
Miss. City.....	Beauvoir.....	120...	J. R. Davis, F. S. Howes.
Natchez.....	Natchez.....	20...	F. J. V. Lee and, E. L. Hopkins.
Port Gibson.....	Calborne.....	167...	A. K. Jones, W. W. Moore.
Rolling Fork.....	Pat Cleburne.....	190...	
Rosedale.....	Montgomery.....	52...	F. A. Montgomery, Chas. C. Farrar.
Tupelo.....	John M. Stone.....	131...	John M. Stone, P. M. Savery.
Vaiden.....	Frank Liddell.....	221...	S. C. Balne, W. E. Boothe.
Vicksburg.....	Vicksburg.....	32...	D. A. Campbell, C. Davis.
Woodville.....	Woodville.....	49...	J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett.
Yazoo City.....	Vazoo Camp.....	176...	S. B. Robertson, W. R. McCutcheon.

MISSOURI.

Kansas City.....	Kansas City.....	80...	J. W. Mercer, G. B. Spratt.
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NORTH CAROLINA.

Clinton.....	Sampson.....	137...	R. H. Holliday, C. F. Henling.
Concord.....	Cabarrus Co. C. V. A.....	212...	
Newton.....	Catawba.....	162...	J. G. Hall, L. R. Whitener.

OKLAHOMA.

Norman.....	Gen. J. B. Gordon.....	200...	
Oklahoma.....	C. D. H. Hammon.....	177...	J. W. Johnston, J. O. Casler.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Aiken.....	Barnard E. Bee.....	84...	B. H. Teague, J. N. Wigfall.
St. Georges.....	Stephen Elliott.....	51...	J. Otey Reed.

TENNESSEE.

Chattanooga.....	N. B. Forrest.....	4...	J. F. Shipp, L. T. Dickinson.
Clarksville.....	Forbes.....	77...	T. H. Smith, Clay Stackner.
Fayetteville.....	Shackelford-Fulton.....	114...	J. D. Tillman, W. H. Cashion.
Franklin.....	John L. McEwen.....	—	B. F. Roberts, R. N. Richardson.
Jackson.....	John Ingram.....	37...	E. S. Mallory, S. E. Kierolf.
Knoxville.....	Felix K. Zollicoffer.....	46...	Jno. F. Horn, Chas. Ducloux.
Knoxville.....	Fred Ault.....	5...	F. A. Moses, J. W. S. Frisler.
Lewisburg.....	Dibrell.....	55...	W. P. Irvine, W. G. Loyd.
McKenzie.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	42...	Marsh A. Klisson, J. P. Cannon.
Memphis.....	Con. His. Ass'n.....	28...	C. W. Frazier, R. J. Black.
Murfreesboro.....	Joe B. Palmer.....	81...	W. S. McLemore, W. Ledbetter.
Nashville.....	Frank Cheatham.....	35...	R. Lin Cave, J. P. Hickman.
Shelbyville.....	Wm. Frierson.....	83...	J. M. Hastings, J. G. Arnold.
Tullahoma.....	Pierce B. Anderson.....	173...	J. P. Bennett, W. J. Travis.
Winchester.....	Turney.....	12...	W. H. Brannan, J. J. Martin.

TEXAS.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Ablene.....	Ablene.....	72	T. W. Dougherty.
Ablene.....	Taylor Co.....	69	H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyck.
Alvarado.....	Alvarado.....	160	J. R. Posey.
Alvin.....	William Hart.....	—	William Hart, Commander.
Athens.....	Howdy Martin.....	65	D. M. Morgan, W. T. Eustace.
Atlanta.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	91	J. B. Johnson, J. N. Simmons.
Austin.....	John B Hood.....	103	W. M. Brown, C. H. Powell.
Bertram.....	A. S. Johnston.....	75	Jeff Chaisson, Tom J. Russell.
Belton.....	Bell Co. ex-Con.....	As. 122	J. R. Whitsett, R. H. Turner.
Bonham.....	Sul Ross.....	164	J. P. Holmes.
Brazoria.....	Clinton Terry.....	—	Wm. F. Smith, F. LeRebus.
Brownwood.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	118	Carl Vincent, R. L. Archer.
Bryan.....	J. B. Robertson.....	121	H. B. Stoddard, W. H. Harmon.
Buffalo Gap.....	L. F. Moody.....	123	Ben F. Jones, J. J. Eubank.
Calvert.....	W. P. Townsend.....	111	J. H. Drennon, C. W. Higginbotham.
Cameron.....	Ben McCullough.....	29	E. J. Melver, J. B. Moore.
Canton.....	James L. Hogg.....	133	T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson.
Carthage.....	Horace Randall.....	163	J. R. Bond, J. M. Woolworth.
Cleburne.....	Pat Cleburne.....	88	O. T. Plummer, M. S. Kable.
Colorado.....	Albert Sidney.....	—	W. V. Johnson, T. Q. Mullin.
Columbus.....	Shropshire-Upton.....	112	Geo. McCormick, J. J. Dick.
Coleman.....	John Pelham.....	76	J. J. Callan, J. M. Williams.
Corpus Christi.....	Jos. E. Johnston.....	63	H. R. Sutherland, M. C. Spann.
Corleuna.....	C. M. Winkler.....	147	R. M. Collins.
Crockett.....	Crockett.....	141	Enoch Braxson, J. F. Martin.
Caldwell.....	Camp Rogers.....	142	J. F. Matthews.
Dallas.....	Sterling Price.....	31	J. J. Miller, W. L. Thompson.
Deatur.....	Ben McCulloch.....	30	Will A. Miller, A. Edwards.
Denton.....	Sul Ross.....	129	Hugh McKenzie, J. R. Burton.
Dublin.....	Erath & Comanche.....	85	J. T. Harris, L. E. Gillett.
Emma.....	Lone Star.....	198	—
Fairfield.....	Wm. L. Moody.....	87	G. T. Bradley, L. G. Sandifer.
Forney.....	Camp Bee.....	130	T. M. Daniel, S. G. Fleming.
Fort Worth.....	R. E. Lee.....	158	J. W. Friend, Eugene Burr.
Frost.....	R. Q. Mills.....	106	A. Chamberlain, M. F. Wakefield.
Gainesville.....	Jos. E. Johnston.....	119	J. M. Wright, J. T. Walker.
Galveston.....	Magruder.....	105	T. N. Waul, C. C. Beavans.
Gatesville.....	Ex-C A. Coryell Co.....	135	W. L. Saunders.
Goldthwaite.....	Jeff Davis.....	117	J. E. Martin, F. M. Taylor.
Gonzales.....	Gonzales.....	156	W. B. Sayers, M. Eastland.
Graham.....	Young County.....	127	A. T. Gay, Y. M. Edwards.
Granbury.....	Granbury.....	67	J. A. Formwalt, I. R. Morris.
Hamilton.....	A. S. Johnston.....	116	W. T. Saxon, C. C. Powell.
Hemstead.....	Tom Green.....	136	V. B. Thornton, S. Schwarz.
Henrietta.....	Sul Ross.....	172	F. J. Barrett, C. B. Patterson.
Hillsboro.....	Hill County.....	166	Wm. A. Fields.
Houston.....	Dlek Bowling.....	197	—
Kaufman.....	Geo. D. Manion.....	145	Jos. Huffmaster, E. S. Pipes.
Kingston.....	A. S. Johnston.....	71	J. F. Puckett, T. J. Foster.
Ladonia.....	Robt. E. Lee.....	126	G. W. Blakeney, F. W. Blakeney.
LaGrange.....	Col. B. Timmons.....	61	R. H. Phelps, N. Holman.
Lampasas.....	R. E. Lee.....	66	J. S. Landerdale, D. C. Thomas.
Lubbock.....	F. R. Lubbock.....	138	W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon.
Madisonville.....	John G. Walker.....	128	R. Wiley.
Meridian.....	A. S. Johnston.....	115	Robt. Donnell, J. W. Adams.
Merkel.....	Merkel.....	79	J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.
Mexia.....	Joe Johnston.....	91	C. L. Watson, H. W. Williams.
Minneola.....	Wood County.....	153	J. H. Huffmaster, G. A. Cage.
Mt. Enterprise.....	Rosser.....	82	T. Turner, B. Birdwell.
Mt. Pleasant.....	Col. Dud Jones.....	121	C. L. Dillahunty, J. C. Turner.
Montagne.....	Bob Stone.....	93	R. Bean, R. D. Rigeley.
McKinney.....	Collin County.....	169	W. M. Bush, H. C. Maek.
Navasota.....	Pat Cleburne.....	102	W. E. Barry, R. M. West.
Oakville.....	John Donaldson.....	—	—
Palestine.....	Palestine.....	41	J. W. Ewing, J. M. Fullinwider.
Paris.....	A. S. Johnston.....	70	G. H. Provine, J. W. Webb.
Paint Rock.....	Jeff Davis.....	168	W. T. Mellon, J. W. Hatchford.
Rockwall.....	Rockwall.....	74	M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards.
Roby.....	W. W. Loring.....	151	D. Speer, W. H. Smith.
San Antonio.....	A. S. Johnston.....	141	John S. Ford, Taylor McRae.
Seymour.....	Bedford Forrest.....	86	T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browning.
Sherman.....	Mildred Lee.....	90	J. T. Wilson, R. Walker.
Sweetwater.....	E. C. Walthall.....	92	W. D. Beall, J. H. Freeman.
Sulphur Sp'gs.....	Matt Asheroft.....	170	R. M. Henderson, M. G. Miller.
Taylor.....	A. S. Johnston.....	165	M. Ross, P. Hawkins.
Tyler.....	A. S. Johnston.....	48	J. P. Douglas, S. S. Johnson.
Vernon.....	Camp Cabell.....	125	S. E. Hatchett, M. D. Davis.
Waxahachie.....	Jeff Davis.....	108	R. P. Mackey, W. M. McKnight.
Weatherford.....	Tom Green.....	169	J. P. Rice, M. V. Kinnison.
Wichita Falls.....	W. J. Hardee.....	73	C. R. Crockett, N. A. Robinson.

VIRGINIA.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Reams Station.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	211	—
Richmond.....	George E. Picketts.....	204	—
Roanoke.....	William Watts.....	205	—
West Point.....	John R. Cooke.....	187	H. M. Miller, W. W. Green.
Williamsburg.....	McGruder-Ewell.....	210	—

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington..... Wash. City Con..... 171..... Albert Akers.

Organizations not members of the United Confederate Veterans are to be reported in full as soon as information is received. There are in Tennessee twenty-two Bivouacs, including seven organizations of sons.

POSTOFFICE.	BIVOUAC.	OFFICERS.
Columbia.....	Leonidas Polk.....	J. H. Fussell, W. B. Dobbins.
Gallatin.....	Daniel S. Donelson.....	J. W. Blackburn, J. A. Trousdale.
Troy.....	Warren McDonald.....	P. J. Cummins, Alex. N. Moore.
Dickson.....	James E. Rains.....	W. J. Mathis, J. M. Talley.
Lynchburg.....	Woody B. Taylor.....	John D. Tolley, D. P. Allen.
Paris.....	Fitzgerald-Lamb.....	P. R. Orr, A. H. Lankford.
Dresden.....	Jenkins.....	C. M. Ewing, John D. McKeen.
Lebanon.....	Robert Hatton.....	A. K. Miller, G. R. Gwynn.
Gainesboro.....	S. S. Stanton.....	M. L. Gore, N. B. Young.
Alamo.....	Joseph E. Johnston.....	J. B. Humphreys, D. B. Dodson.
Trenton.....	O. F. Strahl.....	J. C. McDearman, Wm. Gay.
Cookeville.....	Pat Cleburne.....	Walton Smith, W. P. Chapin.
Brownsville.....	Hiram S. Bradford.....	Geo. C. Porter, A. D. Bright.
Hartsville.....	Barksdale.....	W. J. Hale, A. S. Reaves.
Riddleton.....	E. L. Bradley.....	Thos. W. Cosby, B. N. High.
McMinnville.....	Savage.....	— Hackett (officers not reported).

## SONS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS—TENNESSEE DIVISION.

POSTOFFICE.	BIVOUAC.	OFFICERS.
Winchester.....	Albert S. Marks.....	A. H. Marks (Died Sept. 6, 1862), Jo C. Garner.
Nashville.....	Thos. C. Hindman.....	Biscoe Hindman, Jas. F. Hager.
Clarksville.....	Alfred Robb.....	F. S. Beaumont, Chas. W. Smith.
Gainesboro.....	J. S. Quarles.....	D. H. Morgan, S. H. V. Young.
Knoxville.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	J. W. Green, J. W. S. Frierson, Jr.
Franklin.....	W. P. Rucker.....	L. W. Buford, Lee S. McEwen.
McKenzie.....	Jeff Davis.....	E. Cunningham, J. L. Thomason.

## CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

A. M. Sea, Jr., of Louisville, Ky., sends the following carefully prepared list. Correction of any errors is requested:

NAME.	BORN.	DIED.
Samuel Cooper.....	N. Y., June 12, 1798.....	Carterton, Va., Dec. 3, 1876.
Albert S. Johnston.....	Ky., Feb. 2, 1803.....	Shiloh, Tenn., April 6, 1862.
Robert E. Lee.....	Va., Jan. 19, 1797.....	Lexington, Va., Oct. 12, 1870.
Joseph E. Johnston.....	Va., Feb. 3, 1807.....	Washington, D. C., March 21, 1861.
G. T. Beauregard.....	La., May 28, 1818.....	New Orleans, La., Feb. 20, 1863.
Braxton Bragg.....	N. C., March 27, 1817.....	Galveston, Texas, Sept. 27, 1876.
E. Kirby-Smith.....	Fla., May 16, 1824.....	Sewanee, Tenn., March 28, 1893.

## GENERAL, TEMPORARY RANK.

John B. Hood..... Ky., June 1, 1831..... New Orleans, La., Aug. 30, 1879

## LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

James Longstreet.....	S. C., Jan. 8, 1821.....	—
Leonidas Polk.....	N. C., April 10, 1800.....	Pine Mountain, Tenn., June 14, 1861.
Theoph. H. Holmes.....	N. C., 1804.....	Fayetteville, N. C., June 20, 1850.
William J. Hardee.....	Ga., 1817.....	Hydesville, Va., Nov. 6, 1873.
Thomas J. Jackson.....	Va., Jan. 21, 1824.....	Guinea's Station, Va., May 10, 1863.
John C. Pemberton.....	Pa., Aug. 10, 1814.....	Springfield, Pa., July 13, 1881.
Richard S. Ewell.....	D. C., Feb. 8, 1817.....	Springfield, Tenn., Jan. 25, 1872.
Ambrose P. Hill.....	Va., Nov. 9, 1825.....	Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.
Daniel H. Hill.....	S. C., July 12, 1821.....	Charlottesville, N. C., Sept. 25, 1869.
Richard Taylor.....	La., Jan. 27, 1827.....	New York City, April 12, 1879.
Stephen D. Lee.....	S. C., —.....	—
Jubal A. Early.....	Va., Nov. 2, 1810.....	—
Richard H. Anderson.....	S. C., 1816.....	Beaufort, S. C., June 26, 1879.
Alex. P. Stewart.....	Tenn., Oct. 2, 1821.....	—
Nathan B. Forrest.....	Tenn., July 13, 1821.....	Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 29, 1877.
Wade Hampton.....	S. C., March 28, 1818.....	—
Simon B. Buckner.....	Ky., April 1, 1823.....	—
Joseph Wheeler.....	Ga., Sept. 10, 1836.....	—
John B. Gordon.....	Ga., Feb. 6, 1836.....	—



WANTS HIS OLD FLAG—LIKES THE VETERAN.

Through the advice of my friend, Dablgren, of Atlanta, Ga., I was induced to send for a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and I am glad I did. Among all my reading since the war, the VETERAN catches my old Confederate heart and holds it closer and thrills it deeper than any thing I've met with yet. I feel it a duty of every old Confederate, of every old Confederate's wife, boy, and daughter to give it their earnest support, for we need to be honestly represented, and who is so eminently fitted for such a task as we who stood with our old muskets offering, as it were, our own lives for the cause of our "Southland." These are the men I most want to hear from. Common men, men like myself, men who fought in the ranks and stood at the front watching when the historian slept. In our recitals we deal in personalities and write of that of which the historian knows nothing. I like to read of those things.

I was a member of the Fifth Alabama Battalion, Gen. Archer's brigade, and many of the Tennessee boys can remember me, especially when I call to their memory their old Color Bearer at Gaines' Mill, July 27, 1862, where I and four of my color guards were shot down in front of the enemy's triple line of breast works. I was shot in three different places, and left at the field hospital till Sunday night. All this I propose to give to the boys in a future letter.

Just now I am diligently hunting my old flag, captured at that time. The boys of the Second Maine, who captured it, have treated my inquiries with uniform courtesy and kindness. They have given me all the information they can, but I have not found the flag. I traced it to Bangor, Maine, through Gen. Roberts' aid, but there I lost it, although I hope yet to succeed. I did hope to carry this flag on July 18-20 at the head of the old brigade at Birmingham. If any of you, dear readers, can give me any information touching the matter I will thank you heartily.

I herewith inclose you the names of seven subscribers, and have more to come. Put me down a life-time subscriber. I have already given my boys instruction to continue the subscription after me. I want it perpetuated.

M. T. LEDBETTER.

Piedmont, Ala., June 2, 1893.

S. H. Aby, Secretary Ben Humphreys Camp No. 19, Crystal Springs, Miss.: "In compliance with your request in the frontispiece of the May number, I write to say that the members of this camp have subscribed to ten copies as individuals in addition to the ten copies taken by the camp. The officers and members of our camp regard the CONFEDERATE VETERAN not only as a manifestation of your \* \* \* but as a journal pleading by truth, by patriotism and by embalmed memories for universal recognition. We are as loyal to the Union as to the memories of bye-gone achievements. This camp is the banner camp of the 350 in existence. Numbering only 28 members, we have contributed to the Davis Monument \$100; to General Underwood to aid in monumenting the graves of Confederates who died in Northern prisons, \$75; to the widow of General Kirby-Smith, \$10, and also to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Our record is good, and it will be better. There is not a single wealthy man in this camp, but they all possess an opulence of patriotism, and that counts for more than money.



The National Cyclopedia of American Biography, Vol. II., page 130, says:

"R. W. Jennings, the founder and manager of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, was born in Edgefield, S. C., March 19, 1838, where his father and grandfather had been raised. At the age of sixteen he commenced clerking in a retail store, and in 1855-56 he was book-keeper for the Trion Manufacturing Company, at Trion, Ga. In January, 1857, he came to Nashville and secured a position as book-keeper for the wholesale house of Gardner & Co., where he remained until 1861, when he entered the Planters' Bank as book-keeper. In 1864 he filled an important position with the great house of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York, where he was directed to overhaul and examine into the books of that firm, running back for a period of nineteen years. In 1865 he was teller of the Falls City Tobacco Bank, Louisville, Ky., resigning this in December of that year to accept a partnership in the two firms of Evans, Gardner & Co., New York, and Evans, Fite & Co., Nashville, the latter being the largest wholesale house which has ever been established in Nashville. Withdrawing from these firms in 1872 he was until 1884 the senior partner in the wholesale houses of Jennings, Goodbar & Co., Jennings, Eakin & Co., Jennings, Dismukes & Woolwine, and R. W. Jennings & Co. Thus Mr. Jennings brings to his work as a business educator the ripe experience of thirty years in actual business."

It is a remarkably good opportunity for young men to secure instruction in business methods from a gentleman who has held so important positions in the business world.

J. M. Wright, Esq., Gainesville, Texas, June 6: "Inclosed find postal note, for which send CONFEDERATE VETERAN to parties named. Last Saturday night we organized an Association of the Sons and Daughters of Confederate Veterans, auxiliary to the Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 119, U. C. V. H. L. Stuart was elected President. Much enthusiasm was manifested, and I doubt not a very large association will be the result. On the 4th and 5th of July next we will have a grand re-union of Confederate veterans, and I now extend you a most hearty invitation to come and be with us. We want you to see our beautiful country, enjoy the hospitality of our growing city, and eat of Texas fat and nicely barbecued beef that your friend Elias Campbell will prepare for the multitude.

## "LOVE AND REBELLION."

BY MISS KELLER.

The story of Pickett's men in this VETERAN, by the author of "Love and Rebellion," will be read with moistened eyes. The writer, Miss M. C. Keller, of Leesburg, Fla., has created a fine sensation with the book. Write to the VETERAN for special rates.

As judged by our enemies, the story is thrilling:

What a grand, noble womanhood and moral worth are found in the heroism of mother and daughter, and the faithful slave in his devotion to "missis an' ehil-lun." I am a Northerner, and know nothing of the South, its customs, charities, its women and its negroes, but if the mother and daughter in "Love and Rebellion" represent the Southern women, they are the noblest under the sun. If Martha Caroline Keller has drawn a true picture of the Southern women during the stormy days of the reconstruction era and the civil war, those same women should give that writer unequalled gratitude. Every woman in the South should read the book. "Love and Rebellion" will become a standard, and will live after thousands of the books of to-day will have perished. Were I asked to class it I would unhesitatingly place it with "Looking Backward," "The Parisian," by Bulwer, "Main Traveled Roads," by Haulin Garland, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Zumbaloff's great book. In its soberness it resembles "Robert Elsmere," while it contains etchings of fancy and comedy that resemble "Tom Sawyer." Years ago Harriett Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to correct the errors of a wrong; to-day Martha Caroline Keller has written "Love and Rebellion" to establish the truth of a right. To none but the partial, sectional, and incapable can either at this day be offensive. The purpose of one has been accomplished, while the other is at the beginning of the end. Though the first in a new departure, "Love and Rebellion" will eventually prove to have been the initial of a series. Other writers will contribute to the work begun. She takes the race question and handles it with the brain of a statesman, the reasoning of a philosopher, and the profundity of a master mind. As a political argument, it kills Force Bill forever.

Another Northern writer says:

"Love and Rebellion" appeals strongly to our sense of justice. Its pages describing the siege of Vicksburg are sad and terrible, while they read like leaves from a nation's history. The work contains no bitterness. It is a sad, heroic, deep story, and tells of a people, especially the Southern women, who were grand in their heroism. The book will become a standard, and for the truth it contains it should be widely read by men and women in the North. It is interesting to intensity.

M. T. Ledbetter, Piedmont, Ala., May 27, 1893: "I received single copies CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and have read them over and over. I am well pleased, so much so that you may consider me a life subscriber and a worker for it. I secured four names in a very short time for it this evening—will increase the list."

R. T. Flournoy, St. Paul, Minn.: "Kindly send the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for two years to me. Inclosed find one dollar for the subscription."

## "THE SOUTHERN CROSS."

This little work, by a well-known Southern writer, Lillian Rozell Messenger, has been pronounced a work of no ordinary genius. In the poem, from which the book takes its title, the poet holds high prophetic ground in regard to the old past institution of slavery. It starts with the fact that the Creator has power and dominion over the created—the potter over the clay. Here is a characteristic passage near the close of the poem:

"Did God break Judah save to heal again  
The crime-made wound of stormy centuries?  
Was Christ less God when on the cross men said,  
Ay, let him save himself if he is divine,  
Else perish neath our spears of vile defeat?"

When follows the strong climax at the end:

"Some pity, then, O brothers, O fair world!  
Seeing the curse, not yours, was lain  
On the fair white shoulders of the maiden queen,  
The swift young South, who, in the rush and heat  
Of flying years, must meet the centuries  
With banners furled, but not her broken cross."

Every lover of literature and the South would prize this book. It is beautifully bound and printed on exquisite paper. On the cover is a beautiful embellishment—the picture of the Greek Maiden typifies the South—in tender, sad repose. The price of the book is \$1, and is furnished with the VETERAN for \$1.10.

## ABOUT HOW TO REMIT MONEY.

P. Gallagher, Pocatello, Idaho: "In what shape can I send you fifty cents, as I learn from the *Christian Advocate* that this is the price of subscription? Will postage stamps do?" Many persons send a name and say they will remit when they get another.

Mr. Joseph W. Allen, Nashville, June 8: "As the price of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is fifty cents a year, and as this is somewhat an inconvenient sum to send by mail, I suggest that subscribers can overcome the difficulty by sending you a one-dollar bill for two years subscription. The paper would really be cheap at a dollar a year. You deserve a hundred thousand subscribers, and I hope you will soon have them."

Henry D. Capers, Esq., of Charleston, S. C., whose "Life and Times of C. G. Meminger, Secretary of the Treasury, C. S. A." has recently appeared, comments: "I have enjoyed very much the sweet company of your well printed, handsomely illustrated, and admirably edited monthly magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. My subscription will not expire as long as the sweetness of your genius continues. I pray God that (like the *Texas Siftings* was foolish enough to do) your paper will not quit the South and try to live in that nondescript place, New York city. Stay at home, I compliment you not only, but I wish you godspeed as long as you stay in Nashville."

G. W. Crossly, Holston Depot, Tenn., June 6: "My VETERAN to hand for April and May, and am anxiously awaiting the June number. Have read and re-read them, and find every word contained therein quite interesting and to the point. I want it to live on and widen and spread until it reaches every old Confederate throughout our land. I think I can enlist some subscribers soon."

J. G. Whitsett, Commander Bell County Ex-Confederate Association, Belton, Texas, May 31: "Our annual county reunion will be on the 7th and 8th of July. We will have from 7,000 to 10,000 present, and we have 1,200 or 1,500 old Confederates in our county. If you will send me a number of copies of the VETERAN I can place them all for you and get a list of subscribers."

Dr. H. W. Mansen, of Rockwall, Texas, who has worked hard and kept himself poor for the cause that is very dear to every true Southerner, writes carefully of exhibitors at the World's Fair who wish to have their wares known to the South, and commending to them the VETERAN, concludes: "I did not surrender until my leg was off, nor will I quit work till I die. No answer expected."

**THE KIRBY-SMITH FUND.**—Col. Thomas Claiborne reports but \$15 as having been received by him, outside of Tennessee, as Trustee of the E. Kirby-Smith fund, and patiently awaits the action of his big-hearted comrades of the South for the aid that will relieve the widow and children of the old hero, Kirby-Smith. Gentlemen, stir yourselves. Dr. E. A. Banks, of New York, sent the \$15 above referred to.

#### The Ward Seminary.

This honored institution for the education of women at Nashville, Tenn., continues to prosper. Its record is without blemish for more than a quarter of a century. There is certainly no name remembered more reverently among Southern women than that of Rev. Dr. W. E. Ward. Since his death the Seminary has continued right on. Not always equally prosperous, but under the present management, of which Prof. J. D. Blanton is President, it is giving great satisfaction to patrons.

From a recent review of the school by Rev. R. C. Reed, pastor of the East Nashville Presbyterian Church, in the Christian Observer, it seems that every need has been supplied. Dr. Reed refers to the corps of twenty-five competent teachers, the thorough course of instruction, to the school as a home and its exceptionally fine environments. He commends the location as a most desirable place for such a school geographically and historically. He comments well upon the religious surroundings and upon the fact that the opportunity to educate a girl comes but once. The school has a great history. For catalogue and other particulars, apply to Prof. J. D. BLANTON, Nashville, Tenn.

#### Thuss Brothers, Photographers.

The name of this firm is well known in Nashville and Tennessee. They have been in the photographic business in Nashville for eighteen years. They do not turn the business over to other artists on their reputation, however good their assistants, but both are regularly at their handsome gallery and give personal attention to business. They have testimonials in which they can well take pride. Here is one very fine from Samuel Klotz, Grand Dictator of the Knights of Honor, recently wrote them from New Jersey: "I must say they are the best pictures I have ever had of myself, and order two dozen with bill." It is with such dignitaries that artists everywhere do their best.

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Students have constant access to a valuable Reference Library containing some four hundred volumes, as well as to the more complete Library of the Peabody Normal College, which contains more than ten thousand volumes, and their work is of such a nature that they are compelled to make use of these valuable adjuncts.

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Some of the best students now in attendance at Vanderbilt University received their preparatory training at the Montgomery Bell Academy, while its graduates occupy leading positions in the professions and business occupations.

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### TO CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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The National Co-operative Guarantee Company, organized in this city last November, and recently admitted by the Insurance Commissioner as a Mutual Life Insurance Company, is attracting considerable attention just now.

Figuring on the experience of all forms of life insurance, and catching the trend of the co-operative spirit of the times, its projectors have presented a plan that seems to be not only plausible, but in every way practicable. For a number of years the Mutual Reserve, Knights of Honor, United Workingmen, and other kindred institutions, have matured their policies and met their obligations with an average assessment of less than \$12 per year on the \$1,000, while the older forms of life insurance have not only met their obligations, but after paying enormous running expenses have accumulated "reserve" and "surplus" funds that are startling.

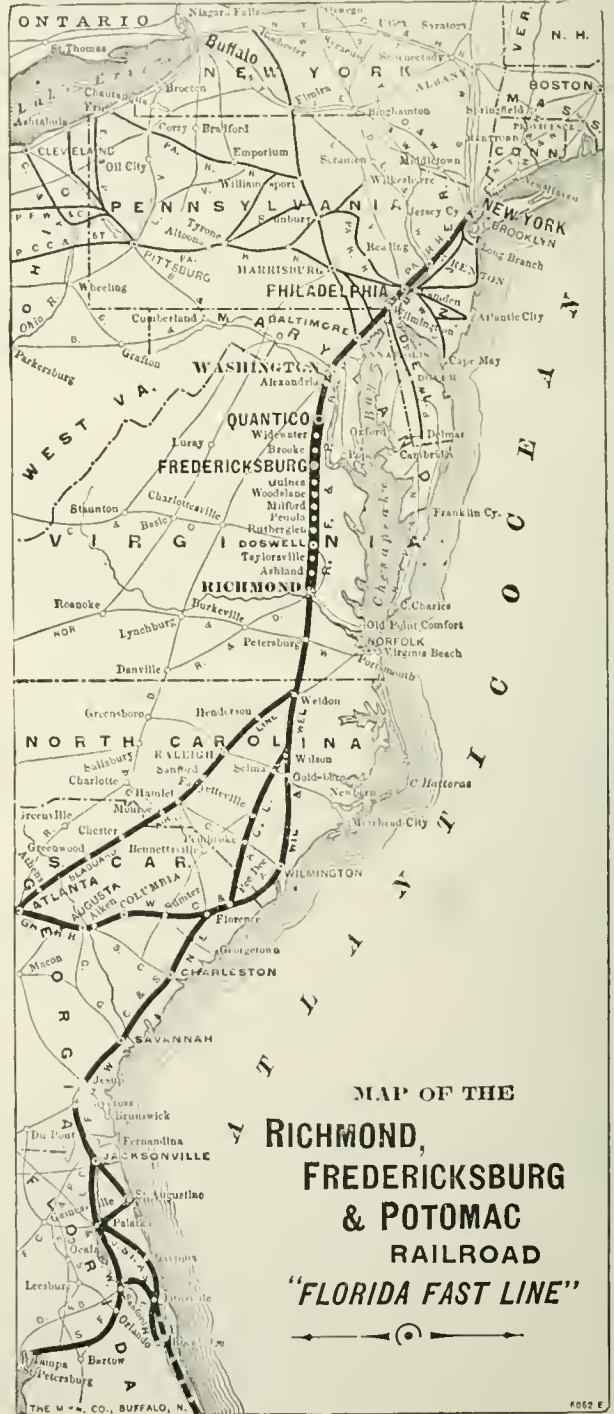
The projectors of this new candidate for public favor assume that aside from its actual legitimate running expenses a life insurance company has no need for a sum of money beyond what is needed to pay its death claims, and they declare that all "reserve" and "surplus" should go back into the hands of the persons from whom it originally came.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., June 2, 1893. }

*Prof. R. W. Jennings, Jennings' Business College, Nashville, Tenn.*

MY DEAR SIR—You ask me about Prof. Charles Wright, stenographer, who formerly lived in Union City, Tenn. Prof. Wright reported the oral decisions of the Supreme Court of Tennessee during one entire term at Jackson. Many of the opinions were lengthy, most were rapidly delivered, and all dealt in a great deal of legal phraseology.

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I know nothing about his particular methods of reporting. I only speak of results.

Yours, very respectfully, HORACE H. LURTON.

I was Chief Justice at the time of which Judge Lurton speaks, and fully indorse all he says.

P. TURNEY, *Governor.*

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NASHVILLE, TENN., June 7, 1893.

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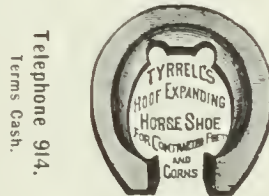
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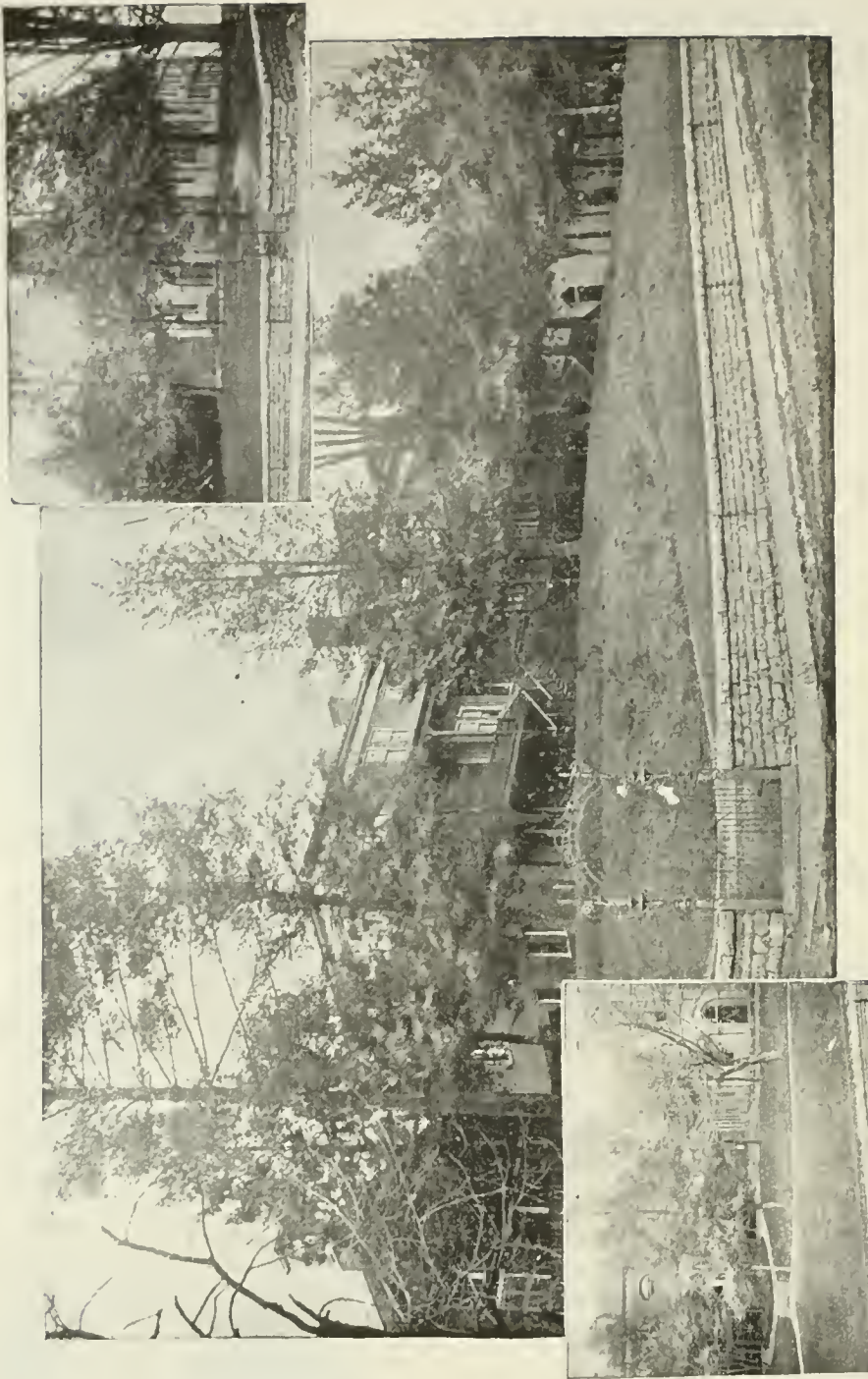
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REV. S. D. STUART:

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, VA., June 28, 1870.

Dear Sir—In reply to yours of the 16th inst., in reference to the Stonewall Jackson Institute, I assure you that any scheme designed to perpetuate the recollection of the virtue and the patriotism of General Jackson meets with my approval. As he was a friend of learning, I know of no more effective and appropriate method of accomplishing the praiseworthy object in question than the establishment of an institution in which the young women of our country may be trained for the important and responsible duties of life. I hope that the institution established by the people of Southwestern Virginia, and dedicated to the memory of Gen. T. J. Jackson, may meet with entire success and prove a blessing to the State. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

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Louis Beach  
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# Confederate Veteran.

*Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.*

PRICE 5 CENTS.  
YEARLY 50 CENTS. } Vol. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1893.

No. 7. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.



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{S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.

PUBLICATION day has been, from the first, about the middle of the month. An effort will be made to have it nearer the first day, hence the next VETERAN may appear about August 10th.

FRIENDS who have the annoyance of having errors corrected are patient, and while writing to say that — did not get the VETERAN, send other subscriptions. These evidences of patience and kindness are appreciated. Within the next ten days much delayed correspondence will be attended to.

THERE are many pleasant references to the picture of Mrs. Maggie Davis Hayes on front of June VETERAN. The artist was successful in an exact reproduction from the excellent photograph. The lovely woman is one of the daughters of the Confederacy. It is said that the last letter ever written by Jefferson Davis was to her. In it he said:

“My Dear ‘Polly’—You have ever been to me a great comfort, never having caused me a moment’s pain, and in after life having given me a son upon whom I might have leaned solely in old age but for his declining health.” Then he added: “The dear little ones! I miss them so much. Could you not spare me the little man? He would be such a comfort to me.”

THE concluding chapter from Alexander Stephens’ prison life, though in type, will be held over for August, that a resume of former chapters may be given for the multitude of patrons who can’t get the back numbers.

THE poem written by Mrs. W. H. Willis, of Oglethorpe, Ga., will be read with interest. Mrs. Willis is the widow of the late Col. W. H. Willis, the colonel who commanded the Fourth Georgia Regiment. He was a brave officer and greatly beloved by his men. It was read at the last reunion of the Fourth Georgia at Jeffersonville, July, 1892, by Capt. John T. Hester, the silver-tongued orator of the old regiment.

REPORT YOUR ORGANIZATIONS.—Look to the lists of Camps, Bivouacs, and Lines not in the list of United Confederate Veterans, note any omission and supply it at once. Surely subscribers generally will do this.

ADJUTANT CICERO R. BARKER, of Salisbury, N. C., who has done much for the VETERAN, reports the organization of Chas. F. Fisher Camp, No. 1, at that place.

A VIRGINIA letter states: “Our memorial day was June 2d. A United States army officer sent me from Washington a splendid cross of flowers (\$25) to place on our unknown dead. Was not that a kind action?”

THE national cemetery at Arlington was established May 13, 1864. Of the 11,276 interments 7,199 are known. Some changes and additions to the place have been made. In 1879 there were transferred six columns from the old war office in Washington, built in 1818, and they are for the gates at front entrances of the grounds down by the Potomac. The names Scott, Lincoln, Grant and Stanton appear in bold letters upon these columns. See editorial.

This quotation is from the poem, “Arlington,” by Lillian Rozell Messenger, written in 1872:

Here are deserted rooms and halls,  
No mirth—no friendly footstep falls;  
Nor voice nor face once in this home  
Into its silence now may come.  
The past is weeping—one may hear  
Her tears slow falling, year to year.  
This vision is too drear to see—  
The grand old lovely home of Lee,  
Whereon now rise no stars of bliss,  
This strange and mournful picture is—  
Arlington.

SONS OF VETERANS.—Why don’t comrades and the younger patriots send names of organizations of Sons? Look at the lists and see how inconsistent it is to have only the Sons in Tennessee. Let any friend report, or put the Sons in mind to do so, at once.

“FLAGS of a nation that fell” as a supplement to this issue of the VETERAN will be appreciated. It is prepared with the greatest care. Extra copies of the sheet will be mailed for five cents each.

THE picture of three great Generals on first page is copied from the first one ever brought to Nashville. It was secured from A. Frank by Mr. W. E. Talbot, whose parents came from the North, but are thoroughly identified with this people. The price of the picture with a printed surface of 18 x 24 inches is \$7.50. Artist’s proofs are \$15. Friends who wish copies are requested to send to the VETERAN.

THE next number of the VETERAN will contain some excellent papers already in type, but which are withheld for the long address of Col. R. H. Lee. M. T. Ledbetter, of Alabama, sends in, as we go to press, a thrilling article about his experience in the “seven days’ fight” before Richmond.

IN the VETERAN for August it is expected to give as nearly a full report of collections for the Davis or Southern Monument as is procurable. Friends who know of omissions from reports published in the VETERAN are requested to give notice. Georgia, through Judge W. L. Calhoun, sent recently over \$1,200.

## LETTER TO YOU—PLEASE REPLY.

Nashville, Tenn., July, 1893.

## SUBSCRIBER, COMRADE, FRIEND:

This letter is to you. Will you respond to it? The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was started on a less prominent plan than it is, at the very low price of 50 cents. Through a spontaneous expression of approval, from almost every section of Dixie, the determination was made to improve it without increase of price. Strangers have taken hold of chance copies and raised clubs without commission, until the publication is already accepted as a success, and all known comments have been of praise. While these facts have thrilled the projector with hope, other facts have been very depressing. Personal friends have been addressed and re-addressed against an unbroken silence. Now, good friend, this letter is to you with a request. Won't YOU write me a letter before August 1st, and if possible send two new subscribers? Anyhow, won't you write and tell me that you have asked or written somebody to send an advertisement? If each subscriber would do this much the immediate benefits would inure to you and our cause. Please don't fail to write and let me know of your personal approval. Will YOU do it?

The most unhappy fact in connection with this publication is the inability to supply back numbers. The farther it goes into the year the more earnest the desire for back numbers, yet nearly all are gone. The edition begun at 5,000, and has not gone above 6,000 until now. Of this issue 10,000 copies are printed. To you, comrade in the remote part of Dixie, farmer, mechanic, or whatever may be your occupation, and to you, fair sons and daughters of veterans, also is this request earnestly made. Write a letter and co-operate in increasing the list, or explain that the VETERAN don't suit you. Write that you have suggested some advertiser to use it for influence in every part of the South. It possesses high merit for advertisers.

By compliance with the foregoing requests you will demonstrate your loyalty to one another, and secure a periodical of which all Southerners will be proud.

The above is in substance the letter that created many responses in May. Personal friends may see how strangers work for the VETERAN, and conclude that they are losing by their silence.

*S. A. Cunningham*

There are several thousand copies of this VETERAN to go into new hands. It is not equal in some respects to former issues, but is as truthful and patriotic. Its candor made friends from the first, and its independence has secured respect in all sections. If good friends everywhere would solicit subscriptions one day the result would be marvelous.

## BACK NUMBERS OF THE VETERAN.

It seems unfortunate not to have had a broader conception of the great greeting in store for the VETERAN, since such a multitude deplore the inability to procure back numbers. Six thousand copies for June are so nearly all gone that it is useless to make promise back of this issue. Because of the very low subscription price it has not been considered safe to risk very large editions. An ambition possesses me now to get out a sort of year book by and by, in which all of the best articles in the extinct issues may be reproduced. The manifest appreciation of the VETERAN is emphasized in the offer to pay \$1 per copy for back numbers.

CHAS. S. MORSE, Clerk Supreme Court of Texas, Austin, Tex., June 24: "I must have if possible the back numbers for the four subscriptions. I need four copies of No. 1, three copies of No. 2, and four copies of No. 3. I will gladly pay \$1 apiece for these copies, and you are at perfect liberty to send them C. O. D. by express. Get them for me if you possibly can."

HENRY WARREN, of Terre Haute, Ind., who wore the blue, but who is patriotic, offers 25 cents per copy for the back numbers.

## REQUESTING OFFICIAL ENDORSEMENT.

A type-written letter was sent to all Camps of the U. C. V. recently requesting official endorsement of the VETERAN. Many comrades write cordially that they will see that it is done at the next meeting. The benefit of discussing the VETERAN in Camps would be of much value. The dear little monthly would utilize the benefits, and it would be a compliment to the many comrades who have worked so diligently with no other than patriotic motives. If friends of old to whom this number is being sent, and comrades generally, would take half the interest that strangers are doing, in two weeks' time the circulation could be more than doubled. The mysterious silence of wealthy southern people, personal friends, in the face of so much enthusiasm on the part of others, calls up the sad expression, "Save me from my friends." Hundreds have been supplied with the VETERAN who have thrown it carelessly into the waste basket.

This is the first action reported in compliance:

NATCHITOCHES CAMP, No. 40, U. C. V.,  
NATCHITOCHES, LA., July 12, 1893.

S. A. Cunningham, Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Comrade: It is my pleasing duty to inform you that at the regular meeting of Camp No. 40, U. C. V., of Natchitoches, La., on Tuesday, July 11, 1893, by resolution, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., was endorsed as the organ of this Camp.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

CHARLES H. LEVY,  
Adjutant and Secretary.

THE splendid picture of the venerable Mrs. Sarah E. Brewer will gratify many friends of the remarkable woman. It is from a photo made some years ago. Her letter may be regarded as representing the ultra sentiment of a southern woman. She proves her faith by her works, having subscribed directly \$500 for the Davis monument, and given \$1,000 to a church enterprise on condition that members of it give \$300 to the monument fund. She is true to the VETERAN.



Mrs. Brewer was a Miss Greer, a native of Tennessee. At a very early age she was entirely bereft of a liberal patrimony, a widow and in poor health. The misfortunes animated her, and serving for a time as governess, she made headway slowly but surely. Her fortune was made in Cuba. After the war, when she had done much for her people, she returned to her native State. She has provided for many unfortunate relatives and made public bequests. Now, at the age of four score, she is zealous as ever, having other worthy purposes to accomplish.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY MRS. SARAH E. BREWER.

I have so much love for this grand man, and the glorious cause he and his brave soldiers fought for, that I feel I must add my mite of praise to them, though they do not need it. The heroic struggle of these grand patriots will live in the heart of every true Southerner, and on the pages of the sublimest history ever penned by mortals. I was a resident of Cuba when the unrighteous civil war was forced upon the South, and my mind and strength went out, as it were, to the heroic, self-sacrificing soldiers who were engaged in fighting for our rights with an untold

energy, that surprised me. I watched closely the unequal contest, the suffering, the bravery of our people with a yearning sympathy and a fire in my soul that almost consumed me. England played her game of hypocrisy with us, while the Continent, with irresponsible men, replenished the Northern army. Our soldiers on many fields were outnumbered three or four to one, but in their renewed endurance under the most terrible provocations illustrated a heroism that was never equalled on the battle-field. Again, I saw slain, defeated, taken prisoners, led away to suffer and die among their enemies, and the cross weighted me to the earth. At last the end came. Our hero, friend and President, Jefferson Davis, was taken prisoner, shackled and put in a Northern prison, to suffer indignities and slanders heaped on him in venomous hatred, and ridiculed with the most stupendous lies by his captors that the world ever heard. Bear with me; I must speak it out; age gives me the right to do so if not my patriotism.

While he was in prison, and indignities were so unjustly put upon our beloved President, I sat in my foreign home with bowed head and folded hands, brooding over the ruin that had been meted out to the Southland by her cruel victorious foes.

After Mr. Davis' release from prison—and thanks to General Grant we owe for his life—he went with his wife to my home in Havana. Worn and pale from prison trials, he was hardly recognizable as the grand, heroic, eagle-eyed leader of forces. With the beautiful climate, the close attention of his charming wife and the many devoted friends that surrounded him, he began slowly to rally to better health, giving us supreme pleasure.

Bear with me a little longer. It is to be expected that old people will take license in speech, and I beg pardon if I have trespassed on forbidden ground, but it is of our "Winnie" I would write. I never believed that she would wed a man from among her father's enemies. She is held so high in our hearts, so honored, so beloved, and I believe in the eternal fitness of things.

In my Havana home I had the pleasure of entertaining many eminent Southerners—Mason, Slidell, Beverly Tucker, E. Kirby-Smith, and others less noted but equally true and brave to the cause we espoused.

Our Southland blooms again with thrift and beauty, the same old Southland with its chivalry. Phoenix-like she has risen from her desolation and her ashes without other aid than from her own sons' unflinching, indomitable will and energy. There is no "new" South. The very term is repugnant. Away with it. We are the same people, have the same interests, the same chivalry and the same patriotism.

We are determined by our united efforts to build a monument worthy of our beloved leader, our President, that will tower above all others ever built to the memory of man, that coming ages may see how we honored and loved the man who gave his all to establish our Southern Confederacy. May the angels keep watch above his ashes.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Agricultural College, Miss.: "I like the VETERAN. The lack of such a journal has been long felt among old Confederates. Such a means of communication is absolutely necessary. I inclose my subscription, and whenever I can will help you all in my power."

*THE OTHER SIDE—A THRILLING POEM.*

There has just been issued from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. a little volume by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Memphis, Tenn. There is time for only a bare mention of it in this VETERAN, but with full knowledge of its contents the prediction is made that it will create a positive sensation in literary and political circles. It presents the career of Jefferson Davis and the cause he represented in thrilling verse. It is indeed a wonderful book, and is certain to become a topic of discussion among the first people of the nation. The first edition is quite limited. Its procurement at once is commended by the VETERAN. Send either to the publishers, to the author at Memphis, or to this office. The price is \$1. Here is a splendid comment upon the book:

"The public has been flooded for years with the triumphal praises of the victors. The noble sentiments of unity and freedom which animated the Northern troops have been sung into poetry time and time again, but in this instance, as in all accounts of great events, involving many passions and many phases of human feeling and emotion, the world has felt that there is another side of the affair to be spoken; another music, whose silence only waits a singer to become articulate. \* \* \* For many reasons the Southern side of the great conflict is more pregnant with the soul of poetry than the other. The voice of sorrow is always more musical than the shout of victory. The tears that fall from eyes weeping for broken hearts are naturally elements of the tenderness that makes great poetry. Then, too, the South has gained a grander and later victory. She has taken the cypress garlands of mourning and made them into laurel wreaths. Through all the story the South is rich in pathos, in greatness, in heroism, and the time for the speaking of this music has come."

Mike Carr, Confederate Home, Austin, Texas, July 7, 1893: "In the June number of the VETERAN inaccuracies appear about the battle of Sabine Pass which should be altered. In the first place, the old fort where the cannon did such havoc with the Federal gunboats was called Fort Grigsby, and after the battle a new and substantial fort was erected called Fort Griffin, after Gen. Griffin, commander of the post. As to Jack White firing the shot that disabled the Schem, he and a crowd of others were about a mile and a half from the fort at a grocery, and the private who fired the shot that disabled the steamer was Tom McKernon, nicknamed by the boys, 'Smasher.' I was in the battle, and know personally every member of the company that participated in it, and I emphatically assert that the above statement is true. A large number of newspaper accounts are erroneous."

The story of this battle is one of the most incredible that has been published in the VETERAN, and yet it seems that Federal accounts are even stronger in praise of the handful who defeated thousands. It is said that nearly every man was soon afterward appointed to a commissioned office.

Mrs. Florence Moore, Krebs, I. T., daughter and wife of Confederates: "In response to your appeal in May VETERAN I send the two subscribers, and think I can send others, with earnest hope for your complete success."

*UNVEILING A MONUMENT AT LEXINGTON, KY.*

The last Decoration Day at Lexington, Ky., was made the occasion for unveiling the new Confederate monument there. Gen. John Boyd called the meeting to order. Senator Blackburn and W. C. P. Breckenridge made addresses. Misses Nellie Turner and Susie Grigsby, whose fathers were gallant Confederates, unveiled it.

The monument, as it stands upon a point in the Confederate lot, represents a gallant soldier, wearing the habiliments of his rank and standing, gun at rest, as though he were a picket during the late hostilities. It is constructed of durable buff-colored stone, which harmonizes well with the Confederate cross near by. The statue, surmounting a seven-foot base, is six feet, six inches high, and is very artistic. It was executed by an Italian sculptor of note. While the position of the figure is military, it is of an easy and graceful pose, and the treatment of the drapery, especially that of the cape, is unusually good, but the life and beauty of the work is shown in the face. It represents a handsome, good-natured, manly, but dignified fellow, showing strength and character, and that spirit that has filled history with stories of deeds of patriotism and bravery.

COLONEL HICKMAN'S TRIBUTE.—At the decoration of Confederate dead near Farmington, Tenn., John P. Hickman paid this unique tribute to the soldiers of the South:

"The veteran Confederate soldier was a typical gentleman. He was as gentle as a lamb, as brave as a lion, and as ferocious as a tiger when aroused. \* \* \* He was as proud as Lucifer, as retiring as a woman, and withal a hero on the field of battle. 'He knelt to no God but high heaven; he asked no friend but his sword.'

"The mothers, wives and daughters of the South, from whom we received our being and inspiration, joyed at our successes and wept at our reverses. They cheered us forward with their kisses, tears and smiles, and received us with sobs of bitter anguish when we returned as vanquished heroes. They girded on our armor with the injunction of the Spartan mother, to return with our shields or upon them. They never despaired, never asked forgiveness, never dreamed of surrender. The eyes of many a dying soldier have been moistened by their angelic ministrations. We are orthodox in our religion, orthodox in the belief of the justice of our cause and orthodox in the love of our women.

"All that was ever good in us, all the virtues we may now or hereafter possess, had their birth in the spirit of the Old South. We love our memories, we cherish our institutions, and our dead are sacred."

Judge D. C. Thomas, Commander of the R. E. Lee Camp, at Lampasas, Tex., in a note about the change of commander: "That grand old soldier and polished Southern gentleman, Capt. J. S. Lauderdale, would have remained commander during his life had he remained here, but his removal to Llano, and his own earnest entreaty, caused us to accept his resignation, and the camp then honored me with the position. The VETERAN for June just to hand. It is a 'thing of beauty,' and will thrill with joy the heart of every true Southerner who reads it."



*VETERANS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.*

No change of plans for United Confederate Veterans was ever such a surprise, perhaps, as the postponement of the reunion at Birmingham. Comrades from nearly every section of the South had arranged to go, and many were going to Chicago to the dedication of the monument to our prisoner dead. The postponement was a fortunate thing, doubtless, as there is promise of better times and cooler weather, and arrangements for the event of going to Chicago and to the old prison places will no doubt be perfected much more satisfactorily. The attendance at the World's Fair of several thousand Confederate veterans will be a remarkable event. Not only will the "boys in blue" be interested and Northern people generally, but people from "every land under the sun" will be there, and foreigners will watch with special interest the deportment of the men who took so important a part in the greatest commotion that this country has ever known. It will be well for our brethren to note in advance that the great Exposition, with its millions of attractions, will have no feature of greater interest to the public than will be their presence as an organization. They are men of such taste and good breeding that no word of counsel will seem necessary, yet Southern men are often extreme in manner of dress, etc., and to such are commended the important fact that the occasion should be improved for making a creditable impression. Many will wear the Confederate gray, and some will want polished brass buttons and conspicuous badges. All will be expected to wear badges, and they should, as favors will be granted in many ways dependent upon such mark. It would seem a happy event if a uniform badge could be adopted, neat but not gaudy. Brass buttons need not be conspicuous. These suggestions are by the editor of the *VETERAN*, and without a word from any comrade or other person. They are deemed of sufficient importance for publication. Our chief officials are commended to make suggestions in due time. The August issue will be in time for the commander to make such suggestions as he may deem proper.

The great Fair will so occupy comrades while in Chicago that they can be together only at stated times. General Underwood has been diligent, no doubt, in procuring quarters for delegations. Information has been sought since the postponement, but it has not been received at this writing. A few suggestions are submitted through observations on a recent visit. The great city is not likely to be so crowded as to cause risk of discomfort or extravagance in fare. As a guest at the Great Western, owned by Boddie Brothers, two young gentlemen from Kentucky, educated in Nashville, I was impressed with the delightful arrangement for several hundred comrades. The hotel is temporary in its arrangement. The rooms are of cor-

rugated iron partitions, which do not go to the ceiling by some two feet. A great air shaft to the building gives fine ventilation, and electric drop lights are in all the rooms. The first floor of the large building is devoted entirely to office, lobby and dining-room. It is near the central part of the city, and yet enough out of the crowded thoroughfares to give a restful seclusion to guests. The proprietors have as much heart in our mission to dedicate the Confederate monument as would our own sons, and they would be untiring in their efforts for our comfort and entertainment. A letter from Mr. Boddie says they will furnish veterans room and breakfast at \$1.35 per day. In August number more will be said in regard to the Chicago trip and the wonderful things to see.

Since the above was ready for the press a letter from Gen. Underwood states that the monument will be dedicated in September. He returned all the ticket money sent to him for the excursion, but hopes to re-arrange for another after the same order.

*IMPARTIAL BETWEEN ALL SECTIONS.*

D. G. Fleming, Secretary Pulaski Co., Va., Association, June 24: "Pardon this suggestion: I think it would help you, especially in Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia, if you could manage to divide your reminiscences as nearly equal as possible between the Western and Virginia armies. A large majority of the veterans in this immediate section, and I think in our State, served in the Virginia army, and they naturally feel slighted when they find most of your reading matter referring to the men and movements of the Tennessee army. This is overlooked when they reflect that you are the sole editor and was with the Western army. I feel assured that you could get voluntary contributions from a dozen or more such writers as Dr. J. Wm. Jones to write up reminiscences of Lee's army and make it more interesting for our veterans here."

Thank you, comrade, for this suggestion. Dr. J. Wm. Jones has written heretofore, and there is in type from him a thrilling article of some three pages for the August number. More appeared about the Virginia campaign in the earlier issues than you realize. Comrades have been very good in every section, and they have been patriotically patient with faults in the *VETERAN* from the beginning. They have the consoling assurance, however, that the *VETERAN* is as loyal to their interests as comrades are to each other. There is no higher honor on this earth than the approval of Confederate veterans, and it seems now that this little periodical will become the pride of every section. Then it will be the greatest influence in existence with the Southern people.

R. W. Macenbin, Jr., Baltimore: "We begin to look for the *VETERAN* now. It is always welcome, and we hope it will stand true to its colors and never stray from the true path."

## MEMORIES.

BY MRS. W. H. WILLIS.

Never was step more steady as the "band-box soldiers" filed  
Out from the famed "Camp Jackson," while the gods looked  
down and smiled.

On troops so fair and graceful in their stainless garb of gray;  
Each man ready, each man panting for the thickest of the fray.

They were leaving there in Portsmouth, in the city of her dead,  
The first brave Georgia soldier who had bowed his gallant head  
On the soil of old Virginia, pillowed on a spot so fair,  
Where many a woman's tears had fallen above his golden hair.

He had yielded, ere the battle came, to "power none dare defy,"  
And in a stranger land, poor boy, had lain him down to die.  
But he was sweetly sleeping in his calm, untroubled rest,  
While fair hands strewed earth's loveliest flowers above his quiet breast.

And his comrades all were hastening to a fierce baptismal fire—  
Not a laggard in the ranks, from sturdy boy to gray-haired sire;  
Each with a picture in his heart of a dear Southern home—  
O heaven, guard the homes till these brave wanderers shall come.

How they "illustrated Georgia" all along the well-fought front,  
As 'mid the thickest of the fight they bore the battle's brunt.  
How proudly waved the Southern Cross where'er their lot was cast.

Ah, Hill, the "band-box soldiers" are the fighting force at last!

The patrician was the private, high of soul and pure of blood,  
And as if in armor clad, lo, how invincible he stood;  
And on the weary road, anon, a soldier without peer,  
He marched along with bleeding feet and sang a song of cheer.

Many moons had waxed and waned, yet they, on either stormy  
side

Of the classic old Potomac, sternly fought and bravely died.  
Grim death had aimed his cruel shaft at many a shining mark,  
And had crossed the Stygian river with his overlaiden barque.

Tongue of mortal ne'er can tell it, history can never show  
Half the valor of the Southron as he met his Northern foe;  
While nations gazed, awe-stricken, on the bitter, unmatched  
fray;

Marveling the while they looked upon the troops who wore the gray.

O grand old uniform of gray, so faded, worn and old,  
Ye covered many a princely form and many a heart of gold.  
What if they wore the rough old jeans in the dark hour of  
need?

"A man's a man for a' that, and these be men indeed!"

On the fatal field, Cold Harbor, there their gallant leader fell,  
And strong men looked their last upon the form they loved so  
well,

While pale lips whispered to sad hearts so full of grief and pride,  
"He had lived long enough who in his country's cause had  
died."

Died at his post! O record meet for such exalted souls,  
Who shall a fitter tribute ask for our beloved Doles?  
His life was o'er, mysterious fate denied him victory,  
But blessed him at the last with glorious immortality.

Let us raise a fair white tablet o'er our honored chieftain's  
breast,

That shall tell in living words of him so early crowned and blest;  
Of deathless love and memory, fresh from our hearts aglow,  
And reverent passers-by shall say, "Behold, they loved him so!"

There is no love like this, it fills his soldiers' hearts to-day;  
Its height and depth be measured not, it fadeth not away;  
'T was born upon the battle-field where brave men's souls were  
tried,

It burns in every warrior's heart, whatever fate betide.

And sweet shall be his slumber in his own fair sunny clime,  
For he sleeps in dear old Georgia, where for all the coming time  
His flashing sword is sheathed, and with its wearer is laid down,  
And the laurel wreath is but exchanged for the immortal crown.

## GEN. E. KIRBY-SMITH'S DEBTS PAID.

NASHVILLE, TENN., July 9, 1893.

S. A. Cunningham—Dear Sir: Mrs. E. Kirby-Smith writes to me and expresses her very grateful sense of the generous aid which sympathizing friends through me have tendered to her, whereby she is secured a "home," and can say, "I owe nothing for debts." Tennessee—God bless her—never fails when called upon. She contributed to this fund all but \$45 out of \$1,146. W. A. Paey, for the Camp, Greenville, Miss., sent \$10; John Harrison, for the Camp, Columbus, Miss., \$20; Dr. E. A. Banks, New York, \$10, and a lady friend \$5 through him. Very respectfully,

THOS. CLAIBORNE, Trustee.

Since the above was in type Colonel Claiborne called with good news, saying, "I had closed up the account, but gladly open it for such a juicy thing as this." The letter was to Gen. W. H. Jackson, but was turned over to Colonel Claiborne:

NEW ORLEANS, July 8, 1893.

My Dear General—I inclose you check herein for \$253.75, partial collections made by these headquarters for the benefit of the family of the late Gen. E. Kirby-Smith. As soon as the drafts are collected will make you another remittance. I send you the full amounts contributed, having paid the exchange myself. I am notified that other amounts will be sent when the Camps meet and act on the circular. Following are the names of contributors: Washington Artillery Camp No. 15, New Orleans, La., \$100; Magruder Camp No. 105, Galveston, Tex., \$54.50; C. V. A. of the D. C. Camp No. 171, Wawhington, D. C., \$50; Woman's Auxiliary Confederate Aid Society, or Woman's Southern Relief, Washington, D. C., \$25; Ben Humphreys Camp No. 19, Crystal Springs, Miss., \$10; Beauvoir Camp No. 120, Mississippi City, Miss., \$5.50; Winchester Hall Camp No. 178, Berwick, La., \$5.25; W. J. Hardee Camp No. 39, Birmingham, Ala., \$2.50; Roy S. Cluke Camp No. 201, Mt. Sterling, Ky., \$1. Please turn amount over to the proper party.

Fraternally, GEO. MOORMAN,  
Adj't. Gen. and Chief of Staff.

In his address of welcome at the Confederate reunion at Gainesville, Texas, July 4th, Capt. J. M. Wright, Commander of the Joseph E. Johnston Camp, said:

"My comrades, it is my command that the gates to this reunion stand ajar. To the people of every honest political faith we ask you to divest yourself of all real and imaginary things that in your opinion are disturbing the ship of state, and with the surviving soldiers of the war who are here, with heart and soul make the occasion a social and fraternal union. To those who from a sense of duty with their hearts and patriotic motives were our enemies in war, but who are our friends in peace, we bid you welcome. And while we shall ever revere the emblems that waved over our Southland, and shall teach our children and their children's children to honor and respect its sacred memories, still we assure you that as a reunited people, knowing no North, no South, no East nor West, as loyal subjects, the stars and stripes, the flag of the grandest country in the world, will ever be defended by the warm, brave and chivalrous people of our beautiful and prosperous country."

## COL. S. W. FORDYCE, PRESIDENT "COTTON BELT."

## LETTER FROM MR. LABREE.

The generous aid given me as agent for the Davis Monument, which has been continued in my present important enterprise, induced the surreptitious procurement of the following items in the history of the gentleman mentioned. It illustrates forcibly the propriety of editorial in this issue. It is right to make such acknowledgment in these columns, and other like notices may be expected:

Samuel W. Fordyce was born in Guernsey County, Ohio, February 7, 1840. His father and mother were John and Mary Ann Fordyce. He was educated in the common schools of his native county, and afterward at Madison College, Uniontown, Pa., and at the North Illinois University.

Col. Fordyce began the railway business in 1860, and at the breaking out of the war he was station agent for what was then the Central Ohio railway. It is now a part of the B. & O. system. He enlisted as a private in Company B, First Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, in July, 1861. He was promoted from private to Second, and from Second to First Lieutenant, and after that to Captain of Cavalry. He was afterward Assistant Inspector General of Cavalry, and with the Cavalry Corps Army of the Cumberland. At the close of the war he came South to live, and located at Huntsville, Ala., where he established the banking house of Fordyce & Rison. He took an active interest in politics as a Democrat—was member of the Alabama State Central Committee in 1874.

Col. Fordyce was married at Huntsville to Miss Susan E. Chaddick, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Wm. D. Chaddick, pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian church there. He removed to Arkansas and located at Hot Springs in the early part of 1876, where he became largely interested in business. He was sent from Garland County as delegate to the State Gubernatorial Convention in 1880, and in 1884 was a delegate to the State Judicial Convention; was a member of the National Democratic Committee of Arkansas from 1884 to 1888; was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention to Chicago in 1884, and again in 1892.

In 1881 he was made Vice-president and Treasurer of the Texas & St. Louis Railroad Company; in 1885 he was appointed receiver of the same company; and in 1886, when the company was reorganized and its name changed to St. Louis, Arkansas & Texas, he was made President. In 1889 he was appointed receiver of the same company again, and in 1891, when it was again reorganized and its name changed to St. Louis Southwestern, he was re-elected President. He is still President of the St. Louis Southwestern Railway Company, commonly known as the "Cotton Belt."

Many a Confederate veteran would be proud to know how graciously Col. Fordyce responds when he can show respect for those whom he opposed in the war. On the death of the gallant Gen. John C. Brown he came all the way from St. Louis to the funeral, bringing with him railroad officials, who were veterans from both armies, in his private car.

E. B. Ratliff writes from the Indian Territory: "Your paper is worth ten times as much as it costs. Please send it to my mother." She lives in Mississippi.

LEXINGTON, KY., June 22, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham, Esq., Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Sir: The writer has received quite a number of letters advising him of an attack that you have made on him through the columns of your valuable journal. I have not yet seen a copy of the journal containing attack, not being able to secure a copy here, but, however, so far as the "attack" is concerned, it does not worry me in the least, for the simple reason that the charges in many particulars are unfounded, and I am too well known to be much injured by it. I admit, however, that I was born in the North, just a few miles across the Mason and Dixon's line, and during the war I was only an infant in arms, "too young to fight," but able to cry lustily when the occasion demanded. I am now thirty-six years old, and during half that period I have been engaged in collecting Confederate material and compiling Confederate literature. I have now access to material not even excelled by the United States Government, that we intend to use in the columns of the *War Journal*. I have spent nearly three fourths of my life in the South, besides having married, at an early age, a southern woman. I became so attached to the people that I have almost forgotten that I ever lived in the North. Now, brother, the writer does not cherish any hard feelings toward you. I would like to see your journal live forever. I think it is doing good work for a noble cause, and it would be our pleasure to aid it in every way possible. The *Confederate War Journal* is purely historical, and we only live during the years from 1861 to 1865. Matters of the present day cannot find space in its columns. We would be pleased to have the CONFEDERATE VETERAN on our exchange list. If possible, please send us back numbers, so that we can have a full file.

Before closing, I will just add that the *Confederate War Journal* is published by southern people, and is controlled by southern people. We have, however, a headquarters in New York on account of the facilities afforded, and for the reason that some of the most influential southern people live there, including Mrs. Jefferson Davis; and for the further reason that there are more southern people residing in New York city than there is population in Richmond, Va., or Nashville and Knoxville, Tenn., combined.

We have upward of 4,000 photographs of all the civil and military officers of the Confederate Government, with the exception of a few that we advertise for on the cover of the *War Journal*. If you desire to use any of these photos at some future time we will gladly loan them to you. With great respect, I am yours fraternally,  
BEN. LABREE, *Manager*.

It is an unpleasant duty to reply to this letter. In commendation, a friend of Mr. LaBree mentions that he is a clever fellow, very obliging, and means well to the South. Then the letter itself is kindly expressed. The author is given the benefit of his every word. He says he has not been able to secure a copy of the VETERAN. There are twenty-five subscribers in his town. Somebody secured the VETERAN subscription list, and his Journal was sent extensively to the patrons. Even the names were in error, as ours.

It is fortunate that he is "too well known" to be

injured by the attack. Pity that his lusty cries in babyhood, "when occasion demanded" it, were not bottled up to the glory of the Union. Readers of the *VETERAN* would like to know why he has spent half of his life in procuring Confederate material when he has the reputation of being a Republican in politics. This is upon the authority of the only person who has communicated a word in his behalf. He has been "collecting" Confederate material for eighteen years, and has "access" to an enormous lot of it! His "War" Journal of sixteen pages is to contain all this! Resurrection day will come before he can get in all the Frank Leslie pictures in such way that have been published about the "great rebellion," although "we only live during the years '61 to '65." How candid! The Southern people are living *now*, and they propose to utilize their money and intelligence in having the world know their record from the beginning to the end. Matters of the "present day" need attention.

Thanks for his good will. What a pity that the "Southern people" who "own and control" his cabinet of second-hand war pictures did not become patriotic until three months after the *VETERAN* started! They have exercised great diligence in sending their "War" Journal to Nashville and wherever the *VETERAN* had secured a large following. 'Tis a pity that the "Southern" managers did not think to send an exchange to the *VETERAN* until it realized that our people would not down at its dash. Southern people are quite a hard set to conquer. They may be overpowered, but they will be right nevertheless. It would be a rich feat if by paying solicitors more than the cost of the *VETERAN* they could have overshadowed it, but its friends are true and will be unto death.

His extraordinary argument in favor of New York is rich! What a pity that printing facilities can't be had as good elsewhere as there! Then what a pity for his concern that Mrs. Jefferson Davis is only in New York on business occasioned by the bad faith of a New York publisher! Seriously, the management of that sheet ought to be ashamed to sail under a "Confederate" banner. It is not worthy the name.

Personally Mr. LaBree may be a clever man, but the Southern people will discriminate acutely, and they will see to it that only the true in literature under the name Confederate, sacred to them, shall have their support. It is remarkable that while he has never seen the *VETERAN*, and only knows of it by its attacks upon him, he thinks it is doing a "good work for a noble cause."

Elsewhere friends of the *VETERAN* have something to say of this publication. If Southern people "own and manage" it, why don't he give their names? Why mystify anybody? The name at the head of the sheet is that of a Southerner, but he has never been a martyr for the truth of history.

#### THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

An address by Col. Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, at the dedication of the Confederate monument at Old Chapel, in Clarke County, is given herewith. The facts set forth will give comfort to many a veteran who fought even more wisely than he knew. It demonstrates that the war was maintained by the defense upon principle, and that the sagacious leaders were not "fire eaters," as has been basely represented, but patriots who exercised patient intelligence until compelled to use sword and bayonet:

We are met in this place to look for the first time on a monument erected by loving hearts in honor, first, of the Confederate dead from this county, whose names adorn yon monument; second, of all Confederate dead, no matter who they are, who have been committed in this county to the keeping of their mother earth.

No more appropriate place for a Confederate monument could have been selected within the valley of Virginia. Situated in one of the most beautiful of the counties of Virginia—one that, in proportion to her population and ability, contributed as much of men and means as any other within her confines to the Confederate cause; whose sons attested their valor from Manassas to Appomattox; which, during four years of strife, was the marching ground of friends and foes, and which witnessed "grim visaged war" in all of its glory and in all of its shame.

It was in this county, too, that the great rebel of America, George Washington, developed his young manhood. Over her hills and valleys Daniel Morgan, of our Revolution, strove and roamed. Within this cemetery repose the remains of Edmund Randolph, one of the authors and defenders of the Constitution of the United States, in defense of which those in whose memory yon monument has been erected died. Within the chapel in this inclosure that great man, Christian and Bishop, William Meade, who loved his State, and all that was true, lovely and honest, and who taught our Robert E. Lee his catechism, reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. Around us are the graves of pious fathers and mothers, of idolized wives, devoted brothers and sisters, and precious children, over which have been placed the monuments of love and sorrow. Many of those dead were with us in heart and soul in our conflict, praying for us as we marched through the cold of winter, the heat of summer, and engaged in the strife of battle, and who, when we returned after these four years of struggle, without banners and with crushed hearts by reason of the prostration of the hopes in which we trusted, and the loss of the cause we loved, kept us true to the belief that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and doeth all things well, and taught us to look upward and onward.

The soldiers in whose honor yon monument was erected were chiefly Virginians—but not all. Some were from the Old North State, some from our sister, Tennessee, and some from the land of the cotton plant. Some were dear friends, with whom we of the Second Virginia Infantry and the Clarke Cavalry marched and fought. Mothers, some of them were your sons. Daughters, some of them were your brothers. Comrades, all of them were your fellow-soldiers. No matter where they were born they were with you in heart

and soul, and marched under the flag you and they loved.

Twenty-eight years have passed since the close of our civil war. Since then a majority of the adults living in those years have been called home, and almost a new generation has taken their places on the farm and plantation, and in the counting-room, shop and office. Time, I trust, has healed the wounds of war, but with the revolving years the causes and events of that terrible struggle seem to be forgotten, or if not forgotten, considered as unimportant events of history. And even the history of those events, and the causes that led to that struggle, are not set forth fairly and truthfully. It is stated in books and papers that Southern children read and study that all the blood-shedding and destruction of property of that conflict was because the South rebelled without cause against the best government the world ever saw; that although the Southern soldiers were heroes in the field, skillfully massed and led, they and their leaders were rebels and traitors, who fought to overthrow the Union, and to preserve human slavery, and that their defeat was necessary for free government and the welfare of the human family.

As a Confederate soldier and as a citizen of Virginia I deny the charge, and denounce it as a calumny. We were not rebels; we did not fight to perpetuate human slavery, but for our rights and privileges under a government established over us by our fathers and in defense of our homes. The South loved the Union. Her interests were identified with it. Her statesmen had aided in its creation and development. Her warriors had fought under its flag, by sea and by land, and shed their blood in its defense. To the South the Union was a temple dedicated to American constitutional liberty—to the principles of a liberty approved by great thinkers and consecrated by the blood of martyrs; a liberty that was designed to protect the individual man in all that was right, and to prohibit him from doing that which was wrong. Not a liberty for one class of people or section of country to prey on any other people or other section. Not a liberty for the majority to invade the rights of the minority, and to use the powers of the government to the aggrandizement of the former and the injury of the latter, but a liberty guaranteeing equality of right and privileges to each section and each State. But when the priests that ministered at the altars of this temple sought to teach new theories of liberty, such as had not been taught by the fathers, and which were destructive of the principles of the Constitution, and fatally injurious to the rights of the States, and especially to the Southern States, then the cotton and sugar Southern States determined to abandon the temple and erect one, where they could worship according to what they understood to be the faith delivered by the fathers, who in the belief of man's capacity for self-government, and in prayer to God, had built our political temple.

In determining to separate, those States thought they were sustained by the teachings of the Declaration of Independence, which declared in immortal words that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," that when any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers as to

them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. They also thought that the powers granted to the general government, by virtue of which it alone controlled the States, were delegated powers, which could be revoked at any time by the party delegating. They read in the resolutions of some of the States adopting the Constitution of the United States an express reservation of this power. Our own State, especially when she adopted the Constitution of the United States, declared that the powers granted to the United States could be resumed when perverted to her injury or oppression.

Those Southern States believed that the powers granted to the Federal government had been used to their injury and oppression, and therefore they decided to abandon the Union. In taking this step, slavery was not the cause, but the occasion of the separation. It might as well be said that tea was the cause of our separation from the government of Great Britain in 1776. The government of Great Britain, prior to that date, claimed the power to tax the colonies, although they were not represented in the parliament. That power the colonies denied; they claimed they were British citizens, and as such were entitled to all the rights of every other citizen of that kingdom; that because separated from the island that contained the capital, they were not less citizens of that kingdom; that it was a principle dear to a Britain that no money should be taken from him in the form of taxes except by consent of his representatives, and as they were not represented in parliament England had no right to tax America. Notwithstanding the protests of the people of this country, England taxed America by putting a tax on tea. Hence the Boston tea party, the war of the revolution of 1776 and its results.

The Southern States claimed they had exactly the same right in the Union as the Northern States; that her soldiers had fought in the war for independence, in that of 1812, in the Indian wars and in the Mexican war; that her statesmen had contributed to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the development of American institutions and the enlargement of the territory of the Union; that the common government should be administered for the benefit of all the people, and not to develop one section to the injury of the other sections; not to tend the social and moral views of one part of the country to the disadvantage of another part of it. They claimed that when the Union was formed slavery existed in all of the States; that it was recognized in the Constitution of the United States, and because it had become unprofitable in one portion of a common country, and therefore had ceased to exist in that section, the slaves of the North having been sold South, the powers of the general government should not be used to the injury of the South.

I would not do justice if I did not state just here that there was a section of people at the South and at the North in the early days of the republic and since opposed to slavery on moral and economic grounds. Perhaps at our revolutionary period the anti-slavery sentiment was stronger in Virginia than in New England. Massachusetts was at that time engaged in the slave trade, deriving profit from the use of her ships in that traffic. It was not until after the great difference of opinion between the statesmen of the country as to the powers of the general government that the

sectional differences on the subject of slavery became so decided and marked. With the increase of this difference of sentiment as to governmental powers grew the difference on the subject of slavery. In this State, about 1832, there was a most powerful anti-slavery party, headed by such men as James McDowell, one of the most eloquent and cultured of our Governors, and by Charles J. Faulkner, father of the distinguished United States Senator of that name from West Virginia.

But it was not until the failure of those who claimed large powers for the general government on the subject of a national bank, international improvements and a protective tariff, to obtain control of the government, that the anti-slavery party assumed any considerable importance. A combination was made in the North and Northwest by those who claimed the aforementioned powers for the general government with the anti-slavery men. The combination claimed for the general government, on the subject of slavery—

1. Power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia.

2. Under the power to regulate commerce, the power to prohibit the carrying of slaves from one slave State to another slave State.

3. The right to prohibit slavery in the territory of the United States.

You will observe, first, that all of these matters related to slavery, but the principle, under all this claim for power, like that in regard to the taxation of tea, was far deeper than appeared on the surface. It involved the integrity of the Constitution of the United States and the equality of the people of the Southern States. The District of Columbia contained the capital of the United States. Southern members of Congress came to Washington to discharge their duties, bringing with them their wives and children, and if by hostile legislation their servants—the maids of their wives and the nurses of their children—were to be liberated by act of Congress as soon as they trod the soil of the District, that city was no place for Southern Senators and Representatives.

2. As to the commerce between the States, as stated before, slaves were recognized as property when the Constitution was adopted. The Constitution of the United States contained a provision for their rendition when they escaped from one State to another; also, for the continuance of the slave trade until 1808. To interdict the selling of slaves from one State to another would have been, in effect, to deprive the citizens of our Southern States of the right to migrate to another. Also to deprive him of the use of what had been considered property from the foundation of the government.

3. To prohibit slavery in the territory of the United States would virtually exclude the Southern citizen of the United States from the common territory. The territory of the United States, about the settlement of which this controversy culminated, was obtained as the result of the war with Mexico, and to exclude the citizen with his slaves was, in fact, to deliver the territory purchased by the money and by the blood of all to one section of the country, to be organized into such political form as to give political power to one section of the country, and thereby give effect in legislation to all the views of the North on the subject of governmental powers. The South claimed an equality of right in all the territories, in the District of

Columbia, and in the trade and commerce of the country, and to deny her rights was practically to make her people hewers of wood and drawers of water to the more prosperous and populous section. Notwithstanding the objections and even protests of her statesmen and people, the territory acquired from Mexico was organized so as to exclude slavery, and therefore the South from settlement therein. Not only was this done, but a sectional President was elected by a sectional majority on a sectional platform of party principles.

The South then seceded, not in a body, but separately. The Constitution of the United States had been adopted by States, each State acting by itself and for itself. Our own State, Virginia, seceded in April, 1861. I would like to tell about the action of the Gulf States, and of the views of their great thinkers and statesmen, but I have not time to do so. I am sure, however, you will indulge me for a short time, while I recall some things about Virginia, even if I repeat myself, connected with the part she took in the transactions of that period, and in those of our revolutionary days and since, which will present her to you as the grandest figure of any State in the records of time.

In every period of her history Virginia has stood up for the right, as she understood it, against her seeming interest and against power. Settled by English speaking people, she inherited from them the love of truth and liberty, and devotion to right, that has distinguished the inhabitants of Great Britain from the days of her Alfred to our revolution. When the clash of opinion arose as to the rights of the British colonies in America, Virginia, against the seeming interest of her people—certainly against that of her leaders—took the side of the weak in favor of the right, and against the strong and wrong. Her Patriek Henry, by his Demosthenean eloquence, moved the hearts of his countrymen to resistance, as the storm moves the sea. Her George Mason, amid the throes of revolution, gave to his State and the world Virginia's great bill of rights and her first constitution—the first written constitution the world ever saw. Her Jefferson, with his pen, recorded in memorable words the rights of a free people and the wrongs of America. Her Washington led the armies of the rebellious colonies to victory, peace and independence. The war over, the colonies that had been united in defense against Great Britain formed a Union, under what are known as the Articles of Confederation. Then, in order to strengthen that Confederation and promote the common welfare, Virginia ceded to the Confederacy all of her magnificent territory northwest of the Ohio River, now the abode of a great population and the center of wealth and political power.

The Articles of Confederation proving inadequate, a convention of the States was called, and that body gave to the world the Constitution of the United States. That instrument was largely the work of Virginia. The convention that formed it was called chiefly through Washington. Her Madison and Edmund Randolph and Henry Lee, its chief defenders in Virginia, against the opposition of such men as Patriek Henry, George Mason, Thomas Nelson, Jr., and Richard Henry Lee, who opposed its adoption by their State without amendment, for reasons which, had they been heeded then, would in all probability have averted our civil war. Some of the writings and

utterances of these distinguished objectors, in the light of recent events, seem to be as prophetic as the words of the great Jewish prophet, Isaiah.

The Constitution was adopted, George Washington was made the President of the United States. He put the Federal government in operation, organized the great departments of the government, recommended and approved appropriate legislation, and laid the foundation upon which has been built this great republic. The third President was Thomas Jefferson. Under his administration we obtained from the great Napoleon for \$15,000,000 title to the territory known as Louisiana, which comprised not only the State of Louisiana, but Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa, and parts of Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, and the Indian Territory. Jefferson was succeeded by another Virginian, James Madison. Under his administration war was declared against Great Britain, which brought that power to respect our flag and the rights of our sailors. To another Virginia President, John Tyler, are we chiefly indebted for the State of Texas. Although it was annexed during the administration of James K. Polk, yet the credit of its acquisition is due to John Tyler's administration.

After this came another war, in which our Winfield Scott planted the flag of the United States on the halls of the Montezumas, in the city of Mexico, and thereby obtained peace between this country and Mexico; and as a result of that peace all the territory of the United States, bounded by the Mexican frontier on the south, and the Louisiana purchase on the east and north and northwest, and by the Pacific on the west, was added to this country. In the Mexican battles Virginia and the South bore their full part. No sooner was the territory acquired than the controversy arose as to its settlement between the sections of our country; one claiming that it should be kept open and free to the people of all the country, whether the North or the South; the other that it should be dedicated to freedom; that the national soil should be like the enchanted ground of an Eastern story, upon which all that entered, no matter how clad, were immediately arrayed in garments of light and beauty—so every slave, as soon as he trod the national soil with his master, should stand clothed in the robes of freedom. Apparently this seemed like the earnest protest of the lovers of freedom against slavery, but in reality it was but a scheme to exclude the South from the occupancy of the newly acquired territory. The student of the political history of the period will discover that it was not so much opposition, in the decade of 1850-60, to slavery as the desire to get political control of the country, in order that the vast powers of the general government might be yielded to aggrandize one section at the expense of the other. In the furtherance of that scheme it was important to exclude from the newly acquired territory Southern men and their influence in order that the views of the opposite school might take root and obtain power and control. No more effectual method than the exclusion of slavery, and thereby the Southern slaveholder, could have been devised. The Southerner was accustomed to slavery and slave institutions in his home and on his farm and plantation, and if prevented by law from taking his slaves to the territory of the United States he therefore was virtually excluded. He would either have to forego the advantages of purchasing cheap lands or leave his labor and his

domestic habits behind him. Therefore this scheme, however fair to the eye, was in effect a denial to the Southern slaveholder of any participation in the common territory, and was equal to a deed of cession of all that territory to the Northern States. It was the determination of the Northern States to adhere to that policy, by the election of a President pledged to such views, that caused, as heretofore stated, the separation of the Gulf States from the Union. Virginia, however, did not then secede. Her patriotic Governor, John Letcher, called an extra session of the Legislature to meet January 7th, 1861. That Legislature convened a delegated convention of the people of the State, which assembled at Richmond on the 13th of February, 1861. That convention was composed of some of the most distinguished, conservative and patriotic citizens of Virginia. Among them A. H. H. Stewart, John Janney, Robt. E. Scott, John B. Baldwin, Geo. W. Summers, and your fellow-citizen, Hugh M. Nelson, whose name graces yon monument—all Union men, as were the majority of that body. That convention chose for its president that eminent citizen of London, John Janney. He belonged to a Quaker family, loved peace and the ways of peace. I doubt not that this had something to do with his selection. It was designed to show that Virginia was for peace, and not for war. Previous to that her Legislature had sent a commission, composed of four of Virginia's distinguished sons, viz.: John Tyler, Geo. W. Summers, William C. Rives and James A. Seddon, to Washington to attend what was called a Peace Congress, that convened upon her invitation or suggestion. That Congress failed to accomplish any good results. On the 8th of April, 1861, the Virginia convention sent a commission, consisting of William Ballard Preston, A. H. H. Stuart and Geo. W. Randolph, to see President Lincoln and obtain information as to his views, purposes and policy in regard to the seceded States. The report of that committee was not satisfactory. After this the affair of Fort Sumpter took place. It fired the Northern heart. President Lincoln called for his army of 75,000 men, and on Virginia for her quota. After this Virginia seceded. she did this chiefly because she was called upon to contribute her share of force to coerce the seceding States. As valuable as the Union was to her, as much as she loved it because of her part in its construction and maintenance, she held it was not an end, but the means to an end—personal and political liberty, State equality and sovereignty; that the Union established by the fathers was one of consent, love and affection, and not of force; that whether it was wise on the part of the Gulf States to separate was not a matter for her to determine, because in her judgment they clearly had the right to separate, and those wielding the powers of the government of the United States had not the right to force them back into the Union, and that to force them back into the union, and that to compel them by force to return, would be to trample under foot the teachings and principles of the fathers, therefore, with sad heart and tearful eyes, she passed, in April, 1861, her ordinance of secession.

I have made this brief reference to the foregoing facts in regard to Virginia's contributions to the cause of American liberty, and to the Union, and to her course in the early days of 1861, to show how dear to her was the Union, how she yearned for peace, and that it was not slavery that induced her to separate

from the then government of the United States, but her love for the Constitution and the Union, as established by the fathers.

The record of our State from 1776 to April 17, 1861, is a glorious one. In the history of the States during the sad days between the election of President Lincoln and the war she stands as the sole champion of peace. Were I an artist, and wished to perpetuate on canvas some one scene in Virginia's great history, I would not select the great debate at Williamsburg, when Patrick Henry uttered those memorable words, "Give me liberty or give me death;" nor George Mason in the act of reporting his bill of rights; nor would I go to Philadelphia and paint the scene in the Old Independence Hall, when a Virginia deputy moved that Congress should declare that the united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States, absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; nor would I select Thomas Jefferson reporting the Declaration of Independence; nor George Washington receiving the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown; nor the same great man attesting the Constitution of the United States; nor would I select the execution by Virginia of her deed ceding the northern territory; but I would go to Richmond in the sad days of 1861 and select as my subject John Tyler and his associate Peace Commissioners in the act of leaving for Washington, there, if possible, to effect a peaceful settlement of the pending difficulties, and under my picture I would inscribe the words of the Master: "Blessed are the peacemakers."

Failing in her efforts to secure a settlement of the difficulties, and having been called upon to aid in forcing her sisters of the South back into the Union, Virginia, as stated, seceded, and then joined the Southern Confederacy. Thereafter her territory became the Flanders of the war. Her ports were blockaded, her capital invested, her buildings were destroyed. Not only her mills that ground the grain for her people, the barns that protected the grain and sheltered her horses and cattle, but some of the very homes of non-combatant citizens were destroyed by fire. During all these years of carnage, of suffering and distress, she maintained her ancient renown, and remained as true to her faith and her duty as the needle to the pole. Her loss was great. Among those that died on her battle-fields was the world-renowned soldier—that man of genius, courage, faith and prayer—Stonewall Jackson, the dashing Ashby, the knightly Stuart, and the gallant Hill. And then other gallant officers and brave men, who fell in the various battles, large and small, from Manassas to Appomattox. \* \* \* \* \*

But there were a host of others in that conflict whose names, although not on yon monument, are in our hearts.

Virginia's Southern sisters were with her. She stood by them and they by her, and they were worthy of her. I would like to tell, if I had time, of the gallant band from Maryland, who on every field sustained the name and fame of old Maryland; of the Old North State—God bless her—and her Pender, Ramseur, Hoke and others—her sons not only repose in this cemetery, but in every cemetery where the heroes of the Army of Northern Virginia rest; of Georgia and her gallant Gordon and his braves, who plucked safety from danger on many a battle-field, and won the admiration of all that love the true

and the brave; of the troops from Louisiana under Taylor, Hays and Nichols, who won imperishable laurels at Port Republic, Winchester and Gettysburg—men without superiors in courage and dash in the ranks of either army in our war; of Barksdale's Mississippi men and their gallant deeds at Fredericksburg and elsewhere.

And then I should like to go to our Western armies and say something about that great man, Albert Sidney Johnston, who too soon for his country and her needs, on that woeful Sabbath day, May 6th, 1862, gave his life for our cause; and of that great Christian soldier, the friend of our William Meade, Leonidas Polk, and his soldiers and their great deeds; of the great Hardee, without fear and without ambition; of that thunderbolt of war and superb soldier, Forrest; of the gifted Breckenridge and his gallant Kentuckians, who illustrated by deeds on many a battle-field their gallantry and devotion to the lost cause. Comrades and friends, the Southern army was a wonderful army, and not only in Virginia, but elsewhere, did deeds of valor worthy of comparison with any that history records, and justice will be done it by historians in the years to come, for

"Thy scales, Mortality, are just  
To all that pass away."

Our peculiar Southern institutions are now of the past, but those who lived under them can point with pride to the men and to the women that have been developed by them. Viewed from a material standpoint, the South was far inferior to its successful rival. No vast accumulation of material capital in corporate or in individual hands appear in her statistics. No great monuments of human art or human labor adorn her scenery. Her rivers, great and small, were allowed to flow in comparative peace to the ocean, and the solitude of her mountains has generally been undisturbed save by the woodsman's axe, the rifle of the hunter, the voice of the herdsman and the peaceful shepherd. And yet, notwithstanding all this comparative indifference to material development, she has produced, men, women and maidens, the peers of the greatest of the descendants of Adam, in the Senate, on the field or in the home circle. This statement as to her children is not to be confined to any period of the history of the South. It was illustrated in the war of the revolution and since, and especially during our late civil war. In the late war the Confederate generals achieved great reputation, but in front of them were brave soldiers, supported and encouraged by the counsel, the prayers, sacrifices and example of self-denying mothers, wives and sisters. It was the character, the courage and devotion to their flag of the soldiers of the armies of the South that enabled our generals to work such wonders. The names of these brave private soldiers are not mentioned in history, but they are embalmed in the hearts of their surviving comrades and friends. It was the men so educated, sustained and encouraged that followed Jackson from Manassas to Chancellorsville; that stormed under Early the forts and works of Winchester; that stormed the heights of Gettysburg; that fought and died at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Courthouse and Cold Harbor; that kept the hosts of Grant out of Petersburg from June, 1864, to April, 1865; that followed Albert Sidney Johnston from Kentucky to Shiloh; that fought under Bragg at Chickamauga; that fronted the armies of Sherman, and that stood



with their faces to the foe, often without food or shoes, and did not surrender the sword until it fell from their sides.

But neither patriotism nor courage availed. The cause we loved was lost. My friends, it was not lost because our quarrel was not just; not because our leaders were not skillful and our soldiers brave; but because he who rules above deemed it best it should fail. Said the gifted and eloquent W. C. P. Breckenridge: "He who has striven to discover the true secret of human history is often confused by the martyrdoms that seem to be in vain. Human hearts lie thickly strewn along the pathway of time, and brutal heels stain themselves with richest blood as they stride unfeelingly to power. The scaffold and the dungeon, the rack and the stake, the battle-field and the hospital confuse the earnest student who loves God, and he cannot unravel the riddle why such costly sacrifices should be in vain. The mockings and the scourgings, the bonds and imprisonment, the hidings in dens and caves, the beheadings and burnings with which our human annals are tarnished, and yet glorified, are the mysteries of God's dealings with men. But this we know, that the loftiest of mankind, the most divine of mortals, have been the martyrs whose blood has enriched the world, and from whose graves the most precious harvest has been gathered, and that the seed sown with tears shall be reaped with rejoicing."

Beautiful and sad, but true words. My friends, as I look upon the graves around me, and yon monument, the most comforting thought to me is this: "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." God is in history—in all history; was in our history during our war, and although the final result was not according to our desires and hopes, sure am I that the time will come when we will acknowledge that he in mercy and not in wrath afflicted us. I do not know when or how this will appear. Who knows but that the devotion of the South to the true principles of the constitution may not in the future cause the fructification of those principles and their growth throughout the land? Who knows but that the example of courage and devotion to duty of our leaders and soldiers, our mothers, wives and sisters, may not hereafter influence the leaders of our whole people to put duty and honor before power and place, and to do and think only of the things that are true, honest and of good report? Who knows but that as a result of the knowledge which each section of our people acquired by the war, of the pluck of the other, and devotion to what each thought was duty, our whole people may be more closely bound together than at any former period of our history, and that hereafter Ephraim will not vex Judah, nor Judah Ephraim?

Human institutions have their uses and their limitations. They are the scaffolding to the building, a means to an end. Although African slavery was not the cause, it was the occasion of our war. It was useful and valuable in its day. It lifted a people who, in the land of their nativity, were savages, out of barbarism and animalism to such a plane of Christian civilization as to qualify them, in the judgment of the conquerors of the South, to participate in the government of the great republic. What a tribute to the much abused South! What a monument to Southern Christian men and women! Match me if you can out of the record of missions subsequent to the days of

the Apostles and the early teachers of Christianity any work among the heathen that can compare with it in results, when viewed from the standpoint of those who have given the African the ballot.

But in the plan of the Great Ruler, doubtless the time had arrived for African slavery to pass away. So far as we can see, it could not have been gotten rid of in this country except by the means used. Mr. Lincoln did not by his war proclamation intend to destroy slavery in the States. Its destruction was an evolution of the war—a war measure, consequent upon the events and results of war.

Moses, the world's great law-giver, commanded his people to teach the laws he had been directed to give them unto their children, in the house and by the wayside, to bind them as a sign upon their hands, and as frontlets between their eyes. May we not, in imitation of the great law-giver, tell our fathers, mothers, daughters and teachers to teach the children committed to their care and instruction the principles of American liberty, State and national, not as taught by the precept and example of the multitude, but as delivered by the fathers of the republic, and for which our comrades died that fell in battle. To tell and teach them that the dead, in honor of whom this monument has been erected, were not traitors, but true citizens, who gave their lives in defense of the truth, as they understood it, and of their altars and their homes; that Lee, Jackson, Stuart, Ashby and Hill, and their soldiers, were not rebels, nor traitors, but patriots, loving God and their fellow-men, and that they did their duty to their country. Teach them also to look upward to the Great Ruler of all things, truth and untruth, and forward to the duties in life that may be before them; to do their duty as our brave soldier did; to do it under all circumstances—to themselves, to their country and their God—and then come what may, success or failure, they will receive the plaudits of good men, the approval of their own consciences and the approbation of their God.

THE *Sunny South* keeps the following strong appeal standing permanently on its "war" page:

"TO SOUTHERN MEN AND WOMEN.—To the generation of people who have sprung to maturity in the South since the war, we put this question, Are you indifferent toward or forgetful of the Confederate soldier? Search your hearts and answer! The mission of this page is to emphasize the importance of keeping alive in the southern breast the emotions of sympathy and gratitude due to the "veterans of the South." Is there a true southern man, woman or child who will not zealously aid this cause by increasing the circulation of the *Sunny South*? This page is designed, in addition, as a depository of detached historical incidents of the war between the States. It is a standing and one of the most highly valued departments of the *Sunny South*. Historians cannot spare space or time to record the minutiae of marches, battles and sieges. They must be gathered and preserved in a fragmentary manner by the scattered survivors of the strife, or be lost to posterity forever. Therefore to all men and women who, from experience or recital of veterans, know of interesting happenings of the war, a cordial invitation, yea more, an earnest solicitation, is extended to contribute to *The Gray and the Blue*. Confederate veterans are included within the purview of this paragraph, and good short poems are desirable as well as prose sketches."

*BARKSDALE-HUMPHREYS MISSISSIPPI BRIGADE.*

DEAR VETERAN—I have just finished reading the June number, some of it twice over. It grows on me—gets better and better each issue. It ought to be, and I trust soon will be, in the hands of every man who wore the gray, and thousands who didn't. I am surprised at seeing so little in it from my native State, Mississippi, and especially from members of my old brigade, for I know a few were left to tell the tale.

They carried this scribe to Johnson's Island a short time before the close, or it is just possible you would not now be troubled with this sketch. As your journal is such a happy medium through which to communicate with each other, and as you have so kindly thrown open your columns to us, here goes.

I call it the "Barksdale-Humphreys" Brigade, not that it had no other commanders, and good ones, too, but because it was under those two generals it made most of its reputation.

Gen. Wm. E. Barksdale, of Columbus, Miss., came into the brigade as colonel of the 13th regiment just prior to the battle of Ball's Bluff. The brigade at that time consisted of the 13th, 17th and 18th Mississippi, and the 8th Virginia, commanded respectively by Cols. Barksdale, Featherstone, Burte, and Eppa Hunton. The first two became generals, the third was killed at Ball's Bluff, and the fourth went to Congress a number of years after the war.

Gen. Evans, of South Carolina, commanded us in that fight, and whether it was by accident or grit, or good generalship, or all three combined, I know not, but anyhow we wiped up things so clean, and got so many compliments, both from home and everywhere else, and were so feasted and toasted, and treated so kindly by the good people of Leesburg, we didn't care how long the war lasted.

So when the time came to reorganize at the end of our volunteer term, one year, and ex-Gov. and ex-Senator A. G. Brown, and ex-Congressman O. R. Singleton, both captains of companies in my (the 18th) regiment, told us if we would reorganize immediately they would "wager their heads to brass pins the war would end in sixty days." (B.'s exact words.) They believed it and we believed it, and we "went in for durin'" almost to a man.

Alas, alas! vanity of vanities! Soon we were transferred on stock cars, reeking in mud, to Richmond, and, huddled on a steamer like cattle, took our way to the Peninsula. From the beautiful hills and fertile valleys, the crystal springs and clear, running streams, the fresh baker's bread and clover-fed beef, and the milk and honey of old Loudon, to the marshes and lagoons and brackish water of the Warwick! These, with the rancid bacon, the musty corn-meal and rice, and the cool, damp atmosphere, made us realize what war was. About that time, March, 1862, the troops from the different States were brigaded together, and the 8th Virginia was exchanged for the 21st Mississippi, Colonel, afterward General, B. G. Humphreys, commanding.

During the Peninsula campaign, and up to the seven days' fight in front of Richmond, Gen. Griffith, of Jackson, Miss., commanded the brigade. On the morning of the battle of Savage Station, while we were driving the enemy before us along the railroad track, he was struck by a shell from one of the enemy's guns—fell from his horse and died in a few hours. A good man, a true patriot, and a gallant officer.

Barksdale—the ranking colonel, Featherstone, having been previously promoted and placed in command of another brigade—took immediate command, was promoted to the rank of General in a few days, and continued in command till he fell, leading his men, at Gettysburg. The first verbal command that I recollect of his giving to the brigade as a body, and one that was characteristic of the man, was at Malvern Hill, two days after Savage Station. The enemy had stationed his artillery so as to sweep every spot of the open space, or farm. We had been moved up by a circuitous route into a dense wood bordering on the farm, concealed, as we thought, lying down, some crouched behind trees, all doing our best to keep out of danger till we should be called into action. Every old soldier knows the suspense of such a moment. The only available spot for our own artillery was a small elevated open space a little to our left, and every piece that attempted to unlimber there was knocked up almost before it could be fired, so perfect was their range, and so many were the guns bearing on it. I counted nineteen dead horses in that one place. Then when our artillery was silenced they began to feel for us. At first the shells burst in the tops of the trees, then a little lower, and down came limbs mingled with pieces of shell. Then they began to burst in our midst, one shell killing and wounding seven men, setting the clothes of one of the latter on fire—a most horrifying sight! It was at this crisis that Gen. B. mounted his horse and yelled, "Attention! This brigade must take that battery." He was a man of whom it could be truthfully said, "Bold as a lion, yet gentle as a lamb." He was not a military man, but was a pure type of genuine southern chivalry, a southern gentleman of the old school. Quick to resent and as quick to forgive; quick to punish disobedience in a subordinate, and as quick to ask forgiveness. Just as far removed from military hauteur as one could imagine. I cite one instance: We were in camp, it was one summer evening. Gen. Cobb, of Georgia, his old friend and former fellow-congressman, had dined with him. We were drilling, when the two Generals, arm in arm, coats off, came walking out to look on. It reminded me very forcibly of two farmers in antebellum days taking an afternoon stroll through the farm to look at the crop. We loved Gen. Barksdale, because we knew he was proud of us, and would do any thing in his power for our welfare. No truer patriot ever fell on the field of battle.

Gen. Humphreys was a West Pointer—was there at the same time with Mr. Davis, but unlike him, he chose a more peaceful calling, that of a planter in the rich bottom lands of the Mississippi, where he could enjoy the peace and quiet of home life, and indulge in his favorite sport of hunting deer and bear. For the rank he held, and as a commander of infantry, I do not think he had a superior in either army. He possessed all the qualities, both natural and acquired. He won the love of both officers and men by his great kindness. He won their unbounded confidence by his coolness and ability under the most trying circumstances. He was approachable on all occasions. His officers obeyed him implicitly, not because they recognized his right to command them, but because to comply with an order from him was the right thing to do. I cite one instance only to prove the above, and to show what estimate Gen. Longstreet put upon him. At midnight on the 6th of May, 1864, our (Longstreet's)

corps was twelve miles from the battle field. It was ordered to get there in the quickest time. We arrived on the ground about sunrise. It happened that our brigade was in front, our regiment leading. As we came up at a double-quick, in marching order, on the plank road, there were in a group, sitting on their horses, the following Generals, Lee, Longstreet, Rhodes, Seales, Magowan, and, I think, A. P. Hill (am not certain as to the latter). It was an extremely critical moment. Hill's men, who had been engaged the evening before and a portion of the night, were exhausted and outnumbered, and were falling back. Something had to be done, and done quickly. Gen. Lee turned to Longstreet and said, "General, you had better form your line back a half mile and bring it up." Longstreet said, "I think we can form here." Turning to Humphreys he said, "Form your line, General." We had just halted, and were panting like lizzards, when Gen. H. straightened himself in his stirrups and said, "Battalion front. By company, right half wheel, double quick, march!" Wounded men and minnie balls were coming through our ranks before we got loaded. The enemy got within a few steps of us in the dense cedar thicket, but we stood it until they began to back, then it was our time to press. Our brigade had done good fighting before, but I thought it reached the climax on that occasion. My own company went in with two officers and thirty-four men, and lost sixteen killed and wounded in a very few minutes.

W. GART JOHNSON,  
Co. "C," 18th Miss.

Orlando, Fla., June 26, 1893.

Mr. Johnson, in a peneil note, says:

"I am growing old now, and my hand trembles so it is a very difficult matter to write with a pen. I fear my article is too long. I did not so intend it, but having begun couldn't help it. I know the sketeh will stir many a heart in Mississippi, and cause them to rally to the help of the glorious enterprise you have so nobly undertaken. May abundant success attend your efforts! Emphatically, *No War Journal in mine!*"

A CONFEDERATE WESTMINSTER.

As time advances, removing the actors in the tragedy of the Confederacy from the world's stage, and their memory becomes less and less a matter of personal knowledge, and more of tradition, literature and art should be invoked as custodians of their fame.

War is terrible, but never were soldiers endowed with military genius so unpolluted by its demoralizing breath as Davis, Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and many others who have identified their names with the Confederacy. Their deeds and lives we can place without fear of comparison by the brightest episodes in history. Defeat cannot vitiate such virtue and and genius as theirs, and for them, and the principles which inspired their valor before all the world, let us ordain fitting sepulture for ashes, fitting monument for a just though lost cause, for genius and virtue an apotheosis. Can these ends be achieved more co-ordinately than by the erection of a Confederate Westminster, so to speak—a national mausoleum at Richmond, our capital, where Davis, Lee and all the heroes of the South should be interred, their individual fame preserved and yet blended in the unity of the Confederacy? It is just that this relation between them and their cause be maintained, for one vivifying prin-

ciple, State's rights, ran through them all, quickening latent genius into flame, and while their individual names were blazoned on the temple of fame, they flashed on the world's horizon as a glorious constellation—the Southern cross, the Southern Confederacy.

St. James City, Fla.

NANNIE NUTT.

THE STARS AND BARS.

BY O. T. DOZIER, M. D., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

The stars and bars are fallen,  
And will never float again,  
But bright on history's pages  
It will live without a stain.

For proudest recollections  
Of battles fought and won,  
And glorious deeds of valor,  
By Southern patriots done,

Will embalm in sacred memory  
That banner, bright and dear,  
And sound it down the ages  
As the one without a peer.

'T was born of stern oppression,  
And was cradled in the storm,  
When retributive justice  
Rose demanding a reform,

And in the name of liberty  
Was christened in the blood  
Of heroes and of patriots  
That flowed in crimson flood.

And thus endeared to freedom  
By every sacred tie,  
Our hearts were rent with anguish  
When we saw it droop and die.

We held it in affection,  
And rejoiced to see it wave;  
We loved the men who bore it,  
For they were true and brave.

We loved its holy cause,  
And the hopes that it inspired,  
And we honor every martyr  
Who beneath its folds expired.

We reverence, too, the chieftains,  
Each and every separate name  
Who, 'neath that star-wreathed banner,  
Fought and won their glorious fame.

But supported not by nations  
Who beheld it from afar,  
Alone it met the tempest  
On the fiery crest of war.

No nation recognized it,  
No arm was stretched to save;  
But the world will ne'er forget it  
As the banner of the brave.

But now that flag is fallen,  
And will proudly float no more;  
Our soldiers' tents are folded,  
And the din of war is o'er.

Our cannons' throats are silent,  
The sword is its sheath,  
Our camps are all deserted  
Save the silent camps of death.

No sentinel now on duty  
Doth freedom's watch-words tell,  
For liberty was ended  
When that glorious banner fell.

*SPIRIT OF UNION VETERANS.*

O. W. Case, Superintendent of the Pacific Express Company, writes from St. Louis, Mo., under date of June 21, to Theo. Cooley, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.:

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND—I ask your pardon for not having answered more promptly your very kind favor of May 19th, advising me that you had arranged to have sent to my address for one year a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which you very truly say I will enjoy. "as there are many articles pertaining to matters *endurin de wah*." I have been very much interested in reading the numbers received up to this time, and particularly with the fraternal spirit shown by the writers, for although I was a soldier on the other side during the most exciting times of the war, and participated in quite a number of the battles which took place in Tennessee, I have seen no reference to Union soldiers which could in anywise offend their soldierly pride. My sentiments are quite well expressed in the closing paragraphs of the address delivered before the Tennessee Historical Society by Mr. T. M. Hurst, extracts from which are published in the June number of the VETERAN.

## GEN. JOHN ADAMS AT FRANKLIN.

In this same number is a letter from John M. Payne, Graham, Texas, which has a peculiar interest for me. I am quite sure we were not very far apart—undoubtedly within sight of each other, if not within hearing of each other's voice. He says Gen. John Adams was shot just to his left. He was shot immediately in front of where I was, not many feet in front of Company C, 65th Illinois regiment, of which I was a member. After dark, when the battle had ceased, Company I, of our regiment, was thrown over the works as a skirmish line, and had not proceeded far when they came upon the body of Gen. Adams. Recognizing his rank, Lieutenant Brown and Corporal Framp-ton lifted the body and carried it across the works, depositing it at the feet of the Colonel of our regiment. I happened to be near, and was called by Col. Stewart and instructed to notify Col. Casement, who commanded our brigade, that he (Stewart) was in possession of the body of Gen. Adams, and desired instructions for its disposal. I carried the message and Col. Casement immediately sent his stretcher bearers, who took the body to a place near his headquarters, which were at the historical cotton gin, and placed a guard over it for the time being. Lieut. Brown took possession of Gen. Adams' watch, which was afterward restored to the officers of the Confederate army during the time the two armies were confronting each other at Nashville. When we fell back from Franklin Gen. Adams' body was found by his friends near the cotton gin, and it was then supposed and has been stated by some writers in the South, that he was killed inside the works near the cotton gin. The facts are that he was killed from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards to the left of the gin, and his body was cared for in the manner I have described.

There was also a Col. Stevens, of the Adams brigade, who was wounded in our immediate front, and who, during a lull of the battle, was carried inside the works and made as comfortable as possible, some of our boys contributing their blankets for that purpose. He, I believe, is still in correspondence with one or two of my comrades, and seems to entertain a very

high regard for the 65th Illinois regiment. I have learned from his letters that after the battle he rode a distance of two or three hundred miles on horseback, with his leg strapped to the pommel of his saddle, before his wounds were dressed, and I think has since been a member of the Legislature, and is the father of a large family. He certainly was a heroic fellow.

Two weeks after Franklin, as you know, we were again engaged at Nashville, and the reading of the letters in the VETERAN brings to my mind many incidents which I had long since forgotten.

I thank you again for so kindly remembering that I would be interested in the magazine published by your friend and comrade, Mr. Cunningham.

*OUR BATTLE FLAG.*

H. L. BLANCHARD, PENSACOLA, FLA.

Furl that flag, furl it gently,  
Touch sacredly its tattered shred;  
Blackened and riddled, it speaks silently,  
Drooping and sad, of our honored dead.

It speaks of men who fought so valiantly,  
Now dead and forgotten, heroes unknown,  
Who carried this flag, oh how bravely,  
Until death claimed them his own.

It speaks of the heroes still living,  
Who grasped this flag e'er it fell  
From the clutch of a comrade falling,  
Bleeding and dying from the enemy's shell.

It speaks of moments when all seemed lost,  
From our ranks an unforgotten shout arose,  
With maddened rush, at any cost,  
We wrenched our flag from the hand of foes.

It speaks of combats desperately fought  
From the dawn of day till the fall of night,  
When in the darkness, with solemn thought,  
We prayed for souls that had taken flight.

It speaks of that pure and unequalled fame,  
And our hearts grow sad and proudest then,  
As it utters that loved and cherished name  
Of heroines true, our Southern women.

It speaks of that awful and bitter day,  
Our hearts bowed down and broken asunder.  
Unconquered we stood, standing at bay,  
When suddenly came the word, "Surrender."

For then did Lee, our grand old chieftain,  
Loving us well, he knew 't was best  
To bow to the will of God, not man,  
Our struggle was o'er—history tells the rest.

Furl it, brave comrade, furl it with care,  
This dear old flag, for which we bled,  
That the ravages of time may never wear  
This silent epitaph of a cause that is dead.

Gen. George Reese, who kindly sends this poem, states that the author is the son of the gallant Gen. Blanchard, of Louisiana, and was one of the heroes who, on the 14th of September, "redeemed Louisiana from misrule and negro rule."

J. L. Cook, merchandise broker, of Macon, Ga., kindly sends the VETERAN a batch of Confederate official papers, the sight of which revives pathetic memories. Conspicuous in the lot is Voucher No. 9, paid July 9, 1863. It is a regular muster roll of Company I, 19th Tennessee Regiment, and for two months previous to May 1st. It is on "Confederate" paper.

"IN MEMORIAM"

RUTH CLIFFORD.

To-day, though other lands rejoice,  
We of the South, with lowered voice,  
Bow at the shrine that shrouds our choice—  
The flag of the Confederacy.

To-day, out from the gloom of years,  
Out from the sorrow and the tears  
That flowed for heroes, there appears  
The peace of the Confederacy.

To day, while Nature smiles all lines,  
We of the South do not refuse  
To don all colors—but we choose  
The gray of the Confederacy.

To-day, while songs of war and peace  
Ring out, the battle now has ceased,  
We still have "Dixie"—'tis at least  
The song of the Confederacy.

To-day, one day within the year,  
They cannot bar our gathering here,  
To lay fresh flowers on this bier—  
The bier of the Confederacy.

To-day, from out of mem'ry's wrecks,  
We see the glory that bedecks  
The hallowed mold the South protects—  
The graves of the Confederacy.

To-day, bejeweled by the light  
Of many years, these deeds so bright  
Still shine, all glorious in their right—  
The rights of the Confederacy.

For through all years this day we'll mark  
With fair white stones, nor quench the spark  
That burns on bright, in light or dark—  
The fame of the Confederacy.

Then lay sweet blossoms on their tomb  
Mid tears and dew-drops—they shall bloom  
Eternal in the world to come—  
Emblems of our Confederacy.

April 26, 1883.

THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

We will rear for him the sacred fame,  
Who had a nation's tears;  
No greater name is enwreathed with fame  
Than the one our Jackson wears.

He was the idol of our hearts,  
The champion of our cause;  
He battled nobly for our rights,  
And gained the world's applause.

Our hearts were filled with gladness  
At the victories that he won  
From Manassas to the Wilderness—  
No cloud could dim his sun.

He cared for all with gentleness,  
He shared their common fate;  
In cold and heat and weariness  
His goodness made him great.

The sun grew red with sorrow  
O'er Fredericksburg that even,  
For on that sad to-morrow  
His last command was given.

In future years will linger  
Our youth beside his tomb,  
And tell with pleasing wonder  
The fields his valor won.

At rest beyond the river,  
His marchings now are o'er;  
By the tree of life forever,  
He dreams of strife no more.

L.

ELI PERKINS TALKS OF THE WAR.

Gen. Sherman, before he died, was a neighbor of mine. One night I took the General up to the Kilpatrick Grand Army Post. On the way back I asked him if he didn't think "Kil" was a good fighter.

"Splendid," said Sherman, and then he said, "but he was a great boaster, too. Well, he had a right to boast, for he could never boast stronger than he fought."

"One day," continued the General, "Kilpatrick was recounting at Willard's Hotel in Washington his experience in driving back rebel reinforcements at Chancellorsville. Listening to him was a crowd of old soldiers, among whom was Moseby.

"Why," said Kilpatrick, 'the woods swarmed with rebels. I had two horses shot under me and ——'

"What did you do then, Kil?" asked Custer.

"Why, I jumped on to a Government mule; a ball knocked me off, but the mule charged right ahead into the rebel ranks. I never knew what became of that mule."

"Why, General," said Moseby, 'I saw that mule. He came right into our lines.'

"Well, I'm glad to see my words confirmed," said Kilpatrick, seriously. 'Then you really saw him?'

"Yes, sure."

"Head shot off?'

"No, died from mortification."

Gen. Sherman always said with pride that the Army of the Tennessee never retreated. They started in at Memphis and came out at Charleston and Wilmington in a fourth of the time that it took the Army of the Potomac to see-saw back and forth between Washington and Richmond. One day after the war the General said he was talking with a veteran from the Army of the Potomac. The soldier was describing the big fight of Hooker at Chancellorsville.

"Did the rebels run?" asked Sherman.

"Did they run?" repeated the soldier. "Did the rebels run? Great Scott! I should say they did run. Why, General, they run so like thunder that we had to run three miles to keep out of their way; and if we hadn't thrown away our guns they'd run all over us, sure!"

J. M. Elizer, Goodlettsville, Tenn.: "Success to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, honor and profit to yourself for starting a paper with such a noble title! I will give you an idea of Fort Donelson as I saw it several years ago, and I think it has not grown any better since. It would chill every true Confederate's blood to go to that now dreary place where so many of our noble Southerners lost their lives, and the picture is sad indeed. The eastern hill just across the hollow is beautifully decked with flowers, evergreens and forest trees. Underneath these the Federal soldiers sleep undisturbed unless perchance a bleached bone of some Confederate floats down through the gurgling gorges. Will our brothers in gray erect a monument, if only a single marble slab, to the memory of the valor and sacrifice of those that fell in what they deemed a just and noble cause. I hope some action will soon be taken to fence in, beautify the grounds and erect a suitable monument to the memory of those who perished at Fort Donelson." In conclusion, the writer suggests that the VETERAN appoint a committee to look after this, and names Mr. John C. Latham, of New York City, as a member.

## The Confederate Veteran.

Fifty Cents a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor  
Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. Money paid for it does not augment the Monument Fund directly, but as an auxiliary its benefit certainly makes it eminently worthy the patronage of every friend of the cause.

### SUGGESTIONS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Don't buy postoffice orders for small amounts, postage stamps or postal notes are better, being less expensive. In sending stamps let them be of two cents each. One cent stamps are admissible, but larger are inconvenient. In sending clubs, where the work is compulsory, as it so generally is, deduct cost of exchange.

Our earnest comrades and friends who are zealous for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN can do it a valuable service by disabusing the minds of indifferent persons who think it is specially for old soldiers, and assuring them it is of to-day, pulsating with full life in accord with the times. Its purpose is to show the South in a true light, and to honor those who sacrificed property, comfort, and often life, through their devotion to principle.

### IN OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

An experience in the management of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has revealed certain facts concerning patriotism that it may be well to print. It concerns the Union as well as Confederate soldier elements.

The Grand Army Posts, in the aggregate led by designing politicians, appear as partisans in politics more to their discredit than is due. Confederate Veteran organizations repudiate politics. Your great captain, in accepting the resignation of Gen. Lee, illustrated the sentiments of his best soldiers in refusing that good man's sword, and in telling him that "the boys will need their horses to make crops." Grant never had heart in the radical measures of the administration while Chief Executive. This was given out as a last expression of his life, and kept a secret even from his wife until after he was dead.

True patriots of the two sections are much more in harmony than they think. Unhappily the political victors, by our system of government, wielded so much power that the Union veteran was dashed by the current, and he could not check its tide. Many thousands of the best soldiers who suffered for the flag but refused to ally themselves with these sectional partisans, have been refused any benefits of office through all the decades that have followed. Many of them have stood as true to principles, however, as the great body of the Southern people. This element is stronger than it realizes, and the day may yet be predicted when it will be heard.

A letter printed in this VETERAN commends its "fraternal spirit" by a Union soldier. Such is its spirit. All honor to the bronzed American soldier who acted upon the teachings of his fathers and ours, that "the Union must and shall be preserved." The Confederate soldier must not fail to honor such, and he will not. In paying tribute to their courage and manhood we honor ourselves.

Resting upon this declaration the bold assertion is made that the average Southerner is a better patriot than the average Northerner. American soldiers of the Union should accept this, and they might, with fine grace, admit it. Placing our ancestors on equal footing, and Union veterans will certainly admit as much, they should know that we who suffered greater hardships through the four bitter years of war became more intensely devoted than if we had been paid for our services. We fought for home and the constitutional principles of our fathers, while they can only claim to have fought for the latter and the Union.

So far reference is had only to the American sons who volunteered to battle for the Union, and the premises should be accepted. If positions had been reversed the men of the South would have been less ardent than they are and were. Again, this sentiment will be in greater contrast when we remember that many thousands of foreigners came to America to fight for pay, having not a particle of sentiment. This picture must be depressing to the American soldier who fought for the Union. The ostracism of southern men through all these years has been bad for the spirit of national pride that we all would like to have.

The foreign writer of history who goes about our national capital and sees the bronze dedicated to the Union side only will think of our "reconstructed" rather than our "reunited" country. [These monuments are almost exclusively to officers. In the South the finest monuments are to private soldiers.] If he crosses over to Arlington on the opposite side of the Potomac, he will witness that the magnificent home of Robert E. Lee, which has been converted into sexton's quarters of a national cemetery, has not even a portrait of that eminent man whom the civilized world delights to honor, and a man whose ancestors, back to the formation of the government, were eminent in its establishment and maintenance.

How long, O brothers of American sires, will you keep silent against these unwise and unpatriotic things? "We are," indeed, "in our father's house," and "we love our country's flag." We would not if we could substitute another for it. The "flag of the Confederacy" is, however, absolutely sacred, and will be forever, yea forever. It is a lost flag, and that should be the term rather than "lost cause." Our cause is not lost. The principles of the government for which we fought are being maintained, save as to States rights and slavery. The abolition of the latter is everywhere accepted, and the former is a question of expediency still as much as ever it was.

Constitutional government is the underlying principle for which all good men pray, and for which southern as well as northern men will fight. Do let us all, both North and South, with the issues removed that

caused a long "unpleasantness," press forward to our high calling as Americans. Confederate veterans, proud sons of men, you have done and are doing your part well. You will so continue. Nothing can deter you from devotion to the principles impressed by education and grounded in by experience. Continue patient under trial and all will be well in the end.

In a journey by daylight from Atlanta to Charlotte during the latter part of May I was thrilled with the progressive spirit of the people and recall mention of the fact that in the hundreds of miles I did not observe a half mile of poorly tended farm lands. I was gratified, and the occasion assures me that "hard times" will not seriously affect the bone and sinew elements as at former periods of financial distress. This same condition of improved farming is apparent in the South generally. It is conspicuously good in Tennessee. In unhappy contrast to this cheerful view a renegade from Virginia, who, with Longstreet, went to visit the battle-fields of Gettysburg about the same time, is reported by the *New York Independent*:

"General Mahone could not say enough to express his appreciation of the broad and beautiful fields of Pennsylvania, and especially of their well tilled and neat appearance in comparison with the slovenly style of cultivation in Virginia."

Longstreet's familiarity with Grant is given:

"It was natural that those who had attended the banquet should refer to Grant. Longstreet said the report that he was 'best man' at Grant's wedding was a mistake, but that he was present at the wedding, and that he and Grant were the best of friends in those days. He was only one year ahead of Grant at West Point, and they were stationed together in the West, and had whiled away many, many hours at some favorite game of cards. They were both in the Mexican war. But after the civil war broke out he did not see Grant again until at the time of the surrender at Appomattox. The negotiations between Grant and Lee took place in front of his corps, so that he first received Grant's messages and transmitted them to Lee. Longstreet accompanied Lee at the time of his historic interview with Grant. 'When we entered the room Grant rose,' he said, 'extended his hand and spoke in the old familiar way, called me by name, and after we were seated offered me a cigar.'"

#### ABOUT THE U. C. V. EXCURSION TO CHICAGO.

Much interest is exercised by veterans in regard to the excursion from Birmingham to Chicago at the close of the reunion in September.

Gen. Jno. C. Underwood writes Col. Jno. P. Hickman, Adjutant General of the Tennessee division:

"My arrangement for the excursion from Birmingham is over the Queen & Crescent route to Cincinnati; via the Baltimore & Ohio from Cincinnati to Columbus, Sandusky and Chicago; thence over the Monon route to Indianapolis, and to Cincinnati on the C. H. & D., and returning from Cincinnati over the Queen & Crescent to Birmingham.

"The excursion is limited to Confederate veterans and their families. It will not be possible to have sleepers attached to the train, yet if there are ladies, the wives and daughters of Confederate veterans, who desire to join the excursion a special coach will be assigned to them if they wish it, so that they can have more privacy than they could obtain if men were allowed to occupy the same coach. It may be possible to make sleeper arrangement for a few to take regular trains, but on another basis, for the railroad management has ruled me down to the letter of the contract, which calls for coaches on the Confederate veteran train."

#### CAPTURED BATTLE FLAGS.

It seems opportune now to solicit the return of Confederate flags captured by the United States forces, or surrendered to them at the close of the war. If the human system changes in seven years it would seem that the minds of men, after four times seven years, would so change that it would be safe to trust them with the custody of moulded ensigns of times sacred to them as will be good deeds at the judgment.

Six years ago there was a spontaneity of sentiment on the subject, and its agitation went so far that President Cleveland consented that all flags in the Department taken in battle be returned to the States whence they came. But a howl from illiberal persons who would "keep bottom rails on top" caused him to reconsider and retract, and there the matter ended.

Adjutant General Drum, favoring the return of flags to the States, in a letter to Mr. Endicott, Secretary of War, used this language: "When in all the civilized nations of the world trophies taken in war against foreign enemies have been carefully preserved and exhibited as proud mementoes of the nation's military glories, wise and obvious reasons have always exempted from the rule evidences of past internecine troubles which, by appeals to the arbitrament of the sword, have disturbed the peaceful march of a people to its destiny." He mentions then the decades that have passed and the part that many of the actors on the Confederate side are "honored representatives of the people in national councils," etc.

Might not the United Confederate Veterans, in their great council at Birmingham, memorialize Congress to consider this subject? President Cleveland so concluded his letter on this subject June 16, 1887: "Any direction as to the final disposition of them should originate with Congress."

From 1862 to the end of the war the Generals commanding in the Federal army sent to the War Department flags that were captured in battle or the surrender of Confederate forces, United States flags that had been captured by the Confederates and recaptured by Union forces and sent to the War Department. There were of these two hundred and thirty-six. Four hundred and forty-four Confederate flags were so captured.

Through the thoughtful kindness of R. F. Dahlgren,

Atlanta, the VETERAN possesses the last printed report of these flags that can be spared from the files at Washington. From that report the list of one hundred and seventy Confederate flags will appear in subsequent VETERANS, with what is known of their capture. In most cases the regiment from which the flag was captured is given. Concerted action in appeal might be effective in their return. Herewith is appended a report of the twenty-two flags captured and given, by order of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, in nearly every instance, to their captors. Upon direct appeal of the veterans who surrendered them to their captors, it is probable that many may be secured. Let the application be made. Confederate battle flags, punctured by ball and blackened by the smoke of battle, are the most sacred things to the commands who bore them in existence, and they are very scarce. I have tried in vain for months to procure one for the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York. The language in the following report is as copied:

LIST OF CONFEDERATE FLAGS DELIVERED BY WAR DEPARTMENT TO CERTAIN PARTIES ON APPLICATION.

No. 5. Confederate battle-flag. Captured at Sharpsburgh, Md., September 17, 1862, by Sixty-first New York Volunteers, Caldwell's brigade, Richardson's division, Sumner's corps. Delivered to Sixty-first New York Volunteers December 30, 1863, by order of the Secretary of War, Stanton.

No. 27. Confederate battle-flag. Taken in action at Willis Church, Va., June 30, 1862, by Sixty-first New York Volunteers, Col. Frank Barlow. Delivered to the Sixty-first New York Volunteers December 30, 1863, by order of the Secretary of War, Stanton.

No. 72. Confederate battle-flag. Captured at the battle of New Market Cross Roads, June 30, 1863 (1862), by private William Gallagher, Company F, Ninth Regiment Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, Third brigade, McCall's division, from the Tenth Alabama Infantry. Gallagher, having killed the original bearer of the colors, took prisoner a second, who attempted to recover and raise it. Delivered to Sixty-first Regiment New York Volunteers December 30, 1863, by order of Secretary of War, Stanton.

No. 271. Battle-flag of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, "Secessionville," June 16, 1862. April 26, 1865, loaned to W. H. Ryder by order of General Nichols, Assistant Adjutant General.

No. 7. Confederate battle-flag. Captured at Rappahannock Station, November 7, 1863, by Philip Smith, Company E, One Hundred and Twenty-first New York Volunteers. June 6, 1865, loaned to Col. E. Olcott, One Hundred and Twenty-first New York Volunteers, by order of Secretary of War, Stanton.

No. 148. One-half Confederate battle-flag. Captured from rebel infantry in an engagement near Malvern Hill, July 28, 1864, by private George Funk, Company K, Sixth New York Cavalry, Second brigade, First division, Army of the Potomac. June 26, 1865, loaned to W. H. Ryder, by order of the Secretary of War, Stanton.

No. 324. Rebel battle-flag. Captured by private Benjamin Gifford, Company A, One Hundred and Twenty-first New York Volunteers, Second brigade, First division, Sixth corps, in battle of Little Sailor's

Creek, April 6, 1865. June 26, 1865, loaned to Col. E. Olcott, One Hundred and Twenty-first New York Volunteers, by order of the Secretary of War, Stanton.

No. 293. Rebel battle-flag. Captured in battle at Farm's Cross Roads, April 5, 1865, by Sergt. James P. Landis, chief bugler First Pennsylvania Cavalry, First brigade, Second Cavalry division, Brevet Major General Davies commanding. Loaned to Brevet Major General Davies, May —, —, by order of General Nichols, Assistant Adjutant General.

No. 20. United States flag, stars and stripes. Captured at battle of New Market Cross Roads, June 30, 1862, by Patrick Ryan, Company D, Fourth Regiment Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps, from Eleventh Alabama Regiment. This flag was used by the rebels to deceive the United States troops. Supposed to have been loaned and never returned.

No. 26. Confederate flag, inscribed "Williamsburg and Seven Pines." Supposed to have been loaned and never returned.

No. 58. Confederate battle-flag of Virginia Twenty-eighth Infantry. Supposed to have been loaned and never returned.

No. 97. Confederate flag, stars and bars, of the Twenty-sixth Tennessee Volunteers. Captured on prize-steamer "Cherokee," June, 1863. Supposed to have been loaned and never returned.

No. 104. Confederate flag, stars and bars, of the Sixteenth Virginia Infantry. Captured by the Fourth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, at Crampton Pass, Md. Supposed to have been loaned and never returned.

No. 112. Confederate flag. Captured at Rappahannock Station, November 17, 1863. The colors were stripped from the staff in order to be saved by the color-bearer. Supposed to have been loaned and never returned.

No. 119. Confederate battle-flag. Captured by Lieut. Joseph C. Paradis, Company E, Fifth Maine Volunteers, May 10, 1864. Supposed to have been loaned and never returned.

No. 168. Confederate colors. Captured by James H. Compston, Company D, Ninety-first Ohio Regiment, Second brigade, Second division, Army of West Virginia. Supposed to have been loaned and never returned.

No. 185. Confederate battle-flag. Captured by Col. George M. Love, One Hundred and Sixteenth New York Volunteers, October 19, 1864, at Cedar Creek, Virginia. Supposed to have been loaned and never returned.

No. 443. Rebel flag. Captured at Columbus, Ga., April 16, 1865, by Corporal Richard H. Morgan, Company A, Fourth Iowa Cavalry, First brigade, Fourth division, cavalry corps, M. D. M., inside the line of works during the charge. The bearer contested with the corporal for its possession (Upton's division, Winslow's brigade). Sent to the State of Iowa by order of the Secretary of War, Stanton.

No. 444. Rebel flag. Captured by private John M. Hays, Company F, Fourth Iowa Cavalry, First brigade, Fourth division, cavalry corps, M. D. M., at Columbus, Ga., April 16, 1865. Private Hays captured the standard and bearer, who tore it from the staff and tried to escape, firing his revolver and wounding one man belonging to the Fourth Iowa Cavalry. (Upton's division, Winslow's brigade.) Sent to the State of Iowa, by order of the Secretary of War, Stanton.



No. 502. Rebel flag. Captured by Warren Dockum, private, Company H, One Hundred and Twenty-first New York Volunteers, in the engagement at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865. Inscription, "For our Altars and our Hearths." "Savannah Vols. Guards, 1862." Loaned to Col. E. Olcott, One Hundred and Twenty-first New York Volunteers, by order of the Secretary of War, Stanton.

No. 543. Confederate battle-flag. Captured from Seventeenth and Eighteenth Texas Troops during the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, by the Fifteenth Michigan Infantry. Left at War Department by Hon. W. T. Clark, August 27, 1875. Loaned to Gen. W. T. Clark, for use of a panorama about to be exhibited, by authority of the Acting Secretary of War (General Benet). To be returned.

Total Confederate flags, 22.

*SHERIDAN'S RAID IN THE JAMES RIVER VALLEY.*

PROF. WM. D. CABELL, NORWOOD INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The writer was attempting to burn the bridge across the Tye River where it empties into the James to impede Sheridan's progress, but found it necessary to rip up the plank for ten or twenty feet. I threw the flooring into the river when the cavalry of Sheridan appeared in force pursuing and flying after my brother Robert Stuart Cabell and Ivanhoe Cabell. To save their lives I met them on the bridge and turned them back into the lines of the assembled cavalry. My brother had lost a leg by a solid cannon ball at Fredericksburg, and was unable to make his way on foot. They obeyed my command, but instead of surrendering, rode through the lines of the United States troops and made good their escape after a five mile race in open sight, with Spencer rifles leveled and fired incessantly after them. The following lines, signed "Virginia," were written by the authress, Miss M. G. McClelland, whose beautiful home, "Elm Cottage," overlooked the scene of this remarkable ride:

Down thro' the heart of our beautiful land,  
Swiftly and silently rode a strong band  
Of Federal cavalry, spreading around,  
And behind them the piteous sound  
Of destruction, and burning, and miserable pain,  
Till even the echoes take up the refrain,  
And all the bright, beautiful valley of James  
Is blackened and ravaged with fury and flames.

Onward they come, relentless and strong,  
Remorseless as fate, for to them shall belong  
That cruellest, bitterest task in all war—  
The bringing it home to the hearthstone and door,  
The giving of homestead and barn to the torch,  
The anguish of women and children, for such  
An end fate decrees shall always attend  
Brother's strife against brother, friend against friend.

Swiftly and silent, remorseless and strong,  
The dark, blue thunder-cloud rolls along,  
'Till the shades of evening begin to fall  
Gently and calmly upon them all,  
Victor and vanquished, friend and foe,  
While the river murmurs in rhythmic flow,  
And the breezes bring from the distant hill  
God's own benison—"peace, be still."

"Halt!" the order runs down the line.  
What sound is borne on the sleepy wind?  
Nearer and nearer, distant and clear,  
The tramping of horses comes to the ear,  
And down a road to the left of their course  
Quickly there comes a galloping horse,  
Then another, 'till seeing the hostile train,  
They turn and gallop the way they came.

Riding for life, while fuller and clearer  
The sound of pursuit comes nearer and nearer;  
Onward they dash in their desperate course;  
Each man's life lies in the strength of his horse.  
As they madly press on they well represent  
The poor Southern Cause, so broken and spent—  
A boy in his teens, a man war-worn and lame,  
While fierce on their track a regiment came.

"Keep near!" groaned the man, with lips white and set;  
"If I just keep the saddle we will distance them yet;  
Your hand, quick, an instant, I'm slipping you see.  
Oh God! if that shell had but left me my knee,  
I'd still ride with the best. Hark, they gain on us fast.  
I'd give life for a pistol, to have but one last  
Good shot at the blue-coats, if just to requite  
For the loss of my leg and this miserable flight."

"Don't turn your head," the boy eagerly cried;  
'Speak not a word, for your life you must ride;  
Down flat on your horse, I'll guide him all right;  
Put your arms 'round his neck, quick, the leader's in sight.  
How you reel in your saddle; don't try to look round.  
Ho! steady, good horse—my God, he is down.  
We are in for it now, they have us both fast;  
I said I'd stand by him, and will to the last."

As a wild yell of triumph rings out on the air,  
He springs from his horse, with the strength of despair  
Grasps the man in his arms, lifts him on to his steed,  
Leaps back on his own and puts both to their speed;  
But turns in his saddle to give a loud shout  
Of mocking defiance. 'Tis vain to call out,  
'Halt, or we fire!' As well to command  
The outgoing tide to return to the strand.

"Stop, men," cried the officer; "not a step more;  
So gallant an action I never before  
Beheld in a lad of his years. Let them go;  
To continue pursuit would serve but to show  
Ourselves to be caitiffs, unworthy the name  
Both of soldiers and men. I could hardly refrain  
From cheering that brave 'little reb.' on the spot.  
We'll return to the main body; forward, then, trot."

'Tis many long years since the demon of war  
Fled from our land. The grass grows o'er  
Our ruins and graves. Still when memory turns  
To review our dead past, then deeds like this boy's  
Come to our remembrance, and bid us rejoice  
That, tho' ruined and conquered, we're still not undone,  
While our noble dead heroes yet live in their sons.

—VIRGINIA.

Professor Cabell added the following note: My brother lost wife, children, and everything dear to him, and now lies near death's door. My cousin, Ivanhoe Cabell, is now a prominent engineer on the C. & O. R. R. With the exception of my brother I am the last of a large family.

*LIBBY PRISON RELICS, CHICAGO.*

CHICAGO, June 27, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham, Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN—We are gratified with the prospect of having so many of our old comrades visit the World's Fair on the occasion of dedicating the Confederate Monument in July. There is no feature outside of the great Exposition in which they will take so much interest as in Libby Prison and its wonderful collection, and as its manager I invite the delegation, through you, to visit the prison at such time as may be agreed upon as convenient to them.

C. F. GUNTHER,  
President Libby Prison Association.

WANTED.—To buy, immediately, Confederate Money, Confederate Stamps on original envelopes, old United States Stamps older than 1872, and old Coins. Describe exactly what you have, and address EDWARD S. JONES, Garland Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

## OUR UNKNOWN DEAD.

ADDRESS OF GEN. S. G. FRENCH, MADE TO THE U. C. V.  
CAMP, NO. 54, ORLANDO, FLA., JUNE 3, 1893.

COMRADES—The solemn ceremony of Decoration Day has been performed. The few graves, alike of the Confederate and the Union soldiers that rest in our cemetery, have been decorated with floral offerings, and the cause that so few of Confederate dead sleep where loving kindred can care for them, inclines me to say a few words in regard to the unknown dead.

There is evidence that in the beginning of the late war it was the intention of the Federal Government to concentrate their forces and form two or more grand armies and wage war only on the enlisted troops of the Confederacy, and by sheer power of numbers overwhelm their opponents and end the war by a second Sadowa or Sedan victory. In this, however, they were not successful. McClellan, Pope, Burnside and Hooker unavailingly encountered Lee, and in the West no great victory was obtained.

During this time the Federal forces were largely increased, and a navy, which in the end numbered four hundred and seventy odd war steamers, was created, manned by thirty-four thousand seamen, and carrying four thousand four hundred and forty guns. This armament was stationed along the Atlantic seaboard, the gulf coast and on the waters of navigable rivers, occupying sounds, inlets, bays and harbors, supporting and protecting, under cover of these guns, large detachments of their land forces, in numbers estimated nearly equal to a third of their troops in service. Now, whatever may primarily have been the object of these many isolated detachments, it soon developed into making raids in the adjacent country, and afforded opportunity to pillage when not met with opposing forces. \* \* \* \* \*

From Dalton down to Atlanta, and around that city, there was one continuous conflict for one hundred days, and not a day passed without some troops being engaged, and so the dead were left throughout an hundred miles on either side, resting where they fell.

If we turn to the East again we find that Grant crossed the Rapidan May 4, 1864, and taking the direct line to Richmond, immediately the battle of the Wilderness followed, and he announced that he was going "to fight it out on that line if it took all summer." A few days after came the battle of Spottsylvania, and June 1st that of Cold Harbor, where the Federal troops refused to make a second attack.

In these three great and sanguinary battles the commander of the Union forces did not meet with success, and so on the first day of summer he left that line and swung around, as McClellan did, to the James River. After Cold Harbor it seems as if there was no desire for another general engagement, and the hammering away mode of war commenced on Lee. On July 18, 1864, President Lincoln called for 500,000 more men, and so the detrition process went on for nine months, mainly on and near the picket line, being in all nearly eleven months and a half, that Lee confronted Grant's hosts of men, and over all this extent of country lay the blue and the gray side by side in death. Devastation, as in the Palatinate, had done its work.

Now, when the war ended the Federal Government, with commendable zeal, very humanely collected most of their dead and had their remains removed to their

beautiful cemeteries, and there keep green the sod and fresh the flowers on their graves.

There was no Confederate Government to collect and care for the remains of the Confederate dead. Along the banks of the Father of Waters for more than a thousand miles the inhabitants tread unawares over the unknown graves of those who battled for the South. Along the shores of the Potomac, the Rappahannock and the James, wave the golden harvests on soil enriched by their blood and mouldering dust. From the capes of the Chesapeake adown the stormy Atlantic, and trending around the Gulf, rest thousands of our dead; or go to the heights of Allatoona, to Lookout's lofty peak, or Kennesaw Mountain's top, and you may seek in vain where the dead rest. Time, with the relentless forces of the elements, has obliterated all traces of their graves from human eye; they are known only to Him who can tell where Moses sleeps in "a vale in the land of Moab." So the forgotten are not forgot, the hand that made the thunder's home comes down every spring and paints with bright colors the little wild flowers that grow over their resting places, and they are bright on decoration day. The rosy morn announces first to them that the night is gone, and when the day is past and the landscape veiled with evening's shade, high on the mountain's top the last rays of the setting sun lovingly lingers longest, loth to leave the lonely place where the bright-eyed children of the Confederacy rest in death.

And wherefore did they die? They fell in defense of their homes, their families, their country, and those civil rights arising from that liberty God gave man as a heritage in the beginning. They furnished to their country much that will be noble in history, wonderful in story, tender in song, and a large share of that glory which will claim the admiration of mankind. We can to-day place no wreaths of immortelles on their unknown graves, yet we can rest assured the echoes of posterity will render their deeds illustrious.

And now, as I look back on the past and recall to mind your trials and sufferings—which will be forgotten—I am sure the world will not forget that your valor MERITED A SUCCESS which is better now than to have achieved it.

## ABOUT RECONSTRUCTION TIMES.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST ACTION AGAINST CARPET-BAG  
RULE IN GEORGIA.

Col. C. B. Howard has written of the time, in June, 1867, when the State of Georgia was under military rule and the citizens were being annoyed with all sorts of indignities. Judge W. W. Clayton, a prominent citizen, had just been turned out of house and home because his daughters refused to pass under the United States flag, and hid their faces from yankee officers with their parasols. It was a few days before Alexander H. Stephens wrote a letter to Col. R. A. Alston, saying he considered the country in *articuli mortis*, that if the South resisted reconstruction would be forced, and if they accepted it they were disgraced, and that it was a choice between martyrdom and suicide, and for himself he preferred martyrdom.

The story of that meeting was told by Mr. S. A. Echols in a letter printed in the Sunny South during the summer of 1878, just after the controversy between Mr. Hill and Mr. Stephens over the question, "Who saved the State?" In that article Mr. Echols gives a

long interview with Col. Alston, who told how he, Dr. J. P. Hambleton and Mr. Eli Hulsey, in discussing the deplorable situation, decided to call a Democratic meeting. They did so, and wrote a letter to Col. T. C. Howard, at Kirkwood, asking him to attend and preside. The papers refused to print the call and the city hall was secured only by consent of Gen. Pope. When the time came for the meeting the house was partly filled with Pope's officers and civil staff, and many of the Democrats present opposed any demonstration.

Col. Howard walked into the room and looked around in astonishment. He had left the plow and walked into town. \* \* \* Charlie Herbst called on him soon afterward for a speech. Col. Alston said of it: "I never shall forget the scene and solemn dignity with which he rose. Never shall I forget how he was dressed—an old coat with the lining torn out and hanging in strings, an unbleached homespun shirt, no cravat, a pair of brogan shoes, without socks. His handsome, intelligent face contrasted strongly with his apparel, and even a stranger would not have been surprised to hear something good, even from such a poorly dressed speaker. His first words were:

"My fellow countrymen, when I am called upon on an occasion like this, surrounded by circumstances like these (pointing to the eager Democrats), and these (pointing to the soldiers), and these (pointing to the scalawags), I feel that deep solemnity which the man of God feels, or at least ought to feel, when he rises in the pulpit to talk to dying sinners about the salvation of their souls.' He then went on to trace the history of this country from the settlement of New England and Virginia down to the breaking out of the Confederate war. He demonstrated that three generations had raised up in these different latitudes two entirely different races of people, that the bloody war which had resulted had been brought on by the love of constitutional freedom on the part of the South, and a love for religion and law battling against a total disregard of all compacts on the part of the North, and an utter disregard of public morality, constitutional law and Bible religion on the part of the North. That while slavery may have embittered the contest it was not the cause, but only one of the incidents of the struggle. That the constant and persevering invasions of our rights had proceeded from envy, hatred and malice. 'Yea,' said he, 'my countrymen, from the day that old John Adams left the white house,' pointing his finger at the portrait of Washington and saying, 'You and your people did this, there began a struggle which never ceased until it left this whole continent with crutches and crape in every household, which drew one broad line of charcoal from Dalton to Charlotte, N. C., and brought delicate women to cooking, scrubbing and scouring, where Sherman had left them any thing to cook, to scrub or to scour.' Here he paid a glowing and beautiful tribute to the women of the South, and passing on he said, 'But when I come to speak of the 150,000 dead heroes that lie slumbering in our soil, what shall I say?' Here he burst into tears. \* \* \* Soon rousing himself, with bitter scorn he addressed Pope's people and said: 'And do you call upon me to disgrace the fortitude of women like these? Do you call upon me to desecrate the memory of heroes like these? Never! never! And what for, what to gain—to save what little we have left? No, my friends, this would be

to lose our all, to surrender the only jewel that even tyranny cannot wrest from us—our honor. Even Wendell Phillips says, a few years longer and a change of a few thousand votes will cause the shackles to fall from our limbs. Yes, Wendell Phillips, the worst man who has cursed God's footstool for the last thousand years, always excepting that fiend and scourge of hell, —."

"When these words fell from his lips the consternation was painful. We all grasped arms and felt that the supreme moment had arrived. But Col. Howard thundered on and the crisis was passed. Turning to where we were standing he said: 'Go on, my little band of Democrats, bend your backs and take the blows, the anvil will yet wear out the hammer. Recollect that God has said in his word, "One man shall be equal to a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight," armed with the power of truth; therefore stand firm, and oh, when your hearts grow weary, when you are ready to exclaim, "How long, O Lord, how long," faint not, but look back more than 1800 years and behold the most sublime spectacle that assembled creations were ever called upon to witness. See the Son of God condescending to become man to save a sinful world, remembering that when he walked throughout Gallilee, armed with the power and majesty of God, distributing his loaves and fishes, whole multitudes followed him. But alas! when the day of his tribulation came, when he had no more loaves to divide, no more fishes to distribute, when we see him swinging upon the cross, whom do we see there then? One poor, lone, weeping woman! Ah, if you yankees had been there then, if you scalawags had been there then, if you timid Democrats had been there then (the scorn dripping from his fingers), you would have gone to her and said: "Get up from here, Mary, never an office will you get for remaining here. The majority is against us. Let us yield." And this day you would have been peeping into the quivering guts of birds and animals to learn the will of God, and sacrificing to Jupiter, and we would have lost the Christian religion.'"

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PRESERVE THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.—J. M. Wilson, Golden City, Mo.: I beg of you to call the attention of our old comrades, who are subscribers to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to one thing which I consider of the greatest importance—that is, the preserving of every copy of the VETERAN, and at the end of every year have them bound, then they can be handed down in our families and preserved for generations to come. The great mission of the VETERAN should be to leave to posterity our side of the Civil War. This should be regarded above our interest in the incidents and events participated in by them. Again, I think each subscriber should take to himself that it is his duty to contribute his share of what he saw and went through with. It will interest others as much as their pieces interest him.

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A RECENT issue of the Denton (Tex.) *Monitor* tells by the editor of his meeting with Capt. Jas. W. Terrell, whom he had not seen since 1864, when the two separated at Macon, Ga. Captain Terrell was shot through the breast at Jonesboro and left to die, but some comrades carried him out later. He is a successful teacher in Tennessee—at Decherd.

## HUMORS OF THE MARCH.

W. A. CAMPBELL, COLUMBUS, MISS.

**WANTED TO BE FLATTENED OUT.**—When a company of home guards on the Mississippi River had fired upon a gunboat the boat acknowledged by opening on them with shell. The guards immediately got down close to the ground, and one of them said, "Boys, if I aint flat enough won't one of you please get on me and mash me flatter?"

**THE WRONG PLACE TO WEAR A "PLUG."**—As Ferguson's brigade of cavalry was marching through Mississippi in 1864, on a country road, we met an infantry Colonel in full uniform, with the exception that instead of the cap or soft hat usually worn he had on a silk hat, or, as the boys would say, a "stove pipe." You may imagine the result. One would ask if he had stoves to sell, another if he was moving his bees, or if he had honey to sell, and shouts of laughter would roll out all along the line. The Colonel was in a buggy with his wife, and had to leave the road and take to the woods to escape the fun.

**MADE ONE OF 'EM HOLLER.**—In the Spring of 1868, at Cochran's Cross Roads, in North Mississippi, we engaged in a lively skirmish with Grierson's Federal cavalry. At first they gave way before us in a very satisfactory manner, but being reinforced they sent our boys back on the reserve after the latest improved double quick style. A red-headed corporal named Tom Murray dashed by me, and as he halted exclaimed, "Well, Captain, we made one of 'em holler." "What did he say, Tom?" the Captain inquired. Tom looked up, squinted his gray eyes and replied, "He said, 'Forward, skirmishers.'"

**TOO MUCH CROW.**—As my command, Perrin's regiment, Mississippi Cavalry, Ferguson's brigade, was moving from Mississippi to Georgia, spring of 1864, a soldier by the name of Crow had a pass to go by his home and join the command as it came by. Crow's house was immediately on the road by which the command marched, and he had his family and neighbors present to see the command, at this time a large one. As we passed in front of the house the boys of Company "D" recognized Crow, and they all began cawing, and you would have thought the crows of Mississippi had all gathered in council as the cawing passed from company to company of the regiment. Our comrade Crow wisely beat a retreat.

**THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD SHOT OFF. (?)**—A company of cavalry of this section of Mississippi was on duty on the Tennessee River. Privates John W. T. and a man named Gamble were on out-post picket, it was night, dark and wet, and the reserve picket were making themselves as comfortable as possible, when two shots rang out, and following closely after the shots they heard a horse coming rapidly down the road, and in a few moments G. came up and reported that John W. T. was shot and the enemy was advancing. But in a minute or two another horse and rider came tearing in, and John was the rider. He said, "Captain, I am shot." The Captain asked him where, and he said, "The side of my head is torn off." The Captain put his hand to John's head and felt it and said, "It

is true, take him back to the hospital." But when day came the wound on the side of John's head proved to be mud and water. The facts, as developed afterward, were, that John and his friend had fired at a farmer's mule, and John's horse had thrown him, and as he went off his carbine had slapped him on the side of the head, and as he hit the ground his head went in the mud and water. Poor John has gone now, but he never relished this story, but it was true.

**NOT A SENSATIONALIST.**—Here is a story of infantry to match the cavalry incident. Private H. was on picket when he saw what he thought was a battery moving up. He rushed back and said, "Captain, I am no sensationalist, but the enemy are planting a battery on the hill over there. The Captain immediately ordered out the company and advanced in skirmishing order, to attack the supposed battery. On getting in good view the battery proved to be an old-fashioned cart which an old negro had driven up and turned around with the tail-board toward the camp. Our friend to this good day does not like to hear any one say, "I am no sensationalist," as he thinks it is personal.

**STAMPEDE AMONG TEXAS HORSES AT ROME, GA.**—A friend of mine, now living here in the drug business, was stationed during the war at Rome, Ga., and tells this incident: A Texas regiment of cavalry came in town and halted in front of the hotel, and the officers and many of the men scattered around town, but the majority of them remained mounted and took the easiest positions they could in their saddles, many of them sitting sideways with one leg thrown across the saddle. It was about dinner time, and the negro waiter came out with one of those Chinese copper gongs, and giving it one tremendous rap, made it rattle with that nerve-shattering noise so well known to passengers at railway depots. The result was fearful. Horses reared, plunged, and, turning like goats, stampeded in all directions, leaving many riders on the ground, and creating more excitement than the fire of a Federal battery of six guns would have done. But after a few minutes the officers of the regiment came up to see what was the matter, and hearing the cause told the proprietor of the hotel to hide his negro out, as his men would surely kill him if they found him. And so sure enough, in a few moments they came on the hunt for him, but the negro had been safely hid away, and was not seen any more during the stay of that Texas command. Any soldier who met Texas cavalry during the war knew that they were superb riders, and to throw them was no easy matter, but this Chinese gong dismounted more of them than a charge on infantry would have done.

Dr. W. M. Yandell, El Paso, Tex.: "Cook, of Belton, strikes the key-note to success in the monument affair. Money was subscribed here for the fund, but nobody knows anything about the amount on hand or anything about the status of the fund. Let us have an explanation in full in the VETERAN, and I shall then see that El Paso is given a chance to put up again."

Turney Bivouac, Winchester, Tenn., remits, as proceeds from a young ladies' concert, January 25, 1890, \$26; for Joe G. Estill, now at Yale College, \$2.50, and A. D. Corder, Sewanee, \$1.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

ALABAMA.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Andalusia	Harper	256	Jno. F. Thomas, J. M. Robinson, Sr.
Anniston	Pelham	258	John M. McKleroy, W. H. Williams
Ashland	Henry D. Clayton	327	A. S. Stockdale, D. L. Campbell
Ashville	Camp St. Clair	308	John W. Ingler, Jas. D. Truss
Auburn	Auburn	236	O. D. Smith, James H. Lane
Bessemer	Bessemer	157	W. R. Jones, N. H. Sewall
Birmingham	W. J. Hardee	39	J. R. Johnston, P. K. McMiller
Bridgeport	Jo Wheeler	260	J. H. Johnson, R. A. Jones
Camden	Franklin K. Beck	221	R. Gailhard, J. F. Foster
Carrollton	Camp Pickens	323	M. L. Stancel, B. C. Church
Eutaw	Sanders	64	Geo. H. Cole, T. H. Mundy
Florence	E. A. O'Neal	298	A. M. O'Neal, J. M. Crow
Fort Payne	W. N. Estes	263	J. N. Davidson, A. P. McCartney
Gadsden	Emma Sanson	275	Jas. Aiken, Jos. R. Hughes
Greensboro	Allen C. Jones	266	A. M. Arsey, E. T. Pastour
Jacksonville	Col. Jas. B. Martin	292	J. H. Caldwell, L. W. Grant
LaFayette	A. A. Greene	310	J. J. Robinson, Geo. H. Black
Marion	I. W. Garrett	277	
Mobile	Raphael Semmes	11	T. T. Roche, Wm. E. Mickle
Montgomery	Lomax	151	Emmet Seibels, J. H. Higgins
Opelika	Lee County	261	R. M. Greene, J. Q. Burton
Roanoke	Aiken Smith	293	W. A. Handley, B. M. McCounaghy
Rockford	Henry W. Cox	276	F. L. Smith, W. T. Johnson
Seale	James F. Waddell	268	R. H. Bellamy, P. A. Greene
Selma	Catesby	317	
Springville	Springville	223	A. W. Wordell, W. J. Spiniell
Talladega	Charles M. Shelby	246	W. J. Rhodes, F. M. Shouse
Tusculumbia	James Desher	313	A. H. Keller, J. P. Gray
Tuskaloosa	Camp Rodes	262	A. C. Haglore, Walter Guild
Troy	Camp Rufin	320	W. D. Henderson, L. H. Bowles
Verbena	Camp Gracie	291	K. Wells, J. A. Mitchell
Wetumpke	Elmore County	255	J. F. Maulf, Hal T. Walker
Wedowee	Camp Randolph	316	C. C. Euloe, R. S. Pate

ARKANSAS.

Abm	Cabell	292	James E. Smith, J. T. Jones
Benton	David D. Dodd	325	C. E. Shoemaker
Beutonville	Cabell	89	N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates
Centre Point	Haller	192	J. M. Somerville, J. C. Anstley
Charleston	Pat Cleburne	191	
Conway	Jeff Davis	213	A. P. Witt, W. C. Cole
Fayetteville	W. H. Brooks	216	T. M. Gunter, I. M. Partridge
Fort Smith	Ben T. Duval	116	P. T. Devany, R. M. Fry
Greenwood	Ben Mculloch	194	Dudley Milam, W. B. Hartsill
Hackett City	Stonewall	169	L. B. Lake
Hope	Gratiot	293	N. W. Stewart, John F. Sanor
Morrilton	Robert W. Harper	257	W. S. Hanna, R. W. Harrison
Nashville	Joe Neal	208	W. K. Cowling, John B. Bell
Newport	Tom Hindman	318	T. T. Ward
Vau Buren	John Wallace	299	John Allen, J. E. Clegg

FLORIDA.

Brookville	W. W. Loring	13	J. C. Davant, F. L. Robertson
Chipley	Chipley	247	
Dade City	Paseo C. V. Ass'n	57	J. B. Johnston, A. H. Ravesties
Defuniak Spgs	E. Kirby-Smith	282	J. T. Stubbs, D. G. McLeod
Fernandina	Nassau	164	W. S. Thompson, T. A. Hall
Inverness	Geo. T. Ward	118	W. C. Zimmerman, W. S. Turner
Jacksonville	R. E. Lee	58	G. T. Maxwell, W. W. Tacker
Jacksonville	Jeff Davis	230	C. E. Merrill, C. J. Colecock
Jasper	Stewart	155	H. J. Stewart, J. E. Hanna
Junco	Patton Anderson	241	
Lake City	Columbia Co.	130	W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives
Lakeland	Francis S. Barton	281	Penny M. DeLeon
Marianna	Milton	132	W. D. Barnes, F. Philip
Monticello	Patton Anderson	29	W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge
Ocala	Marion Co. C. V. A.	56	J. J. Finney, Wm. Fox
Orlando	Orange Co.	54	W. H. Jewell, B. M. Robinson
Palmetto	Geo. T. Ward	53	J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles
Pensacola	Ward C. V. Ass'n	10	W. E. Anderson, R. J. Jordan
Quincy	D. L. Kenan	119	R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan
St. Augustine	E. Kirby Smith	175	J. W. Spittler, W. J. Jarvis
Sanford	Gen. J. Finnegan	149	A. M. Thrasher, C. H. Letler
Springdale	Pat Cleburne		E. T. Candle, J. S. Patterson
St. Petersburg	Camp Colquhitt	303	W. C. Dodd, D. L. Southwick
Tallahassee	Lamar	161	R. A. Whitfield
Tampa	Hillsboro	36	F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane
Titusville	Indian River	47	A. A. Stewart, A. D. Cohen
Umatilla	Lake County		E. A. Wilson, T. H. Blake

GEORGIA.

Atlanta	Fulton Co., Ga.	159	W. L. Calhoun, J. F. Edwards
Covington	Jefferson Lamar	305	J. W. Anderson, G. D. Heard
Dalton	Jos. E. Johnston	34	A. F. Roberts, J. A. Blanton
Ringold	Ringold	206	W. J. Whitsitt, R. B. Trimmer
Spring Place	John B. Gordon	50	R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey

ILLINOIS.

Chicago	Ex-Con. Ass'n	8	J. W. White, R. L. France
Jerseyville	Benev. ex-Confed.	304	Jos. S. Carr, Morris R. Loek

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Ardmore	John H. Morgan	107	J. L. Gaut, R. Seales
McAlester	Jeff Lee	68	N. P. Gny, R. B. Coleman

KENTUCKY.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Angusta	John B. Hood	233	Jno. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson
Bardstown	Thomas H. Hunt	233	Thos. H. Ellis, Jos. F. Briggs
Bethel	P. R. Cleburne	252	J. Arrasmith, A. W. Bascom
Bowling Green	Bowling Green	143	W. F. Perry, Jas. A. Mitchell
Cynthiana	Ben Desha	99	D. M. Snyder, J. W. Boyd
Danville	J. Warren Grigsby	214	E. M. Brown, J. H. Baughman
Eminence	E. Kirby Smith	151	W. L. Crabbe, J. S. Turner
Flemingsburg	Albert S. Johnston	232	Wm. Stanly, Milfd Overley
Frankfort	T. B. Monroe, Jr.	188	A. W. Macklin, J. E. Scott
Georgetown	Geo. W. Johnson	98	A. H. Sinsel, J. Webb
Harrodsburg	William Preston	96	B. W. Allen, John Kane
Lawrenceburg	Ben Hardin Helm	101	P. H. Thomas, J. P. Vaughn
Lexington	J. C. Breckinridge	140	John Boyd, G. C. Snyder
Mt. Sterling	Roy S. Clinke	201	Thos. Johnson, W. T. Havens
Nicholasville	Humph'y Marshall	187	Geo. B. Taylor, E. T. Lillard
Paducah	A. P. Thompson	174	W. G. Bullitt, J. M. Brown
Paris	John H. Morgan	95	A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines
Richmond	Thomas B. Collins	215	Jas. Tevis, N. B. Deatherage
Russellville	John W. Caldwell	139	J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty
Shelbyville	John H. Watter	237	W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen
Winchester	Roger W. Hanson	186	B. F. Curtis, J. L. Wheeler
Versailles	Abe Buford	96	J. C. Bailey, R. V. Bishop

LOUISIANA.

Alexandria	Jeff Davis	6	G. O. Watts, W. W. Whittington
Amite City	Amite City	78	A. P. Richards, G. W. Bankston
Aradia	Aradia	220	James Brice, John A. Oden
Baton Rouge	Baton Rouge	17	J. McGrath, F. W. Heroman
Berwick	Winchester Hall	178	M. W. Bateman, F. O. Brien
Donaldsonville	Maj. V. Maurin	38	S. A. Poche, P. Ganel
Evergreen	R. L. Gibson	33	Wm. M. Ewell, J. C. Johnson
Gonzales P. O.	Fred N. Ogden	247	Jos. Gonzales Sr, H. T. Brown
Jackson	Felcham	264	Zach Lea, R. H. McClutchen
Lake Charles	Calestan C. Veil	62	W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hutchings
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OKLAHOMA.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries include Norman, Oklahoma City, etc.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries include Aiken, Charleston, Greenville, etc.

TENNESSEE.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries include Chattanooga, Clarksville, Fayetteville, etc.

TEXAS.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries include Abilene, Abilene, Alvarado, etc.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries include Cameron, Canton, Carthage, etc.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries include Gainesville, Galveston, Gatesville, etc.

TEXAS—Continued.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries include Madisonville, Marlton, Memphis, etc.

VIRGINIA.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries include Reams Station, Richmond, etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entry: Washington, Wash. City Con.

It will be seen that the number of Camps in the United Order is now 327. Comrades, please see whether yours is in the list, with correct names of Commander and Adjutant, and if not, inform the editor of the VETERAN at once. Supply names of officers to those that are missing.

Organizations not members of the United Confederate Veterans are to be reported in full as soon as information is received. There are in Tennessee twenty-two Bivouacs, including seven organizations of sons.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, BIVOUAC, OFFICERS. Entries include Columbia, Gallatin, Troy, etc.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS—TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, BIVOUAC, OFFICERS. Entries include Winchester, Nashville, Clarksville, etc.

From Nashville letter to Memphis *Commercial*:

"Readers of this correspondence will no doubt be pleased to know that S. A. Cunningham's paper, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published in this city, is on the high road to prosperity. I guess Mr. Cunningham, or "S. A. C.," is better known in Tennessee and adjoining States than any other citizen. He started this little paper some months ago with practically no capital, but by energy, perseverance and fair dealing he has built it up to a circulation of about 5,000. It goes all over the South, and is a welcome visitor to the homes of thousands of the followers of the lost cause and their wives and children. Mr. Cunningham has a host of staunch friends wherever he is known. He was a brave Confederate soldier, and deserves the aid of every lover of the South in extending the circulation of this most meritorious and cheap publication.

Frank G. Browder, Sr., Montgomery, Ala., July 7: "I received the first and only copy of your nice little magazine I ever saw a day or two ago, and I am highly pleased with it, the May number. I wish you god-speed in the good work you have commenced, and if you fail I am determined it shall not be my fault. I inclose you a list of twenty-four subscribers, which I hope to increase to one hundred before I stop, and will only claim a year's subscription for my work. I inclose postoffice money order for \$11.50. Will send you more soon."

Dr. W. M. Yandell, El Paso, Texas, July 4: "Two copies of the first number of the Confederate War Journal, so-called, were sent me, and you will readily believe that a few years' work on newspapers, not long since, rendered the detection of the ass' ears protruding through the lion's skin an easy matter, even before, in endeavoring to imitate the roar of the king of beasts, he emitted (in the salutatory) his characteristic bray. I wrote at once to Gen. Marcus J. Wright, inclosing a clipping from the VETERAN, in which you spoke of the interest I had manifested in assisting you, and stating, in effect, that this interest in matters pertaining to the Confederacy was my warrant for writing to him; that I noticed in the salutatory of the *War Journal*, the late war between the States, or war of secession, was spoken of as the 'rebellion,' 'great rebellion,' etc. (as I recollect, three times); that while none of us objected to being called rebels—Geo. Washington having been one, though Robert E. Lee was not, I desired to know if, in his opinion, the truth would be advanced or correct ideas of the southern side of the contest formed by posterity, if southern war journals spoke of our war as the rebellion. Up to date Gen. Wright has not done me the honor to reply to my letter."

A prominent veteran, Washington City: "I read every word in the January number, and can only say if subsequent publications equal it the paper will succeed on its own merits. Individual canvassers will not be needed. I predict for it a successful future, and will give it a good word with Confederates here. I hope it will take and hold a high standard."

W. F. Jones, Lakeland, Fla., June 21: \* \* \* "I requested Dr. Brooks and Rev. Boydston, two of our old comrades to make a club. I saw Dr. Brooks a few days ago and he told me he had ten subscribers. Boydston is working in another section, and I think is doing well. We will roll you up a good list during the summer."

Mrs. V. Laidly, San Diego, Cal.: "I have read your paper with very great pleasure, and hope the night of silence is passing away from southern history, and the dawn of truth will place us before the world in our true character of a long-suffering Christian people. I have just read Confederate War Journal, and don't hesitate to say that to southern people the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will have their sympathy and confidence."

A letter from Fayetteville, Ark., July 1, 1893, says: "I am convinced that what you say about the War Journal is true. I take it for the historical documents published in it, as it is so hard to get history on the southern side. Those who made the history can do without documents, but those of us who are younger must try to get genuine history on our side where we can, and so I take the War Journal, but I never solicit subscribers for it. It is the VETERAN which wins the heart, because it is itself so emphatically southern."

In a letter inclosing subscription from Purdy, Mo., W. I. J. Morrow, who was a small boy then, states: "I furnished Mr. Hurst the list of gunboats and steamboats up the Tennessee river in 1862, that is printed in the June number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

Gen. George Moorman, New Orleans: "You have greatly exceeded my expectations in the elegant and complete paper you have issued. So far it is the best Confederate paper I have seen since the war. It does great credit to your patience and ability, and I hope your efforts will be crowned with complete success."

Dr. J. Wm. Jones, Atlanta, Ga.: "I have every reason to believe that you will make the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a valuable medium of communication between Confederate Camps, a pleasant reminder of old scenes and memories, a valuable historic record of the brave old days of '61-'65. Whatever I can do to help you shall be freely done." He sends check with several names.

W. G. Ellis, Fort Worth, Tex.: \* \* \* "I take great interest in reading such a high-class publication as yours, and can truly say it is absolutely the best, neatest and most truly Southern publication I have seen."

Mrs. M. W. SNEAD, who advertises Soule College, Murfreesboro, Tenn., is the widow of a gallant Confederate, and she is ever zealous for our cause, while being eminently qualified for her important work. Her husband, Capt. Fletcher T. Snead, was a member of the Fourth Georgia Regiment, and one of its bravest soldiers. He was a staff officer of General Dole's brigade, afterward Gen. Phil Cook's.

PROF. A. M. BURNEY, of the Howard Female Institute, Gallatin, Tenn., inaugurated a splendid feature at his last commencement in assigning to the graduates sketches of prominent men. The "Galaxy of Great Men" has had much praise from those who heard the papers. The last of these in the series, that is being published in a local paper, is upon Jefferson Davis. It was delivered by Miss Willie Staley.

PROF. R. W. JENNINGS, a liberal advertiser in the VETERAN, gave a scholarship at the Fourth of July Drill at Nashville, which was secured by Patton R., the youngest son of Gen. Frank Cheatham.

THE Cyclorama, representing the battle of Mission Ridge, on exhibition at Nashville, under the auspices of the Cheatham Bivouac, furnishes a scene that the young people ought to experience.

J. L. Turner, Fort White, Fla.: "I am a South Carolinian, and entered the service at the first call; was in the First South Carolina regiment; had no furlough during the whole time, and never missed a single battle in which my regiment was engaged up to Gettysburg, when I lost one leg and was taken prisoner." I would like to meet with the veterans in Birmingham in July, but am too poor." He is a veteran indeed.

N. A. Parker, attorney at law, Frankfort, Mich., June 19: "A copy of your publication has fallen into my hands, and I became considerably interested in it. As a member of the 20th Michigan Infantry, I became some years ago somewhat acquainted with the 'boys in gray,' notably at Fredericksburg, Va., Horse Shoe Bend (on Cumberland River), Ky., Vicksburg and Jackson, Miss., Knoxville (Fort Saunders), Tenn., the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and so on to Petersburg, Va. On those occasions I learned to respect them, and have since often thought I would like to become better acquainted with them; to have an interview with some of them when they were not so much 'engaged' as on those occasions. I would be pleased, therefore, to have your publication, for which I inclose the price."

Miss Harriet R. Parkhill, Jacksonville, Fla.: "Having taught several years after the close of the war, I felt keenly how ignorant the children of the next generation would be of the true action of their forefathers, and instead of glorying in their bravery and the grandeur of their character and deeds, they would learn to be ashamed of them. This sheet will do a noble work in teaching the young people of the South and the whole world the true history of those sad but wonderful four years."

A. T. Gay, Graham, Texas: "Our reunion has been changed to the 26th, 27th and 28th of July. Come and see the people of the Lone Star State, a people intelligent and patriotic, and devoted to the cause of liberty, whose soldiers and statesmen are not surpassed by any State of this Union, nor does the past history of nations show a people surpassing Texas in her devotion to the right. How could it be otherwise, when Texas is filled with the chivalrous sons of the southland States who wore the gray. Let the East take care of her laurels. The Lone Star of the Southwest is destined to shine so brightly that the smaller stars of the East and North will shine as per borrowed light. Come and be with us, it will do your soul good and make us happy who love the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick, Nashville, Tenn.: "My husband was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, in Virginia. I have never had any knowledge of the place of his burial. The VETERAN opens up so many channels of information that it may enable me to ascertain what I have so long sought—something about him from his comrades."

Jos. H. Burroughs, Jacksonville, Fla.: "An ex-Confederate soldier at Jacksonville who is a subscriber suggests that you send a copy to the secretary of the various G. A. R. posts in the large cities, requesting that they subscribe and place it on file in their reading rooms." \* \* \*

James G. Holmes, Charleston, S. C., July 5: "The four subscribers sent herewith puts your list for Charleston well on the way to your first hundred. If any one took the matter up as a business the list could easily be doubled, if not quadrupled."

THE ink to print this issue of the VETERAN comes with the compliments of George Mather's Sons, New York. In return mention is made that it is sold in  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. boxes and upward. Agents South are Parks Bros., Nashville; W. C. Dodson, Atlanta; L. Graham & Son, New Orleans; Mavrick Printing Co., San Antonio, and J. C. Parker & Co., Louisville.

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MERCHANT'S NATIONAL BANK, ROME, GA., April 27, 1893.—Prof. R. W. Jennings, Nashville—Dear Sir: No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me, but as I know you are always glad to hear from your "boys," I will tell you that I have been elected bookkeeper in above named bank. I don't say it because I am writing to you, but I have said to many others that the three months I spent with you was worth as much to me as was the twelve years' schooling I had gotten previously. I have compared my books which I used at Jennings' Business College with the books of several other colleges, which other young men from this section attended, and they all acknowledged that your course is much more thorough and practical than the schools they attended. Yours truly, T. J. SIMMONS.

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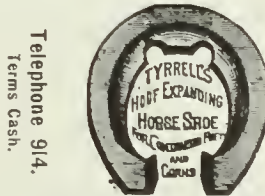
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Vol. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1893.

No. 8.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.



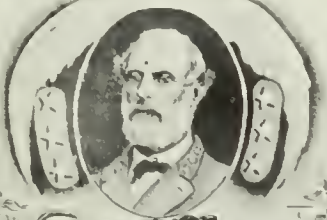
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 have remained steadfast to the last, that I have no objection to  
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 termined to avoid the sacrifice of lives, and just orders have enjoined  
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 to your country, and a great deal of honor as you have to it, and  
 your own satisfaction, as you will, and you will be satisfied.



R. E. Lee, General.

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Vol. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1893.

No. 8. }

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.

Entered at the Postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Special club rates to the Press and to Camps—25 copies \$10. An extra copy sent to each person who sends six subscriptions. Advertisements: One dollar per inch one time, or \$10 a year, except last page; \$25 a page. Discount: Half year, one-issue; one year, one issue.

THE July VETERAN had as an inset the four flags of the Confederacy in blue and red on white ground. The sheet is the size of these pages, very suitable for framing. New subscribers can begin with July and procure these flags with a year's subscription for fifty cents. They need not expect numbers back of July.

THE sketch of a poker game illustrated in this VETERAN was drawn for the title page by our great-hearted friend, Adjutant Dickinson, and when informed that it was too great a change from what had been on the page, he wrote: "You asked for something humorous in sketch, or I should have sent you a copy of an original sketch of mine hanging in camp-room entitled, 'Finis.' It is Gen. Lee's last order illustrated."

Although both sketches by comrade Dickinson, of Chattanooga, in this VETERAN, are on a scale too small, they will be studied with interest. The poker party will revive many amusing incidents. The artist, in sending the "Finis" used on front page, writes that criticism has been made upon this design which is erroneous. It is that such utter devastation and bleached bones were not truthful for the last battle. He does not mean this for the battle-field at the time of surrender, but intends the barren waste and bleached bones to indicate the duration of the struggle.

AN interesting feature in store for the next few issues of the VETERAN is promised in the publication of the "honor roll" of Confederates who were buried in the cemeteries at Macon, Ga. Of the many valuable papers sent, complimentary by J. L. Cook, is a part of the *Telegraph* of April 26, 1878, which gives a list of these patriots' names, company, regiment, and date of death during the years 1863 and 1864. It seems that every command in the Western armies is represented. The circulation of the VETERAN is already so extensive that some fellow-soldier will doubtless learn with interest what became of a comrade in whom he felt much interest. The list can be so condensed as not to occupy more than two or three pages.

SEVERAL important papers, intended for this VETERAN, must wait for September. Mrs. Elizabeth Ustick McKinney, of Moberly, Mo., writes fully the history of the Missouri Confederate Home. A Grand Army

veteran gives "the fate of two flags," the Forty-ninth Georgia and Second Wisconsin; a splendid sketch of Hon. Eugene A. Nisbet, author of Secession Resolutions in Georgia; a thrilling story of Gen. Adams in battle of Franklin, by Tom M. Gore, Walthall, Miss.; the history of the Confederate uniform, accounts of various reunions, and a multitude of gratifying indorsements of the VETERAN, by individuals and organizations, which cannot be gotten into this issue. A poem, "Nature's Heralds of Fame," by James G. Holmes, of Charleston, and "A Boy's Opinion of General Lee," by Jno. B. Colyar, of Nashville, are also of the list. His father was a Confederate congressman.

A FEATURE started in the earlier numbers of the VETERAN which seemed to attract much attention was personal recollections by its editor. He published a reminiscence of his regiment, the Forty-first Tennessee, twenty years ago in a pamphlet of sixty pages. There were 300 copies printed, and he prided himself on never having allowed a comrade to pay a cent for it. The few reserved copies were permitted to disappear, and he could not continue them in order. However, he has been fortunate to borrow a copy that the owner "would not sell for ten dollars," and its review will contain some thrilling incidents, as seen and experienced by a boy soldier.

A MEMBER of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac was talking incidentally to a young married man about thirty, when this publication was mentioned. The junior said he was a subscriber, and liked the VETERAN better than any thing he ever read, when the senior told him, after learning that his father was a soldier, that he ought to join the Sons of Veterans. The young man submitted these credentials: His father enlisted as a private, had been promoted to Captain, and was killed with his commission in his breast pocket. The bullet went through the folded paper, which the son has preserved, blood-stained as it is. His credentials are all right.

SOME Birmingham girls who happened to be in Boston at the time of a Grand Army reunion, were much interested in the parade. They say the people there cheered "Dixie" as we down South. A wag near their point of view said many rich things, this one of which they repeated: A veteran in the line carried a hornet's nest on a long pole, and as he passed this fellow said, "Ah, a hornet's nest! That's what they got into down South."

JUST as the VETERAN goes to press an exquisite pamphlet is discovered in what was thought to be only a duplicate copy of the fourth edition of the Confederate Veteran Association Annual of Kentucky. It is a "heart tribute," by Joseph M. Jones, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to John Boyd, Major General commanding the Kentucky Division. Both publications will be reviewed for the September VETERAN.

THE location for the Confederate Monument in Oakwoods, Chicago, is a low place, in very black soil. The graves are in circular ridges around the point on which the monument is to be erected. There are no headstones to the place, nor other mark, except the ridges, save one headstone, on which is neatly carved, "James W. Leak, Company C., First Alabama Regiment. Died Feb. 12, 1865, aged 20 years, 2 months, 14 days."

THE *Old South* (Coleman, Texas), protests against the perpetual use of illustrations whereby "the Federal warrior is always a neat, trim, clean-shaven, close-cropped chap with honesty and candor stamped on the brave young face, while the wearer of the gray has an abnormally heavy and long moustache, a goatee hanging down upon his breast, and a great shock of hair falling to his shoulders, covered with a broad slouch hat, under which is a surly face with a villainous eye. In these pictures we detect the had of ignorance when we know it is not malice. When the Confederate is made to speak it is 'You'uns or we'uns,' which is not idiomatic of the language of the South."

It was a gracious and proper thing for the Grand Army of Veterans to endeavor to return trophies to the Confederates at their reunion in Washington City last summer. A picture of Mr. Theo. Cooley was sent to J. W. Lawless, Commander of Post No. 1, at Nashville, who delivered it to the owner after nearly three eventful decades. In returning thanks for the picture Mr. Cooley states that it is one of a half dozen that he had taken at Huntsville, Ala., late in December, 1861. The picture was taken from him while with a large number of prisoners at Stevenson, Ala., a few days afterward. In this letter Mr. Cooley pays high tribute to the late Lieut. Holiday Ames, who was of the 102d Ohio, whose generosity to him, when a prisoner, made them close friends ever afterward. The gallant Federal officer, in delivering last messages before his death, remembered this friend in Tennessee.

#### THEIR GAME OF POKER WAS SPOILED.

L. T. Dickinson, Adjutant N. B. Forest Camp, Chattanooga, Tenn., gives this vivid sketch. Many a veteran will remember how true it was to life. Comrade Dickinson writes: "This sketch represents an incident which occurred in the autumn of 1862, and of which I was an eye witness. Col. Wm. E. Jones' brigade of cavalry was raiding in West Virginia, we were halted in a road leading into the town of

Moorefield, Hardy county, while our advance was trying to ascertain the number of yankees in the town. There was always a number (and a good big number, too,) of gamblers in the army who never missed a chance of plying their trade, and always carried with them the tools to do it with. Our company was no exception to this rule. While halting as above stated, several of our card fiends climbed the fence of an adjoining cornfield, where the shocks were still standing and where they could procure all the 'chips' in the shape of grains of corn they were looking for. Spreading an oil cloth on the ground, the game of poker proceeded, with much interest to the participants, when, suddenly, there came a b-o-o-m from a neighboring hill, followed with a 'where-is-ye-where-is-ye-where-is-ye—bang!' A shell had struck the ground and bursted about twenty feet from the poker



players, scattering a cart load of dirt over the card party, but hurting no one. All the players fell over one another in a heap, save one, Charlie Hutton by name, of Company A, Maryland battalion. He held a 'full house,' three aces and a pair of tens, and there were 'chips' enough up to feed his horse for a day. Not even the boom-rattle-smash, with the accompanying load of dust, could persuade him to throw up his hand. As he lay back on his elbow with one foot in the air, he yelled out in the direction of the yankees, 'Say, you fellows over there, don't be careless with them things.' Charlie was heartbroken that the only 'call' he got was from the musical voice of the bugler, who quickly sounded 'Mount.' Gen. Jones had use for us in a little game of bluff of his own. Our battalion was quickly sent off to drag brush on a dusty road to make the yankees believe another brigade was coming up."

F. C. Marsden, Shreveport, La.: "Inclosed find postal note for three subscriptions. Let the truth be known, it only adds new laurels to the fame of the boys in gray, and the matchless women of the South." He again sends four more subscriptions.

## U. C. V. REUNION AT BIRMINGHAM.

The Birmingham reunion, it is generally known, has been changed to October 2 and 3, from September 15 and 16. Many good reasons were assigned for this second change, and rain or shine, hot or cold, there is to be no further postponement. It is greatly desired that there be a large attendance at the unveiling of the Confederate Monument at Chicago. It is the only monument in honor or in memory of Confederate dead on Northern soil. Gen. John B. Gordon will preside at the Chicago meeting, and Hon. W. C. P. Breekinridge will make the oration.

The official programme is as follows:

1. Meeting to be called to order by Commander of Camp Hardee, in a few remarks, who will introduce the Rev. Dr. Thos. R. Markham, Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans.
2. Prayer by Dr. Markham.
3. Introduction of Gov. Jones, of Alabama, who will deliver the address of welcome.
4. The Chair will introduce Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander-in-Chief, who will reply to the Governor's address of welcome and address the Convention.
5. Commanding General will call the Convention to order.
6. Roll of Camps called and registration of delegates.
7. Appointment of Committee on Credentials.
8. Appointment of Committee on Resolutions.
9. Poem, "The Veterans of the South," to be read by the author, Henry Clay Fairman.
10. Annual oration by ———.
11. Report of Committee on Credentials.
12. Reports of officers and standing committees.
13. Reports of special committees.
14. Unfinished business.
15. New business.
16. Election of officers.
17. Installation of officers.

There will be a grand review at 5 p. m. on the evening of the 15th, all of the old soldiers marching in line, crippled in carriages, and at which time it is expected that all the Confederate Generals now living will review the parade, and at its conclusion personally receive their old comrades. There will also be a barbecue during the Convention complimentary to the veterans. On the night of the 15th there will be an entertainment in the Winnie Davis Wigwam illustrative of the history of the Confederate States. Each State will be represented by one of its most beautiful girls.

Camp Forrest, of Chattanooga, proposes to give a barbecue on the battle-field of Chickamauga, and an excursion rate of one dollar for round trip from Birmingham, which it is hoped will enable every old soldier to visit this, one of the great battle-fields of the war.

Gen. John C. Underwood, commanding the Department of the Northwest, United Confederate Veterans, has arranged for an excursion from Birmingham to Chicago, Johnson's Island, and other points of interest, for a round trip rate of \$10. This is a renewal of the rate made for July. At Chicago they will participate in dedicating the Confederate Monument there.

One of the most important things to be considered at the reunion is the report of the special committee

appointed at the last Convention to recommend a suitable history of the United States for the use of our children, and to condemn histories now in use that are unfair and unjust to American valor.

## LETTER TO MRS. U. S. GRANT, AND HER REPLY.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., July 4, 1893.—Mrs. U. S. Grant—Dear Madam: At a largely attended meeting of Camp Hardee, No. 39, U. C. V., to-day, a resolution was *unanimously* adopted inviting you to attend the reunion of the Confederate Veterans to be held in this city on the 15th and 16th of September next, as the guest of this Camp.

It becomes my duty and pleasure, as Commander of the Camp, to extend this invitation to you, and to assure you that the men who wore the gray will extend to you a welcome as genial as our Southern sun, and will be proud to do honor to the illustrious lady who was so cordial in her reception of Mrs. Davis. We feel that your presence at this reunion will be good for you and for us—good for our common country, and that it will testify to the world that the people of the South, those who fought from conviction, and maintained, for four long years, the unequal contest, have nothing in their hearts but respect for the brave and true men who opposed them, and are ready now, should occasion require, to show their willingness to uphold and defend the Union of *our* fathers.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Jos. F. JOHNSTON, Commander.

MERRYWEATHER FARM, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y., July 18, 1893.—Jos. F. Johnston, Commander Camp W. J. Hardee, No. 39, U. C. V.—My Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter of July fourth, containing the compliment of an invitation to me to attend the reunion of Confederate Veterans in Birmingham on the 15th and 16th of September next. My time at that date is already engaged, but I have systematically declined all such invitations, as I have received, to attend reunions of your brothers of the Northern armies on the score of not being able to endure the fatigues of such occasions.

I do not doubt that your veterans would do every thing, consistent with the object of their meeting, to add to my pleasure during my visit. Gen. Grant was conscious of a generally friendly feeling toward himself in the breasts of Confederate soldiers, and your unanimous resolution inviting me, his widow, to this reunion evidences that his belief was well founded. Will you please thank the members of your Post, at their next meeting, for the honor they have wished to do me? Yours very truly, JULIA DENT GRANT.

The meeting of Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers at Jackson has been changed from October 11 and 12 to October 18 and 19, so that all Tennessee Veterans who want to go to Chicago can return home in good time for the Birmingham reunion. An official order has been issued by the President, Hon. John M. Taylor, and sent out by Col. John P. Hickman, the Secretary.

Miss Minnie Hill, Culpeper, Va.: "I inclose postal note for \$3, with names of six subscribers to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I feel the greatest interest in your work, and will do all I can to aid in the cause so dear to all southern people."

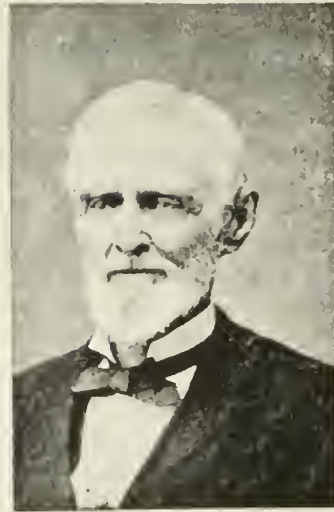
THE counsel of a friend is that the VETERAN is advertising the war journal, prefixed by the sacred name Confederate, to its profit. This consideration has not been overlooked, but this friend is informed that Confederates are a peculiar people. Their intense devotion to the cause for which they sacrificed "every thing save honor," is too sacred for them not to be positively exacting in regard to the literature they use. There never was in the history of journalism perhaps before this, such zeal on the part of so many people in behalf of any publication absolutely gratuitous. When the VETERAN subscription list was published in April a friend seemed surprised, and said that the war journal would utilize it, but that did not deter its publication. The VETERAN has had its own say on the subject, and did not expect to refer to it any more unless to emphasize the importance of sustaining publications of merit, and not to be deceived by a name. A recent letter from a highly responsible gentleman in Missouri contains the following:

\* \* \* I despise a hypocrite, and to see a wolf in sheep's clothing trying to play the friend of the South. I have had all the numbers sent me, and outside of the statistics it is *no good*, for I have failed to see *one solitary sentence* of Southern sentiment in any of them, coming from the editor or publishers. They must have in some way got on to your subscription list, for I think all I have seen lately have had copies sent them. I suppose they are getting ashamed of their old war wood cuts, as they are soliciting the loan of the pictures of a long list of Southern Generals, Governors, Congressmen and Senators, as they say, to have them copied and published in the war journal.

What do you think of a column in the VETERAN for questions and answers, and for inquiry for old friends and comrades? Do not let up in your good work, for you have the backing of every subscriber to the VETERAN. Hope to see 10,000 subscribers by January '94.

The zeal in trying to get that publication into every place where the VETERAN has patronage belies the professed friendship in the LaBree letter published in July. It was known by the ostensible head of that publication that the editor of the VETERAN had quite limited resources, and the idea that his associates could down the VETERAN by heading its soulless journal with our own name must have been captivating. Remember that it was started three months after the VETERAN, and never showed it a courtesy until after three months more, when it became apparent that the Southern people were determined to sustain a representative of their own in heart and experience. A subscription has just come from Washington that was not wanted. The compliment (?) is not returned. Never have I paid a penny for the sheet. Its patronage could not in any way be beneficial to the South. Friends of the VETERAN should see to it that a publication *only half* as large as it, on inferior paper at *double* the price, should not be supported by Southern money if they can help it.

## FUNDS FOR THE GREAT MONUMENT.



It was expected that a statement of amounts received for Davis Monument at Richmond would appear in this issue of the VETERAN, but requested reports have not been received at time of going to press. It is desirable and important that our people be well informed on this subject before the annual reunion at Birmingham, at which time the situation should be discussed and

co-operative action taken by every patriot who desires a typical Southern monument, of which all the people will be proud.

MRS. C. I. MALONE, of New York, has sent to S. A. Cunningham \$25, and Mr. J. M. Arnold, of Covington, Ky., has sent to him \$36, which amounts have been forwarded to Treasurer Ellett, at Richmond.

MRS. SARAH E. BREWER, of Nashville, has secured and paid to S. A. Cunningham three subscriptions of \$100 each from W. T. Hardison, Nat. F. Dortch, and John M. Gaut, all of Nashville. This sum (\$300) has been forwarded to Richmond.

MEMPHIS, TENN., May 31, 1893.—Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, President Jefferson Davis Monument Association—Dear Sir: It is my pleasure to inform you that at a meeting of the Ladies Confederate Memorial Association of this place, held at the Peabody Hotel May 29th, this organization, which I have the honor to represent, decided, by an unanimous vote, to supplement our Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, a total of \$345.82, by an appropriation \$154.18 from funds of our Association, and to forward at once to your Treasurer, Mr. John S. Ellett, the round sum of \$500. Our only regret is that it is not five thousand. This seems a time most fitting to cast in our mite toward the erection of the great monument to the memory of our beloved leader. May it soon tower toward the sky! In this connection let me say that we have for some time been accumulating a "Jefferson Davis Monument Fund" by a system of contribution boxes which had, up to last December, yielded only the meager sum of \$54.87, and we had grown ashamed of the pittance with such a dignified title, so we made a bold venture and hired a professional concert company, "The Swedish Quartette," and our Grand Opera House, for one night, decking it profusely with bunting, ribbon and gray moss (Confederate colors), advertised largely the company and the cause, and cleared \$290.95, although our expenses had been more than \$300. Our treasurer, Mrs. O. E. Bayliss, has this day forwarded

a draft to Mr. Ellett. When "times" are better we hope Memphis may do better.

Very respectfully, MRS. KELLER ANDERSON.

Jefferson Davis Monument Association, Rooms of the President, Richmond, Va., June 6, 1893.—Mrs. Keller Anderson, Memphis, Tenn.—Dear Madam: Your esteemed favor of May 31st received, in which you inform me that you have forwarded to our treasurer five hundred (\$500) dollars for the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund. I beg leave to assure you of our very cordial appreciation of this generous donation on the part of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Memphis. We feel greatly encouraged at this manifestation of your hearty interest in the work we have undertaken of erecting a memorial to the President of the Confederate States. Your example will doubtless stimulate others to help in this good work. I will take this opportunity to inform you that the laurel wreath which was forwarded to my care was placed with my own hands on the casket of President Davis as it lay in state in the capitol building of this city. I took the card which accompanied the wreath and presented it to Mrs. Davis, who was very much touched at this remembrance from her old friends.

With sincere esteem, I am respectfully yours,

J. TAYLOR ELLYSON.

Our Association sent a laurel wreath—a crown of victory—as a final tribute to our beloved President, Jefferson Davis, "whose patriotism barely missed the gleam which shines upon the laurel leaves of victory."

MRS. KELLER ANDERSON.

Geo. E. Boggs, Waynesville, North Carolina: "A friend has called my attention to the fact that you do not give my name correctly in your list of contributors to the Davis monument fund at this place. You give it Wm. Boggs. There is no such person here. Please send me a sample copy of your paper."

#### ABOUT THE BATTLE OF SABINE PASS.

TO THE EDITOR: The June issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN contained an article on the battle of Sabine Pass, Texas, September 8, 1863, sent you by myself. I did not write the article, but revised it by request. I am reliably informed that that description of the fight was in all essentials correct.

The July issue of the VETERAN contains a letter, sent from the Confederate Home at Austin, and credited to Mike Carr, a survivor of the battle, discrediting the article published in June, and reflecting upon Mr. Jack White, whose name appears in the June article as authority for many of the facts therein stated. Carr's (?) letter was a surprise to everybody here who know him and Jack White. With the people of Houston, whom Capt. Jack White has served officially and otherwise for more than twenty years past, his word is as good as his bond. And now to correct the great injustice done him, I request that you give equal publicity to the following, which Mr. White has just handed me:

CONFEDERATE HOME, July 24, 1893.

FRIEND JACK—There is an article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., having my name attached as author. I hereby denounce the article as fraudulent. No person had any authority

to write such an article or to sign my name to it. — wrote the article. \* \* \* \*

Respectfully, your friend, MICHAEL CARR.

I have no inclination to enter into any discussion with — or any one else upon this question, but simply ask that justice be done Jack White, whom I believe to be the personification of truth, honor and valor. He is a plain, rugged old Irishman, nearing the grave, and so far as I can do so, I shall always seek to protect him against defamation under cover of forged names. I know how he was regarded by Maj. Dick Dowling, who was my personal friend, and if he were alive he would indorse every word I have said about "Captain Jack." Yours fraternally,

Houston, Texas, July 30.

WILL LAMBERT.

Before the above correspondence was received the editor regretted the misfortune of having published the letter accredited to Carr, although supposing it to be true. This little publication is not to be a channel for controversy. It was an oversight to permit an article criticising a gallant soldier. The objectionable sentence should have been erased. Mr. Carr gives the name of author of the article, which is omitted to avoid further controversy. Comrade Lambert, I am sure, will grant this omission.

No, comrades, our generals quarreled too much. Those who were conspicuous in controversy are nearly all dead, and we too are passing away. The VETERAN will not thoughtfully permit another ugly sentence about a comrade that can do nobody any good.

Vie Reinhardt, Terrell, Texas—Dear VETERAN: J. E. B. Stuart Camp, No. 45, U. C. V., had its annual reunion August 3, near the city. There was no programme. The crowd began to assemble about 9 A. M., and increased until there were two thousand or more. Mr. Hal Manson, of Rockwall, Capt. Daniel, of Forney, Dr. J. A. Anthony, Rufus Choate, and a few others, made short talks. It was a real reunion of veterans, lying around and doing as they pleased, generally found in groups, telling of the days long ago. The meeting was a success. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was spoken of in words of praise, and many new subscribers promised. I send you eight herewith.

A. H. McAllister, Cotton Plant, Miss., July 31—Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN: I take pleasure in reporting the organization of a Camp at New Albany, Miss., on July 1, which was named Camp Gen. M. P. Lowry, in honor of one who was as good a soldier as served in the Southern army, and who was a true soldier of the cross as well, having distinguished himself prior to his death, in 1885, as a leading Baptist divine in our State. We enrolled over eighty members at our first meeting. We expect to hold our next meeting on the first Saturday in September, when we anticipate at least one hundred more to enroll with us.

Gainesville, Texas, August 1—Editor VETERAN: At the annual meeting of Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 119, U. C. V., the following comrades were elected officers for the ensuing year: J. M. Wright was unanimously re-elected Commander; W. C. Brown, First Lieutenant; S. B. Murrell, Second Lieutenant; W. A. Sims, Adjutant; D. Baum, Quartermaster, Dr. C. C. Walker, Surgeon, C. W. Cobb, Officer of the Day; Rev. A. J. Harris, Chaplain; A. R. Birdwell, Vidette.

## MEMORABLE WORDS OF TWO MEN.

The last words of Capt. James Lawrence, as may be seen by the entrance to the old cemetery around Trinity Church, were, "Don't give up the ship," and they remind me of that terrible night at Franklin, Tenn., in November, 1864, where my Confederate Brigadier, O. F. Strahl, just before receiving the first of the three shots that ended his life, said, "Keep firing."

We had captured and were in possession of the enemy's last line of breastworks, at that particular place, but were exposed to a terrific enfilade from a cotton gin across the Columbia turnpike. The deep ditch was nearly filled with our dead, and many of our men had crossed over this last line, after a hand to hand encounter with the stubborn foe. The colors of my regiment were carried beyond it, but had fallen from a lifeless arm and lay between the lines. In addition to the enfilade fire mentioned the enemy was well protected within the walls of a large brick residence, Mr. Carter's, about sixty yards distant. The situation was such that some of our men, posted on the side of the captured embankment, fired while others passed up the loaded guns. Gen. Strahl stood in the ditch and passed up these loaded guns as they were handed him by the men of three lines of battle, who had protection from the front embankment. Those who were firing fell rapidly as they were exposed to the enfilade and the direct shots, and would become new targets by every flash from their guns, as it was in the night.

Volunteers had ceased to fill the vacant places on the works, and the General had resorted to asking the men about him, "Have you shot any?" When he asked me I made no reply, but arose from where I had been lying and loading, just back of the entrenchment, and on taking position I rested one foot on the pile of my dead comrades that by this time had about filled the ditch and the other on the embankment. It was about one hundred yards to the cotton gin, still occupied by the enemy, and there was only one other to assist me in firing. The well-aimed fire from the enemy had so exhausted our force that I thought we should either try and get away or surrender, and asked my commander what we had better do. His answer was given without hesitation, "Keep firing." I had fired guns then until my shoulder was black from bruises, and the exhaustion had caused my throat, down into my chest, to seem as dry as dust, and I was extremely discouraged. My associate was shot, and, falling against my shoulder, shrieked heavily, and I asked him how he was wounded. Almost simultaneously with the shot that soon ended his groans, I think, another struck the General, who threw up both hands and fell on his face. I thought him dead, but he was not, and replied to my query of the soldier, that he was shot in the neck. He then inquired for Col. Stafford, that he might turn over the command, and crawled over the dead in the ditch to where Stafford was killed, almost in standing position by the dead around him. Within a few steps of the line of works, as Gen. Strahl was being carried to the rear, one of two other shots proved instantly fatal. I am grateful, now, in being able to pay this tribute to one of the most gallant men that ever fell in battle.

I have gone, since that memorable night, to the little Episcopal Church at Bolivar, Tenn., where a beautiful memorial window has been dedicated to him.

No nation will ever erect in his honor such a monument as that by Trinity Church to Capt. James Law-

rence, and the enemy may never vie with his comrades in his honor, but the beautiful tribute inscribed to Capt. Lawrence could not be re-used better than in setting forth the character of Otto French Strahl.

The foregoing account was embodied in my story of the battle of Franklin, but in this brief form the repetition will be acceptable to those who read it, while it will be new to thousands of others. S. A. C.

## ERRORS IN REPORTS OF BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

GEN. S. G. FRENCH, WINTER PARK, FLA.

I have never been much inclined to be a critic, for I have never forgotten Gil Blas' criticism of the Arch Bishop's sermon, yet I will kindly call your attention to some errors in your article in the April number, "Battle of Franklin," page 101.

Speaking of Gen. Hood at Spring Hill, Hood knew and he saw that he had possession of the road on which Gen. Schofield was retreating from Columbia to Franklin, and that Schofield was between him and S. D. Lee, who was left at Columbia. Hood went to Spring Hill to get in the rear of Schofield, and accomplished completely that much of the object he had in view. He did [not] see that his army was thrown across the road, but went to Peters' house, I believe it was, rested, ate his supper, went to bed, woke up in the morning, and behold, Schofield had marched all night along by his camp fires, and was then at Franklin! My division took the advance, and Hood said to me, "Gen. French, we have lost the great opportunity of the war." My reply was, "Yes, the Yankees marched along here all night lighting their pipes at our camp fires." This was heard and repeated by some soldiers as a literal fact, whereas it was not quite true in general.

2. You say, "He rode to Stephen D. Lee," etc. Now, Lee was not at Franklin, we left him at Columbia.

3. You write, "Gen. Loring, of Cleburne's division, made a speech," etc. Gen. Loring was on the extreme right, and formed one of the three divisions of Stewart's corps. Walthall was on his left, I was on Walthall's left, and struck the enemy's works directly in front of the gin-house near the Columbia pike. Cleburne was on my left, and so on. We started, as it were, from the circumference of a wagon wheel, marched each in the direction of the spokes, and overlapped at the hub, which would represent the enemy's works. Hence Loring's left was overlapping Walthall, Walthall over me, and I over Cleburne on the pike. One of my brigades, Cockrill's, lost sixty-five per cent.

This is merely to point out the errors in the article. We had but two pieces of artillery at Franklin; all, save these, were with S. D. Lee.

The errors referred to, it will be recalled, are those of S. A. Cunningham, editor of the *VETERAN*, who submits that he accepts with thanks. The identity of the officer to whom Gen. Hood addressed himself and shook hands, the two being on their horses and no other horsemen near them, when he said, "General, we will make the fight," he would like to know. The only circumstance on that awful night about which he has written, and which has been copied at one time or another by nearly every leading newspa-

per in the South, is concerning the identity of this general officer. He was near the two Generals, heard Hood's remark, here quoted, distinctly, and saw the officer return to his command just east of the turn-pike and near where a band of music played as we started on the charge. It may have been Gen. Pat Cleburne. Who now living can answer?

[NOTE—The word "not" is added to the statement of Gen. French where it says "he did not see his army thrown across the road," as that was evidently intended.]

#### REUNION AT AIKEN, S. C.

Barnard E. Bee Camp of Confederate Veterans met at Aiken, S. C., July 21, anniversary of the first Manassas, and had a reunion with the Aiken Camp. Resolutions of respect were passed for the late C. C. Jones, of Augusta, Ga. The officers for the past year were re-elected unanimously. The *Journal and Review* says:

"The CONFEDERATE VETERAN (monthly, 50 cents per year, Nashville, Tenn.) was indorsed as the organ of Barnard E. Bee Camp, U. C. V. Commander Teague has sample copies for gratuitous distribution. Comrades will apply for them."

At the conclusion of the business meeting Capt. B. H. Teague delivered an address. An impromptu address was also delivered by Capt. J. Rice Smith. Capt. Teague described the beautiful monument in Augusta, surmounted by a private soldier. In commenting he said:

\* \* \* "Stirred by a pure love of his country, of his home and fireside, the private soldier rushed to arms for their defense at the first call, regardless of the perils of battle or the hardships of the camp. The wife of his bosom and his beloved children were left to the care of trusted but untried slaves. He came from the halls of learning, from the huts of ignorance, from the counting-room, from the farm; he was a professional man, he was a day laborer, he was rich and he was poor. Regardless of social position or conditions of wealth, animated and inspired by the love of a common cause, they became bands of patriotic brothers, and, shoulder to shoulder, they battled with a heroism the world had not known before, and for four long years they kept the world from overrunning this fair Southland!

"Was he only valorous and distinguished as a victorious warrior? Follow him in Stonewall Jackson's campaigns. Mark his patience along the forced marches. Rushed along over hill and through dale, in mud or sand; drenched by rain or scorched by sun; barefooted at times, burdened with twenty-five pounds weight in the shape of musket, accoutrements, ammunition, blanket, etc., his haversack containing a small pone of stale cornbread and a slice or two of rancid bacon, his canteen most of the time empty; aroused from night's sleep or started from day's rest, he obeyed with a willingness and promptness which characterize only the devotee to a sacred cause. \* \* \*

"Such were the private soldiers who fought for the South during the bloodiest civil war the world ever knew; and despite the odds of three to one in number of men, and with a skeleton navy, shut in by block-

ade from foreign aid, they nearly achieved independence. The faith he had in the righteousness of his cause was beyond the imagination of his foe. It made him suffer every ill with composure and cheerfulness."

#### HOW TO PROCURE THE BEST HISTORY.

EDITOR CONFEDERATE VETERAN—DEAR SIR: I note that your Fayetteville, Ark., correspondent takes the "War Journal for the historical documents published in it." Permit me, through your columns, to say to all who desire to post themselves as to the *true* history of the war, that if they take the War Journal for that purpose, and it does no better than it has so far, they will have to read it about three thousand years before they will be competent to form an opinion.

To those who are not aware of it, I would state that the Government is publishing all of the records of the war, both Confederate and Union, in book form. There will be 107 books, of an average of nearly 1,000 pages each. Of these, 82 books have already been bound, and are available. As far as published, they bring the war in Virginia, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, etc., up to about November, 1864. The advance prints bring some sections up to January, 1865. These records contain all of the official reports, orders, correspondence, etc., of both sides, that the War Department has been able to secure. By a careful study of them one can form a very fair idea of the truth, and can judge fairly, the ability and character of the various officers of each side, and without a study of them no one can possibly arrive at the truth or be competent to render a better decision than can a mariner at sea, in a storm without compass, determine his course. To take "war" journals that publish only garbled records to suit the publisher's fancy, no more posts one as to the truth than to hear only a portion of the evidence of one side in some important trial.

The Government is also publishing copies of all the maps made of the battle-fields, etc., by each side, that it has access to. These maps come in what is called "atlas" form, five sheets in an "atlas."

As I have all of these publications, and very many others considered authentic, besides very many lists, tables, etc., that I have prepared for my own convenience, I shall be happy to furnish any information in my power to any of your readers free of charge. I will inform them where they can obtain the proofs of any battle or event—that is, in what books found, and cost of same (I have none for sale, but they can be bought from the Government), also the atlases in which battles named are shown, and cost, so that no one who cares to post himself need longer go through life lop-sided, having to depend on what Tom, Dick, or Harry may say or write, or what any journal may publish. I have very many records of which the Government has no copies, and the Government has many that I have not, but what I have is free for the benefit of any who may want to know the truth on any point or about any affair, so far as can be determined from the records of the witnesses of the two sides. Ask for the information you desire, and you shall freely have whatever is in my possession. Do not depend on the opinions or assertions of any one when you can readily obtain all the available and reliable evidence there is.

G. E. DOLTON,

18 S. Main St., St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, July 22, 1893.

## INDORSING THE VETERAN.

Room cannot be given to all of the many kind things said of the VETERAN. Many very complimentary personal notices are in type which cannot be used at present. The request for official indorsement has met with gratifying responses. Some of these are given now. John L. McEwen Bivouac, Franklin, has "indorsed the VETERAN as its official organ," and has requested its Commander, B. F. Roberts, to give notice. Frank Cheatham Bivouac, Nashville, adopts it unanimously as its official organ, and instructs its delegates to the State reunion at Jackson to vote for it as the organ for Tennessee Division.

HARRODSBURG, KY., July 24.—We would have answered your letter sooner, but have had no meeting of our Camp, the Williams Preston, No. 96. We have seen a majority of the members, however, and are requested to answer indorsing the VETERAN.

BUSH W. ALLEN, Com.

JOHN KANE, Adjt.

Gen. George Reese, Pensacola, Fla.: I inclose you clipping from *Daily News* showing the action of Camp Ward. The Camp donated \$10 toward properly taking care of the graves of Confederate dead in Northern cemeteries. The following resolution was adopted:

*Resolved*, That this Camp desires to express its high appreciation of the valuable and intensely interesting journal, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published by S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn. We indorse this journal as being truly Southern in tone, and recommend it to the consideration of veterans as being worthy of a place in their libraries.

*Resolved*, That Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 119, United Confederate Veterans, located at Gainesville, Texas, takes pleasure in commending to all soldiers of the late war, and to their children, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a monthly magazine published in the city of Nashville, Tenn., by S. A. Cunningham, as worthy of their patronage and support. It is ably edited, and gives facts concerning the late war not obtainable from any other source. Its monthly visits to the members of this Camp is a pleasure both to the old veteran and his household. It should be in the home of every old soldier.

J. M. WRIGHT, Capt.

W. A. SIMS, Adjt.

Geo. C. Snyder, Secretary of John C. Breekinridge Camp, at Lexington, Ky., writes, July 22: "At a called meeting of Executive Committee of our Camp yesterday, we agreed to officially indorse the VETERAN."

Headquarters of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 3, United Confederate Veterans, Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 2.—Whereas, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published in Nashville, Tenn., by S. A. Cunningham, is a periodical of much interest and value to the ex-Confederate soldiers and their families, and should have a wide circulation in the State of Tennessee and throughout the South; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the paper be given the official recognition of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 3, Confederate Veterans, of Chattanooga, Tenn., and Camp No. 4 of the United Confederate Veterans.

The above resolution was unanimously passed by

N. B. Forrest Camp at their regular monthly meeting.  
L. T. DICKINSON, Adjt. J. F. SHIPP, Com.

Will Lambert, Houston, Texas, Commander Dick Dowling Camp: Officially, I commend the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to all my old comrades. It is one of the truest and most reliable Southern historical publications I have ever read, and every old Confederate who can hustle up a half dollar ought to subscribe to and thereby help maintain it in the good work it is doing. Don't forget to send me my May number. I would give you \$1 for the January number.

OKLAHOMA CITY, July 15.—S. A. Cunningham, Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., Dear Sir: At a meeting of Capt. D. H. Hammer Camp, No. 177, U. C. V., your paper was adopted unanimously as the official organ of the Camp.

J. O. CASLER, Adjt.

J. W. JOHNSON, Capt.

RIDDLETON, TENN., July 16, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham, Editor VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Sir: I am directed to forward you the following from Ed. Bradley Bivouac, No. 30, at the recent (July) meeting, and to wish you all sorts of good luck.

Fraternally, W. W. FERGUSON, Sec.

*Resolved*, That, recognizing the importance of supporting a publication especially devoted to the interests of our organization, and heartily indorsing the course pursued and the ability with which the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, at Nashville, Tenn., has been conducted by comrade S. A. Cunningham, we cheerfully recommend to the State Association, at the next annual session at Jackson, to make the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the official organ of the Tennessee Division. Adopted unanimously.

LEWISBURG, TENN., July 15.—At a meeting of Dibrrell Bivouac, No. 12, held to-day, the following indorsement of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was unanimously adopted. They say:

"Our attention has been called to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, now being edited and published by our intelligent and enterprising friend, S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville, Tenn. We regard it as the best publication we have seen in reference to the events connected with the great civil war, and we most cordially approve and commend its publication, and believe it worthy of a subscription from every true Confederate soldier. Many of us are personally acquainted with its editor, comrade Cunningham, and know he was a gallant soldier, and worthy of the support and esteem of our comrades throughout the country."

W. G. LOYD, Sec.

W. P. IRVINE, Pres't.

Geo. N. Ratliff, County Collector, Randolph County, Huntsville, Mo., August 3.—"Inclosed you will find herewith \$11.50, St. Louis exchange, for which mail the VETERAN to [here follows 23 names.—Ed.] I have only seen one copy of your paper, and we are heartily in sympathy with you in your efforts. In the war we were with you, and we have never loved our people less since."

G. K. Meriwether, Dallas, Texas, sends a list and writes: "I enjoy the VETERAN more than I can express."

T. A. Bunnell, Erin, Tenn.: This makes sixty-six that I have sent you, and every subscriber likes it.





GEN. A. P. HILL.

PARTIAL SKETCH OF HIS THRILLING CAREER, BY DR. J. WILLIAM JONES.

The omission of his name from the list of Lieutenant Generals killed in battle, in the *VETERAN*, induced Dr. J. Wm. Jones to suggest the error, and he has supplied a paper that he wrote at the time the Hill statue was unveiled in Richmond last summer. Dr. Jones, in his introduction, quotes from President Davis in calling him the "gallant and glorious little Powell Hill."

If an intimate personal acquaintance, warm friendship, and close association with him during the most eventful period of his life, an ardent admiration for his character, a high estimate of his ability as a soldier, a full knowledge of his career, a sincere love for the man, and an honest desire to vindicate his name and fame at the bar of history, constitute qualifications to speak of A. P. Hill, then I think I may, without improper egotism, claim that I have at least some right to be heard on this noble theme.

#### AT HOME ON FURLOUGH.

I first met A. P. Hill at his old home in Culpeper, where the bright buttons, lithe figure, and manly bearing of the West Point cadet "at home on furlough" attracted my boyish fancy and excited my boyhood's ambition that I, too, might go to West Point and be a soldier.

It seems but yesterday that I saw in Culpeper and in Washington the young artillery officer whom I so

much admired, or when I met him in Culpeper when he had just brought to his old home his bride, the beautiful and accomplished sister of the afterward famous Confederate General, John H. Morgan.

When at Harper's Ferry in the spring of 1861 the Thirteenth Virginia regiment was organized of volunteer companies, who were among the first in Virginia to take the field, and in which I had the high honor of being "high private in the rear rank," it was with great joy that I recognized in the new colonel my old friend A. P. Hill. From that day until the close of his life I watched his brilliant career as he rose through the successive grades of Brigadier General, Major General, and Lieutenant General. Since the war I have studied his history in the light of the official records, and my admiration for the man and the soldier has steadily increased as the years have gone on.

A. P. Hill was one of the most thoroughly accomplished soldiers whom the war produced. Educated at West Point in the palmy days of the Academy, he had graduated with honor, and devoted as he was to his profession he had, as a young artillery officer in the United States Army, earnestly studied the great campaigns of the great soldiers of history, and sought by every other means in his power to perfect himself in all that pertains to the art of war, or the details of the duties of the soldier. He was, therefore, considered by his fellow-soldiers as high authority in every thing pertaining to military matters.

When appointed Colonel of the Thirteenth Virginia regiment at Harper's Ferry in the early spring of 1861, he proceeded at once to organize, equip, drill, and discipline his regiment until it was soon pronounced one of the finest in the service.

#### NOT EVEN TIME TO PREACH.

I well remember how rigidly he enforced his orders for frequent drills. I had never myself been a member of any volunteer company until the "Louisa Blues" were called into service on the memorable 17th day of April, 1861, and I felt it my duty to enlist soon afterward in the ranks of that company. The first Sunday I spent at Harper's Ferry I made several appointments to preach, but I was put in the "awkward squad," drilled six hours that day, and sent on picket that night, so that I did not get an opportunity of wedging in a sermon.

I am sure your readers will pardon the natural pride of an old soldier in his own regiment if I shall say that there was no better regiment in the army than the old Thirteenth Virginia, which gave to the Confederacy one Lieutenant General, one Major General (James A. Walker), and one Brigadier General (J. E. B. Terrill)—a regiment of which Gen. R. E. Lee once said to me in Lexington, "It was one of the best regiments I ever saw in the field," and which Jeb. Stuart, Stonewall Jackson, Ewell, Early and others mentioned in terms of high praise in official reports. I would not detract from the just mead of praise due to the other field officers, the company officers, and the rank and file, which was composed of as splendid material as ever kept step to the music of Dixie, yet it is but simple justice to say that the after efficiency of that grand old regiment resulted in no small measure from the impress left upon by its first Colonel, A. P. Hill.

During the winter at Manassas Gen. Hill was for most of the time in command of the brigade, and so mingled rigid discipline and kind consideration for the command as to win the respect, admiration and

love of the whole brigade, as he had always had of his own regiment.

#### MADE BRIGADIER GENERAL.

In the early days of 1862 Gen. Hill received his well-deserved promotion, and with his commission as Brigadier General was put in command of the famous old brigade which Longstreet had commanded.

When Gen. Lee (with that far-reaching strategy and bold determination which pre-eminently characterized him) decided that instead of waiting for McClellan to take the initiative he would himself attack the enemy in his entrenchments and drive him from before Richmond, he assigned to A. P. Hill the important and delicate duty of crossing the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge and moving down on the enemy at Mechanicsville to drive him off, so that Longstreet and D. H. Hill could cross at that point and join in the further advance.

An important part of the plan was that Stonewall Jackson, fresh from his splendid Valley campaign, should move from Ashland and flank the position at Mechanicsville and Ellerson's Mill. But Jackson was detained by the burning of the bridges, the felling of timber across the roads by which he moved, etc., twenty-four hours beyond the time that he told Gen. Lee that it would be necessary for him to consume in making the march, and fearing that the enemy might discover Gen. Huger's weakness below Richmond and march over him into the city, Gen. Lee decided that it was best to wait no longer for Jackson, and ordered A. P. Hill to advance on the enemy. This he did in superb style.

I never shall forget the thrilling scene in Jackson's corps as A. P. Hill's guns opened at Mechanicsville on that memorable afternoon of the 26th of June, 1862, and the "foot cavalry" made the hills and valleys and woods ring with their Confederate yells as they eagerly pressed forward with anticipation of coming victory. Hill moved forward in fine style and drove the enemy from their position at Mechanicsville, thus opening the way for Longstreet and D. H. Hill, whose divisions were thrown across the Chickahominy at that point.

In the early morning of the 27th of June the Confederate troops on the north side were in motion, and the Federal forces, under gallant Fitz John Porter, awaited them in positions naturally strong, but which had been fortified with all the appliances of engineering skill and ample material.

#### LITTLE POWELL A STRIKING FIGURE.

It was my privilege to see that day a number of our leading generals. Our grand old chieftain, R. E. Lee, clad in a uniform of simple gray, and having the bearing of a king of men; Stonewall Jackson, in his dingy uniform, mounted on "Little Sorrell" sucking a lemon and evidently very impatient at the delay in the advance of his column; stern old Ewell, who impressed one as being every inch a soldier; Jeb. Stuart, in his fighting jacket, and with the bearing of the "flower of cavaliers," and others who were "winning their spurs." But no soldier whom I saw on that historic day impressed me more than A. P. Hill. Dressed in a fatigue jacket of gray flannel, his felt hat slouched over his noble brow, sitting his horse with easy grace, glancing with his eagle eye along his column as it hurried past him into battle, and yet taking time from his pressing duties to give me a warm grasp of

the hand and a cordial greeting as he inquired after "the boys of the old Thirteenth." I was more impressed than ever before with his soldierly bearing, and said to a friend as he rode off, "Little Powell will do his full duty to-day." And right well was this prophecy fulfilled. Encountering the enemy in his strong position and heavy entrenchments near New Cold Harbor about 2 o'clock P. M., Hill bore the brunt of the fight for about two hours until Jackson got into position, and Longstreet went to his assistance, and then bore his full share in the grand charge which swept the field along the whole line of Cold Harbor and Gaines's Mill, capturing fourteen pieces of artillery and many prisoners, and driving the enemy in great confusion from every position. I may not give in detail the further movements of those seven days of carnage and Confederate victory, which raised the siege of Richmond and drove McClellan's splendid army to the cover of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing. \* \* \*

#### THE BATTLE OF FRAZIER'S FARM.

No soldier bore a more conspicuous part or won more laurels in those great battles than A. P. Hill. He especially distinguished himself and covered with glory his "Light Division" in the battle of Frazier's Farm, where alone at first and afterward supported by Longstreet, he made a fight and won a victory which Gen. Lee had designed to make complete by having Stonewall Jackson cross Whiteoak Swamp and strike the enemy in flank and rear—a movement which Jackson, for once in his brilliant career, pronounced "impracticable," and failed to execute. It was during these movements that an incident occurred of which President Davis told with evident gusto. The President was reconnoitering at the front when he met Gen. Lee on the same business and remonstrated with him, saying, "This is no place for the commander of the army." The General gently explained and rejoined, "It seems to me that this is clearly no place for the Commander-in-chief of all our armies." "Just then," said Mr. Davis, in telling me the incident, "gallant little A. P. Hill galloped up and exclaimed, 'What are you two doing here? This is no place for either of you, and as commander of this part of the field I order you both to the rear.'" "We will obey your orders," was the laughing reply, and they moved a little to the rear and became absorbed in a consultation about the situation, when Hill again galloped up and exclaimed, "Did I not order you away from here, and did you not promise to obey me? Why, one shot from that battery over there might deprive the Army of Northern Virginia of its commander, and the Confederacy of its President."

#### SEEN AT HIS BEST.

After the brief rest succeeding the seven days around Richmond, Hill was succeeded to Jackson's corps and sent to join him near Gordonsville. He was an active participant in the battle of Cedar Run, where Jackson defeated his old "Quartermaster General Banks," and led his Light Division on the field just as some of Jackson's troops had been thrown into great confusion, and just in time to turn the tide of battle and save the day.

As I saw him at the crisis, with coat off and sabre drawn, throwing out skirmishers to stop stragglers, tearing off the bars of a lieutenant who was skulking to the rear, and giving his clear, crisp orders as he hurried his veterans into the fight and hurled back the blue lines who were advancing flushed with vic-

tory, he seemed to me the very personification of the genius of battle, the very beau-ideal of the soldier.

At second Manassas, during the crisis of the struggle for the famous railroad cut, Hill sent a staff officer to inquire of brave old Maxey Gregg how he was getting on. "Tell him," said the old hero, "that our ammunition is exhausted, but rocks are very plentiful, and we will hold our position with them until we can get ammunition." Sending his staff and couriers to fill their haversacks and pockets with cartridges and distribute them to the men, Hill himself galloped to the line and excited the wildest enthusiasm as his clarion voice rang out: "Good for you, boys! Give them the rocks and the bayonet, and hold your position and I will soon have ammunition and reinforcements for you."

#### CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Crossing with the army into Maryland, A. P. Hill performed a most important part in the capture of Harper's Ferry, with its garrison of 11,000 troops, a large number of small arms, seventy-three pieces of artillery, and an immense supply of stores of every description. He was left to parole the prisoners and secure the stores, while Jackson hurried to Sharpsburg, leaving him orders to follow as rapidly as possible.

Hill's forced march from Harper's Ferry to Sharpsburg and his rush into the battle at the critical juncture, changing the whole face of affairs, and converting threatened disaster into splendid victory, are among the most brilliant achievements of the war. With 2,000 of the advance of his division he rushed on the field at double-quick, and with the help of other troops, who rallied at his coming, checked Burnside's victorious legions, and then drove them back in such confusion that he was soon calling piteously for reinforcements, and McClellan sent him that famous message:

"I have not a man to spare you. If you cannot hold your advanced position, then hold the bridge to the last extremity. The bridge! The bridge to the last man. All is lost if the bridge should be lost."

\* \* \* \*

#### AT HAMILTON'S CROSSING.

A. P. Hill remained with Jackson in the valley, led his advance across the mountains to join Lee at Fredericksburg, held the front line near Hamilton's Crossing on December 13th, and contributed his full share towards winning that great victory. I remember seeing him after the battle visiting, as was his custom, his field hospitals, looking after the comfort of his wounded, and with his own hands lifting some of the poor fellows into more comfortable positions.

I may add that I met no general during the war who was more careful to make proper provision for his sick and wounded, who gave more personal attention to them, or who was more tender and sympathetic to the suffering.

He greatly enjoyed the rest of the winter at his headquarters near Moss Neck, enlivened as they were by the sunshine of the presence of wife and babies, but he diligently employed his time in preparing his "Light Division"—now bronzed veterans of many a glorious field—for the next campaign.

With Jackson on his march to Chancellorsville and flank-march to Hooker's rear, he was moving his division into line of battle to take the advance when Jackson was shot down by his own men, and, after

giving his chief needed personal attention, Hill hurried to assume command of the corps and finish the brilliant movement which Jackson had so auspiciously begun, but he was wounded himself soon after and compelled to relinquish the command and leave to "Jeb" Stuart—dashing, glorious Jeb Stuart—who was sent for and put in command, the glory of carrying line after line of the enemy's breastworks, as he gave the old corps the watchword, "Charge, and remember Jackson," and rode at the head of the charging columns, singing in clear notes that were heard above the din of battle—

"Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the wilderness?"

#### HILL'S THIRD CORPS.

Soon after Chancellorsville A. P. Hill was put in command of the Second corps until the Army of Northern Virginia was divided into three corps, Longstreet being retained in command of the First, grim and gallant old Ewell being promoted to the command of the Second, and A. P. Hill being made Lieutenant General and placed in command of the Third corps, which was made to consist of Heth's, Anderson's, and Pender's divisions.

Gen. James Longstreet, in an article written several years ago for the *Century*, severely criticises General Lee for the promotion of A. P. Hill, naming other officers whom he considered his superiors in merit, saying that Lee recommended it because Hill "was a Virginian," but Gen. R. E. Lee, in his official letter to President Davis recommending the creation of the three corps and the officers to command them, says that he preferred A. P. Hill because he regarded him as "upon the whole the best soldier of his grade with me." That was a great deal for General Lee, always careful in his recommendations, to say, and the world will take his judgment in preference to that of General Longstreet.

#### HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

It may not be improper to add that I called the attention of President Davis to General Longstreet's criticism, and asked him if Hill's being a Virginian had anything to do with his promotion, and he wrote me very fully, saying, among other things:

"So far from that being true, I should at that time have been glad to have appointed one of the lieutenant generals from another State, as there had been complaint in certain quarters that Virginia was getting more than her share of the promotions. But the truth was that A. P. Hill was so clearly entitled to the place, both on account of his ability as a soldier and the meritorious services he had rendered, that General Lee did not hesitate to recommend him, and I did not hesitate to make the appointment."

And certainly Hill's after career in command of his splendid corps at Gettysburg, in the campaign of 1864, and during the siege of Petersburg, fully justified the good opinions of Lee and Davis.

#### WOULD NOT LEAVE HIS COMMAND.

I remember how hard I tried to induce him to go to the house of a friend when he lay in his ambulance near Spottsylvania Court-house, too sick to mount his horse, and his surgeons begged him to take a "sick leave," but he firmly and persistently replied, "No; I cannot leave my command, and just as soon as possible I shall take charge of my brave fellows again."

## COURAGEOUS UNTO DEATH.

But, alas! the end drew nigh. A. P. Hill had spent a delightful winter at Petersburg, cheered by the presence of his wife and children, but his health was poor and his surgeons had persuaded him to take a "sick furlough" and rest for a season at the house of a relative in Chesterfield County, but he had left strict injunctions with his staff to be notified of any threatened movement, and accordingly on Saturday, the 1st of April, he hastened back to his headquarters, and when his thin line—"stretched until it broke," as General Lee expressed it—was cut in sunder in the early hours of Sunday, April 2, Hill at once galloped to the scene and exerted himself with even more than his accustomed gallantry to re-establish his lines.

Finding this impossible, for the enemy outnumbered him fully five to one, and he had no reserves, he determined to reach and take personal command of the part of his corps which had been cut off, and it was in this brave attempt that he was shot down and instantly killed by a squad of the enemy whose surrender he had demanded.

His body was recovered by a charge of the members of his staff, and the headquarters guard, and was temporarily buried at the home in Chesterfield, whence he came to take command of his corps.

No general orders announced his death, no guard of honor attended his burial; for the grand old army of which he had been so conspicuous a member had taken up its sad march to Appomattox Court-house.

But he has lived in the hearts of his old corps and of loving comrades; he will live in life-speaking bronze that loving hands have reared, and he has passed into history as one of the noblest, truest, grandest soldiers of all the bright galaxy that made the infant Confederacy the admiration of the world, and will extort from posterity an endorsement of the noble sentiment of the English bard—

"No nation rose so white and fair,  
Or fell so pure of crime."

FOUND BY A VETERAN NORTH.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 3, 1893.

EDITOR CONFEDERATE VETERAN—DEAR SIR: A few days since, on my way from Chicago home to this place, I discovered on the car seat in front of me a publication of some kind, and upon examination I found it to be a monthly issue entitled, CONFEDERATE VETERAN, for June. We of the North have some very handsome and attractive looking persons of the opposite sex, but I know of none more so than Mrs. Maggie Davis Hayes, as represented on the front leaf of your publication. I should like to take it for a year, but am very anxious to have Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 of Vol. 1, and if you can, by some hook or crook, as the boys say, get me the above numbers, I will pay you twenty-five cents each for them, besides taking and paying the yearly price for it. The little work entitled, "The Southern Cross," you refer to on page 186, I am in hopes to possess in the near future. Your cut of "Shiloh Church" looks as natural as on January 1, 1862, with the exception of the "Sibley tents." I took very great pleasure in reading the extract of T. M. Hurst's address on the "great battle of Shiloh." I met Miss Maggie in Washington with her father when a little girl. Write when you can.

With respect, HENRY WARREN.

## CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS.

BY FLORA ADAMS DARLING.

When reading to-day in the VETERAN of the many monuments that have been erected to the men who wore the gray, it recalls my own monumental experience, for, like "old Mortality," I often seek the city of the dead to read the records of those who have the fins of eternity recorded by the hand of death against their names, but the martyr-crowned who died in battle for country's sake do not forgotten lie. Posterity will keep the soldiers' memories green, for their fame is written on the "eternal camping ground," in the beautiful city of rest, whose builder and maker is God. Recently, when visiting Warrenton, Va., I went with Miss Smith, the daughter of ex-Gov. Wm. Smith, the war Governor of Virginia, to visit the cemetery where the Confederate dead sleep well. Mainly through her efforts a beautiful monument tells the story of their death. At Culpeper I visited the mound and monument erected to the "Unknown Dead," and all along the line of battle monuments honor the brave. It is noble to care for the graves of men who died for home and country, and woman is true to the trust. The memory of the boys who wore the gray is a sacred inheritance to the South, and it is duty as well as pleasure to honor those who died far from home, when

Death rode the field in hand with  
Joyless fate, the unknown dead.  
What mother, with long watching eyes,  
And white lips cold and dumb,  
Waits with appalling patience for  
Her darling boy to come?  
Her boy, whose grave swells up  
But one of many a scar  
Cut on the face of our fair land  
By gory-handed war.

What fights he fought, what wounds he wore,  
Are all unknown to fame;  
Remember, on his lowly grave  
There is not e'en a name!  
That he fought well, and bravely, too,  
And held his country dear,  
We know, else he had not been  
"A Georgia volunteer!"

He sleeps—what need to question now  
If he were wrong or right?  
He knows ere this whose cause was just  
In God the Father's sight.  
He yields no warlike weapons now,  
Returns no foeman's thrust.  
Who but a coward would revile  
An honest soldier's dust?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll,  
Adown the rocky glen,  
Above thee lies the grave of one  
Of Stonewall Jackson's men!  
Beneath the cedar and the pine,  
In solitude austere,  
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten lies  
"A Georgia volunteer."

Culpeper, Va., was conspicuous during the civil war, and the quaint old town lives in the memory of many of the veterans. Here President Davis, after the battle of Bull Run, held, with his Generals, one of the most important conferences of the war, and in proof of his recollection of the beautiful valley, even in the very shadow of death, he gave testimony in a letter to me in which he said, "I am glad you are enjoying the delightful atmosphere of dear old Culpeper." When he died I sent December violets from the

sacred soil to place on his grave in evidence of mourning and memory on the heights and in the valley.

At Culpeper Gen. Grant made headquarters when making ready to lead his armies through the Wilderness to the Promised Land. Moses had looked across the river, but Joshua won the goal.

### THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

BY ANNIE JOHNSTON, SAVANNAH, TENN.

From its sources in the mountains,  
Gushing forth from many a glen,  
With its many crystal fountains,  
Far beyond the haunts of men;  
Swelling fast and roaring louder  
In its mighty power and glee,  
Sweeping on by lonely Shiloh,  
Flows the grand old Tennessee.

Sunshine beams in tender glory,  
Springtime breezes softly blow  
O'er the spot that soon in story  
A bloody name is doomed to know.  
April showers fall like teardrops  
Where men's graves are soon to be,  
On the grass-grown sod of Shiloh  
Near the shores of Tennessee.

Sunset shed its parting splendor  
O'er the landscape calm and still,  
Stars come out and gaze in tender  
Pity o'er the death-doomed bill;  
Midnight falls, and white-winged spirits,  
Flitting o'er the world in glee,  
Pause and gaze on lovely Shiloh,  
Near the shores of Tennessee.

But with sunrise sounds a death note,  
E'en the cannon clear and loud,  
And in fierce and deadly combat  
Face to face two armies crowd!  
Louder, hotter grows the battle,  
As the men on both sides see  
They must fight like men at Shiloh,  
On the shores of Tennessee!

And as noonday's lurid glory  
Once more gilds the southern sky,  
On the field, upturned and gory,  
Many hearts all pulseless lie!  
Johnston, with the rest, lies dying—  
What a grand, good man was he!  
His brave soul takes flight at Shiloh—  
Shiloh on the Tennessee!

Once again night's peaceful curtain  
Falls around the death-strewn place,  
Until morn it is not certain  
Which side victory's honors grace:  
But with dawn the battle rages,  
And it shortly proves to be  
That her own are doomed at Shiloh,  
Shiloh on the Tennessee!

Once more midnight's holy breezes  
Kiss the upturned faces there,  
As many a manly bosom freezes,  
Many a death-groan cuts the air,  
Many a wife is left a widow,  
Many a mother's heart will be  
Broken as the news from Shiloh  
Is wafted down the Tennessee!

Angels through the air seem wailing  
O'er the world that faints in tears,  
For in blood and dust lie trailing  
Hopes that once could feel no fears;  
And they droop their wings in sadness  
As in blood they bend the knee,  
Bow their heads and weep o'er Shiloh,  
Shiloh on the Tennessee.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

A lady in a personal letter from Jacksonville, Fla., July 23, states: My son is a subscriber to your plucky and loyal CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and each month I enjoy reading the interesting matter contained therein. The picture of the trio of Southern heroes on the front page of July issue is grand. O how vividly do they recall to my memory the days spent in Richmond, Va., during the entire war! I was present at Gen. Jackson's funeral, and to-day preserve as a memento of that sad occasion a bunch of flowers which were given me as a keepsake from his casket by Gov. Letcher's daughter, who was a friend and school-mate of mine. Gen. Jackson's remains were then lying in state at Gov. Letcher's mansion. The picture that the VETERAN gives is one of the best I ever saw of Gen. Jackson.

Though far from my old home in Tennessee, I am still wide awake to any and every thing that she does which may redound to her credit, and surely your Southern paper should be a source of pride to the State. I may be able to send you a few literary contributions, which may prove interesting to your readers—personal reminiscences of the war, and the few years after the war, when the Freedman's Bureau reigned supreme in the Southern States.

Col. W. C. R., of Columbus, Miss., tells this: His command was ordered to the front, and had to cross a creek, and the men were ordered to take off their shoes and lower garments and wade the stream. The line of march was down a lane, and just as they approached the creek a man and woman in a buggy crossed. There was no chance to dodge, so the command was given to "open ranks" and let the buggy go through. The lady had on a veil, and in silence the buggy passed along. When they had proceeded about half way through the line the ludicrousness of the scene struck the boys and a shout of laughter rang along the line, and the Colonel says, as he turned in his saddle to look back, the man and woman were shaking with the contagion.

S. A. C.: A long train of soldiers traveled in the Carolinas from Charlotte to Columbia. There were two ladies in the rear, a passenger (!) car. It was crowded, and many of the soldiers had to stand up. One sallow-faced fellow begged a gentleman to let him have his seat, and they exchanged positions. It was concluded by the gallant young fellow, afterward, that he had been imposed upon, and when he asked the fellow in his seat to change back, and he declined, comments were in order, and he told the fellow who was playing off sick that he was a "tar-heel." Gossip of such nature continued until the lazy fellow, in a sort of whining tone, said: "He's elimed simmon trees; you can tell from the seat of his breeches that he's elimed simmon trees!" All the passengers roared, and the two ladies cast off all dignity and participated with the men in hearty laughter. The ladies looked like sisters. They were very attractive, and were much honored in the tedious journey. I journeyed with them the next day to Charleston. Just before the train arrived at the station I told the senior that I had seen them almost constantly for two days, and would be glad for their cards. She wrote, "Mrs. Ed. Means and daughter."

*CONSIDERATIONS FOR SECESSION.*

IN an address at the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, in June, Hon. Jno. Randolph Tucker (who so won the esteem of David Dudley Field, of New York, that that nonagenarian and Nestor of the American bar presented, in compliment to him, his extensive law library to the Washington Lee University, at Lexington, Va.), on the subject of States Rights, said:

\* \* \* "But young men will ask, was not slavery so bad that the Constitution, which shielded it, was rightly violated in order to destroy it? That is the question which has been answered by the roar of artillery in the affirmative. But can that answer by force be justified in the forum of morals? If solemn compact may be violated in order to destroy what that compact guaranteed, what value is there in a written Constitution? It only awaits a new fanatical sentiment to justify a new crusade upon its integrity. If the obligation of compact may be impaired or destroyed because of its subject-matter civilization will perish, because it cannot survive the death of good faith or the repudiation of public or private compacts.

"But let me present another view. The crusade not only destroyed slavery, but entailed upon the South a social condition for which the crusaders suggest no relief, and a condition which seems to be without the hope of peaceful solution. Those who had no interest in the relation have inoculated the South with a social and political disease for which their statesmen have provided no remedy and can find no panacea. These were the issues upon which the Southern States seceded, and defended their imperiled rights with a valor, constancy and fortitude which has made them immortal.

"We cannot be placed in the false position of having fought to hold men in slavery. The South never made a free man a slave, and never took from the dark land one human being to shackle him with servitude. The race of Southern men inherited the institution, which was put on us by the cupidity of slave traders against the protests of our colonial fathers. Eight millions of Caucasians and four millions of Africans—the first masters, the last slaves. That was the problem we inherited. Shall they remain slaves and how long? or be at once emancipated? and then be put into possession of equal power with the white man to direct a common destiny? Shall our constitutional power, our inherent natural right to regulate this special interest, be wrested from us and vested in aliens to that interest, to be exercised by them to create social and political relations never known in the history of civilized man, and for the right regulation of which no prophecy could forecast a law, and our sad experience has been unable to devise a remedy? To put it forensically, the South did not plead to the issue of slavery or no slavery, but to the jurisdiction. To create the jurisdiction was to give up self-government.

"If we resisted the government, we defended the Constitution; we supported the sovereignty which ordained the supreme law of the land, though we opposed by force the usurpations of the delegated agent of the sovereignty.

"We failed—were defeated—came back to the Union,

yes, but to the Union under the Constitution—and though amended—in substance the same old Constitution. The rents in its sacred parchment are healed; the blood-stains are obliterated.

"Virginia greets the daughter of North Carolina, a younger sister in this great Union. Let us labor to perpetuate this galaxy of commonwealths, bound by the gravitating forces of commercial, geographical, social and political interests, and of common aspirations, as the inheritors of the free institutions of the Anglo-American race. Let us co-operate to save the Union from the maelstrom of a centralized paternalism, and to anchor our liberty and right in the safe harbor of ancient constitutional polity. God preserve and perpetuate the union of these States on the solid rock-bed of the Constitution of our fathers!

"Let no censorious criticism suggest a doubt of our faithful devotion to the Constitution and Union of to-day because we honor and revere the patriotism of those who died for the lost cause. The heroic purpose failed; our Confederacy sank beneath the political horizon in clouds which could not blacken history. The sun of the Confederacy lighted them with the effulgence of its own transcendent glory. The fame of its heroes, of their genius for leadership, of their constancy, fortitude, martial prowess and devotion to duty, all Americans will one day claim to be the common heritage of the Union.

"I come from an historic institution that bears the illustrious names of Washington, the spotless hero in victory, and of Lee, the no less spotless hero in defeat. I live near the grave of this most splendid type of the Virginia cavaliers, and of that of Stonewall Jackson, the noblest type of the Scotch-Irish race. I come to Tennessee, two of whose sons, the hero of the Hermitage and the eminent James K. Polk, were elected Presidents by all the States of the Union; the one whose sturdy arm struck down the giant bank monopoly, the other the no less hateful monopoly of tariff spoliation. President Jackson declared the Union must and shall be preserved—the Union under the written Constitution of the fathers. Both of them were of kindred lineage with heroes of the Confederacy, with Stonewall Jackson and Leonidas Polk, who died as defenders of the lost cause.

"Standing reverently near the tombs of your mighty dead, I hesitate not to say that neither would have condemned these Confederate heroes of their blood. The spirits of these Jacksons and these Polks, of Davis and of Lee, of the two Johnstons, and of hundreds of others hovering near us, would join in our fervent aspiration that this and coming generations shall be faithful to the Union and the Constitution, upon which, as their best foundation, liberty and right and justice shall ever securely rest. The living and the dead of the lost Confederacy and of the restored Union, by their devotion to truth and right, call upon us, one and all, to uphold and defend this constitutional Union. With patriotic purpose, despite the breakers which threaten our shipwreck, guided by the chart of the Constitution, and with humble trust in the God of our fathers, let us here and now resolve to remit no effort as citizens of a common country to steer this fleet of American commonwealths into the haven of peace and fraternity, with the noble memories of past achievements, and with united aspirations for the heritage of a common glory among the nations of earth."

## THE STORY OF A GOURD HEAD.

What caused me to construct a "gourd head" is more than I can explain, unless it was suggested by his Satanic majesty. As to how I utilized it read and see. One day in the winter of 1863 I found, near camps, a long-handle gourd about the size of a man's head, and out of such material as I could command I covered it, dressed it with hair from beef tails, etc., until, at a short distance, it resembled somewhat a man's head. Before it was perfected I was detailed to go on out-post duty, and took my masked gourd with me, intending to give it the finishing touches. At this date the pickets of the two contending armies would at times discover and hail each other, exchange newspapers, swap coffee for tobacco, or visa versa—pass a few not unfriendly words, then each go his way without attempting to take the life of the other.

On the day above alluded to I was stationed beside a fallen tree, near the edge of a river swamp. About an hour after I had taken my position I saw a "blue coat" stealthily gliding along through the undergrowth of the swamp, and when within about one hundred yards of me, I hailed him with, "Hello, Yank, who are you looking for?" He sprang behind a tree and answered, "Looking for you, Johnnie Reb. Have you got any tobacco to trade for coffee?" I replied that I had, but we had not conversed long until I discovered that the Yank was somewhat nervous, and watched him closely, though neither of us had made any hostile demonstrations. Suddenly he raised his gun to his face, and as suddenly I ducked behind the log. And now I felt that both of us could not get away alive, and determined to try to get my work in first. After a few moments suspense I thought of my masked gourd, and placing my hat upon it raised it above the log high enough to seem to peep over. Bang, went Yank's gun, and a minnie bullet pierced the gourd, and it fell by my side. I remained perfectly quiet, feeling assured that he would soon come to relieve my dead body of my tobacco. In a short time I heard him coming. The "old scratch" whispered to me, "Now is your time," but something else whispered, "Don't kill him, it would be murder; take him prisoner." I knew that his gun was empty, and that I had every advantage of him, so I raised up and presented to his breast my cocked rifle. I never beheld such a look of surprise. He stood within ten feet of me, motionless, it seemed almost breathless. I ordered him to drop his gun, come round to my side of the log and take a seat on the ground. He obeyed without any hesitation, and when he was seated I pointed at the gourd. He stared at the gourd then at me, and seeing me smile he dryly remarked, "Well, I'll be d——n!" After a few moments reflection he again spoke, "You have outyanked me, Johnnie, but I hope you will not let me be sent to Andersonville." I inquired of him his name and residence, when he informed me, John Hall, of Columbus, Ohio. I asked him if he had relatives living in Texas, and he replied that his uncle moved from Ohio to Texas about twenty years before, and when last heard from was living near Leesburg. I felt interested, and inquired what he knew about his uncle's family. He mentioned the names of the children, and among them George Hall, about his own age, who was his favorite cousin and playmate when they were boys in Ohio. I then told him that he had just attempted to murder his cousin George. "I am George Hall!" Pale and

trembling, he exclaimed, "O my God, can this be true?" and wept like a child. I then told him that he was free, exchanged "baccar for coffee" with him, but kept his gun and ammunition. He insisted that I should take what greenbacks he had to buy me another hat in place of the one he had spoiled with a bullet from his Enfield. He explained that his reason for firing was that he thought it his only chance to save his own life, thinking I would shoot him the first opportunity. He disappeared in the river swamp, and I saw him no more until after the war, but Cousin John is now my Texas neighbor, votes the Democratic ticket, and is the best friend I have on earth.

SAMMY, KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON.—W. A. C.: On a march at night Gen. French's division was moving when those tiresome and exasperating halts occurred so often that the men became worn out with the oft-repeated command to "move up." Gen. French was trying to get his Quartermaster to push the headquarters team to the front, as the enemy was dangerously near in the rear. The men having dropped down by hundreds in the road to sleep it was almost impossible to get a team through without running over the men. Gen. French became impatient and rode forward to see for himself. He began to order the men out of the road with an occasional oath. In the midst of his career a thin, sharp voice, just off the road, sang out, "O Sammy, keep your shirt on; don't burn your shirt." The General was furious, and rising up in his stirrups said: "I will give fifty dollars to know the man who said that." It is needless to say he did not find out, but laughter was heard along the line for some distance.

This story recalls a night march down Sand Mountain, Ala., as Hood came to Tennessee. Cheatham's command had been halted for some time, and he was working his way to the head of the column to extricate a wagon from the mire. The soldiers were very tired, and lay asleep in the roadway. "Mars Frank" could not get along except in the middle of the road, and his aids pressed the men to give way. By and by Cheatham, impatient but affectionate as well, said, "D—n it, boys, you know I don't want to ride over you."

## DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS FREE.

Edie Hickam, an aged negro woman, is the plaintiff in perhaps the most remarkable case ever tried in the courts at Booneville, Mo. She is an old ex-slave, and brought suit against her master, Joseph Hickam, for \$5 a month wages as a family domestic for twenty-four years, during which time she claims to have been kept in ignorance of her emancipation. The suit was instituted in 1889 for \$1,400, and resulted in a judgment in her favor for \$700. The defendant appealed to the Kansas City Court of Appeals, which remanded the case to the Circuit Court of Cooper County, which now renders a decision for the defendant.

The exchange from which the above is clipped does not suggest a chromo to the lawyer who "worked up" this case.

G. T. Morgan, Russellville, Ky., writes: "I am one of the boys, and I take the VETERAN. Am well pleased with it, and will do all I can to increase its subscription list here. I am the first one who subscribed for it in Russellville."

## The Confederate Veteran.

Fifty Cents a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. Money paid for it does not augment the Monument Fund directly, but as an auxiliary its benefit certainly makes it eminently worthy the patronage of every friend of the cause.

### SUGGESTIONS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Don't buy postoffice orders for small amounts, postage stamps or postal notes are better, being less expensive. In sending stamps let them be of two cents each. One cent stamps are admissible, but larger are inconvenient. In sending clubs, where the work is complimentary, as it so generally is, deduct cost of exchange.

Our earnest comrades and friends who are zealous for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN can do it a valuable service by disabusing the minds of indifferent persons who think it is specially for old soldiers, and assuring them it is of to-day, pulsating with full life in accord with the times. Its purpose is to show the South in a true light, and to honor those who sacrificed property, comfort, and often life, through their devotion to principle.

### THE VETERAN AS AN OFFICIAL ORGAN.

Desire is manifest on the part of many comrades to have the VETERAN adopted as official organ of United Confederate Veterans, and all other organizations. As stated in July, letters suggesting it had been sent to U. C. V. Camps and the response has been favorable, except by one organization, the officials of which claimed that they had subscribed for seven copies and had never received any. Two others were not sufficiently familiar with the VETERAN, as none of their members were getting it. Many officials, in response, have gotten subscriptions and forwarded, considering, perhaps, that was better than empty honor. It would not be empty honor. There is much more in it than most people suppose. It is very desirable to keep the price at 50 cents a year, and if the VETERAN should become the official organ of comrades throughout the South it would carry with it a power among advertisers that would make it a credit to the nation. Advertisers who are without sentiment, in business, would seek it, and prices would enable me to make it shine brighter and brighter each month.

Does the VETERAN deserve this benefit and this honor? It was started last January, the projector being confined to a sick-room. His primary motive was to make showing of all moneys received by him as General Agent for the Davis Monument. Its acceptance has been phenomenal. The increase of circulation, considering its careful and economical outlay, has been unprecedented. When the January issue was sent out there were not fifty subscribers. The paid subscription list was published as a supplement to the April number, and it contained nearly thirty columns of printed names in a seven-column newspaper form. The growth has about doubled since then. Absolute candor has ruled, with the single exception that a plainer statement should have been made of the inferior paper in July issue. It was learned, when too late to amend, that the supply was

insufficient for the 10,000 copies. The cheaper paper cost \$32 less, but its use was a painful misfortune. It is determined to keep it *first-class* in every way. The price may be too low. Friends have urged its increase to \$1, but it is doing so very well that any change would seem hazardous.

It is bold to assert claims on the brotherhood without any humiliating plea for consideration. In the first place, it published as fully as could be procured the list of subscriptions to the Davis Monument. This list has been revised and republished at greater expense than has ever been the subscription of any individual, save one, to the great monument. Dingy subscription lists have been deciphered and revised over and over again.

It has published, in alphabetical order of postoffices, every Camp of the United Confederate Veterans, and all others, when procured. It has become the most accessible medium that ever has existed among Veterans and their families. It has not a known enemy in the great brotherhood of comrades, and it seeks to honor those who appreciate it and help to extend its usefulness. Its defects are many, but the motive is as pure as ever nerved a Confederate soldier in battle. It is intensely Southern, but is broadly patriotic. It seeks renewed and intensified fellowship with those gallant men who fought for the Union and have since honored the men they met in battle.

This very remarkable and unprecedented statement is made as to the acceptance of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN: Its editor has never heard of a single unkind criticism upon it from any source whatever. Its usefulness would be largely enhanced by the indorsements requested. Every subscriber, not alone every comrade, can be helpful. Accept this plan. Write a letter to its editor expressing such commendation as may be felt. These indorsements are desirable by State Associations and by United Confederate Veterans. The editor of the VETERAN believes that the publication richly merits this universal indorsement, and would be deeply sensitive of his part of the honor. But the adoption as official organ would be an honor to every man, woman, boy and girl who has contributed to make it the success already achieved.

To you the suggestion is made that a letter to some Camp, or Bivouac, or Line—in Tennessee and Maryland Bivouacs and Lines are respectively named—would do much good. Write to them or to the editor at Nashville. The conjunctive influence would do great good.

THE name of W. C. Bird having been continued as Commander of the Patton Anderson Camp, Monticello, Fla., in our list, B. W. Partridge, the Adjutant, writes: "Commander W. C. Bird crossed over the river and has rested under the trees since last summer."



ORGANIZATION OF CONFEDERATES.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! Quotation marks might be added to the above, but the expression is divine, and intelligent readers will know whence it came. In proportion as they have suffered together will the devotion of Southern people to one another remain. Looking to the reunion to take place at Birmingham next month, it seems opportune to reproduce the principles set forth by the United Confederate Veterans:

The first article of the constitution of the association declares: "The object and purpose of this organization will be strictly social, literary, historical, and benevolent. It will endeavor to unite in a general federation all associations of the Confederate veterans, soldiers and sailors, now in existence or hereafter to be formed; to gather authentic data for an impartial history of the war between the States; to preserve the relics or mementoes of the same; to cherish the ties of friendship that exist among the men who have shared common dangers, common suffering, and privations; to care for the disabled and extend a helping hand to the needy; to protect the widow and orphan and to make and preserve the record of the services of every member, and as far as possible of those of our comrades who have preceded us in eternity."

The last article provides that neither discussion of political or religious subjects, nor any political action, shall be permitted in the organization, and any Camp violating that provision forfeits its membership.

Gen. J. B. Gordon, the Commander of the Veterans, in an address to the soldiers and sailors, says:

"Comrades, no argument is needed to secure for these objects your enthusiastic indorsement. They have burdened your thoughts for many years; you have cherished them in sorrow, poverty, and humiliation. In the face of misconception you have held them in your hearts with the strength of religious convictions. No misjudgments can defeat your peaceful purposes for the future. Your aspirations have been lifted by the mere force and urgency of surrounding conditions to a plane far above the paltry consideration of partisan triumphs. The honor of the American government, the just powers of the Federal government, the equal rights of States, the integrity of the Constitutional Union, the sanctions of law and the enforcement of order have no class of defenders more true and devoted than the ex-soldiers of the South and their worthy descendants. But you realize the great truth that a people without the memories of heroic suffering or sacrifice are a people without a history.

"To cherish such memories and recall such a past, whether crowned with success or consecrated in defeat, is to idealize principle and strengthen character, intensify love of country, and convert defeat and disaster into pillars of support for future manhood and noble womanhood. Whether the Southern people, under their changed conditions, may ever hope to witness another civilization which shall equal that which be-

gan with their Washington and ended with their Lee, it is certainly true that devotion to their glorious past is not only the surest guarantee of future progress and the holiest bond of unity, but is also the strongest claim they can present to the confidence and respect of the other sections of the Union.

"It is political in no sense, except so far as the word 'political' is a synonym of the word 'patriotic.' It is a brotherhood over which the genius of philanthropy and patriotism, of truth and of justice, will preside; of philanthropy, because it will succor the disabled, help the needy, strengthen the weak, and cheer the disconsolate; of patriotism, because it will cherish the past glories of the dead Confederacy and transmute them into living inspirations for future service to the living republic; of truth, because it will seek to gather and preserve as witnesses for history the unimpeachable facts which shall doom falsehood to die that truth may live; of justice, because it will cultivate National, as well as Southern, fraternity, and will condemn narrow-mindedness and prejudice and passion, and cultivate that broader, higher, and nobler sentiment, which would write on the grave of every soldier who fell on our side, 'Here lies an American hero, a martyr to the right as his conscience conceived it.'

"I rejoice that a general organization, too long neglected, has at last been perfected. It is an organization which all honorable men must approve and which Heaven itself will bless. I call upon you, therefore, to organize in every State and community where ex-Confederates may reside, to rally to the support of the high and peaceful objects of the United Confederate Veterans, and move forward until by the power of organization and persistent effort your beneficent and Christian purposes are fully accomplished."

CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

A. M. Sea, Jr., of Louisville, Ky., sends the following carefully prepared list. He corrects some errors.

NAME.	BORN.	DIED.
Samuel Cooper.....	N. J., June 12, 1798.	Cameron, Va., Dec. 3, 1876.
Albert S. Johnston.....	Ky., Feb. 2, 1803.	Shiloh, Tenn., April 6, 1862.
Robert E. Lee.....	Va., Jan. 19, 1807.	Lexington, Va., Oct. 12, 1870.
Joseph E. Johnston.....	Va., Feb. 3, 1807.	Washington, D. C., March 21, 1891.
G. T. Beauregard.....	La., May 28, 1818.	New Orleans, La., Feb. 20, 1863.
Braxton Bragg.....	N. C., March 22, 1817.	Galveston, Texas, Sept. 27, 1876.
E. Kirby-Smith.....	Fla., May 16, 1821.	Sewanee, Tenn., March 28, 1893.

GENERAL, TEMPORARY RANK.

John B. Hood.....	Ky., June 1, 1831.	New Orleans, La., Aug. 30, 79
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LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

James Longstreet.....	S. C., Jan. 8, 1821.	
Leonidas Polk.....	N. C., April 10, 1806.	Pine Mountain, Tenn., June 14, 1864.
Theoph. H. Holmes.....	N. C., 1804.	Fayetteville, N. C., June 20, 1880.
William J. Hardee.....	Ga., 1817.	Hydesville, Va., Nov. 6, 1873.
Thomas J. Jackson.....	Va., Jan. 21, 1824.	Guinea's Station, Va., May 10, 1863.
John C. Pemberton.....	Pa., Aug. 10, 1814.	Penlyyn, Pa., July 13, 1881.
Richard S. Ewell.....	D. C., Feb. 8, 1817.	Springfield, Tenn., Jan. 25, 1872.
Ambrose P. Hill.....	Va., Nov. 9, 1825.	Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.
Daniel H. Hill.....	S. C., July 12, 1821.	Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 25, 1889.
Richard Taylor.....	La., Jan. 27, 1826.	New York City, April 12, 1879.
Stephen D. Lee.....	S. C.	
Jubal A. Early.....	Va., Nov. 3, 1816.	
Richard H. Anderson.....	S. C., 1816.	Beaufort, S. C., June 26, 1879.
Alex. P. Stewart.....	Tenn., Oct. 2, 1821.	
Nathan B. Forrest.....	Tenn., July 13, 1821.	Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 29, 1877.
Wade Hampton.....	S. C., March 28, 1818.	
Simon B. Buckner.....	Ky., April 1, 1823.	
Joseph Wheeler.....	Ga., Sept. 10, 1836.	
John B. Gordon.....	Ga., Feb. 6, 1832.	

*THE ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS PRISON DIARY.*

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN for May and June contained chapters from the prison diary of Alexander H. Stephens. The increase of subscriptions had been so great that the concluding chapter, in type for July, was withheld for a brief review of the two former.

The diary may be regarded as a vivid record of how ignorant our people were of what to expect from the victors. Even this able lawyer, who was assured that he had faithful friends in high position on the Union side, had an acutely painful dread of the consequences. Buying the book for record at Fort Warren, near Boston, May 27, 1865, he wrote in the introduction: "It may be interesting to himself hereafter, sometimes, should he be permitted to live to refer to it." He was arrested May 11, at his home, Liberty Hall, Crawfordville. There was a regular guard of soldiers under Gen. Upton to take him in charge. Mr. Stephens seemed to feel greatly relieved when he saw, by the order for his arrest, that it included Robert Toombs, and when the officer went to Washington, Ga., and found that Toombs had "flanked" Upton, he was evidently much disappointed. He was kept in Atlanta on honor, the guards being removed, and friends offered him money (in gold). He was sent on a special train from Atlanta to his home at Crawfordville, that he might have two hours to get clothing and make arrangements for his indefinite stay in a Northern prison. At Augusta Jefferson Davis and family, and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clay, of Alabama, were sent upon the same boat. They had been sent from Atlanta just after Mr. Stephens. Mr. Stephens was permitted to take one of his servants on the journey.

Unhappily there was a break in our copy of the diary. This concluding chapter begins with his transfer to the Tuscorora, as published in the VETERAN, after leaving Mr. Davis and party on the Clyde.

The tide was coming right ahead of us at about six miles an hour, and it was all that the stout seamen with their oars could do to make any head against it. For some time it seemed as if we were drifting further off. Captain Fraley called twice for the tug—"send the tug"—but he was not heard by the officer on the Tuscorora, and the tug did not come. After a long while we reached the ship, but not without some wetting from the splashing of the waves over the sides of the light boat. Right glad was I when we reached the steps on the ship's side. On deck we were introduced to several officers, Lieutenant Blue and others. The Captain took us to his cabin, showed us our quarters—we were to be in the cabin with him. There was but one berth or stateroom in it. This the Captain said he would assign to me, while he and Reagan would sleep on the circular sofa that ran around the cabin. I declined depriving him of his room and bed. He said that it was no deprivation; that he generally slept on the sofa or in a chair; that he resigned it to me "in consideration of my age and past services to the country." These were his words. He was very polite and courteous. When he went on board the

Clyde he took some strawberries to Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay and the children of Mrs. Davis. He said he had known Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay before.

1st October.—Sunday.—Another month is gone. October is here, and I am here too, in Fort Warren. How time flies, and how we become adapted to its passages with its changes! If I had known in May last when I first reached these walls that I should be here by an October sun it would have about crushed me. But as it is, I am here, and I am more cheertuf than I was then. We walked out three times this beautiful day. I went to see Reagan in the forenoon. Had a good long talk with him. He was transcribing his biography in a blank book. Seemed to be oppressed, but not uncheerful.

My morning reading was in Psalms. The 119th came in my reading. Dr. — called and delivered messages from Mrs. Maj. A. She sent two photographs of herself, out of which I was to select one for myself. One was a bust or head view, the other was a portrait of the whole person in full dress. I chose the latter. The boat whistles at Gallop Island. Oh! if the boat should only bring good news for me from Washington, my heart would leap for joy and in gratitude, thanks and praise to God for his mercy, his kindness and his deliverance.

Boat came, brought papers. No news, except that Hon. L. D. Walker has been pardoned. So it goes. I don't complain of that, but I do complain of being kept here to the hazard of my health and the ruin of my private affairs, while all the leading men who forced the South into secession against my efforts are not only permitted to go at large, but are pardoned. This is gall and wormwood to me. It almost erases my brain. It tempts me to mistrust God. This is the most painful reflection of all. My agony of spirit to-day is almost more than I can bear. The course of the administration at Washington toward me is personal and vindictive. No other construction can be given to their acts. If they had avowed it openly to my friends and not have hypocritically pretended to be friendly disposed toward me, I should not have been so much effected. An open enemy I can meet face to face and defy, even if I fall under his blows, but a sneaking, hypercritical Jacob I have no tolerance toward.

Judge Reagan came round this morning after the boat left and brought us the joyous news that he had had an indulgence extended to him to visit his friends generally, to mess with Linton and me [Linton Stephens was then on a visit.—Ed.], and that he is to be transferred from his damp underground cell to a room on a level with the one now occupied by me. This was good news indeed, and I felt exceedingly glad to hear it. He, Linton and I immediately took a walk together on the rampart. The day was beautiful, but rather warm. On our return Reagan and I played —. We all took dinner together. \* \* \* I felt deeply mortified with myself for the irritation of spirit I permitted myself to indulge in to-day, simply mortified that I had suffered myself to give way for a moment to such sentiments or allow such feelings as I expressed on the foregoing pages. Human nature is frail and weak. I was smaaating under a deep sense of wrong. The heart alone knows its own sorrows, but then it was wrong to grow impatient under suffering conscious wrong. I know it, I feel it. Oh, God forgive it, and above all, forgive my tempta-

tion temporarily to distrust thy divine justice and mercy. Teach me in meekness, resignation, patience and faith to bow to all thy dispensations, whatever they be. Thy will be done! Oh, forgive me this great trespass as I forgive all who trespass against or wrong me. May I with the same spirit as Christ upon the cross say, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do," even in this wrong and injustice to me. Judge Reagan, Linton and I supped together. I felt badly, thinking of my passion to-day. May the Lord forgive it.

The patriotic effort to secure Liberty Hall for the public was about to fall through when I had a conference with the eminent preacher, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, and he became much concerned about it. He offered, if by his action the money could be raised, to deliver four lectures in the largest cities of Georgia, the proceeds to be given for this cause. Dr. Talmage was an admirer and friend of Mr. Stephens, his uncle having been a minister at the South and a chaplain of much prominence.

DEATH OF A BOSTON CONFEDERATE.—Mr. Henry Faxon, a native of Boston, died in that city February 3, 1893, aged 59 years, of heart disease. At the outbreak of the war Mr. Faxon was in the employ of the Alabama & Tennessee River Railroad. On the commencement of hostilities in the spring of 1861 he joined the Independent Blues, of Selma, Ala., 99 men strong. Early in May the company reached Richmond, and became a part of the Eighth Alabama regiment. June 11th the regiment went to Yorktown. On McClellan's advance to Richmond he was engaged in the following battles: Yorktown, Williamsburg, Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Seven Pines, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Antetam, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg. On the retreat from Hagerstown Faxon was taken prisoner, and after the war, till his death, had been treasurer of the S. A. Woods Machine Company, of Boston, where he was universally loved and respected by all who knew him.

#### REMINISCENCES ABOUT CHATTANOOGA.

R. Lewis, editor Dresden (Tenn.) *Enterprise*, July 4, 1893: "The last issue of the *VETERAN* contained an editorial of special interest to me because it dealt in facts concerning the Higginbotham family, of which I had personal knowledge. Though but seven years old at the time, I remember well the circumstance of the wounding of Miss Higginbotham by the bursting of a shell on that historic Sunday when Chattanooga was bombarded by the Federals. The young girl, while being carried to Mission Ridge, stopped at my father's gate, and there in awe we gazed on her pathetic condition. The Higginbotham family at once secured quarters on the ridge near Bragg, and later on other families went up there to be out of reach of the yankee shot and shell. My mother and little sister were all that were left to take care of the home at the foot of the ridge, near the farm of Antepost Moore. Not long after the wounding of Miss Higginbotham, late one afternoon, a Confederate officer rode up to our door and warned us to leave without delay, as a battle was about to begin, and our house lay exactly between the lines. Grasping each of her small children by the

arm, my mother, by almost superhuman effort, dragged us to the top of the ridge, nearly two miles distant, before the battle opened. There we found temporary quarters of safety at the house of a relative, and there we had the pleasant companionship of the Higginbotham family and others until just before the disastrous battle of Mission Ridge, when we all scattered, going to various points in Georgia, where yankee bombs and balls were not so thick. Your just tribute to the pluck and heroism of the Higginbotham family awakened in my mind the sad memories of thirty years ago, and having been an eye-witness of the stirring and historic scenes of those troublous times, I trust, will be ample apology for this encroachment on your space."

#### AWFUL SLAUGHTER OF HORSES.

BY PROF. WILLIAM D. CABELL.

In accordance with my promise I must send you a few hurried notes about the killing of horses at my place, Norwood, Va. Generals Sheridan, Custer, Devon, and Fitzhugh, who occupied my property with their cavalry commands, near the close of the struggle, burned most of my buildings and all my fences. The long spell of rain and high water, when the bridges across the river had been burned by the Confederates, made it necessary for a change of plan, and all the broken-down horses were shot to keep them out of the hands of the Confederates, and the march to Richmond followed. Returning to my farm I buried hundreds of horses, and also secured about twenty injured and wounded, which I divided out among my neighbors to make crops with. I have about \$100,000 blank Confederate bonds which needed only my signature, and over forty thousand dollars bonds due me from my county for cotton cloth and food for soldiers' families. All was lost. The inclosed account, written by Miss M. G. McClelland, the authoress, may interest you, as well as the account of the ride of my wounded brother, who acted as scout for me on approach of the Federal forces. He had lost a leg at Fredericksburg by cannon ball.

On the ashes left by Sheridan I built the Norwood High School and College, opening the school October 1, 1865. Gen. Robert E. Lee was really the cause of my opening this school. After he approached me in reference to a simple cottage in the James River valley for his family, I felt no hesitation in urging him to give his great influence to educating the young men of the South; and but for the fact, as he writes me, that I planned too much for an old man, his presence would have built up Norwood. Fortunately for "Washington and Lee University," the Trustees, hearing of my efforts, made an appeal to him which he accepted, and Washington College became Washington and Lee University.

W. A. C., Columbus, Miss.: A soldier friend, S. B. S., of this place, tells this story on a good chaplain: He had on a silk hat, and every time he came around our boys would get tin pans and beat around him to "hive the bees." A friend said to him, "Parson, why do you wear that hat, as you know the boys will guy you?" He said, piteously, "I have no other hat to wear." But he got to dallying around that particular command when he could do so.

## MECHANICSVILLE AND GAINES' MILL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF M. T. LEDBETTER, PIEDMONT, ALA.

The following story of Mr. Ledbetter's experience is long even after some condensation, but it is a vivid illustration of how it was. Many young fellows may think strangely at the fear and depression of Confederate soldiers who made so grand a record. Occasionally some heroic soul would seem destitute of fear, but comrades everywhere will recall the dread of battle. The Zeb Vance story about the rabbit on the battlefield is appropos. As it ran to the rear of our lines the General said: "Go it, Mollie Cotton Tail! If I had no reputation to sustain I would run too."

DEAR VETERAN—I wish to give your readers some of my recollections of the "seven days' battle" before Richmond, especially the first two days at Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mill. I was a private of Company C, 5th Alabama battalion, General Archer's brigade. On the evening of June 25, 1862, near sunset, our brigade received orders to cook rations and be ready to march at a moment's warning. On that order we boys began to hustle, for we believed that a big battle was upon us. We could see it in the air. Before we had time to start fires even, we received orders to "fall in!" "fall in!" You could hear the order in every direction. We were directed also to relieve ourselves of all baggage. Well did we know that this order meant a battle. Our knapsacks, blankets etc., were all soon tumbled into baggage wagons and we were quickly in line, with our guns glittering in the light of the setting sun, ready to march, or do anything else.

Starting on the march, our battalion was ordered to "front face!" and the various company officers made known the cause of the stir and confusion. We were told that fighting would begin on to-morrow, and that we must be "brave boys" and stand firm, be true to our country, etc. That was a solemn time to me; I will never forget it. After this another thing was done that made me more solemn than ever, and it had the same effect upon the other boys. Our commander appeared in our front, with our battle flag in his hand, and said, "Boys, this is our flag; we have no regular color bearer; who will volunteer to carry it? Whoever will let him step out."

The "god of day" was now setting behind the western horizon. All nature seemed to be draped in mourning. It was indeed a solemn time. Every man seemed to realize that it was a dangerous position to occupy. It was only a moment, though, before I stepped out and took it. The officer told me to stand still until he made another call. He then said, "I want five men to volunteer to go with this color bearer as guard." It was not long before the required number volunteered. I repeat, it was one of the most solemn moments of my life. I knew that to stand under it in time of battle was hazardous, but I was proud that I had the courage to take the position, for it was a place of honor. The officer in charge ordered us to take our places in line, and soon we were on the march.

We marched all night slowly, occasionally halting. The entire army seemed to be on the move. Everything indicated a great battle. We continued our march until about noon the next day, when we halted

and laid down by the roadside. I dropped down by my flag, and was so worn out that I was soon sound asleep. Oh, I was sleeping so good! Suddenly I was awakened from my sweet rest by some of the boys "pounding" me in the side. "Get up! Get up! There is a big battle raging and we are getting ready to go into it." I jumped up quickly, rubbed my eyes, and was soon in my place. We moved off in the direction of heavy firing. Cannons were booming and small arms could be heard distinctly. It was now about 4 o'clock p. m., and in less than one hour we had crossed over the Chickahominy and were into the thickest of the engagement at Mechanicsville. The battle raged furiously until about 9 o'clock at night. The casualties of my old battalion were very heavy. We fought under very many disadvantages. The enemy had felled large trees in their front, and it was with great difficulty that we made our way through this entanglement of tree tops, saplings, vines and every other conceivable obstruction, under a heavy fire. Many of the boys were killed in trying to get through. I had to wrap my flag around the staff while crawling through this abatis.

My flag was riddled in this battle, having been pierced with ten bullet holes through its folds, while a splinter was torn out of the staff about six inches above my head, I came out, though, without a "scratch," and was ready for duty the next day. In this engagement some of the boys were shot down by my side—comrades that I dearly loved. Two of them, Murphy and Lambert, were killed.

When the firing ceased, our lines fell back a short distance, in a thick woods, and huddled around, talking over the various incidents of the battle. I soon went to sleep and knew nothing more until morning. I awoke much refreshed, and felt very thankful that I had escaped unhurt, while so many of my comrades were lying cold in death, and many others were badly wounded. Early that morning the enemy shelled the woods we were in furiously, cutting the branches of trees off over our heads. We could do nothing but stand and take it. They kept up this terrific cannonade about one hour. The piece of woodland was full of troops. To our surprise the cause of all this heavy cannonading was to protect their retreat to the next line of fortifications at Gaines' Mill. About 9 o'clock we moved out after them, going over a considerable portion of the battlefield. I well remember passing over that part of the field, near Meadow bridge, where it was said General Lee led a charge in person. I saw many of our soldiers near this famous bridge stuck in the bog up to their knees and dead. We passed over this bridge and pursued the enemy on to Gaines' Mill. Here we found them strongly protected behind triple lines of heavy earthworks, with head logs to protect them. It looked like foolishness to undertake to move them, but they had to be moved. Our brigade crossed the bridge that spans the stream near Gaines' Mill, and we were soon in a deep cut road. We followed this road about four hundred yards, when we halted and formed a line of battle and moved off in the direction of an old apple orchard, which was on the top of a little knoll about two hundred yards in front. At the foot of this knoll our line halted, and we were ordered to lie down, this order was obeyed quickly. The little knoll afforded very little protection, but we used it for all it was worth. We got down to our knitting, you bet. We buried ourselves in the

ground for an hour or so. Finally a courier galloped up to General Archer, delivered a message and then galloped off. Then the General walked in front of us and gave the command, "Attention!" in a loud, commanding tone. At this command the whole line arose. The next command was "Forward, march." We moved out in regular line of battle toward the enemy's impregnable lines of breastworks. Our General was in front, leading the charge. About the time we got to the top of the little knoll, the command was given, "Right Shoulder, Shift Arms, Charge!" An incessant fire was being poured into our lines. Young Jim Crow of Company "C" was here shot through the arm, right by my side. The regular "Rebel Yell" was then raised. Then across a level plain, through an old field, over deep gullies, for about six hundred yards, we charged the enemy in his stronghold. We got to within about one hundred and fifty yards of their lines, when we delivered our first fire. At this time I kept moving on toward them, not thinking that our lines would fall back or retreat after getting that near, although the fire from the enemy's triple lines was furious and the boys began to waver. Just then General Archer waved his sword over his head and gave the command, "Follow me!" That command was ringing in my ears until I was shot. I moved on—my color guard was near me—until within about fifteen or twenty paces of their front line, when I looked back to see if the boys were coming; just then I was shot through my right hip. I did not know how badly I was wounded; I only knew that I was shot down. I raised up on my hands, like a lizard on a fence rail, and took in the situation as best I could. I soon decided if I could get up I had better do so. It seemed like death either way, but I determined to make the effort to get away. I got up, but I found I could not walk, and if I made the trip at all I would have to drag my leg. I grasped my wounded leg with my right hand and started. Just then I saw four of the boys lying down, but I could not tell whether they were all dead or not. I made my way back, dragging my leg, under a galling fire, when a minnie ball struck my left wrist and tore it up and took off my thumb at the same time. I mended my gait a little toward a deep gully. Before I reached it I looked back to see if the "Yanks" were coming, and just at that moment a ball drew a little from under my chin. A few more hops and I tumbled down into the deep gully. I wanted to stay there, but the boys insisted that as I was badly wounded I had better try and get to the rear or I would be captured. That scared me up. The thought of being captured and lying in a Northern prison, in my condition, was horrible. I could not stand the thought of such a fate. So I did not remain in the deep gully but a minute or so. Sergeant George Williams (who was afterward killed at Gettysburg) assisted me out of the deep gully. I had now about six hundred yards to go before I could reach the deep cut road near the mill. I knew if I could make it there that I would be pretty safe. My route was strewn with the dead and wounded. They lay so thick that it was with very great difficulty, under the withering fire of grape and canister, that I made it back to the deep cut road. Over this entire route I dragged my helpless leg. I took shelter behind a large oak tree that stood by the roadside, in sight of Gaines' Mill. I lay down and felt pretty safe, although the shells were bursting all around me. I lay here an

hour or more, watching the great number of reinforcements that were passing by, going into the battle that was raging furiously. Another charge was being made. I could hear them yelling. The wounded were carried back to the mill along this road. I kept a steady watch for our litter bearers. I was anxious to be removed further to the rear, and I was now in a helpless condition, and it seemed I was dying, dying of thirst. I would have freely given the whole world for a drink of water. Finally four of our litter bearers came along making their way back to the field. I halted them. They had lost their litter in the charge and were using as a makeshift a big U. S. blanket. They spread the blanket down and placed me on it. About this time Sergeant Mattison, of Company "B," came along, wounded in the foot by a piece of shell. He gave them orders to carry me clear out of all danger. They did so. In the darkness of the night they missed their way, and I was carried to a North Carolina battlefield hospital, and on that account I failed to receive the attention that I should have had. I remained at this battlefield hospital from Friday evening, June 27, 1862, until about 4 o'clock Sunday evening, when I was placed in an ambulance, with a Dutchman, who had his leg cut off. He died that night. We arrived in Richmond about midnight. The hospitals in the city were all full. We were hauled around the city from hospital to hospital, and failing to find any room, we were then carried out to Chimborazo, a suburban hospital. Here I found a resting place in ward No. 32. It was now about 2 o'clock A. M. Monday. I was very hungry by this time, having eaten nothing since I was shot Friday. I called a servant to my "bunk" and told him I wanted something to eat, that I was starving to death. He said, "I am sorry for you, but you will have to do without until regular breakfast." I then called for the ward-master. I made an earnest appeal to him, but without any success. He said, "It is positively against the rules, etc." I told him that it was hard, but I guessed I could stand it. Breakfast came about 7 o'clock. The servants waited on me nicely, and brought me in plenty to eat. My ward-master was a whole-souled and jolly kind of a fellow. I became very much attached to him. His name was Caldwell, and he belonged to the 1st Georgia Regulars. My earnest appeals for something to eat the night I was brought in caused him to become very much attached to me. Frequently the servants would fail to bring me enough to eat. I would "holler" for more. He would always make them bring me in more (which was against the rules of the hospital). Finally he told them to always bring me plenty. "Old Hickory must have plenty to eat while he is in my care." I never knew why he called me by this name. Should this meet his eye, I would be glad to hear from him.

The foregoing is a rough recital of facts of those trying times—times that will ever remain fresh in my memory, and I trust you will give it space in the VETERAN, and that it will be interesting matter to many of the dear old comrades.

H. E. BRADFORD, Secretary ex-Confederate Association, Bell County, Texas, reports their July reunion and election of officers. Joe Brewster, formerly of McMinnville, Tenn., was elected Commander. His post office is Temple. The Secretary is also formerly of McMinnville. The Association is prosperous, and the roll of members runs up to 592.

## REMINISCENCES ABOUT SHARPSBURG.

BY CAPT. T. G. HEALL.

Many errors drop into history by inadvertence and imperfect knowledge of facts. In reading an account of the battle of Sharpsburg by a Virginian, I find he is in error. In speaking of the great danger that at one time threatened General Lee's center, which was held by Gen. D. H. Hill, he states the withdrawal of General Rhode's brigade made a great gap through which the enemy rushed in great numbers, and to check them General Hill led a squad of stragglers in person, and General Longstreet was seen working a piece of artillery on the field to save the day. I was in this engagement at that point with General Anderson's brigade of North Carolinians and did not see any troops withdrawn, but I did see that the right and left of our division were swept away by the deadly fire centered upon us, our General was wounded and taken from the field, all our field officers killed or wounded with the exception of Col. R. Tyler Bennett of the 11th North Carolina, who was in command of the remnant of our brigade at that time of the battle. His regiment had the good fortune to come into line in the "bloody lane," which was a depressed road. Two regiments, 14th and 4th North Carolina, occupied this lane and found it, comparatively, a safe place to fight from, and the enemy in our front were unable to dislodge us. Federal lines of great strength had been pressed upon us from the first of the engagement until after midday and were repulsed by our deadly fire. We were just getting ready to receive three heavy lines in our front, when an officer from the right came to us in great haste and informed our Colonel that we were flanked at that point, and called our attention to a column coming perpendicular to our rear. Then Col. Bennett ordered us to fall back, which was done under a murderous fire from front and flank. When I reached the pike leading from the "burg" to Hagers-town, I found only four of our regiment together, Sergt. P. D. Weaver, Lieutenant Hanny, Colonel Bennett and myself, but quite a number of stragglers behind a rock fence along the pike. At this point a brass piece left by the road, which these four officers, with what help they could get from the stragglers, pulled to the top of the hill and loaded it, which they had just accomplished as a soldier rode up and inquired what they were trying to do. He was informed in a few words that they wished to fire the gun at the advancing line, then in a short distance of them. The soldier jumped from his saddle and fired the gun, throwing the shot into the enemy's front line, which caused them to halt and lie down at once. This unexpected shot, I think, created the impression that we had a masked battery behind the rock fence. We fired three shots at them before their sharpshooters drove us from the gun. This delay gave General Hill time to get his reserve artillery on points behind us, which opened with great vigor on the enemy. It was then that General Hill rode forward to us and ordered us to get the stragglers into line in front of the rock fence, and headed us in person to a charge on the enemy in our front, who delivered a galling fire which sent us to the rear in great disorder, but our troops rallied later, recaptured a portion of our original line and held it until night came and closed the battle of

Sharpsburg. I did not see General Longstreet pulling and firing a cannon on the field, but remember that the soldier who helped us fire the gun told us he belonged to Longstreet's staff. General Longstreet had all he could do to look after his own line, which was being heavily pressed in front, and Jackson on our left was fighting overwhelming numbers. This was the turning point of the battle and firing of that deserted brass piece saved General Lee's army from being cut in two, with Longstreet to the right and Jackson to the left and D. H. Hill pressed into the river.

Sallsbury, N. C. July 18, 1863.

## REMINISCENCES OF LEE AND OF GETTYSBURG.

It was on the morning of the 3d of July, 1863, at Gettysburg. On the evening before Hood and McLaw's divisions of Longstreet's corps, on the right wing, had driven the enemy from all his positions on the open plain to the stronghold of Cemetery Ridge. My company (C, 18th Mississippi), with others, was occupying the extreme front picket line in direct range of the sharpshooters. We were in the edge of an apple orchard. Adjutant Harmon, of the 13th Mississippi, and I were hugging a pile of rubbish, any thing to hide behind, that we had thrown together, when Gens. Lee and Longstreet—on foot, no aids, orderlies or couriers, fifteen or twenty steps apart, field glasses in hand—came walking past us, stopping now and then to take observations. They were arranging, as we soon found out, for the famous charge of Pickett's division. As Gen. Lee halted in a few feet of us, knowing the imminent danger he was in, one of us said, "Gen. Lee, you are running a very great risk." At that moment the searching minnie was cutting close to him, showing that he was the mark aimed at. He went on with his observations as calm and serene as if he was viewing a landscape. A few minutes afterward we heard him say to Longstreet, in substance, "Mass your artillery behind that hill," pointing to a ridge just in our rear, "and at the signal bring your guns to the top of the ridge and turn them loose." It put us to thinking of what would become of us—the picket line. We could not leave our posts; we were in plain view of the enemy, without protection except from small arms; we had no utensils with which to throw up earthworks. We knew the shells from our guns would go over us, but those of the enemy! Well, spades or no spades, we went into that ground quicker than you would think. We were like the fellow after the ground hog, *it had to be done*. Bayonets, pieces of board, any thing to get out of sight. Two or three to a hole, and we went in like gophers.

That was the grandest and at the same time the most terrible artillery duel I ever witnessed. Think of it. There were sixty-five (I was told) of our own pieces on that one spot, and more on another portion of our line, all firing as fast as they could, and the cannon of the enemy replying. I don't know how long it lasted. When it stopped on our side Pickett's division charged! They had to march over us. Doing nothing myself, I had time to look. It was one of the grandest sights ever mortal eyes looked upon. It makes me shudder now, as I see the shells plow through the ranks of that gallant band.

W. GART JOHNSON.

Orlando, Fla., July 18, 1893.

CONFEDERATE FLAGS AT WASHINGTON.

The following list of flags in the War Department at Washington will be perused with interest. They were nearly all captured in battle, and the hero is given in every known instance. Every fellow who captured a Confederate flag in battle was a hero, and the VETERAN is pleased to give the credit. Abbreviations are made from the Government report, which was kindly procured by Mr. R. F. Dahlgren, of Atlanta. It is suggested that co-operative action be had at the Birmingham reunion in behalf of restoring these flags to the survivors of the commands surrendering them. This list to be completed in September.

Fifth Ala. Reg., by 111th Pa., at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

Sixth Ala. Reg., by B. F. Davis, 22d Mass.

Eleventh Ala. Reg., by Isaac Springer, at Newmarket Roads.

Eleventh Ala. Inf., by 57th N. Y.

Thirteenth Ala. Reg., by Co. C., 1st Del.

Fourteenth Ala. Reg.

Sixteenth Ala. Reg., by A. Greenawalt, Co. G., 104th Ohio.

Eighteenth Ala. Reg., by Lieut. S. F. Josselyn, 13th Ill., at Mission Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863.

Thirty-eighth Ala., at Missionary Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863, by 2d Ohio Reg.

Thirty-eighth Ala. Reg., at Resacca, May 15, 1864, by Capt. Box., Co. D, 27th Ind.

Forty-first Ala., by Corp. F. W. Lutes, Co. D, 111th N. Y., Petersburg, March 31, 1865.

Forty-eighth Ala.

Colors of Clanton's Ala. Brig., by 2d Ind. Cav., near Montgomery, Ala., April 12, 1865.

Sixth Ark., by Sergt. John W. Dean, Co. C., 17th Ind., at Macon, Ga.

Eighth and Nineteenth Ark. Regs.

Sixth and Seventh Ark., by private Henry D. Mattingly, Co. E., 10th Ky. Reg., at Jonesboro, Sept. 1, 1864.

Thirtieth Ark. Reg., at Murfreesboro, Feb., 1863, by Gen. A. G. McCook.

Thirtieth Ark., inscribed, "Farmington, Miss.; Richmond, Ky." Blue flag with white cross.

First Ark. Reg. Art., by 14th Mich., near Jonesboro, Ga., Sept. 1, 1864.

Second Florida. Sixth Florida, by Private Otis Smith, Co. G, 95th Ohio, at Brentwood Hills, near Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1864.

Eighth Fla., by Sergt. T. Horan, 72d N. Y. Again.

Eighth Fla., battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by 1st Sergt. A. A. Clapp, Co. G, 2d Ohio.

Eleventh Fla., at Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865, by 1st Lieut. A. T. Lamfere, Co. B, 1st Conn. Cav.

Eighteenth Fla., at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by Private Daniel Woods, Co. K, 1st Va. Cav.

Apalachicola Guards.

First Ga. Reg., at Cheat River, Va., July 13, 1861, by Capt. Blake, 9th Ind. Reg.

Second Ga. Bat., by Patrick McCran, Co. C, 3d Md. This flag has 28 bullet holes in it, and three through the staff.

Seventh Ga. Reg.

Twelfth Ga., at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863, by 102d N. Y.

Fourteenth Ga. Reg.

Fifteenth Ga., at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, by Sergt. James Thompson, Co. C, 1st Pa.

Sixteenth Ga. Reg., in attack on Fort Sanders, Tenn., Nov. 1863.

Eighteenth Ga., by Private Ulrick Crocker, Co. M, 6th Mich. Cav.

Nineteenth Ga. Reg., Dec. 13, 1862, by Private Jacob Cart, Co. A, 7th Pa.

Twenty-first Ga., Thirty-fifth Ga. Reg.

Forty-fourth Ga., at Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, 1864, by Chief Bugler S. M. Wells, 6th N. Y. Cav.

Forty-fourth Ga. Reg., May 10, 1864, by 43d N. Y.

Forty-fifth Ga.

Forty-eighth Ga., by Sergt. James Wiley, 59th N. Y.

Forty-ninth Ga.

Fiftieth Ga., by Corp. John Keough, Co. E, 67th Pa., at Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865.

Sixtieth Ga.

Seventy-sixth Ga. Reg., at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by Emisire Shahan, Co. A, 1st Va.

Stars and bars, at Crampton's Pass, Md., by 4th N. J.

Benjamin Infantry, organized April 14, 1861, Clayton County, Ga., inscription, "Strike for your altars and your firesides," in raid on Macon Railroad. August 20, 1864.

Stars and bars, Georgia coat of arms.

Eighth Louisiana Reg., at Rappahannock Station, Va., Nov. 7, 1863, by Sergt. Otis C. Roberts, 6th Maine Reg., in a hand-to-hand fight on the trenches.

Second Louisiana, May 12, 1864, near Spottsylvania, Va., by Sergt. C. H. Fasnacht, Co. A, 99th Pa.

Twelfth La., July 20, 1864, at battle of Peach Tree Creek, Ga., by 105th Ill. Reg.

Thirteenth La., May 12, 1864, by Sergt. Wm. Jones, Co. A, 73d N. Y.

Twenty-fourth La., by 1st Lieut. Wm. S. Simmons, Co. C, 11th Mo., at Brentwood Hills, near Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 10, 1864.

Washington Artillery, in battle of Appomattox Station, April 8, 1865, by Lieut. Barney Shields, Co. E, 2d Va. Cav.

Sixth Ky. Reg., by Co. G, 10th Mich. Reg., at Jonesboro, Sept. 1, 1864.

First Miss. Reg., at Peachtree Creek, July 20, 1864, by Private Dennis Buckley, Co. G, 136th N. Y.

Second Miss., by Sergt. Evans, and kept two days by him while a prisoner.

Eighth Miss., by Private Richard Mangnum, 148th N. Y., April 2, 1865.

Twelfth Miss. Cav., at Selma, Ala., April 2, 1865, by Private James P. Miller, Co. D, 4th Ia. Cav.

Eleventh Miss., Selma, Ala., April 2, 1865, by Private Charles A. Swan, Co. K., 4th Ia. Cav.

Seventeenth Miss., Col. Holder.

Nineteenth Miss.

Thirty-third Miss. Reg., by 26th Wisconsin Reg., at Peachtree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864.

Forty-fourth Miss., by Corp. Luther B. Kaltenbach, Co. F, 12th Ia., at Brentwood Hills, near Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1864.

Forty-eighth Miss., in battle of the Wilderness, May 12, 1864, by 12th N. J.

Wigfall Rifles, Jeff. Davis, Southern Confederacy, by Co. F, 9th Ohio, at Mill Springs, Ky.

Yallahusha Rifles, at Mill Springs, Ky., Jan. 19, 1862, by Corp. Albert Essen, Co. G, 2d Minn.

Tenth Mo. Bat., at Columbus, Ga., April 16, 1865, by Private John Kinney, 4th Ia. Cav.

First N. C. Reg., by Private Geo. W. Harris, Co. B, 148th Pa., May 12, 1864.

Sixth N. C., at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by Private Joseph Kimball, Co. B, 2d W. Va. Cav.

Seventh N. C., at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, by John B. Mayberry, Co. F, 1st Del.

Twelfth N. C., by Sergt. E. D. Woodbury, Co. E, 1st Vt. Cav.

Thirteenth N. C. again.

Thirteenth N. C., May 6, 1864, by Sergt. S. Rought, Co. A, 111st Pa.

Eighteenth N. C. Reg., in engagement near Malvern Hill, Va., July 28, 1864, by Private Timothy Connors, Co. E, 1st U. S. Cav.

Eighteenth N. C., near Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865, by Private Frank Pesy, Co. A, 10th N. J.

Sixteenth N. C., at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, by 14th Conn.

Twenty-second N. C., by Private Michael McDonough, 42d N. Y. inscribed, "Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Chancellorsville, Sharpsburg, Frazier's Farm, Cedar Mountain, Manassas, Fredericksburg."

Twenty-fourth N. C., Aug. 21, 1864, by Private J. A. Read, 11th Pa.

Twenty-third N. C. Reg., at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.

Twenty-sixth N. C. Reg., at Hatcher's Run, Oct. 27, 1864, by Sergt. Alonzo Smith, 7th Mich.

Twenty-eighth N. C. Reg., May 12, 1864, by Capt. J. M. Kendig, Co. A, 63d Pa.

Thirtieth N. C., May 12, 1864, at the battle of the Wilderness.

Twenty-eighth N. C. Reg., near Malvern Hill, Va., July 28, 1864, by Private Samuel Malleck, Co. I, 9th N. Y. Cav.

Twenty-eighth N. C. Reg., Wileox's Div.

Thirtieth N. C. again.

A battle flag, May 6, 1864, by Sergt. J. Kemp, Co. A, 5th Mich.

Thirty-fourth N. C. Reg., at Gettysburg, by Sergt. Dave Miller, 8th Ohio.

"Stars and bars," belonging to the 34th N. C.

Thirty-eighth N. C.

Thirty-ninth N. C., found by men of 3d Div., 16th Army Corps, after the capture of Spanish Fort, Ala., April 9, 1865.

Forty-sixth N. C. Reg., picked up on the picket line by Lieut. Brant, of 1st N. J.

Forty-seventh N. C. Reg., at the battle of Hatcher's Run, Oct. 27, by Sergt. Daniel Murphy, 19th Mass.

Forty-seventh N. C., by Private Joseph Phillips, Co. E, 148th Pa., April 2, 1865, at Sutherland Station.

Fifty-second N. C., at battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, by 14th Conn.

Headquarters flag of Brig. Gen. Barranger, commanding North Carolina brigade of cavalry, by Wm. H. Woodall, headquarters scout of Gen. Sheridan's residence, Lynchburg, Va.

North Carolina State colors, by Private James Sweeney, Co. A, 1st Vet. Cav., Oct. 19, 1864. It don't say in battle.

Mr. JOSEPH W. ALLEN, of Nashville, suggests that for convenience subscribers who send singly remit for two years for the VETERAN one dollar.

Mrs. Leo R. Vogel, St. Augustine, Fla., writes: "I send you eleven subscribers in addition to the five sent in my last letter."

EXALTATION OF THE CONFEDERATE BANNER.

JOHN MANLY RICHARDSON, DANGERFIELD, TEXAS.

Are those voices from the skies?  
Can the dead in truth arise?  
Who sees not that spirit band?  
Who hears not that chorus grand?  
Or is it the lore of the sunset life?  
With voices and visions the air is rife!

On what mission have they come?  
Without bugle call or drum,  
Yet in serried lines they form,  
Rank on rank, and swarm on swarm!  
And, circling, they wheel from Potomac's strand,  
Traversing the whole of our Southern land.

See what banner o'er them waves!  
Round it are the gray-clad braves,  
Now from hate and malice free,  
Type of all the noble Lee!  
And gladly do all that gathering host  
Assign unto them true glory's high post.

Mingled are the blue and gray!  
Hostile no more in array,  
Now, united heart and hand,  
Form they but one brother-band!  
And loudly they shout as they come to rest,  
"We hail thee, brave flag, thou purest and best!"

"Spotless are thy gallant folds!  
Spirit pure thy staff upholds  
High above all mortal feet!  
Plucked from what seemed foul defeat,  
Exalted art thou in thy Southern sky,  
The proud oriflammé of each brave man's eye!"

"Brightly shineth thy fair cross,  
Purged from all of human dress,  
Set to guide each gallant eye  
That would nobly dare to die!  
And round thee are gath'ring the bravest and best  
Of those who through suff'ring have won their rest!"

"All who have cross-bearers been  
In this world of grief and sin;  
Who for right have borne defeat,  
Who have walked with bleeding feet—  
Assembling they come from each clime and age,  
The martyr, the patriot, hero, sage!"

"Fairest thou art, Southern land!  
Shineth brightest, thy true band!  
Comfort thee! thy children brave!  
Thee will cherish, love and save!  
And out of thine ashes thou'lt rise and soar,  
Rejoicing, in triumph for evermore."

"Lands devoid of ruins, wrongs,  
Voiceless are of heroes' songs,  
Sears are on thy noble breast;  
Them they'll hide with love's rich rest.  
Forgiving thy wrongs, thou wilt foes repay  
With blessings free scattered along thy way!"

Had I Alston's magic brush,  
Painting visions as they rush,  
Lightning like, athwart the sky,  
Ere they fade from mortal eye,  
Rejoicing, I'd show to our Southern youth  
Their fathers' grand struggles for right and truth.

Comrades, come, in love's pure zest!  
Vow, each one, with hand on breast,  
That our South again shall rise,  
Soaring upward to'ard the skies;  
And, up as she mounts on bright, golden wing,  
Rich blessings to all from her breast she'll fling!

Hear, O God, our vows and pray'rs!  
Bottle up our bitter tears!  
Heal our land, by hatred rent!  
Save from wrathful discontent!  
And, one by one, as we go, may we sing,  
Departing in peace, "We are sons of the King."



## FROM THE MAIL OF ONE DAY.

The thought occurs, through the diversity of one mail, that comrades and readers generally of the VETERAN would be interested in its contents. The first opened is from Texas, "the story of a gourd head." It will be read with interest. 2. A friend writes to say that Mrs. Kirby-Smith has an interesting letter from the wartime body servant of the General. 2. F. E. Robarer, Clerk of Council at Savannah, Ga., writes, by direction of the Mayor, to say they have \$345 for the Davis Monument that they had not turned in because they wanted to increase it, but the financial distress over the country induces them to abandon further immediate effort. 4. Geo. P. Massengale, Esq., of St. Louis, replies to my letter dated ———, "The Anniversary of Bull Run," to ask for copies to distribute in his desire to have the subscription increased in his city. (Mr. Massengale is a former Nashville merchant.) 5. Advertising agent wants business contracts. 6. J. M. Long, a lawyer, of Paris, Texas, writes for the VETERAN, and adds:

"I will present your paper to our Camp (A. S. J. Camp, No. 71) and see if it will adopt it as our official organ. The VETERAN is giving great pleasure and satisfaction to the old soldiers and veterans in our part of Texas. Hoping you may meet with success I am one of the young veterans who left a leg at Shiloh, Tenn., on the 6th of April, 1862.

7. Joseph C. Cornell writes from Savannah to correct errors in an address, and to express pleasure in the VETERAN, "an ever anxiously expected visitor." He sends a lot of names of friends who wanted him to take their money, but he declined. Friends ought always to take the money and buy postal notes, less the cost.

8. A railroad official of prominence returns some money that never should have been collected, and "after careful consideration" decides against exchange of business. He makes a mistake.

9. Mrs. H. G. Hollenberg, representing the Ladies' Hermitage Association in Woman's Building at the World's Fair, writes:

"The July copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was handed to me to-day while in Board of Lady Managers session. It was immediately seized, and created much interest and excitement. Ex-Gov. Eagle says he must have it, and I think it might be a good idea to send me a few of your back numbers for distribution. I am sure every Southerner to whom I would show it will subscribe.

10. P. Gallagher writes from Pocatello, Idaho, sending a subscription, and wishes it success in every way, but "don't see how it can be, financially."

11. Dr. J. Howell Way, Waynesville, N. C., sends pay for Mrs. Virginia Frazier Boyles' book, "The Other Side," and writes besides:

"I send a line to assure you of the very high appreciation I have of the noble work you are now doing for Confederate veterans and their children. (I am

too young to have been one of the glorious rank of the former, but am proud to know I am one of the latter.) As an American citizen, proud of our great Union, and trusting it may long exist, I can but feel that it is only an act of simple justice to my father, and the cause he fought for, that I should avail myself of every opportunity presented for learning the truth about the Confederate States during the memorable years from '60 to '65. And right here permit me to suggest that in your columns you give us more light on the history of events in the country just preceding the first State secession. In a perusal of Gen. Dick Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction," I recall no chapter that interested me more than the one reciting events of the presidential campaign of '60. Give us more on this line. Now I have been reading the VETERAN for six months, and like it, too, but as yet I have not aided you by sending a list of subscribers. The recent attempt of the Confederate War Journal to rob you of your birthright has made me feel it *my duty* to attempt to aid you in extending your circulation here. If you can send me half a dozen or a dozen extra copies I believe I can send you a subscriber for each one. Hoping you will make a success of the VETERAN, and trusting you will be the means of arousing and maintaining a lively interest in this very important part of the history of our fair Southland, I am yours for the South."

12. T. M. Donnel, Camp Bee, Forney, Tex.: "It is my pleasure to say I am more and better pleased with the VETERAN, and as Commander of Camp Bee, named in honor of the first great fallen General, who gave Stonewall Jackson his immortal name, and of whom history has said so little, we will with pleasure hail the VETERAN as our official organ. I read the War Journal and the *Blue and Gray*, but neither has the true Southern metallic ring to my ears like the VETERAN. The *Blue and Gray* is interesting, but brings out the yankee on top too often, and the words rebel and traitor should not be used in his efforts for fraternal peace."

13. Fred L. Robertson, Adj. Gen. Florida Div. U. C. V.: "Send me another copy of the VETERAN for June. I wore my copy out showing it. Our P. M. will send you some more subscribers in a few days. Our Camp, W. W. Loring, indorsed the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at its regular assembly Friday night. Will send you official notice of the same, with copy of the resolution. The July number to hand and all delighted. Like old wine, it grows better and better."

14. A lady friend in Washington, whose kindness had not been acknowledged, sends a subscription for Judge Shields, a recent appointee by President Cleveland, and adds: "You see I am still heaping coals on your neglectful head."

15. E. R. Moore, Jr., Adairsville, Ky., wants forms, for organizing a Camp of Sons of Veterans. He adds:

"My father, Wm. Moore, takes your paper, and we prize it very highly. We will not loan it for fear it will get destroyed, and we could not get any of the back numbers." He wants specimen copies for distribution.

16. G. P. Gupton, Lewisburg, Ky., sends two subscriptions, and resolves to do all in his power for the advancement of its cause.

17. Engravers write in regard to special prices for fine work for the VETERAN.

18. G. W. Roy sends a subscription from Yazoo City for Capt. Bedwell, "who was a gallant officer on the other side. He wore the blue, but wants the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

19. W. D. McKay, Esq., Cleburne, Texas, sends a subscription with "God bless the VETERAN. May it grow and flourish to the end of time."

20. J. A. Williamson, Golden City, Mo., with a post-office order for subscriptions, says he will send others as fast as able, hoping for unlimited success to the VETERAN. He has sent "others" thrice since.

21. Dr. J. T. Wilson, Sherman, Texas, sends invitation to reunion of Mildred Lee Camp, assuring "a warm" Texas welcome. Dr. Wilson also writes:

"I will urge the Camp to officially indorse the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at the first favorable opportunity, but I do not think it will require much urging because all who have seen it express themselves as being much pleased with it, and are outspoken in its commendation. I have sent you some subscribers myself, and have called the attention of many others to it who promised to subscribe. I was appointed by the Major General of the division of Texas last spring to organize ten Camps in this regimental district. Eight have already been organized, and if you care to do so, and will send me eight copies of the VETERAN, of any issue you choose, I will send a copy to the Commander of each of these Camps with a personal letter in its favor, urge them to interest themselves in its behalf, and to work for an increase in its subscription, and to officially indorse it. Many of these members are stalwart old farmers, and enjoy any literature of the lost cause they can get hold of. The small subscription price, with its patriotic, attractive pages, must capture these faithful old survivors of the Confederacy, and I am sure they will not be able to resist the temptation its inviting contents will place before them. Ever since I received the first copy you was kind enough to send me, I have done what I could for it, and have taken every favorable occasion to call the attention of our old comrades to its merits. I shall take pleasure in continuing to do whatever I can to further its interests and assist in its maintenance. It is something we have long needed, and something that every lover of the Confederacy, with its romantic history, its Titanic struggle for independence, and its sacred cause, will hail with delight. We owe it to that cause, we owe it to our country, and we owe it to posterity, to publish *all* of the truth of that glorious history made by that four years' war. A publication like this will find its way eventually into the home of every faithful Southland son, and in that way will elicit from them treasured memories of the old heroic days that might otherwise never come to light. I hope, then, that you will go on with the good work, make this the official organ of the United Confederate Veterans everywhere, command their patriotic, earnest support, collect every scrap of the sacred history of our struggle now stored away in private desks and the minds of the old Southern heroes, and receive the encouragement you will so richly deserve. This letter has not been written for publication, but simply to show you that I am loyal to the cause you have es-

poused, and am always ready to do any thing in my power to aid you.

22. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson writes from Bon Air, Va., whither she went, from her home in Charlotte, to be with her two grand children, who are spending the summer there. She reports them as "looking splendidly, and more interesting than ever, having much grown and developed." Referring to her book she says: "I am very glad that you make the suggestion about advertising and selling my book. \* \* \* You have been so successful with your little periodical, and withal you are such a loyal Confederate and good friend of mine I had been wanting to write to you and consult you about it." She explains further that sales of the book have not been pushed diligently. The VETERAN will give wide space to the sale of this valuable and very interesting book. Comrades and patrons generally will be supplied at the publisher's price, or less.

23. Miss M. C. Keller, author of "Love and Rebellion": "I am the happiest woman on earth because of your interest in my book." She then gives an account of the vexations had in getting out the book. A package has been received at the VETERAN office. The binding is paper, but genteel, and the print is very pleasant. It will be sent postpaid with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$1, or fifty cents to those who have subscribed already. Such thrilling accounts of any book are rarely seen. Look for review of this book in this issue by *New York Sun*.

Of this day's mail there were thirty-two letters at one delivery—fifty in all. Many of them had been disposed of before the thought to make this review. The last in the list was as follows:

GALLATIN, TENN., July 27, 1893.—Mr. S. A. Cunningham, Editor and Manager CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Sir: As the Recording Secretary of Daniel S. Donelson Bivouac, it becomes my duty to inform you that at our regular monthly meeting, held July 22d inst., the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was cordially indorsed and heartily recommended.

Fraternally and truly, J. A. TROUSDALE.

Mr. Trousdale is the Speaker of the Tennessee House of Representatives, and his people would be proud of him at the national capitol in the highest position they could place him. These home indorsements are sent out with gratitude to comrades and friends far away who are doing so much for the VETERAN.

THE Missouri Soldiers' State Association will have its reunion for this year the latter part of this month, August. It will be at Higginsville, where the Confederate Home is located. Although Missouri is not yet co-operating with the U. C. V., she is all right.

COL. C. C. JONES, of Augusta, Ga., and Mr. Joel Gibson, of Nashville, Tenn., are recently deceased veterans, in the praise of whom too much cannot be said.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

ALABAMA.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Andalusia	Harper	256	Jno. F. Thomas, J. M. Robinson, Sr.
Anniston	Pelham	258	John M. McKleroy, W. H. Williams
Ashland	Henry D. Clayton	327	A. S. Stockdale, D. L. Campbell
Ashville	St. Clair	308	John W. Inzer, James D. Truss
Auburn	Auburn	236	O. D. Smith, James H. Lane
Bessemer	Bessemer	157	W. R. Jones, N. H. Scwall
Birmingham	W. J. Hardee	389	J. F. Johnson, P. K. McMiller
Bridgeport	Jo Wheeler	360	J. H. Johnson, R. A. Jones
Camden	Franklin K. Beck	324	R. Gallard, J. F. Foster
Carrollton	Camp Pickens	323	M. L. Stansel, B. Upchurch
Carthage	Woodruff	339	Jud S Powers
Dadeville	Craft Kimbal	343	W C McIntosh
Eutaw	Sanders	64	Geo. H. Cole, T. H. Mundy
Evergreen	Capt Wm Lee	338	J D Bowles
Florence	E. A. O'Neal	298	A. M. O'Neal, J. M. Crow
Fort Payne	W. N. Estes	263	J. N. Davidson, A. P. McCartney
Gadsden	Emma Sanson	275	Jas. Aiken, Jos. R. Hughes
Greensboro	Allen C. Jones	306	A. M. Avery, E. T. Pasteur
Greenville	Sam'l L. Adams	349	Ed Crenshaw, F. E. Dey
Guntersville	Mont. Gilreath	346	R. T. Coles, J. L. Burke
Hamilton	Marion County	336	A. J. Hamilton, J. F. Hamilton
Jacksonville	Col. Jas. B. Martin	292	J. B. Caldwell, L. W. Grant
La Fayette	A. A. Greene	322	J. J. Robinson, Geo. H. Black
Livingston	Camp Sumter	332	R. Chapman
Lowndesboro	T. J. Bullock	331	J. L. Hulson, C. D. Whiteman
Marion	L. W. Garrett	277	
Mobile	Raphael Semmes	11	T. T. Roche, Wm. E. Mickle
Montgomery	Lomax	151	Emmet Sobels, J. H. Higgins
Opelika	Lee County	261	R. M. Greene, J. Q. Burton
Oxford	Camp Lee	328	Thos H Barry
Roanoke	Aiken-Smith	293	W. A. Handley, B. M. McCannagy
Rockford	Henry W. Cox	276	F. L. Smith, W. T. Johnson
Searle	James F. Waddell	268	R. H. Bellamy, P. A. Greene
Selma	Capt R Jones	317	Thos C Whitney, Edw P Galt
Springville	Springville	229	A. W. Woodall, W. J. Spruill
St. Stephens	John James	350	A T Horks, J M Pelham
Talladega	Charles M. Shelley	246	W. J. Rhoads, J. T. Dye
Tusculum	James Desher	313	A. H. Keller, J. P. Grey
Tuskaloosa	Camp Rodes	262	A. C. Hargrove, A. P. Prince
Troy	Camp Rutlin	320	W. D. Henderson, L. H. Bowles
Verbena	Camp Graele	291	K. Wells, J. A. Mitchell
Wetumpka	Elmore County	255	J. F. Maul, Hal T. Walker
Wedowee	Randolph	316	C. C. Enloe, R. S. Pate

ARKANSAS.

Alma	Cabell	302	James E. Smith, J. T. Jones
Benton	David O. Dodd	325	C. E. Shoemaker
Bentonville	Camp Cabell	89	N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates
Cextre Point	Haller	182	J. M. Somervell, J. C. Ansley
Charleston	Pat Cleburne	191	A S Cabell
Conway	Jeff Davis	213	A. P. Witt, W. D. Cole
Fayetteville	W. H. Brooks	216	T. M. Gunter, J. M. Partridge
Fort Smith	Ben T. Duval	146	M M Gorman, R M Fry
Greenwood	Ben McCulloch	194	Dudly Milum, W B W Hartstill
Hackett City	Stonewall	191	L. B. Lake
Hope	Gratiot	203	N. W. Stewart, John F. Sanor
Hot Springs	Albert Pike	340	Gen Jno M Harrell, A Curl
Morrilton	Robert W. Harper	247	W. S. Hanna, R. W. Harrison
Nashville	Joe Neal	208	W K Cowling, F G Hale
Newport	Tom Hindman	318	T. T. Ward
Vau Buren	John Wallace	209	John Allen, J. E. Clegg

FLORIDA.

Brookville	W. W. Loring	13	J. C. Davant, F. L. Robertson
ChIPLEY	McMillan	217	S M Robinson, G W Cook
Dade City	Pasco C. V. Ass'n	57	Jas E Lee, A H Ravesses
Defuniak Sp'gs	E. Kirby-Smith	282	J. T. Stubbs, D. G. McLeod
Fernandina	Nassau	104	W. N. Thompson, T. A. Hall
Inverness	Geo. T. Ward	148	W. C. Zimmerman, W. S. Turner
Jacksonville	R. E. Lee	58	Gen Wm Baya, W W Tucker
Jacksonville	Jeff Davis	290	C. E. Merrill, C. J. Colcock
Jasper	Stewart	155	H. J. Stewart, J. E. Haona
Juno	Patton Anderson	244	J F Highsmith
Lake City	Columbia County	150	W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives
Lakeland	Francis S. Barton	284	Hon W H Reynolds
Marlanna	Milton	132	W. D. Barnes, F. Phillip
Monticello	Patton Anderson	59	W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge
Ocala	Marion Co. C. V. A.	56	J. J. Finley, Wm. Fox
Orlando	Orange Co.	54	W G Johnson, B M Robinson
Palmetto	Geo. T. Ward	53	J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles
Pensacola	Ward C. V. Ass'n	10	C V Thompson, R J Jordan
Quincy	D. L. Kenan	140	R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan
St. Augustine	E. Kirby Smith	175	J A Enslow, Jr.
Sanford	Gen. Jas. Finucan	149	A. M. Thrasher, C. H. Lester
Springdale	Pat Cleburne		E. T. Candler, J. S. Patterson
St. Petersburg	Camp Colquitt	303	W. C. Dodd, D. L. Southwick
Tallahassee	Lamar	161	
Tampa	Hillsboro	36	F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane
Titusville	Indian River	47	Jas Pritchard, A D Cohen
Umatilla	Lake Co. C. V. A.	279	E. A. Wilson, T. H. Blake

GEORGIA.

Atlanta	Fulton County	159	Clement A Evans, J F Edwards
Covington	Jefferson Lamar	305	J W Anderson, G D Heard
Dalton	Joseph E. Johnston	34	A. F. Roberts, J. A. Blanton
Ringgold	Ringgold	208	W J Whittitt, R B Trimmer
Spring Place	Jno. B. Gordon	50	R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey

ILLINOIS.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Chicago	Ex-Con. Ass'n	8	J. W. White, R. L. France
Jerseyville	Benev. ex-Confed.	304	Jos. S. Carr, Morris R. Locke

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Ardmore	Jno. H. Morgan	107	J. L. Gaut, R. Seales
McAlester	Jeff Lee	68	N. P. Guy, R. B. Coleman

KENTUCKY.

Augusta	John B. Hood	233	Jno. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson
Bardstown	Thomas H. Hunt	253	Thos. H. Ellis, Jos. F. Briggs
Bethel	Pat. R. Cleburne	252	J. Arrasmith, A. W. Bascom
Bowling Green	Bowling Green	143	W. F. Perry, Jas. A. Mitchell
Carlisle	Peter Bramblett	344	Thos Owen, H M Taylor
Cynthiana	Ben Desha	99	D. M. Snyder, J. W. Boyd
Danville	J. Warren Grigsby	214	E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman
Emiline	E. Kirby Smith	251	W. L. Crabb, J. S. Turner
Flemingsburg	Albert S. Johnston	232	Wm Stanley, Jno W Heffin
Frankfort	Thomas B Monroe	188	A W Macklin, Joel E Scott
Georgetown	Geo. W. Johnson	98	A. H. Sinclair, J. Webb
Harrodsburg	William Preston	96	Bush W. Allin, John Kane
Hopkinsville	Ned Merriwether	241	Nat Gaither, J G Branham
Lawrenceburg	Ben Hardin Helm	101	Pen H. Thomas, J P Vaughn
Lexington	J. C. Brockbridge	100	John Boyd, G. C. Snyder
Mt Sterling	Roy S. Cluke	201	Thos Johnson, W. T. Havens
Nicholasville	Humphry Marshall	187	Geo. B. Taylor, E. T. Lillard
Paducah	A. P. Thompson	174	W. G. Bullitt, J. M. Brown
Paris	John H. Morgan	95	A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines
Richmond	Thomas B. Collins	215	Jas. Tevis, N. B. Deatherage
Russellville	John W. Caldwell	139	J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty
Shelbyville	John H. Walter	237	W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen
Winchester	Roger W. Hanson	186	B. F. Curtis, J. L. Wheeler
Versailles	Abe Buford	97	J. C. Baley, R. V. Bishop

LOUISIANA.

Alexandria	Jeff Davis	6	G. O. Watts, W. W. Whittington
Amite City	Amite City	78	A. P. Richards, G. W. Bankson
Arcaadia	Arcaadia	229	James Brice, John A. Odon
Baton Rouge	Baton Rouge	17	J. McGrath, F. W. Heroman
Berwick	Winchester Hall	178	M. W. Bateman, F. O. Brien
Donaldsonville	Maj. V. Maurin	38	S. A. Poche, P. Garrel
Evergreen	R. L. Gibson	33	Wm. M. Ewell, L. C. Johnson
Franklin	Florian Comay	345	R. W. Collins, Thos J Shaffer
Gonzales	P. O. Fred N. Ogden	247	Jos. Gonzales Sr, H. T. Brown
Jackson	Felcham	264	Zach Lea, R. H. McClelland
Lake Charles	Calcasieu C. Vet	62	W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hutchings
L. Providence	Lake Providence	193	J. C. Bass, T. P. McCandles
Mandeville	Gen Geo. Moorman	270	Jos. L. Dicks, R. O. Pizzetta
Mandfield	Mouton	41	C. Schuler, T. G. Pegues
Merrick	Isalah Norwood	110	D. T. Merrick, J. J. Taylor
Monroe	Henry W. Allen	182	W. R. Roberts, H. Moise
Natchitoches	Natchitoches	40	J. A. Fruddhomme, W D Harkins
New Orleans	Army of N. Va	1	W. H. Lyman, T. B. O'Brien
New Orleans	Vet. Con. States Cav.	9	Wm. Laughlin, E. R. Wells
New Orleans	Wash. Artillery	15	P. F. Eshelman, L. A. Adams
New Orleans	Henry St. Paul	16	J. Demorelle, A. B. Booth
Oakley	John Peck	183	W. S. Peck, J. W. Powell
Oplousas	R. E. Lee	14	L. D. Prescott, B. Bloomfield
Plaquemine	Iberville	18	C. H. Dickinson, J. L. Dardenne
Rayville	Richland	152	J. S. Summerlin, O. T. Smith
Rustin	Ruston	3	A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond
Shreveport	Gen LeRoy Stafford	3	W. Kinney, Will H. Tunnard
Tangipahoa	Camp Moore	60	O. P. Smacker, G. R. Taylor
Thibodaux	Braxton Bragg	196	S. T. Grisamore, H. N. Conlon

MISSISSIPPI.

Booneville	W. H. H. Tison	179	D. T. Beall, J. W. Smith
Brandon	Roakin	265	Patrick Henry, R. S. Maxey
Brookhaven	Sylvester Gwin	235	J. A. Hoskins, J. B. Daughtry
Canton	E. Giles Henry	312	E. C. Postell, J. M. Mills
Columbus	Isham Harrison	27	E. L. Lincoln, F. P. Richards
Crystal Sp'gs	Ben Humphreys	19	C. Humphries, J. M. Haley
Edwards	W. A. Montgomery	26	W. A. Montgomery, T. H. W. Barrett
Fayette	J. J. Whitney	22	W L Stephen, T B Hammett
Greenwood	Hugh A. Reynolds	218	R W Williamson, W A Gillespie
Greenville	W. A. Percy	238	Gen S. W. Ferguson, W. Yerger
Grenada	W. R. Barksdale	189	J. W. Young, Julius Ash.
Harpersville	Patrons Union	272	M. W. Stampe, C. A. Huddleston
Hattiesburg	Hattiesburg	21	G. D. Hartfield, E. H. Harris
Hernando	De Soto	220	Sam Powell, C. H. Robertson
Hickory Flat	Hickory Flat	219	W. A. Crum, J. J. Hicks
Holly Springs	Kil Mott	23	J. F. Fant, S. H. Pryor
Jackson	Robt. A. Smith	24	W. D. Holder, G. S. Green
Lake	Patrons Union	273	M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston
Liberty	Amite County	226	P R Brewer, Geo A McGehee
Mabo	Stephen D. Lee	271	O. B. Cooke, J. L. Sherman
Macon	James Longtree	180	H. W. Foote, J. L. Griegs
Magnolia	Stockdale	324	R H Felder, S A Matthew
Meridian	Walthall	25	W. F. Brown, B. V. White
Miss. City	Beauvoir	120	Gen. J. R. Davis, E. S. Hewes
Natchez	Natchez	20	F. J. V. Let and, E. L. Hopkins
New Albany	Gen M P Lowry	342	C S Robertson, M F Rogers
Port Gibson	Claiborne	167	A. K. Jones, W. W. Moore
Rolling Fork	Pat R Cleburne	190	J C Hall, Jno S Joor
Rosedale	Montgomery	52	R H A Montgomery, C C Farrar
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Tupelo	John M. Stone	131	Gen J M Stone, P M Savery
Valden	Frank Liddell	221	S. C. Baines, W. J. Booth
Vicksburg	Vicksburg	32	D. A. Campbell, J. D. Laughlin
Winona	M. Farrell	311	J. R. Blinford, C. H. Campbell
Woodville	Woodville	49	J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett
Yazoo City	Yazoo	176	S. D. Robertson, C. J. Dublissan

CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

MISSOURI.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entry for Kansas City, Kansas City, 80, Jos W Mercer, Geo B Spratt

NORTH CAROLINA.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries for Bryson City, Clinton, Concord, Littleton, Newton, Salisbury, Wilmington

OKLAHOMA.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries for Norman, Oklahoma City

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries for Aiken, Anderson, Charleston, Columbia, Edgefield, Greenville, Newberry, Rock Hill, Spartanburg, Sumter, St. Georges

TENNESSEE.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries for Chattanooga, Clarksville, Fayetteville, Franklin, Jackson, Knoxville, Lewisburg, McKenzie, Memphis, Murfreesboro, Nashville, Shelbyville, Tullahoma, Winchester

TEXAS.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries for Abilene, Alvarado, Alvin, Archer City, Athens, Atlanta, Austin, Beaumont, Belton, Big Springs, Bonham, Brazoria, Breckinridge, Brenham, Brownwood, Bryan, Buffalo Gap, Calvert

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries for Cameron, Canton, Carthage, Childress, Cisco, Cleburne, Colorado, Columbus, Colman, Commerce, Cooper, Corpus Christi, Corsicana, Crockett, Caldwell, Collinsville, Curo, Dalingerfield, Dallas, Decatur, DeKalb, Denton, Dodd City, Dublin, El Paso, Emma, Fairfield, Floresville, Forney, Fort Worth, Frost, Galveston, Gatesville, Goldthwaite, Gonzales

TEXAS—Continued.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries for Graham, Greenville, Hallettsville, Hamilton, Hemstead, Henderson, Henrietta, Hillsboro, Honey Grove, Houston, Huntsville, Kaufman, Kilgore, Kingston, Ladonia, LaGrange, Lampasas, Livingston, Lubbock, Madisonville, Marlin, Memphis, Menardville, Meridian, Merkel, Mexia, Minneola, Mt. Enterprise, Mt. Pleasant, Montague, McGregor, McKinney, Mt Vernon, Navasota, New Boston, Oakville, Palestine, Paris, Paint Rock, Pearsall, Richmond, Ripley, Rockwall, Roby, San Antonio, San Saba, Seymour, Sherman, Sweetwater, Sulphur Sp'gs, Taylor, Terrell, Texarkana, Tyler, Vernon, Waco, Waxahachie, Weatherford, Wellington, Wharton, Whitesboro, Wichita Falls, Will's Point

VIRGINIA.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entries for Remns Station, Richmond, Roanoke, West Point, Williamsburg, Winchester

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Entry for Washington, Wash. City Con, 171, J G Moore, T W Hungerford

New camps not listed but reported to the VETERAN :

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, OFFICERS. Entries for Walthall, Miss A K Blythe, Tom M Gore, S L Cooke; Oxford, Ala, Lee, Thos H Barry, Jno T Pearce

It will be seen that the number of Camps in the United Order is now 350. Comrades, please see whether yours is in the list, with correct names of Commander and Adjutant, and if not, inform the editor of the VETERAN at once. Supply names of officers to those that are missing.

Organizations not members of the United Confederate Veterans are to be reported in full as soon as information is received. There are in Tennessee twenty-two Bivouacs, including seven organizations of sons.

MISS KELLER'S BOOK—"LOVE AND REBELLION."

New York *Sun*: Miss M. C. Keller tells us that her chief object in writing her novel, "Love and Rebellion" (J. S. Ogilvie), was to present the facts of the reconstruction period in the Southern States. She wished to set forth, in a way to win the attention and the interest of the Northern reader, the conditions and the questions growing out of the presence of the negro element in the politics and the social life of the South. To Southerners, of course this has long been a subject of the first importance; and it may be that what has been needed to give it a like interest and to afford an equal understanding of it among the Northern public has been the romantic and lively fashion of representation which Miss Keller has chosen. The great class of readers who first of all insist upon a story, and who have little liking for information in its crude form, will find small chance to complain that the romantic element of "Love and Rebellion" has been subordinated. The story has plenty of incident, and the incident, we believe, will be regarded by nobody as belonging to the tame and pallid order. Although the reconstruction period supplied the novelist with her serious purpose, she had no mind to overlook the high romantic possibilities of the war period. The tale is largely conducted amid the fire and tumult of the rebellion. It records, among other things, the adventures of a female spy, and it includes a love romance which has the strong recommendation of running deviously and ending happily. But the picture of reconstruction is here, and the reader who is after a story merely will find, when he is done, that the information especially intended by Miss Keller has been administered. Send \$1 for this book and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS—By Lillian Rozell Messenger. C. W. Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y., publisher.

The full measure of the poetic gift is rarely bestowed upon mortals, and the few names that are enrolled on the enduring scrolls fame safely guards have had the baptism of fire, and have come up to the heights through much trial and contumely. Like wine, poetry seems to need the mellowing of time before men are willing to say of it, "It is good."

To the writer under consideration it must be conceded that her writings abound in gems from the treasure house of poetry, and that she is justly entitled to a place among earth's purest singers, as the "Southern Cross" and her other works show lines marked by originality and beauty. The sentiment of her verse is pure and lofty, and when her fingers touch the minor chords there is nothing jarring—a sweet harmony such as only exists where hearts are attuned to the great harmony of nature.

The opening poem, "Hippomenes, or Love's Sacrifice," is a weaving into verse of the old mythic story of Atalanta, in which Hippomenes, it is said, after winning the race was grand enough in his love for the fair prize to give to Meleage, his preferred rival, that which his fleetness had won, a sacrifice that he fully appreciates, as is shown in these lines:

"I yield this view of heaven, my days of life,  
Once luminous in splendor of her eyes,  
And hope to touch white circles of those arms."

The author's loyalty—she is a native of Kentucky—is shown in the poem, "The Southern Cross," for viewing "the starry hosts of God march o'er the beamy, glowing, silent heavens," she reads:

"That the swift young South in the rush and heat  
Of flying years must meet the centuries  
With banners furled, but not her broken cross."

For although "she drunk the lees of sorrow's drainless cup," the sacrifice is made, and the South triumphs by her cross.

"MISSOURI OF TO-DAY" is a superb volume just issued by the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Missouri. It is a sort of trade publication, but includes, along with the history of the State for to-day, an interesting historic chapter on Missouri in 1861. It is splendidly illustrated with portraits of leaders on both sides. It is copyrighted by the Confederate Home Association.

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Special terms to U. C. V. Camps in behalf of the Monument Fund. Address S. D. McCORMICK, Henderson, Kentucky.

ROANOKE COLLEGE.—Roanoke College, Salem, Va., recently celebrated its 40th Anniversary. The college draws its students from many Southern States, Indian Territory and Mexico. It has graduates in 33 States and 5 foreign countries. Its location is in the attractive town of Salem in the beautiful Roanoke Valley. The annual catalogue, illustrated, and the *Roanoke Collegian* will be sent free on application.

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FOUR YEARS IN THE STONEWALL BRIGADE, by John O. Casler, is one of the new books soon to appear. Mr. Casler is now in Oklahoma. He was private in Company A, 33d Regiment, Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. It is illustrated, and contains the daily experiences of four years' service in the ranks from a diary kept at the time. He mentions it as "A truthful record of battles and skirmishes, advance, retreat and maneuvers of the army; of incidents as they occurred on the march, in the field, in bivouac and in battle, in the scout, in hospital and in prison, replete with thrilling situations and hair-breadth escapes."

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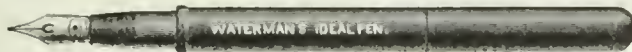
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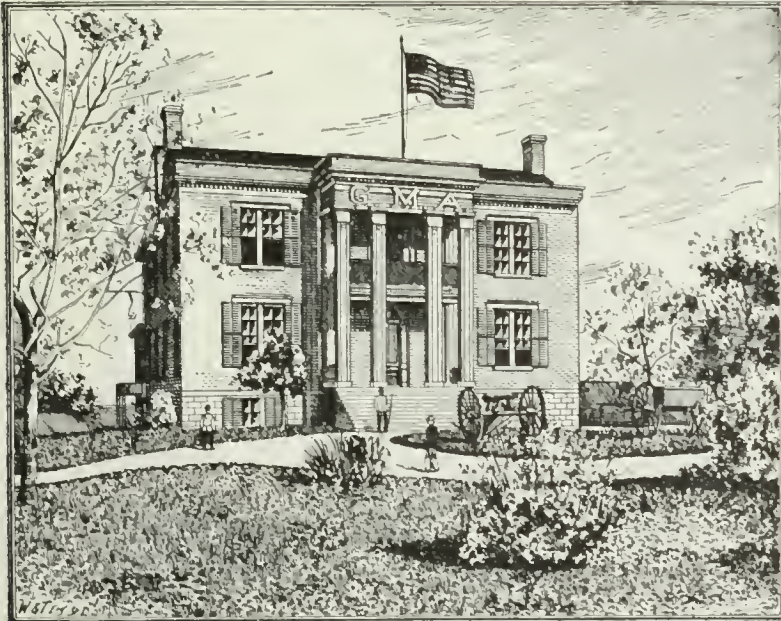
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# Confederate Veteran.

*Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.*

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YEARLY 50 CENTS. } Editor and Manager.

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# Confederate Veteran.

*Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.*

PRICE, 5 CENTS.  
YEARLY, 50 CENTS. }

Vol. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1893.

No. 9. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.

Entered at the Postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Special club rates to the Press and to Camps—25 copies \$10. An extra copy sent to each person who sends six subscriptions. Advertisements: One dollar per inch one time, or \$10 a year, except last page; \$25 a page. Discount: Half year, one-issue; one year, one issue.

STOP!! Do not turn through this publication to look for pictures and then throw it down in disappointment. Every article in it is carefully selected from volumes of manuscript, and each sentence is as carefully condensed as can be. It contains matter of interest and value to every intelligent person, regardless of section. Please read the issue through, and you will be compensated.

THE title page of this VETERAN, as will be seen, contains well executed prints of five young ladies who will represent as many States at the Birmingham reunion. Our artist is to be congratulated upon the excellence of his work, but he failed to conform to instructions in the arrangement, whereby those on the sides at top should be reversed. Subsequent issues of the VETERAN are expected to contain pictures of the other ladies who have been so honored, and brief sketches of all to appear in the next number. The reunion "tableau of the States" will be as follows:

Virginia, Miss Lizzie Clarke, Newport News; North Carolina, Miss Kate Cantwell, Wilmington; South Carolina, Miss Eliza L. Chisolm; Georgia, Miss Caroline Gordon, Washington City; Florida, Miss Elizabeth Pasco, Monticello; Alabama, Miss Carrie T. Cochran, Eufala; Mississippi, Miss Nellie Fewell, Meridian; Louisiana, Miss Idah H. Vinson, Shreveport; Texas, Mary M. Banks, Houston; Arkansas, Miss Lily McGee, VanBuren; Missouri, Miss Katherine Turner, Columbia; Kentucky, Miss Elenora Graves, Lexington; Tennessee, Meta Orr Jackson, Nashville; Maryland.

In first two tableaux only the eleven seceding States appear, while in the final one the whole appear as the "Solid South," every lady to be dressed in Greek costume, and all alike.

NINE thousand five hundred copies of this VETERAN are being printed. Copies in excess of the regular subscriptions are to be sent as samples, and for those who may become patrons. Extra copies are necessary. The greatest misfortune to the publication so far is, that editions have not met the demand. It is estimated that one thousand subscribers are keeping the file for binding, and many offers are sent of \$1 per copy for missing numbers. Offers to supply these at the price are frequently made. Back numbers are sent in as a favor by some who do not care to file them. The VETERAN finances are not increased as

they might be by these offers, for in no instance has any extra pay been accepted. Those who think enough of it to pay extra prices have my sincerest gratitude, and shall share any favor it is possible to grant them. It may be of interest to new readers to learn that the extraordinary success of the VETERAN has come through the voluntary co-operation of people who solicit for it gratuitously. Many of those who are doing most for it would spurn an offer of commission. Patriots, rich and poor, are alike zealous. It is commended and indorsed unstintedly by ministers in the pulpit on suitable occasions, and by organizations who never saw the editor, but have read it critically. A leading Southerner expressed admiration for it, and said, "This magazine can't be published for fifty cents," but it appears monthly, "every time improved." As previously stated, it is a larger publication, and finer than was intended when the price was fixed at fifty cents, but there was such an enthusiasm for it, and largely by those who had worked four years for nothing, that the determination was made to continue to the "last ditch," and to bridge it if possible. Comrades, Southern patriots, you can make this journal, small as it is, the strongest power in America! It is already settled that the management is in accord with the sentiment of our best people. There is earnest approval in the hearts of the masses, and no person is known to have spoken or written unkindly about it, although nearly all of the fifty thousand five hundred copies already printed have been distributed. Nobody can question its integrity or its patriotism. Many have worked zealously until more than a fair share has been done by them. Others, who are personal friends to the editor, and would gladly entertain him, have never acknowledged receipt of copies sent to them. They are patriotic, too. Let such friends consider that if strangers had acted as they have the VETERAN would, ere this, have gone into endless night. This argument is not made in a beggarly spirit; the VETERAN has passed that point, but the editor feels like scolding some friends. None are excepted from this rule. If fifty cents is too small a sum to engage your attention, send one dollar for two years, or a copy for some other person with your own.

Aside of the continued silence of some personal friends, the next disappointment is that of liberal subscribers to the Davis Monument. The VETERAN has been sent to many who never acknowledged it, even though hundreds of dollars have been expended

by the editor in making their part known, and in advancing the cause for which they have paid liberally. Surely they should have liberality enough left to acknowledge. Now, friends, one and all, remember that this life is a struggle. The courageous mother who begins with the infant and is zealous on and on to the end of life illustrates the order of our existence. We must be "up and doing" in like manner if we accomplish our hearts' desires. In the great Confederate struggle it was the hero and heroine to the end who are proud of being veterans now.

Our noble women are veterans. Wont you every one make special effort during this month? Will not you who have done most join in this sentiment, you who have done but little do more, and you who have so far taken no action determine to make amends? If compliance were made with this request a sensation would be created in the result that would amaze the American people. Already it is beyond question that no periodical has ever been so enthusiastically accepted, and this co-operation would produce a channel of information and expression of unbiased truth that would effect national sentiment.

COMRADES.—This term, in this connection, is intended to include all who are friendly to the VETERAN! The next issue *must* be out in time for the Birmingham reunion. It is to be an edition of TEN THOUSAND copies. The rate for advertising is but \$1 per inch for one time, or \$5 per inch for six times, except the back cover page, which is double that. This rate is about as low as the subscription. Now brother, friend, would you like to add your mite to the promotion of a little thing that is so universally accepted? If so, write to some advertisers and tell them what a splendid medium the VETERAN is, and that its loyal readers are glad to patronize those who show friendship for our cause. It is the *cause* of truth, the reward for duty faithfully performed, even to exhaustion and death. You can send one subscriber. This paragraph is written on a sick bed, but the writer is rapidly improving, and expects to put renewed vigor into the next issue, animated and thrilled with the assurance that his work is universally approved by his people. He had rather be the means of getting Confederate Veterans and their friends to co-operate universally for patriotic purposes and the truth of history than to be President. Now is the time, while so much good will is manifested, to do effective work without effort. Camps not patronizing the VETERAN are begged to look into it at once, and send good reports before they go to, or while at, Birmingham.

A HISTORY of the Confederate Veteran Association of Kentucky, designed for this VETERAN, has been deferred for the next, so as to include a report of the annual reunion at Paris, Sept. 27th and 28th. The "Orphan Brigade" and other comrades expect a great time on the occasion designated.

THE superb advertisement of Norwood Institute, Washington, D. C., is republished by order of Prof. Cabell. Viewing the country from the standpoint of our national capital, Prof. Cabell does the VETERAN high compliment in such liberal use of its advertising space to make known the merits of his noble institution. There are peculiarly beneficial advantages in the reach of young ladies at the capital of the nation, and we commend all of our patrons, who can afford it, to consider well the merits of this institution. Prof. Cabell is of us so entirely that the Norwood Institute is indeed as a Southern home to all its occupants.

A CLARKSVILLE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL.—The Confederate Monumental Association of Clarksville is preparing an elegant volume to contain a history of its Association and roster of the Forbes Bivouac. It promises to be the most interesting publication that ever emanated from Clarksville. It is on coated paper, handsomely illustrated, with pictures of the late venerable A. D. Sears, D.D., Hon. D. N. Kennedy and Capt. T. H. Smith leading. Opportunity is offered high class business firms for space in the volume, and it is a very valuable medium. Address Capt. J. J. Crusman, Clarksville, Tenn.

AN apology must be made in sending out this issue of the VETERAN. A necessary absence in Kansas delayed somewhat the work, and recently a severe illness interrupted seriously the plans for certain editorials. An omission much deplored is failure to give an extended account of the reunion at Higginsville, Mo., and the work of raising \$61,000 to provide a Home there. The "Home" is a monument to Missouri. There has been given heretofore an extended account of this Home in the VETERAN, but it was intended to have more to say. Moreover, Mrs. Elizabeth Ustick McKinney has carefully prepared a complete history of the Home, which account, with editorial notes, will be reviewed in the next issue.

SINCE the August VETERAN appeared the death of Maj. Campbell Brown occurred. He was one of the best known and most prosperous farmers and stock men in the South. He was a gallant soldier in the war, and upon the death of Gen. Ewell he named his magnificent Tennessee farm for him, and the Spring Hill railway station by his place was changed to Ewell's. Maj. Brown was noble in every sense, and an honor to his race.

JUST as this issue goes to press comrades at Nashville are shocked by the death of Walter Akin, who was gallant through the war, and a champion of right principles to the end.

THE VETERAN headquarters at Birmingham will be conveniently located, and comrades generally will please put in their note books, "See CONFEDERATE VETERAN."



MEMORY—A HEART-TRIBUTE.

Joseph M. Jones, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff United Confederate Veterans for Kentucky, delivered the following address at Winchester, Ky., more than two years ago. In an elegant pamphlet he dedicates it to his brother, James Lawrence Jones, in whose sweet companionship he shared the happiness and hopes of youth, by whose side in maturer years he shared the trials and dangers of bivouac, march, and battle-field.

"Who could bear to die and be forgotten—  
No memory cherished."

The address was in the interest of the fund to erect a monument at Winchester.

"We do not bury love;  
Death emptieth the house, but not the heart."

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Comrades:*

We are met to consecrate an hour to memory. The voice of the living calls me to speak for the dead. Battle-death

"Broke our fair comradeship,  
And spread his mantle dark and cold,  
And wrapped them formless in his fold,  
And dulled the murmur of their lips,  
And bore them where we could not see  
Nor follow, though we marched in haste."

To-day memory, with pale finger, points toward the gathered mists; we bend in steadfast gaze, the veil is rent, and in the twilight of the past we catch a vision before which we stand uncovered and with reverence—we are in the presence of the dead of vanished years. Some are sleeping in your peaceful, voiceless city; others slumbering where they fell, at the cannon's mouth, far to the South.

Enshrined in my heart is a love for the memory of comrades dead whose mighty depth no human plummet can fathom—a love purer, sweeter, fiercer, hath not entered heart of man. It is a passion and an inspiration. Without such inspiration to guide my thoughts and clothe my tongue I would not dare attempt this address.

I shall speak from my heart to your hearts, with

the hope that your affections may be quickened and you be wooed and won to the cause I come to plead. Some may ask, "Why such wealth of love for those dead? Were they more worthy than their fellows?" The answer comes quick and sharp; they were of that galaxy of men of whom this world has not produced greater—patriots and heroes; men in whom were typified all virtues that purify, exalt, and ennoble; men who imperilled life as they battled for the liberties of men; men whose hearts were pure, whose souls spotless, whose lofty fidelity to duty was flawless; men who, in storms of winter and burning heat of summer, lay in shelterless trenches clad only in rags; who marched in snow and ice with shoeless feet, leaving crimson tracks; who, when the trumpets called to combat, swept in serried ranks over fields of fire and deadly hail, and faltered not as they charged the murderous batteries and planted their victorious standards on heights bristling with polished steel; men whose wonderful prowess on land and on sea has never been eclipsed; men whose faith in the justice of their cause was absolute and sublime, whose patriotism was unsullied—like unto pure gold; men who were blameless in all things that would tarnish a stainless gentleman's crest; men who were as modest as they were intrepid, gentle as they were chivalrous, tender as they were heroic; men whose sweet sympathy for a wounded and fallen foe was only equaled by their valor in front of an armed enemy. The bravest, knightliest man is ever the truest, tenderest gentleman. Such were our dead. They fell young in years, when to them the future was begilded with a light radiant and beautiful. But voluntarily they yielded up precious life, grandly, knightly, and in such martyrdom entwined themselves about our hearts, sealed a title to our fadeless affection, and won our deathless love. Hallowed memories guard their graves. Poets sing of the grandeur, the splendor, the glory of war. Such alone is the voice of sentiment. War is cruel, gloomy, sinister, murderous. It rides with iron hoof, leaving desolation in its wake. It breaks hearts, ties crape on the door, shuts out sunbeams, and floods with densest blackness. It crushes mothers and wives, and puts them in the coffin. It separates the warmest friends, alienates brothers, breaks up sweetest family ties, turns love to hate, puts the torch to homes about which cluster sacred memories. It reaches out its mail-clad hand and hurls into the abyss of death the flower of our youth, the manliest and courtliest of our men—the hope and expectancy of the Commonwealth. It plants its teeming multitudes in the earth; it wrings tears which, beginning as rivulets, run to rivers. It is loathsome, ghastly, hideous with its shrieks of torment and its fumes of death. It awes and overwhelms, and when it sweeps in wild fury it is appalling. "No one hath knowledge how much blood it cost." These are some of war's frightful echoes.

Comrades, to-day memory gives back our dead and bears us to scenes of carnage, when with them we marched, hungered, suffered. On the tablets of our hearts is indelibly written the agony it cost to kneel and kiss hot lips of comrades wounded unto death. On our souls is stamped the smothering oppression that came surging over us when, on weird battle-field, we stooped to close lids over glazed eyes. The agonizing cries of loved and loving young heroes—torn and mangled and writhing with pain—are to this day ringing in our ears. Then it was that our thoughts

went spinning back to our distant homes, our heart's sympathy going out to parents, wives, sisters, and to gentle maidens to whom fallen heroes had given hand and pledged troth.

We are met to-day for a purpose—to move this people, if we can, to pay homage to our Confederate dead; but we gladly turn to say, from loyal hearts, that every Confederate soldier—be he true man and patriot—rejoices in the splendid bravery displayed by Federal soldiers during those stormful days of war. We rejoice in their lofty patriotism, so pure, so noble, that it nerved them to face all danger, endure all suffering, and to go down to death as they grandly bore their flag to final end, let us pray, enduring victory. By their deeds of heroism the life of this peerless nation was saved. We, Confederates, love this nation. We are moved to profoundest depths when we look upon the flag that we, as a great, brave people, assaulted with dauntless courage—as we remember that it now shields the North in time of storm and shelters the South in time of tempest. To the memory of all gallant men and true, Federal and Confederate, we give our tribute of love and tears. This nation, in loving gratitude, has reared countless memorials to its fallen sons, and as the Confederate approaches these he instinctively uncovers and bends, as he pays a brave man's tribute to a brave man's memory. We who staked our all, and lost, have no nation to thus honor our dead—this is left for you and for me.

Go with me to yonder stately home, the princeliest in all the country round. Nature, with lavish hand, has environed it with her loveliest treasures, and the landscape is of transcendent beauty. It is the sweet and leafy month of June, and the air is bathed in golden glory and perfumed with rarest odors. We approach the majestic mansion, cross the richly carved portal, move down the tessalated hall and enter a chamber that is graced and beautified by exquisite art, culture and refinement—a mellow dusk envelops, a hushed and holy calm broods. On a couch of softest down, which is robed in silk, lies a youth, just verging to manhood, the heir, the hope, the pride of this home, whose life is ebbing away. The skillful physician has turned in despair. Woman's tenderest ministrations, her gentlest touch—every thing that idolatrous devotion can do are of no avail, hope has fled, and the watchers know that the moment has come in which the silver cord is to be loosed, the golden bowl broken." Tears are streaming, hearts are breaking, muffled sobs are floating out on the hushed calmness, the fluttering of wings is heard, the sombre messenger enters, the pulse is still, and

"There is hushed on earth a voice of gladness,  
There is veiled a face whose parting leaves a dark and silent place."

Lamentable scene! If such be sad, then O how unutterably mournful the grief that staggers and bewilders as we bend beside the noble, stricken youth on far away battle-field. It is midwinter, the frozen clods of earth his dying couch. No woman's sweet voice to cheer, no woman's tender hand to minister, no woman's velvet touch on burning brow, no woman's soft finger to close lids over eyes that have looked their last to her in loving appeal, no woman's warm lips to press lips of marble coldness, no metal casket in which to lay away, tenderly and forever, the darling dead; no loving hands to twine the lilies white. Sweeter, sadder picture than this beauteous hero's face was

never set in richer frame—golden locks, clotted with his own heart's blood.

By men, with rough and hardened hands, begrimed with human blood and battle smoke, but with tender hearts, the sacred rites must be performed. The fallen soldier's blanket, worn, and pierced by bullets—wounds that proclaimed with thrilling pathos how the young warrior had forged his way into the deadliest breach—such is now his only shroud and coffin: a shallow grave, a little mound, the murmuring pines chanting a plaintive requiem—heard alone by saddened comrades weeping there—and then we turn and leave him, and there he sleeps to-day, and to-day, with the voice of ardent love and intensest fervor, I appeal to you for a tribute to his memory. Brave, gentle soul, the type of thousands who were swallowed up by battle-death.

People of Clark, to you I give this picture—an offering of affection from one who fondly loved your sons in life—bound to them by links that were forged by comradeship during years of suffering and heroic endeavor. If it be traced in subdued shades by a man's weak and trembling voice, it is embellished to richest tints by a man's quenchless love. Take it, hang it on memory's wall, turn to it often, and as you gaze may its sad beauty speak to your souls more eloquently than any human tongue; may it so woo and win as to lead to speedy, gladsome, abundant homage to your dead and scattered sons. Let the mighty wealth of love you gave them in life be measured by the tribute you pay them in death.

The story of their brave, devoted lives has been told, history has scattered her thickly gathered laurel leaves, and now affection comes and, with a wealth of wild tears in her eyes, stands pale above their graves, ready with her beauteous and her loving tribute. When you behold the fruition of this tribute, and look upon the enduring shaft that points to realms where their spirits dwell, let it be to them a touching memorial, to you a sacred shrine, to which pilgrimage be made, and, standing beneath its soft shadow, gather to your bosoms a deeper love for their memory, and to your souls that inspiration which will point and guide to the loftiest and holiest aspirations.

He that wore golden stars and commanded warring legions was no whit nobler than the modest soldier in the ranks. Life was sweet alike to both.

To you, O humble heroes, blameless martyrs, we accord supremest praise. You bore the battle's brunt, asking no reward for services given to your country and to liberty—satisfied in the remembrance of duty cheerfully, faithfully performed. Never boastful, but ever modest in the hour of victory; never complaining, but always patient in the hour of suffering and defeat; never cast down, bearing with Roman resignation and fortitude the loss of friends, home, nation. Your manly virtues, your knightly graces, your superb courage, won the world's admiration. Your splendid achievements startled and dazzled all Christendom. Upon the foundation of your trophies and your triumphs has risen a monument to American manhood that will crumble to decay only when time shall fade into death.

Mr. President, you and I know that the offerings of living soldiers, given liberally out of poverty, has largely aided in planting every soldier's monument in the South. Strange paradox, but true as strange, that the people who were sheltered in luxurious homes



from war's hiss and its roar, its gloom and its death—into whose laps "bounty emptied her golden horn of plenty"—leave such work for those who suffered and endured the agonies of war. The very thought of this puts the cup of bitterness to every soldier's lips, drops a sting into every soldier's heart. Keenly we feel it. Kentuckians, break this record. Say to the veterans whose march is wearing to its close, whose faces are turned toward the setting sun: "Get ye to the rear, nobly have you borne your part in peace and war; we will now to the front in this labor of loving remembrance to your dead comrades." Deal bountifully with the memory of your fallen sons, honor yourselves, glorify your name and your State. Let the people of other States catch an inspiration from your generous offerings. Cold the affections, polluted the heart's currents, beclouded the soul's light of him that would turn from an appeal for tribute to the memory of our gallant dead. From the dead and from memory I turn to the living and to hope.

Beloved comrades, when we saw our cause uprooted, the bright temple of our hopes demolished, our flag fade forever from view behind the gloom of utter defeat, we thought all fighting was at an end. Not so. In that cause our banner bore this motto: "For physical supremacy," a cause that was for time, and it was perishable. We are now battling for a cause higher, holier, and on our banner is inscribed this motto: "For moral supremacy," a cause that is for eternity, and it is imperishable. If defeat should be our portion in this cause, then woe betide us.

When those we mourn to-day gave up their lives we, like them, were in hopeful youth—in the morning of life. Some of us have reached its afternoon, others its evening—the shades of night crowding on the pathway sloping to the tomb.

If, betimes, during these years of separation from our fallen comrades, the combat has raged with fierceness, we have been sorely pressed; if the roads have been rugged, the march weary; if we have had our manhood and our courage put to the crucial test, every nerve and fiber strung to utmost tension, does not sweet-voiced hope bring words of cheer? Telling, with ravishing tenderness, that if strife and toil be here peace and rest are yonder, and bidding us draw on the "breastplate of faith, hope, love," and then bear us as valiant soldiers—stout of arm, pure of heart, noble of soul—that after the din of the battle and the dust of the march shall be over we are to come as conquerors, each with a victor's crown; the glooms of earth behind, the splendors of Paradise before, sweep through the gates of pearl, and as the shout of triumph and of welcome is borne to our ears, with our departed comrades strike hands once more, and we and they, one and all, pitch our tents, white and fair, and plant our banners, spotless and pure, beside the crystal waters in the beautiful vale immortal.

S. W. Meek, General Manager Southwestern Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1893: "Mr. S. A. Cunningham—Dear Sir: On account of the severe stringency in money matters we have been discontinuing our advertising all along the line, but on account of the value of the *VETERAN* we have decided to renew with you. I have had considerable experience in advertising, using every method in the South, and I find the *VETERAN* a magnificent medium, and believe that it will benefit any man who will use it. I wish it the unbounded success that it richly merits."

## SNOW BATTLE AT DALTON—LITTLE JIMMIE WHITE.

S. R. WATKINS.

It was in the spring of 1864, about the 22d of March, a heavy snow had fallen during the night, the hills and valleys were covered with the flakey white. Joe Johnston's army was in winter quarters at Dalton. Two regiments of infantry being camped near each other, in a spirit of fun, began in somewhat military order to throw snow balls at each other. The effect was electric, boyhood frolics were renewed and the air was full of flying snow balls. Brigades and divisions were soon involved, and such a scene was never before witnessed on earth. Many thousands of men were engaged in a snow ball battle. It begun early in the morning; generals, colonels, captains and privates were all mixed up. Private soldiers became commanders and the generals were simply privates, and the usual conditions were reversed. The boys had captured the generals' horses and swords and were galloping through the flying snow balls giving orders and whooping things up generally. Verbal orders to different portions of the field were sent on flying steeds. Gen. Patrick Cleburne was noted for his strict discipline, and whenever he caught a straggler from any regiment in the army he would make him carry a fence rail. Well, the boys had captured "old Pat," when some fellow yelled out, "Arrest that soldier and make him carry a fence rail." The surgeon of our regiment was calm and even-tempered, but would get out of patience with a lot of whining fellows who would report on the sick list day after day. The doctor would look at his tongue, feel his pulse and say, "Well, there is not much the matter with him, just put him on light duty." They captured the old doctor, and a soldier had hold of each leg, another his head and others his arms, and as he was brought in as terribly wounded, Fred Domin ran to him, felt of his pulse, looked wise and said, "Well, there is not much the matter with him, just put him on light duty." This same doctor was noted for having had the same affliction as the soldier who complained. If a man went to him with the toothache, he would say, "Shucks, that's nothing, I've had the toothache a thousand times." If a man went to him with the rheumatism or any complaint whatever, the doctor would say, "Shucks, I've had that a thousand times." One day Kenan Hill got a bug in his ear and went to the doctor hallowing, in great agony. The doctor said, "Oh, shucks, that's nothing, I've had a thousand bugs in my ears." One day a soldier got a nail in his foot, and the doctor said, "Oh, shucks, that's nothing, I've had a nail in my foot a thousand times." When the small-pox broke out at Shelbyville, a soldier went to him all broke out with the small-pox, but the doctor consoled him by saying, "Shucks, that's nothing, I've had the small-pox a thousand times." After this the doctor had one of his eyes nearly knocked out by a snow ball, when Fred Domin ran up to him again and said, "Oh, shucks, that's nothing, I've had my eye knocked out a thousand times." There was a great deal of this kind of fun and take-off, in imitation of some general or other officer, but we were kept too busy throwing snow balls to take it all in at the time. Infantry boys would capture cannon and caissons, and take the horses from the artillery and go dashing through the crowd. They would also hitch to the caissons and dash off somewhere else.

This snow ball battle lasted all day. A good many

of the boys were quite badly hurt. My little bedfellow, Jimmie White, a mere boy of fourteen years, was run over by a caisson and both his legs broken, and he was otherwise injured. Poor boy, tears rush to my eyes when I go back in memory to the death of the clever lad. I cry now when I think of him. Poor little fellow, how he suffered, and how he hated to die! Sanker, my negro servant, brought him and laid him on our bunk. The doctor said to him "Jimmie, you are very badly hurt, and you will have to die. It is impossible to do anything for you." Jimmie said, "Doctor, I don't want to die. I'm not prepared to die." I said, "Poor Jimmie, I would help you if I could, but I don't know what to do for you." He begged me to pray for him, repeating, "Oh, I don't want to die." I was not a Christian then, and I am but little better now, God help me. But I said, "Jimmie, do you know Jesus?" "No," said he; "Who is he?" I replied, "Jimmie, Jesus only is able to cure you." "Well, where is he?" said Jimmie. I told him the best I could. The doctor had given him a strong opiate and he began to get sleepy. Rousing, he said, "Oh, I don't want to go to sleep and die that way. Hold up my hand so that Jesus will see it when he comes." I held it up, Jimmie was soon fast asleep. I propped his hand up with the bed clothing as best I could, and being wet and tired I was soon also asleep. When I woke up I looked and Jimmie's hand was propped up as I had last seen it. Poor boy, he was still holding up his hand. We wrapped poor Jimmie in a soldier's blanket, dug his grave and buried him at the foot of the hill 'til the morning of the resurrection. Jesus Christ never lost sight of poor Jimmie White's hand that was raised for Him.

#### WHEN AND WHERE FATHER RYAN DIED.

The Poet Priest of the South, Rev. A. J. Ryan, died at St. Boniface Franciscan Convent, Louisville, Ky. What a sorrow seemed to have veiled the life and death of this sweet bard and true poet, so loved by the people of the South! There is a breath of sadness in every line of his verses, as there ever was a shade of melancholy in his face. As a prophet he thus described with wonderful accuracy his own sad last hours:

"He was dying fast and the hours went by;

Ah! desolate hours were they.

His mind had bidden away somewhere

Back of a fretted and wearied brow,

E'er he passed from life away."

He passed from this world away on the 22d of April, at 9 p. m., 1886, at the age of forty-six. He died among strangers who had never known him, yet they were friends, for they left nothing undone for him that human sympathy or Christian charity could suggest. The ex-Confederates of Louisville escorted his remains to the depot. He was buried at Mobile, Ala. Few men possess the power of so withdrawing from the world around them, and living within the realm of thought, as he did; and it is a singular fact that to the thousands who knew and loved him his death was a surprise, and that his funeral was comparatively unattended.

EDWIN DUNRY.

[It is a singular fact that some admirers of Father Ryan's poems believe that he is yet alive.—ED.]

Wm. Bullitt, A. A. G. La. Div. U. C. V., New Orleans: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is just what we want. A long life and prosperity to the same."

#### AUTHOR OF SECESSION ORDINANCE IN GEORGIA.

Judge Eugenius A. Nisbet was an eminent Georgian, of English and Scotch descent. His father was a physician of prominence, who removed from North Carolina in the year 1819 to Athens, Ga., to educate his children, and made it his home. His son, Eugenius A. Nisbet, was a remarkably precocious lad. Entering the sophomore class in Columbia College, S. C., at the age of fourteen, he graduated at the University of Georgia with first honors at the age of seventeen. He immediately began the study of law, and after taking a thorough course in the law school at Litchfield, Conn., returned home, and being still under age, was admitted to the bar by an especial act of the Legislature. He made fine reputation as a lawyer, and very soon represented his county (then Morgan) in the Legislature. He was afterward in the Senate. In 1837 he removed his family to Macon, Ga., where he lived the remainder of his life. In the following year he was elected to Congress for the State at large.

Mr. Nisbet's position in Congress was a prominent one. He became dissatisfied with political life, and resigned his seat in 1841, his ambition being to become a learned jurist. As the founder of the Supreme Court of Georgia, and for some years one of its judges, he acquired greatest eminence. His judicial opinions, as embodied in the first fourteen volumes of reports, are referred to frequently as models of learning, accuracy, and rhetorical finish. In a sketch of him by Mr. Walter B. Hill, of Macon, in the *Green Bag* for January, 1892, the writer says he easily excels all his compeers as a perspicuous and polished expositor of the law in its principles and its precedents.

Rarely do we find in an individual such a combination of gifts—a superior intellect, a lofty and absolutely unimpeachable character, a graceful and pleasing *personnel*, and a piety that shone resplendent in every walk of life. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church for forty years, and in the councils of the Church he was no less a leader than in the affairs of State.

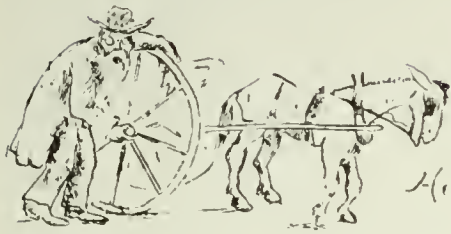
When war threatened our land he became a prominent secessionist, and was sent as a delegate to the secession convention which met at Milledgeville in 1861, and was chairman of the committee which drafted the ordinance that put Georgia out of the Union. He was a member of the Provisional Congress, and gave his most cordial support to Mr. Davis, whom he had long known and cherished as a friend.

The late Chief Justice Jackson, of the Supreme Court of Georgia, being one of a committee to prepare a memorial of Judge Nisbet, closed his remarks by saying: "Judge Nisbet died as he had lived—calmly, resolutely, fearlessly, beautifully. As one about to cross a river into a more beautiful land, just as quietly he crossed the river of death. I have no doubt his dying eyes were blessed with a vision of that glory land, and that now he enjoys its full fruition."

Honored, respected and beloved by all, and by his family idolized, he fell asleep in Macon, Ga., in May, 1871, at the age of sixty-nine.

In the poem, "Nature's Heralds of Fame," on page 277, next to last verse, third line, "graves" should be "grasses." Honor to the author, Jas. G. Holmes.

COMRADES SHOULD PAY THEIR DUES.



I can't go  
any farther  
until I get  
some  
grease

Head Quarters  
of  
N B Forrest Camp  
U C V.

This clever sketch is one of a multitude by comrade Dickinson, Adjutant of N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga. How appropriate now to creditors who must collect—who must have “grease” to keep the machinery of their business going! Does it occur to comrades that a new publication, like the VETERAN, is seriously affected by the stringency of the times? A patriotic thing is to consider how low its subscription price, and the good that it is accomplishing. If a number is less excellent than the average its friends should help to tide over by renewed zeal, assured that a better day is coming.

INDORSING THE VETERAN.

Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 18, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham—Dear Sir: I take much pleasure in informing you that at our last regular meeting the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was unanimously adopted as the official organ of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 58, U. C. V. I notice that in the August number you have again placed the name of Gen. Wm. Baya as Commander of this Camp. Gen. Baya is now Brigadier General of the Second Florida District, and Col. G. Troup Maxwell is our Commander. With many wishes for the future prosperity of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I am yours truly,  
W. W. TUCKER, Adjutant.

At Lampasas, Texas.

At a regular meeting of R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., held on the 26th day of August, 1893, Commander D. C. Thomas offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted and entered on the Minutes of said Camp on page 45:

Whereas, many of the members of R. E. Lee Camp have read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., by our esteemed comrade, S. A. Cunningham, and are still reading it with great pleasure and increasing interest; and, whereas, we have found the VETERAN to be a faithful exponent of the principles so near and dear to every true Confederate veteran; therefore, be it

Resolved by R. E. Lee Camp, No. 66, U. C. V., located at Lampasas, Texas, that this Camp fully indorses and heartily approves said publication, wishing it abundant success and long life. Be it further

Resolved, That this Camp hereby adopts the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as the official organ of our Camp, and the Commander is requested to have these resolutions spread on the minutes of said Camp, and a copy of the same forwarded to comrade S. A. Cunningham.

Tampa, Fla., Sept. 2, 1893.—At a meeting of Lesley Bivouac, of Hillsborough Camp, No. 36, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., was unanimously indorsed and recommended to the consideration of veterans. We adopted it as the official organ of the Bivouac.

H. L. CRANE, Adjt. J. M. HENDERSON, Lieut. Com.

J. G. Hall, Commander Camp No. 162, U. C. V., Hickory, N. C., Aug. 11, 1893: I have had no opportunity yet to submit your circular letter to the members of our Camp, but will do so at the earliest opportunity. For myself I give the CONFEDERATE VETERAN most hearty indorsement. It is a publication in which every one of our comrades feels interested.

Camp John Wallace, Van Buren, Ark., August 21, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham—Dear Sir: At the meeting of the members of Camp John Wallace on the 19th inst., the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was indorsed and adopted as the organ of this Camp without a vote to the contrary.  
W. C. BOSTICK, Adjt.

Gonzales, Texas, Aug. 21, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham—Dear Comrade: At our regular monthly meeting the following resolution was adopted by this Camp:

Resolved, That we heartily indorse the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published by S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville, Tenn., and commend it to the careful consideration of the members of our organization as a journal deserving our encouragement and support. It is a faithful exponent of the interests of Confederate veterans, and is conducted with great ability.

H. L. QUALLS, Adjt. W. B. SAYERS, Com.

McKenzie, Tenn., Aug. 30, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham—Dear Sir: At the regular meeting of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, No. 20, McKenzie, Tenn., Aug. 25, 1893, it was unanimously resolved that we cordially indorse the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and instruct our delegates to the annual State and National reunions to indorse the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as the official organ of the Association of Confederate soldiers.

J. P. CANNON, Pres. JAS. M. NULL, Sec.

F. G. Browder, Montgomery, Ala., July 29, who has sent fifty-three subscribers, Dear Sir: What I have done for your grand little magazine was purely a labor of love, because I heartily sympathized with you in your good work of preserving a true record of the war from our own standpoint.

No man more fully accepts the situation, or is more loyal to the Union than I am; at the same time I am as truly loyal to our lost cause. I am proud of and love dearly our leaders and comrades, and have no apologies to make for our course. I am a Kentuckian, and was a member of Company G, Third Kentucky Cavalry, John H. Morgan's brigade. I was captured with Morgan on his Ohio raid, and confined at Camp Douglas until exchanged a few weeks before Gen. Lee's surrender. I came to Alabama in 1866, and have lived here since that time. I would like to hear, through the columns of your paper, from my old friends and comrades, for many of whom I formed warm attachments during our long confinement.

I indorse your course toward the war journal—think the honor and pecuniary benefits, if there be any, belong solely to our own people. I have placed the extra copies where I thought they would do most good, and still hope to be instrumental in getting you one hundred subscribers. I will always put in a good word for your paper where I think it will do good.

## DEATH AND IDENTITY OF GEN. ADAMS.

Tom M. Gore, Esq., Walthall, Miss., July 31: \* \* \*  
 Make some corrections in regard to the death of Brig. Gen. John Adams at Franklin, Tenn., as reported by Mr. O. W. Case, of St. Louis, Mo., in the July VETERAN. With all deference to Mr. Case, I submit that the "body found by the 65th Illinois regiment, one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the historic cotton gin," was not the body of Gen. Adams. I was a member of Adam's brigade for eighteen months before his death, and am certainly correct in his identity. In the battle of Franklin Adams' brigade struck the enemy's works just to our right (the enemy's left) of the gin house. The 15th Mississippi regiment, to which I belonged, covered a plateau just on our right, and I think to the east of the gin. When we were about forty yards from the enemy's works Gen. Adams ran his horse down between our line and the works to pass a *chevaux de frise* in the direction of the gin, until he reached a point where he could get to the works, when he dashed upon them. His horse was killed and fell on top of the works, about fifty or sixty yards to our right of the gin-house. Gen. Adams was wounded, and retreated some thirty or forty yards from the works before he fell pierced with nine balls. In passing through the first line of obstruction, about forty yards from the works, our line was broken into squads, and many never got through it. I, with six others, got to within about ten feet of the works, and could get no farther on account of the thorn bushes laid at the works. Four of the seven, Capt. Smith, Lieut. Allen, Newt McGuire and Frank Moore were killed, and two, Evan Powell and "Bud" Holliday, were wounded, I alone coming off unhurt. In the meantime the brigade had fallen back. I remained on the battle-field during the night caring for wounded comrades, and just at dawn of day found the body of Gen. Adams, got it into an ambulance, in which was the body of Maj. Gen. Pat Cleburne, and they were both carried to the residence of Col. John McGavock. The body referred to by Mr. Case was evidently that of some one else—a case of mistaken identity. Gen. Adams had on no watch when I found him, and his boots had been removed.

Indulge me, before closing this, in complimenting your artist on his perfect likeness of Mrs. Brewer. Your need not have called the name to any one who ever saw the lady. Her's is a face that once seen will never be forgotten. She has my permission "to speak out," regardless of age or "patriotism," if she will do so through the VETERAN. It is refreshing, these days, to find one with moral courage "to speak out."

THE BLANKET ELEVATED HIM TOO MUCH.—Every old soldier who has hugged the ground under an artillery fire will appreciate the following anecdote of the war, told by Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Memphis, who commanded Carnes' battery of light artillery in Cheatham's famous division of Tennesseans:

In front of Murfreesboro, on Friday morning after the main fight of Wednesday, a position in front of the bend of Stone River was held by Chalmers' Mississippi brigade, then commanded by Colonel Smith, supporting Carnes' Tennessee battery of Cheatham's division. Instruction had been given the artillery not to open fire in response to any artillery shots

directed against them, but to remain quiet as a masked battery and use the guns only in repelling an assault upon the position by an infantry charge. Occasionally some officer commanding a Federal battery, in line across the open fields between, would take a notion to develop the state of things in the Confederate position there, and a sharp artillery fire would be opened on it. With orders to stand still and take the fire without replying, the artillerymen could only protect themselves as well as possible, the cannoniers getting behind the trees, and the drivers, who could not go away from their teams, lying down by the side of their horses. There had been rain the day and night before, and the ground was uncomfortably wet to lie down on. After one of the periodical shellings from across the way one of the veteran drivers on the wheel team of a piece was seen to prepare himself for more comfortable lying down. He had placed his own blanket, for more convenient carrying, on top of his saddle-blanket, and under his saddle, and this he proceeded to take out and spread on the ground where he had to lie down by the side of his horse. The First Lieutenant called the Captain's attention to it, and remarked, "Matthews is going to make himself as comfortable as possible, even under fire. He is a cool fellow; look at him now." The soldier referred to had just thrown himself down at full length on the blanket with a laugh, and remarked that he was tired of getting up and down, so he was fixed to stay during the performance. Soon after this the artillery opposite us commenced again a furious cannonade, which lasted several minutes and caused our men to "lay low" for protection. As soon as this was over the man Matthews sprang up, and shaking out his blanket, proceeded to put it back into its former position. Seeing this, the Lieutenant said to him, "What's the matter, Matthews; is your blanket getting too wet on the ground?" The soldier shook his head slowly, and then, with a serio-comic expression on his face, answered, "Oh no, sir; I was not considering the good of the blanket, but of myself. When those things are flying over my head like that I want to be as close to the ground as possible, and just a minute ago that blanket seemed a foot and a half thick."

Matthews was from about Tracy City, where he was connected with the coal mines, where he enlisted. He returned to his old work, it is believed, after the war.

A veteran, writing of the attractions at West Point at commencement time, says: "Saville, of Missouri, the lowest of his class, but the best soldier in cavalry, kissed his parchment and bowed profoundly to all, while Missouri brought up the rear. Three of the stars were captured by Southern cadets, two from North Carolina and one from Virginia. Howell, of North Carolina, stands first in the graduates. The military display was elaborate. Gen. Schofield and staff, and Col. Wilson, who was Lieutenant of artillery at first Manassas, made a fine appearance—a strong contrast to that when the artillery of our brigade 'whooped 'em up' on that memorable Sunday afternoon, causing him to lose his guns and all but a caisson and a few horses. By the by, the scene of July 21, 1861, just west of the Lewis house, as the battle closed, was never fully described in print. President Davis, Gens. Beauregard, Johnston, Holmes, and many other officers, the First Arkansas, the Second Tennessee, and Walker's battery, all made a wonderful picture."

## A BOY'S OBSERVATIONS OF GEN. LEE.

JOHN B. COLYAR, NASHVILLE, TENN.

EDITOR VETERAN—You ask that I write for the VETERAN a short article giving the impression that Gen. Lee made on a boy twelve years of age. If I could recall it in detail with the pen as the impression was then made, I am sure it would be equally as interesting to the readers of the VETERAN as you flatteringly think a letter from me will be.

A few years after Gen. Lee accepted the presidency of the then Washington College, I was sent to be entered in the preparatory department, along with an older brother who was to enter college. The morning after we reached Lexington we repaired to the office of Gen. Lee, situated in the college building, for the purpose of matriculation and receiving instructions as to the duties devolving upon us as students. I entered the office with reverential awe, expecting to see the great warrior, whose fame then encircled the civilized globe, as I had pictured him in my own imagination. Gen. Lee was alone, looking over a paper. He arose as we entered, and received us with a quiet, gentlemanly dignity that was so natural and easy and kind that the feeling of awe left me at the threshold of his door. Gen. Lee had but one manner in his intercourse with men. It was the same to the peasant as to the prince, and the student was received with the easy courtliness that would have been bestowed on the greatest imperial dignitary of Europe.

When we had registered my brother asked the General for a copy of his rules. Gen. Lee said to him, "Young gentleman, we have no printed rules. We have but one rule here, and it is that every student must be a gentleman." I did not, until after years, fully realize the comprehensiveness of his remark, and how completely it covered every essential rule that should govern the conduct and intercourse of men. I do not know that I could define the impression that Gen. Lee left on my mind that morning, for I was so disappointed at not seeing the warrior that my imagination had pictured, that my mind was left in a confused state of inquiry as to whether he was the man whose fame had filled the world. He was so gentle, kind, and almost motherly, in his bearing that I thought there must be some mistake about it. At first glance Gen. Lee's countenance was stern, but the moment his eye met that of his entering guest it beamed with a kindness that at once established easy and friendly relations, but not familiar. The impression he made on me was, that he was never familiar with any man.

I saw Gen. Lee every day during the session in chapel (for he never missed a morning service) and passing through the campus to and from his home to his office. He rarely spoke to any one—occasionally would say something to one of the boys as he passed, but never more than a word. After the first morning in his office he never spoke to me but once. He stopped me one morning as I was passing his front gate and asked how I was getting on with my studies. I replied to his inquiry, and that was the end of the conversation. He seemed to avoid contact with men, and the impression he then made on me, seeing him every day, and which has since elung to me, strengthening the impression then made, was, that he was bowed down with a broken heart. I never saw a sadder expression than Gen. Lee carried during the entire time I was there. It looked as if the sorrow of a whole

nation had been collected in his countenance, and as if he was bearing the grief of his whole people. It never left his face, but was ever there to keep company with the kindly smile. He impressed me as being the most modest man I ever saw in his contact with men. History records how modestly he wore his honors, but I refer to the characteristic in another sense. I dare say no man ever offered to relate a story of questionable delicacy in his presence. His very bearing and presence produced an atmosphere of purity that would have repelled the attempt. As for any thing like publicity, notoriety or display, it was absolutely painful to him. Col. Ruff, the old gentleman with whom I boarded, told me an anecdote about him that I think worth preserving. Gen. Lee brought with him to Lexington the old iron-gray horse that he rode during the war. A few days after he had been there he rode up Main street on his old war horse, and as he passed up the street the citizens cheered him. After passing the ordeal he hurried back to his home near the college, and never again appeared on the streets on horseback. He took his usual afternoon horse-back rides, but ever afterward he rode out back of the campus. He was incapable of affectation. The demonstration was simply offensive to his innate modesty, and doubtless awakened the memories of the past that seemed to weigh continually on his heart. The old iron-gray horse was the privileged character at Gen. Lee's home. He was permitted to remain in the front yard where the grass was greenest and freshest, notwithstanding the flowers and shrubbery. Gen. Lee was more demonstrative toward that old companion in battle than seemed to be in his nature in his intercourse with men. I have often seen him, as he would enter his front gate, leave the walk, approach the old horse and caress him for a minute or two before entering his front door, as though they bore a common grief in their memory of the past.

## JUBAL A. EARLY AND HIS CAMPAIGNS.

MR. EDITOR: In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for February appears an article from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* that does great injustice to General Early, one of the grandest soldiers the war produced. This article says: "In 1864 he (General Early) was sent to the valley of the Shenandoah. There, after a few minor successes, he fought the disastrous battle of Cedar Creek. Six months later—in October, 1864—a still more serious disaster befell him at Waynesboro, where General Custer almost annihilated his command. Lee, who still retained his faith in Early's capacity, was unable to resist the popular feeling in the army against the defeated General, and felt himself obliged to remove him from his command. In his letter relieving him from duty, Lee, with the delicacy of the true gentleman, softened the blow by assuring Early of his own regard, but reminded him that the country and the army would naturally judge by results, and consequently there could be no doubt that his influence would increase the already serious difficulties accumulating in Southwest Virginia. Early at once quitted the army and spent some time in Europe."

I do not know *why* General Early was relieved from duty in Southwest Virginia and General Echols put in his place. This I do know, that neither General Lee, nor any other soldier in the army ever doubted the capacity of General Early as an officer and soldier. General Early was sent on the valley campaign for the

purpose of drawing Federal troops from in front of General Lee at Richmond. He succeeded in doing this, and the campaign of Early through the valley was a great success. He drew at least one-third of Grant's army from in front of Richmond. Before the disastrous battle of Cedar Creek spoken of, General Early defeated Gen. Lew Wallace, with 12,000 men, at Monocacy, Md. Early had under him four divisions of infantry and one of cavalry—two divisions, forming Breckinridge's corps, under Generals Gordon and Wharton, and one under General Ramseur and one under General Heath. The division of cavalry was under General Lomax. In the battle of Monocacy only one division of infantry was engaged—that of General Gordon, from Breckinridge's corps. I do not know how many men were in this division at that time, but do not think there were over 3,000. Later on, in September—the 20th, I think—Early fought the battle of Winchester. He had in this battle, all told, not over 5,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry. The troops engaged were the corps of Breckinridge—two divisions—under Gordon and Wharton; the division of Heath, and the division of Ramseur. These four divisions constituted his infantry force. The cavalry consisted of two divisions, one under Fitzhugh Lee and the other under Lomax. The battle of Winchester began a little after daylight, on the Berryville pike, one mile from Winchester, and lasted all day long, our lines not giving way till dusk. When the battle began Ramseur, with his division, was just a mile out from Winchester on the Berryville pike. He was attacked in force a little after daylight. Wharton's division of Breckinridge's corps was seven miles out from Winchester, at a place called Brucetown. Gordon's division of Breckinridge's corps was at Bunker Hill, fourteen miles from Winchester, and Heath's division was at Martinsburg, twenty-four miles from Winchester. As I said above, the battle began in front of Ramseur. The divisions of Wharton, Gordon and Heath were double-quickened to his support as soon as possible, Heath not arriving until about 6 o'clock. On that day Early fought (from about daylight until dark) the whole of Sheridan's army, numbering about 30,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry. Our losses in this battle were heavy. We retreated that night to Fisher's mill, arriving there about daylight. Several days after our arrival at Fisher's mill General Breckinridge was ordered to his old department of Southwest Virginia, leaving his two divisions with Early. Sheridan followed Early up the valley and defeated him at Cedar Creek. A week or ten days after the battle of Cedar Creek Sheridan again defeated Early at Waynesboro. Now, Sheridan had in these two battles a big army; Early had a very small force, not over 3,000 men at the outside. Could he be expected to defeat this large army of Sheridan's with a very small force of not, as I said above, over 3,000 men? The three battles of Winchester, Cedar Creek and Waynesboro were all fought within a month, and not six months apart, as this article says.

General Breckinridge, I think, was made Secretary of War very late in the fall of 1864. I will not be sure as to dates, but think it was even later than this, probably not until January or February, 1865, that General Breckinridge left the department of Southwest Virginia for Richmond. General Early was appointed in his place, but was soon afterward relieved from duty and General Echols put in command of the

department. I do not pretend to know why General Early was relieved and General Echols appointed, but do not think that the valley campaign and the battles of Cedar Creek and Waynesboro had anything to do with his removal from the command of the department of Southwest Virginia. I do not think General Early ever left the South for Europe until after the war. I do not know, however, where he went when he left the department of Southwest Virginia. That General Early was one of the greatest soldiers of the war no one who saw him during the war can doubt. Even if there was any truth in the article written for the *Globe-Democrat* I think it should have remained unwritten.

In conclusion, will say that if Early's campaign in the valley had not been successful Richmond would probably have fallen in June, 1864, instead of April, 1865. That General Lee's object in ordering Early to the valley, and to make a demonstration against Washington and Baltimore was to draw Grant's troops from his front there can be no doubt. If General Early had failed in drawing these troops from Grant's army, then this correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat* might have been right. General Early was relieved, why I do not know. He is a grand old man, and all Confederates should look up to him and admire him.

Yours very truly,  
JAMES B. CLAY,  
Staff of Gen. Breckinridge.

#### A CHARACTERISTIC CONFEDERATE.

Capt. J. Warren Hudson died in Selma on the morning of the 5th of July, 1893, aged 62 years.

He came from Virginia when a youth, and took position among the young business men of Alabama. When war was declared, he was of the first to enlist, and was soon promoted to a captaincy in the famous Fourth. Every officer and man was his personal friend. Industry, urbanity and unselfishness were his prominent characteristics throughout his life. He was never idle, and yet he was never so tired from ceaseless toil but that he found opportunity to attend the sick and bury the dead. He always had a smile and tender words and open purse for the distressed. \* \* \* He ascribed all to his Savior, and during the most severe pain his heart was thankful.

How large a majority of those we knew and loved are on the other side! How few of our comrades are left, and how very few of the guards and cadets who bivouaced with Hudson from Manassas to Appomattox remain! Vaughan, Berry, Dawson, Burns, Harrison. Not enough to bury a comrade.—*Selma, Ala., Mirror.*

The Secretary of War has appointed a commission, consisting of Col. John P. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, editor of the American edition of the *History of the Civil War in America*, by the Comte de Paris; Mr. John B. Batehelder, of Massachusetts, and General Forney, of the Confederate Army, to mark the Confederate lines at Gettysburg. The Union lines have been thoroughly designated at the expense of \$863,017, the State of Pennsylvania having contributed a little over half of the amount—\$441,000. When Comte de Paris visited the field for the first time two years ago he declared that Europe had no such impressive spectacle as an attraction for tourists. It is not improbable that the position of the camps of the different State troops at Valley Forge may eventually be marked somewhat on the plan pursued at Gettysburg.

*HOW THEY STOOD PICKET.*

One day in 1864 orders came to the regiment for a detail for scout and picket duty, and the instructions accompanying the orders were for the detail to proceed along a certain road until the enemy was discovered, then stop, hold him in check if possible, but under all circumstances to inform the General of the whereabouts and strength of the enemy. All know that when "old Bedford" (Forrest) issued orders he intended them to be obeyed, and promptly, too. So worn out as the men were it was not long before the party, under command of Lieut. Garner, started on what might prove a wild goose chase, and was just as likely to prove a tiger hunt, with lots of tiger in it. Of one thing the men were sure, they would go until they found the enemy if he was on that road.

Every old soldier knows that on such expeditions he always picked out a mate. One of the men, Burns, a youngster in point of years, but an old soldier, and one of the best that Forrest had, picked out Dick Townsend for his chum. Townsend was riding a gray, almost white, horse. This part of it Burns did not like at all, but decided he would rather risk Townsend with a white horse than any other man there, with a less objectionably colored horse. But I'll let Burns tell the rest.

We had ridden ten or twelve miles when, just after dark, we came up to an old fellow's house and asked him if there were any yanks about, and he told us that they were camped just across the creek about half a mile ahead. We went on quietly, keeping a good lookout, and sure enough, when we got near the creek we could hear dogs barking. They always had dogs about their camps; why, we never could tell, unless it was because the negroes followed them and the dogs followed the negroes. At any rate, the dogs were always there. We halted, and could distinctly hear them talking; and after listening long enough to be sure that we had accomplished our mission, we fell back down the road about a quarter and put out a picket. It came Townsend's and my turn to go on late, and we went to the top of the hill with a lot of orders, mostly "nots"—namely, not to talk, not to smoke, not to make the least noise, and not to shoot if possible to avoid it, and not, under any circumstances, to dismount, but to sit quietly on our horses and watch. I do not know how long I had been there when I got so sleepy it seemed to me I should fall off of my horse. I leaned over, and in a whisper asked Townsend if he was sleepy too. He said he was nearly dead. Finally, we could stand it no longer, and got down off our horses and began walking back and forth in front of them as far as the halters would let us, but this didn't do any good. Looking around I saw that the road was raised—that is, it was higher than the ground on either side of it. I told Townsend that I was going to sit down on the ground and rest. We both sat down, putting our feet in the ditch. There were plenty of weeds growing close up to the side of the road. I leaned over and put my head down on my hands as they rested on my gun. I did not expect nor intend to go to sleep, but I was completely fagged out. I don't know how long I had been in the position described when something passed by through the weeds with a whisk, whisk that waked me instantly. It was right under my nose when I saw it, and I tell you the truth when I say it nearly scared the life out of me. It scared me so bad I yelled, "H—

fire, what's that?" as loud as I could, and then I saw it was nothing but a coon. Almost instantly we were on our horses listening, but the yanks never heard a word, or if they did they made no sign. As soon as we found we hadn't alarmed them we got to laughing, and really after the scare was over it was about as funny an adventure as any that happened to me during the war. It shows how little it takes to scare a fellow almost to death when he is tired out and expecting to be scared anyhow. Just before day we withdrew, but Townsend and I laughed all day over that terrible fright. SCOUT.

*REMINISCENT PARAGRAPHS.*

BY W. A. C.

Ben B— was foraging, and finding a farm house deserted, he went in to see what was lying around loose, and the only thing left was the house cat. He took that back to camp. The boys asked him what he wanted with a cat in camp. Ben said he just took it to keep the enemy from getting it.

Jack C— was riding one of the family carriage-horses, and the horse was much sway-backed. Jack was a small man, and on this horse looked much smaller. The command got into a stampede, and the enemy was pushing them pretty close, and in the race Jack was getting left too much behind for comfort, and he yelled out, "Rally, boys; rally on me!" A soldier on a much better horse, well in front, called out, "Rally h—! rally on me." And that was just what Jack C— was trying to do.

In my regiment there was a Corporal McVay, with a full suit of red ringlets, and the boys would tease him often about his curls. On one occasion he went on a scout, and the entire scout was captured, but one of them made his escape, and he gave a most amusing account of McVay's experience with his captors. One of them insisted on having one of the curls to send to his sweetheart at home to make her think he was flirting with a red headed little rebel girl in Dixie, and one and another would chaff him until he was nearly wild in his helpless rage, and it is safe to say if McVay got back to his command his curls came off.

Company B, of the Forty-third Mississippi Infantry, had a veritable camel, belonging to Lieut. W. H. H—, and the use he was put to was to carry the baggage of the officers' mess. The horses of the command were afraid of the camel, and the driver was instructed to stop just outside the camp when it halted. But in a forced march toward Iuka, Miss., the command had halted just after dark, and the camel and driver got in the line of march before he knew it. The result was that a horse made a break with a fence rail attached to his halter, and running through the camp, he stampeded men and animals in every direction. Many men took trees or any other protection, and the panic spread through much of the brigade, and many men and animals were badly hurt, and one or two horses, I think, were killed. The camel was in the siege of Vicksburg, and was killed there by a minie-ball from the enemy. But none of the Forty-third have forgotten the stampede near Iuka, Miss., just before the battle of Corinth.

## MISCELLANEOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

Capt. W. P. Montague, Baltimore, Md., July 23d—Comrade Lieut. Arthur Sinclair, of the late U. S. Navy, attached to the cruiser, "Alabama," and who was on her decks in the memorable fight with the U. S. steamer, "Kearsage," has just written a book, a history of the cruise of the "Alabama," doing full justice to both officers and men, and paying all honor to the gallantry of his opponents.

T. M. Murphree, Troy, Ala., August 15th: There is a venerable old ex-Confederate who lives at Union Springs, Ala., who gave the command "Fire!" to the gunner who sent a shot across the bow of the steamer, "Star of the West," on the 9th day of January, 1861. This old veteran is Col. Branch, who held the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of South Carolina State troops at the time. Write to him, as I am sure that he will contribute a true narrative of the scenes and incidents which were enacted in Charleston as well as on Morris's Island during the eventful days between and during the months of January, February, March, and April, which will interest the readers of the VETERAN.

Capt. Wm. Gay, Trenton, Tenn., August 8th: At the battle of Shiloh, on the second day, as the Confederate forces were being withdrawn, there was a Major from Louisiana and a Captain from Arkansas, and myself (Captain Company C, 47th Tennessee Volunteers), with about 100 men from the 47th Tennessee and a squad from the other two States named, not more than fifty men, charged a battery that opened fire on our left, thinking we would capture it, but found it strongly supported by a brigade of infantry, which made it so hot for us that we had to get away in double quick time. I would like to know if either or both of those officers are still living. I think they were Major and Captain, one may have been named Hardwick, I am not sure. If these noble men are alive I would be pleased to correspond with them. The Captain was left on the battle-field wounded in the thigh. The charge was made at the suggestion of the Colonel from Louisiana. They were two as gallant and brave officers as ever met on the battle-field. I was with Gen. E. Kirby-Smith at the battle of Richmond, Ky. After Bragg's retreat from Kentucky I was transferred to the cavalry, and was with Gen. Forrest in West Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama until the close of the war, when I was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865. Success to the VETERAN.

L. B. Tatham, Andrews, N. C.: I see that Mr. Henry Watterson, of the *Courier-Journal*, in a late issue of his paper, says the Southern soldier only fought through sympathy and impulse, and not for principle. I am sorry that Mr. Watterson, who was a Confederate soldier himself, should claim at this late day that brave Confederate soldiers, who fought and died for Southern independence, were only ignorant persons, who did not know what they were fighting for. I was a Confederate soldier, and fought four years as faithfully as Mr. Watterson or any one else, and I shed my blood for a cause that I still believe to be right, so I wish it understood that Mr. Watterson does not speak for us all. Of course we all belong to the Union now, and have one flag, and I am glad that it is so, but I still have my own opinion as to whether our cause was just, and who was right in our second war for independence. We old soldiers will soon have passed over the river that Stonewall Jackson crossed,

and I do not want our children taught to think that their fathers were a lot of ignorant beings, who did not know what they were fighting for, but had rather teach them to be proud of their ancestors, and let them think that we fought for a cause, although it failed, that was a just and holy one. Wishing your paper success, I am an old Confederate soldier.

This letter of comrade Tatham is a surprise, and the comment is now made that Mr. Watterson, to those who know him intimately, is not understood as entertaining the sentiments quoted. He has been valiant for his people, as a rule, all the way from boyhood.

## FATE OF TWO FLAGS.

C. H. SMART, NASHVILLE, TENN.—A FEDERAL VETERAN.

The younger generation can hardly realize the horrors of war. They listen to the stories of the battles, of how the bullets flew and the men dropped one by one, but still they fail to realize the deadly execution of the minie-ball or the shot from a squirrel rifle.

The post of honor, as well of danger, in a battle is that of the color guard. Attached to the right center company of a regiment, the guard is composed of a sergeant and seven corporals, whose duty it is to carry the colors, and as the colors are most frequently the point of attack it makes them the place of danger, for to lose them is a disgrace, to capture them an honor. In victory they were the salient point of the enemy's attack in their attempts to dislodge the victors, regain their lost ground and capture the colors. In the repulse of a charge they were the rallying point of those who came out with their lives.

As an illustration of how dangerous is the position of a color guard, and how badly a flag can be riddled with bullets, I present you with two specimens, one flag from each army. The first is the battle flag of



the Forty-ninth Georgia Infantry. The spearhead is lashed to the staff with a piece of rope—bullet imbedded in the staff. The flag is inscribed with the names of the battles in which it was borne—Frazier's Farm, Ce-



dar Run, Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Shepherdstown.



The second flag is that of the Second Wisconsin Infantry, of the famous Iron Brigade. It bears no device except the name of the regiment. This regiment, according to "Fox's Regimental Losses in the Civil War," sustained the greatest percentage of loss of any in the entire Union army—19.7 per cent.—and the brigade to which it belonged, according to its numbers, the heaviest of any of the war, the regimental loss being 238, and the brigade loss, 1,131.

These two flags were indeed where the bullets fell the thickest.

*"WELL DONE, GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANTS."*

Extract from a stirring address of welcome, delivered by Capt. R. W. Minus, on the occasion of the Confederate survivors' reunion, held at Grover, S. C., August 11th. Captain Minus is the commander of Stephen Elliott Camp, U. C. V., the first encampment organized in the State:

If the Confederate soldier was a hero in war, his virtues and manhood shone transcendent in peace. Returning to his desolate home or the charred remains of what was once the family domicile, broken in fortune, often in health, or suffering from wounds, he gathered his dependents around him, faced the future as he had faced his enemies in battle, and betook himself again to the struggle for existence. In spite of all the unfavorable conditions and the heavy burdens imposed by the Government, he has again become the astonishment of the civilization of his age.

These are the worthy sons of the sires who wrested this fair land from the despot's hand and made the Federal Government rich and powerful and illustrious by their genius, patriotism and statesmanship, and inaugurated and maintained that higher order of civilization which began with our Washington and ended with our Lee. And if ever a similar era is to be restored to mankind it will be by the sons of soldiers of the lost cause, who inherit the qualities of head and heart of their patriot fathers.

Comrades, the history of the war is yet to be written, and in that future volume, when truth shall have been eliminated from error, the Confederate soldier

will stand out in bold relief the peer of the battle-scarred veteran of the Roman phalanx with his hundred wounds in front, ay, worthy to wear upon his breast the red cross of the Legion of Honor, and in all the attributes of magnificent manhood prouder than the sceptered king upon his throne.

My brethren, we have no apologies to make for our devotion to the lost cause. So long as the kindling of life in our bosoms remain we will cherish its sacred memories, hallowed by the blood of our comrades who sleep beneath the shade of the trees on the banks of every river from Appomattox to the Rio Grande. And you, my friends, who have passed through this baptism of blood, and survived this fearful ordeal of fire, you, a small remnant of that patriot army which now sleeps on fame's eternal camping ground, you, who have met to-day to shake hands again, renew your former friendship and take steps to perpetuate the memories and preserve for future generations every name that belongs to the high roll of fame, and bequeath it as a rich legacy to your children, to every one of you, comrades, I would say, all hail! Some of you are full of years, and all of you covered with martial glory as with a mantle of light. If I cannot hail you as victors in the final outcome of the war, the world hails you as chiefest among its heroes. As we marched years ago, shoulder to shoulder, under the battle flag, and witnessed the harvest of death beneath its folds, so we to-day, by the blessing of heaven, march hand in hand under the banner of peace, acknowledging our allegiance to God, yielding obedience to law, and favoring such methods as tend to the prosperity of our country, the maintenance of law and order, and the elevation and refinement of society.

As our ranks grow thinner and thinner, and when at length the last old Confederate is detailed for duty in the grand army above, and when we meet to answer the last roll call, may we hear the eternal fiat, Well done, good and faithful servant, soldier of the lost cause, soldier of the cross, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!

*THE CONFEDERATE UNIFORM.*

A clever correspondent sends us the following, and asks for specific information on the subject:

"It is not generally known," said Gen. Rufus Saxton, in June last, at West Point Academy, "that the Confederate uniform was designed at West Point. It happened in this way: I was an instructor of artillery at the academy from May 1, 1859, to September, 1860. My quarters were in the east tower of the cadet barracks. Gen. Simon B. Buckner, who was Adjutant General of Kentucky, came here for the purpose of obtaining a new uniform for the troops of that State. We agreed that the handsomest uniform was the cadet gray. He and I worked on it for several days. I remember suggesting to him that there was a good opening in one of the departments for a relative of his, and that he received the information very coldly. Buckner went South, and the uniform we had decided upon became that of the Confederate army."

The above may be true; but we are not certain that Kentucky had troops at the time stated, and, reasonably, the uniforms were for the cadets of the several military institutes of that State, though there were volunteer organizations in some localities and no effort toward concentration or mobilization.

## MAMMY SUSAN'S STORY.

Miss Salley B. Hammer, now of Washington, D. C., in *Waverly Magazine* puts this thrilling and pathetic story in a dialect that becomes musical to those who recall it in 'Aunt' Susan's time.

"It is very strange, Mammy Susan, that Aunt Virginia has never married. She is even now a beautiful woman, and must have had many offers—"

"Offers!" interrupted Mammy Susan. "Lor' bless you, chile! All de big bugs in dis land done court Miss Virginia, an' she ain't keered nuthin' for none uv 'em. De governer an' de legislators and all dem grandees just got down on da knees to Miss Virginia, and Kurnel Meade kill herself 'cause she wouldn't hab him. Maybe how I ortent ter be a-telling you all I knows about dese things, but you started your ole mammy to talkin', and she never knows whar to stop."

"You knows, honey, Miss Virginia ain't none of your aunt. You jes' calls her dat 'cause she so good to you. When my Mars Ned was young, he and Mars Charles—dat was his brudder wha da call Kurnel Mason when he growed up—was two ob de finest gemmens in Amerst county. Da had niggers by de hundreds, an' land, an' as to money, it fairly growed on trees. Dar warn't no bigger quality folks nowhar dan oun."

"Well, Mars Charles he fell dead in love wid Miss Mary Christian—dem Christians was quality folks like us, you knows—an' he axed her to marry him, when she out an' tell him she done promise Mars Ned she would marry him. It almost kill Mars Charles. For a whole year he never had nothin' to say to nobody, an' he jes' walk around like a statur. Den he got mad wid Mars Ned, and he never would speak to him no mo'. De fust thing we know he turn right round an' marry Miss Charlotte Thomas, an' it like to kill us all, 'cause de Miss Charlotte was real beautiful like, she was no quality folks like oun, an' da folks never had more'n a dozen niggers on de place. I knows ole mars turn in his grave de day his chile marry ole Mr. Thomases chile."

"But she never live long, an' Mars Charles he soon foller. Da never left but one lone chile, an' he was Mars Arthur, a lectle bit of a boy, jes' a year old. Mars Ned sent right over dar an' took dat chile to his house, 'cause he warn't gwine to let none of de Thomases raise none of de Mason family; an' Mars Ned never had no boy, 'cause Miss Virginia was born dat very day Mars Arthur was, an' she was a gal. Dem sartinly was one pretty pair of chilluns, an' I was proud of 'em. I don't believe mars and mistis knowed which da loved de best. Miss Virginia she had little yellow curls jes' like de shining sun, an' Mars Arthur's head look jes' like de night when dar ain't no stars nor moon come out."

"Lucy she nussed Mars Arthur an' I nussed Miss Virginia. Lordy, chile, we use ter stand by dat cradle an' look at da two little heads on dat piller, and Lucy 'clared she b'lieve da was angels done come down from heaven."

"Mistis never was nothing but jes' like snow itself arter Miss Virginia was born. Marster took her to the Greenbriar and all dem fine places whar fine people goes to look for da health when da done lose it, but it never done mistis no good."

"One day mistis sent for me, an' she say—

"Susan, you've been a kind, faithful servant all your life, and I'm goin' to ask you to make me a very solemn promise."

"What is it, mistis?" I say, jes' as well as I could, 'cause I never see dat look on mistis' face before, and dat lump in my throat was a-chokin' me so. She say—

"I'm going to heaven to-day, Susan, and I want you to take care of my children when I'm gone."

"I jes' fell down an' take her white hand in my two black ones, an' den she put her udder hand on my nappy head, an' I see her lips a-movin'. I knowed she was a-prayin', an' I couldn't talk 'cause I was a-cryin' so; but somehow I make out to say—

"Yes, mistis, 'fore de Lord, I'se gwine to take care of dem chilluns long as I live."

"An' dat's de reason I'se here now, chile. All de horses in Amerst county can't pull ole Susan off dis plantation long as de Lord keep bref in dis body."

"You orter seed me an' Lucy a-tendin' to dem chilluns! An' how da did grow! only Mars Arthur he was always de biggest. An' lordy, honey, how da did love one anudder! Lucy say one day—lookin' mighty smart like—

"Susan, s'pose our chilluns married one anudder some time? Da is most grown now."

"I thought Lucy done lost her min', but it warn't so powerful long before dat same thing seem to git in marster's min'. He was troubled about something, shure; an' den when de time come in de fall, an' he sent Mars Arthur off to de 'versity, de trouble look like it was gone off his min' some."

"One day marster he got mighty sick, an' Jeems, what always wait on marster, come out de white folks house an' say how de doctor say marster got de numony. Dat was dat thing what kilt blacksmith John; so we got terrible oneasy about marster. One day I was gwine in to see for myself how he was, but when I gits to de do' I sees Miss Virginia's yellow head a-leanin' on mars' bres', an' I hear him sayin'—

"Promise me you never will, and I shall die satisfied."

"An' Miss Virginia cry so hard her bref nearly gin out, an' at last she say—

"I promise you, father, I never will."

"I never staid dar much longer, but I knowed what marster was a-talkin' 'bout, 'cause he didn't want none of his blood mixed up wid dem Thomases no more dan it was."

"Miss Virginia sent for Mars Arthur to come to de funer'l, but arter dat day I ain't seed no mo' of him on dis place."

"De war it come along, you knows, an' de fus' thing we hear Mars Arthur done gone to de North. Wouldn't none of our blood gone to de yankees; but Mars Arthur was so mis'able in Vaginny, an' thar warn't but two places, you knows, honey, an' when he lef' de South he had to go to the North, course. We never heered nothin' 'bout him, an' we come to de 'clusion he done died 'way off dar somewhar."

"One day a whole yard full of soljers ride up an' say Lee done surrendered. Nex' day I see a long line line of dem blue-coat yankees comin' down de lane. I 'clar' 'fore de Lord, chile, I never was so skeert in all my life! Dinner was on de table, and two of dem big officers, wid shiny things on de shoulders, knock at de do' an' ax if da could git some dinner."

"Miss Virginia had better raisin' dan to 'fuse anybody he's dinner, even if he was a yankee, an' when

I see her set down at de table she look jes' as white an' kyarin; I reckon dem yankees ain't never seen no sich a gran' lady as Miss Virginia was whar da lives.

"Presently one of dem say, 'I think your name is Mason,' an' Miss Virginia raise her head high an' say 'Yes.' She look like she didn't keer if she didn't say dat much to dat yankee. Den he say—

"I have a brother-in-law by that name—Arthur Mason—who came from this State in '61."

"I thought Miss Virginia was dead, sure. She roll from dat char right down on de flo'. Course I wasn't gwine to let dem strangers tech her, so I take her up jes' like I use to when she was a baby, an' I carried her to her bed by myself. 'Pears to me 'twas a hour 'fore she come to. She half open her eyes an' her lips quiver plain she was gwine to cry, an' I never hear right plain all she say, but I hear her keep a whisperin'—

"Married! Arthur! Arthur!"

"It was full two years arter dat, an' one day my boy Jack come a runnin' in, an' he say—

"Mammy, I done always tole you dat house was ha'nted! Now dem ha'nts is done gone an' built a fire in Mars Charleses' ole house, an' I see 'em goin' round dar jes' like da was at home, an' de smoke is a-flyin' out o' de chimney!"

"Fore de Lord I was skeert, 'cause dem ha'nts, you knows, ehile, could git down to my cabin in no time. Dar wasn't no creeek 'tween dar an' our house, an' dar ain't nothin' but water dat sperits minds.

"Sam—he was mars' old carriage driver—he come along—he always seem to think hisself white folks—an' he say—

"You niggers is 'stitious. 'Thar ain't no sich things as sperits."

"So what he do but march hisself right over dar! An' who does you think he see? Mars Arthur hisself, layin' right in de bed whar he was born, an' lookin' jes' as white as de piller he was layin' on!"

"But warn't dat nigger skeert? Every nap on dat head o' his'n stan' straight up, an' his eyes 'peared like moons. I hear him tell Miss Virginia 'bout it, an' her face turn white like dat rose in her hyar, an' de tears was shinin' in both her eyes like dem rain-drops in de trees when de sun come out. She jes' tell me to come on. I ain't never seed such a 'stressful sight befo', as like when Miss Virginia walk in dat room whar Mars Arthur was. She never said one word, an' he jes' look right in her eyes. Den he took her two han's right in his an' pull her down like, an' she put her lips on his fo'head, an' it look like ole times to see dat gold head close up side dat jet head. It minded me of when da was little, an' use ter sleep in de same eradle, with da little arms roun' one anudder's neck.

"Den Miss Virginia knelt close up to Mars Arthur's bed, an' I see his arm a-creepin' roun' her wais', an' I hear him say somethin' 'bout his dead wife, an' how he want to come back home to die. An' he keep on whisperin' low, an' look like he was mighty weak. Den I hear him talkin' 'bout heaven. An' he say he don' want ter leave his ehile alone wid nobody to care for her, an' he almos' loss his bref when he say dat.

"Miss Virginia's heart jes' 'peared to melt when he say dat, an' she fasten her arms tighter'n ever roun' his neck, an' she put her head down closer an' closer, an' I hear her say she warn't allowed to give her life

to him, but she'd give it to his ehile. Den his white lips, jes' like marble itself, teched hers.

"Soon de do' open an' in come de white nuss (I never see a white nuss befo') wid de baby a-walkin' 'long by her side. You know who dat was, honey? She look jes' like a' angel, an' she run up to her pa an' he put her han' in Miss Virginia's, an' the little thing took right to her (I b'lieves chillun knows good folks jes' as soon as da sees 'em), an' Mars Arthur he smile jes' like I use ter see him smile every time he look at Miss Virginia. Den all at once de blood fyarly gush from his mouf, an' he lay back on de piller white as de driven snow.

"I come out o' dar. God an' de angels was in dar wid Miss Virginia, an' dar warn't no use o' dis po' sinful nigger a-stayin'."

"So you see you's been a-livin' wid Miss Virginia from dat day to dis, ehile, an' she's been a-givin' her life to you, jes' like she promise yo' father. I see a po' ignorant nigger, an' I don' know all 'bout dese things like white folks does; but somethin' keeps a-tellin' me dat if Miss Virginia ain't married nobody in dis world, an' is givin' her days to keerin' for us po' sick niggers and Mars Arthur's orphant ehile, when de Bridegroom come to dis earth to look for his bride (an' mistis said dat meant all de good folks), he's gwine to take Miss Virginia de fust one of all he see."

#### CALIFORNIANS' GENEROSITY TO THE SOUTH.

The following note from Gen. Robert E. Lee will be perused with interest by all our readers, some of whom doubtless remember that in 1867 Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, then a resident of California, and editor of the *Christian Spectator*, San Francisco, collected and remitted to the several relief committees in the South over *ninety thousand dollars* for the suffering people. By special request one remittance was made directly to Gen. Lee for the benefit of the families of deceased Virginia Confederate soldiers. By due course of mail the following reply was sent:

LEXINGTON, VA., 1 June, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR: I received from Messrs. Lee & Waller, New York, \$509.00 in gold, forwarded by you, for the widows and orphans of Southern soldiers in Virginia, which I will endeavor to apply for the relief of those most requiring aid.

I hope you will permit me to express my individual thanks to you and the generous donors for the aid thus given to the suffering women and children of Virginia, whose grateful prayers in your behalf will, I am sure, be registered in heaven. With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

REV. O. P. FITZGERALD.

Californians should ever be remembered in gratitude for their great kindness during the period referred to. The record of all these transactions was published at the time. There was sent to Nashville \$3,300 of this fund. All of it was distributed by telegraphic exchange free of charge.

G. FRENCH, Camden, Tenn., wants all the back numbers he can get, and adds: "I hope you will get out the year book you spoke of. I will take one." Will all interested write on this subject?

## The Confederate Veteran.

Fifty Cents a Year

B. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham, and persons who approve such publication, and realize its benefits as an organ for associations throughout the South, are requested to continue its patronage.

### SUGGESTIONS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Don't buy postoffice orders for small amounts, postage stamps or postal notes are better, being less expensive. In sending stamps let them be of two cents each. One cent stamps are admissible, but larger are inconvenient. In sending clubs, where the work is complimentary, as it so generally is, deduct cost of exchange.

Our earnest comrades and friends who are zealous for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN can do it a valuable service by disabusing the minds of indifferent persons who think it is specially for old soldiers, and assuring them it is of to-day, pulsating with full life in accord with the times. Its purpose is to show the South in a true light, and to honor those who sacrificed property, comfort, and often life, through their devotion to principle.

DR. J. B. MAYS, Picnic, Fla., suggests for the VETERAN a series of papers on the causes, the conduct, and the results of the war. Comrades, such suggestion is heartily approved, and patriots who can give light on these subjects are requested to write tersely and truthfully. Should you do it? Lend a helping hand.

HON. JESSE W. SPARKS, Consul to Mexico, writes an article for this number about United American Veterans, and in a private letter commends earnestly the organization. Maj. Sparks was a gallant Confederate, and within the last year or so he has suffered much in consequence of wounds in battle. He honored Texas in the war, but has since lived in Tennessee. The objects of the association are to bring into a common brotherhood those who served in either army during the Civil War, and those who served in the American Army during the war with Mexico. They are to foster the spirit of good will and fellowship, to render assistance to comrades, and to cherish and maintain institutions of American freedom.

Membership in the Association is granted to those who served actively in the Union or Confederate armies, or in the American army during the Mexican war. The Constitution is ably prepared, and signed by about an equal number of Confederate and Union veterans.

A movement will be inaugurated, doubtless, to create similar organizations in the United States. The spirit is commended by the VETERAN, but it does not advocate action in the premises. Such organization would tend to confusion, and to detract from the great work of Confederates who have so much zeal for the good of comrades and their own Southland. Their mission is non-political, but they should not, and could not if they would, amalgamate with a class of Union veterans, however valiant in battle, who have persecuted them and their institutions in times of peace. In the border sections of our country, where the Confederate element is in the minority, too much

concession is being made. Noble patriots, as are Confederates all the time and everywhere, have made concession at the sacrifice of their manhood for the sake of peace, and in many instances they misrepresent themselves. However, they sympathize with Union veterans who have stood by them in the decades of political ostracism, and they are quickly zealous to fraternize with them, but they should discriminate in all of their actions as comrades in favor of Union veterans who regard them equally patriotic and equally worthy with themselves. The country is too great, and the survivors of the war are yet too numerous for such an organization as United American Veterans.

The paper of Mr. John B. Colyar upon his boyhood impressions of Gen. Lee will be read with interest and with profit. Supplemental to that paper Mr. Colyar furnished the following: "There is another feature of Gen. Lee's character that will make him a unique figure in history. It is his chaste life. There will never be a line written against his moral character. It is so free from even the appearance of evil that the record will never be blotted even with a slander. The same cannot be said of any man in history of equal fame."

The reunion at Birmingham of United Confederate Veterans is an event of extraordinary importance. This organization has grown to such proportions in the three or four years of its existence that it will be an important factor in history. The two postponements which have occurred will change in some respects the attendance. There are, of those who planned to be there in August, many who can't attend, and others who were zealous in plans to go in September who will be denied the pleasure, while the deterred dates will enable others to be there who could not have gone sooner. Interest in the great occasion has not abated, and it is believed that many an able patriot will be the better prepared for discussion of subjects that will be beneficial to the whole country. Reunions are largely social, and that feature should never lose its charms, but United Confederate Veterans have undertaken the consideration and commendation of historic and charitable measures which will engage grave discussion, and comrades who can attend should consider well what they may be able to do for the welfare of our country, and especially the issues that concern directly our own people.

One of the most important things to be considered at the reunion is the report of the special committee appointed at the last Convention to recommend a suitable history of the United States for the use of our children, and to condemn histories now in use that are unfair and unjust to American valor.

These notes are made from the official programme:

1. Meeting to be called to order by Commander of

Camp Hardee, in a few remarks, who will introduce the Rev. Dr. Thos. R. Markham, Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans.

2. Prayer by Dr. Markham.

3. Introduction of Gov. Jones, of Alabama, and his address of welcome.

4. The Chair will introduce Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander-in-Chief, who will reply to Gov. Jones' words of welcome, and address the Convention.

5. Commanding General will call the Convention to order.

6. Roll of Camps called and registration of delegates.

7. Appointment of Committee on Credentials.

8. Appointment of Committee on Resolutions.

9. Poem, "The Veterans of the South," to be read by the author, Henry Clay Fairman.

10. Annual oration by \_\_\_\_\_.

11. Report of Committee on Credentials.

12. Reports of officers and standing committees.

13. Reports of special committees.

14. Unfinished business.

15. New business.

16. Election of officers.

17. Installation of officers.

There will be a grand review at 5 P. M. on the evening of Oct. 2d, all of the old soldiers marching in line, crippled in carriages, and at which time it is expected that all the Confederate Generals now living will review the parade, and at its conclusion personally receive their old comrades. There will also be a barbecue during the Convention complimentary to the veterans. On the night of the 2d there will be an entertainment in the Winnie Davis Wigwam illustrative of the history of the Confederate States. Each State will be represented by one of its beautiful girls.

Camp Forrest, of Chattanooga, proposes to give a barbecue on the battle-field of Chickamauga, and an excursion rate of one dollar for round trip from Birmingham, which it is hoped will enable every old soldier to visit this, our greatest battle-field.

Gen. John C. Underwood, commanding the Department of the Northwest, United Confederate Veterans, has arranged for an excursion from Birmingham to Chicago, Johnson's Island, and other points of interest, for a round trip rate of \$10. This is a renewal of the rate made for July. At Chicago they will participate in dedicating the Confederate Monument there.

THE reply of Mrs. U. S. Grant to the invitation of Capt. Joseph F. Johnston, Commander of Camp W. J. Hardee, at Birmingham, to attend the reunion of United Confederate Veterans, is well worthy of reproduction. Her reference to the "Northern armies" in the letter is one of the most delicate things printed since the war. That kind of deference to the Southern people by the North generally would have long since restored thorough fraternity between the sections that were divided. Read that letter again:

My time at that date is already engaged, but I have systematically declined all such invitations, as I have received, to attend reunions of your brothers of the Northern armies on the score of not being able to endure the fatigues of such occasions.

I do not doubt that your veterans would do every thing, consistent with the object of their meeting, to add to my pleasure during my visit. Gen. Grant was

conscious of a generally friendly feeling toward himself in the breasts of Confederate soldiers, and your unanimous resolution inviting me, his widow, to this reunion evidences that his belief was well founded. Will you please thank the members of your Post, at their next meeting, for the honor they have wished to do me? Yours very truly, JULIA DENT GRANT.

THERE was a fine illustration of Confederate independence, yet obedience, on the return of the Thirty-seventh North Carolina to their homes at the close of the war. They were in and on top of box cars, when the burden to one was breaking in the top and threatening serious disaster. Comrades in the car braced the roof, in a measure, and managed to stop the train. The conductor and engineer went back to the broken car and ordered the men to get down, but they geyed and ridiculed the railroaders. The Federal officer in charge, who was riding in a passenger car, was appealed to, and he ordered the men to get down, but with like result. The hardy Confederates were defiant to the last. It was reckless of them to take such peril on their own account, but they were accustomed to peril, and there seemed to be a fascination in it to them. When their own commander, Colonel Johnson, realized the situation he said, "Come down, boys!" That was enough. In quicker time than it could be written they got off the broken car.

This story recalls a day in February, 1862, when my regiment was en route to St. Louis on the way to prison from Fort Donelson. That bitter, bitter cold weather will not be forgotten by those who suffered. The steamboats were making very poor headway against blocks of ice, large as houses. The 2,100 prisoners on the Empress, with but a single stove to warm by, quickly went to the south side, and very soon they careened the boat. Its captain, fearing an explosion by the water running out of one side of the boiler, appealed to the men, urging that their lives were in peril, and begged them to move to the other side; but it was of no perceptible benefit. I remember that my only dread was the thought of going down into cold water. There was no dread of death. Our suffering had made us careless of life.

AN interesting paper hangs on the walls of N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga. It is the charter of the camp, issued by the R. E. Lee Camp, Richmond, signed by Jno. R. Cooke, Commander, and Arthur A. Spetzer, Adjutant, and is dated September 25, 1885. Membership of the camp has been as high as 165, but it is now 125. All will grow less by and by.

THIS is the pointed way in which Capt. Chas. W. McVicar, of Winchester, Va., puts the purposes of Gen. Turner Ashby Camp, that he organized in September, 1891: "We have some interesting paper read before the camp, and generally an address, every few weeks. We help the needy and bury the dead." He adds, "Our funeral roll is sadly frequent."

"UNCLE" GEORGE ROGERS, of McKenzie, continues to secure subscribers for the VETERAN, and takes his pay in the comfort of having the VETERAN sent to old comrades who are unable to pay for it.

## THE EXAMPLE OF ROBERT E. LEE.

J. G. L. HARVEY, KANSAS CITY, MO.

To talk concerning Lee from Vera Cruz to Petersburg by one not versed in arms might be a presumptuous freak, but from Appomattox to the "gates ajar" we all can speak.

Said Senator Daniels upon one occasion, "Fellow-citizens of the old commonwealth of Virginia, I come from the fair domain of the mother of statesmen and of Presidents! I come from the valley of the Shenandoah, the daughter of the stars. There the river flows, whispering the name of Lee, Lee, Lee. There the rivulets, flowing down the mountain sides to join the river sweeping to the sea, whisper the name of Lee, Lee, Lee. And the northern plain, scarred by the fiery feet of the "god of war," look up to the blue over-arching canopy of heaven above and softly whispers the name of Lee, Lee, Lee.

"I come from the eastern shore, where old ocean rolls in upon the land, and sun and sand and breeze and shore make glad the eye and heart, and when I ask what are the wild waves saying, the answer comes, Lee, Lee, Lee.

"And so to-day, when I ask whose hand has been the guiding hand, whose spirit the controlling spirit, whose the heroic example that has brought the South up out of the valley of despair, out upon the fields of prosperity, enabling her to go forward seeking larger fields of success, greater realms of happiness, reply comes echoing down the corridors of time the name of Lee, Lee, Lee."

It will be remembered that after the war when the fact was established that Gen. Lee would not be molested by the Government, business proposals went to him from every direction—offers of light duties and large salaries. Some enthusiastic friends wanted him to take a European trip. All of these propositions he courteously but positively refused. It has been said that upon one occasion one of the General's daughters said to the committee, "You people don't offer father what he wants. If you will do that he will accept it." "What is it?" was the unanimous response. The answer was, "Work." The inspiration given by the daughter of Lee at that time was the power that has lifted the South up out of her rags and poverty, and is fast preparing her to assume her original position in the Government—that is, providing largely over sixty per cent. of the revenue.

It was not the paltry donation of twenty-five dollars by the "chief ruler" of the nation that enabled Charleston to clear away the debris and rebuild her shattered walls caused by the shaking earth, it was the musical sound echoing down from Rockbridge's crown, Work, work, work. It was not the loan of a few hundred tents and the gift of a few boxes of drugs that enabled the citizens to dispel the malaria, drive out the "black angel of death," and make Memphis one of the healthiest as well as one of the thriftiest of cities, it was the noble example set by Lee.

Persecuted by carpet-bagism, plundered by legislation, swept by cyclone and flood, scourged by disease and death, the South has come forth from the crucible unspotted and unspotted, and stands to-day not only the peer but far outstrips all of her Anglo-Saxon sisters in all of the attributes that go to make man a law-abiding, country-loving and God-honoring subject.

## CAREER AND FATE OF GEN. LLOYD TILGHMAN.

During the memorable campaigns, extending from the construction and defense of Forts Henry and Donelson to the final investment of Vicksburg, but few Confederate generals were more prominent and more popular in the Western army than was Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, of Paducah, Ky. As a West Point educated soldier and officer, his ability and bravery were soon recognized. His skill and efficiency in the construction and his heroic defense of Fort Henry—especially on the 6th of February, 1862—marked him as an able commander and a brave man. In command of the troops in the fort only, and when the unequal attack came on the land forces made good their escape, but the brave Tilghman held the fort until nearly half his gunners were either killed or wounded. And when the victorious Commodore Foote, with his armada of seven gunboats, took possession of Fort Henry he had as prisoners of war General Tilghman and staff and sixty men. But with this began a prominent career of General Tilghman. He did not remain a prisoner but a few months, and was exchanged most probably for an officer of equal rank captured by the Confederates at the battle of Shiloh. At all events, in the fall of 1862 he rejoined the Army of the West, then in North Mississippi, and was put in command of the First brigade of Loring's division. At the battle of Corinth, Miss., he took a prominent part. Then in all the operations of that Mississippi army, first under command of General Van Dorn, and then General Pemberton, our General Tilghman bore a conspicuous part, up to the time of his death on the 16th of May, 1863. During the retreat of the army from Holly Springs to Grenada, Tilghman's brigade was assigned the responsible position of rear-guard, and repeatedly gave battle to and held in check the advancing forces of General Grant. It was during these days of trying service that General Tilghman had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of General Pemberton, and which that General continued to cherish, with jealous hatred added, up to the very day that the brave Tilghman was killed.

With these memories so prominent and distinct to the writer of these lines, it has always been a matter of regret that so little has been known and said of the faithful and gallant services, although short, of that grand specimen of the Southern soldier, and that so little notice of his death upon the battle-field has ever been given. So far as is known by the writer, no authentic or fair statement of the death of General Tilghman has been published, and this sketch is given in the hope that a fuller and more worthy notice of his services and his death may be given by some one better informed and more competent to the task.

Gen. Lloyd Tilghman was killed between 4 and 5 o'clock, on the evening of the 16th of May, 1863, on the battle-field of Baker's Creek, or Champion Hill. General Loring's division occupied the right of Pemberton's line; Tilghman's brigade, composed of two Mississippi regiments (15th and 22d), 1st Louisiana, Rayburn's (Miss.) battalion and McLendon's battery, afterward known as Merrin's (Miss.) battery, occupied the extreme right. The first guns of that memorable battle were fired into this brigade early in the morning, but almost immediately the heavy fighting drifted to the left of our line.

For hours the enemy seemed to be in full force, and ready to advance upon us. Bowen's division

having been driven from its position, our division dropped back to keep in allignment with Bowen's, and soon after this, which was then sometime after mid-day, the enemy advanced in force, and was there held in check by Loring's division until night came on. After repulsing the enemy's first assault they threw forward their line of sharpshooters, and with their artillery on the main line, kept up the fight until dark. About 200 yards to the front, and a little to the left of our battery, there was a large farm house and a row of plantation cabins. These cabins were taken possession of by the enemy's sharpshooters, and they were picking our men off rapidly. General Tilghman directed the gun-sergeant to train his gun, a 12-pound howitzer, and dislodge the enemy from the cabins. He dismounted from his horse and gave some directions about sighting the gun. While this was being done a shell from one of the enemy's guns on the line exploded about fifty feet to the front. A ragged fragment of this shell struck the General in the breast, passing entirely through him and killing the horse of his Adjutant a little farther to the rear. His death occurred, of course, very soon, and his remains were carried to the rear. That night they were started to Vicksburg, accompanied by his personal staff and his son, Lloyd Tilghman, Jr., and the next evening they were buried in the city cemetery in Vicksburg.

One more brief item, and I leave the subject for some abler pen. The dislike and jealous treatment of General Pemberton, to which I have alluded, annoyed General Tilghman very much all the spring of 1863. General Loring was the close friend of General Tilghman, and stood as a breakwater between the two men. But on the 15th of May, the day before the battle of Baker's Creek, and not two hours in advance of the fulsome order to "prepare to meet the enemy," came an order from General Pemberton relieving General Tilghman of his command, and directing the senior Colonel of the brigade to take its command.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. The whole army right close up, face to face, with Grant's army, twice or three times as strong, and our officers all in a stew.

General Loring again cut the Gordian knot. The next morning, even after the enemy had disturbed our early repast, this one-armed General rode squarely up to the pompous Pemberton and, in language more forcible than elegant, more caustic than clever, informed the "General Commanding that unless he then and there revoked the order of the day before in reference to General Tilghman that he might dispense with his (Loring's) services for that day's battle." And then it was that an order was hastily written—on the pommel of a saddle, I believe—restoring General Tilghman to his command, and to one more day's faithful, brave service for the Confederacy, and before the sun went down on that day he yielded up his life for the cause he believed just and holy.

It is a well-known fact of history that in the terrific bombardment of Fort Henry by Commodore Foote, with his flotilla of seven gun-boats, and after a large number of the gunners within the Fort had been killed, either by the enemy or the explosion of two heavy guns of our own, that General Tilghman assisted with his own hands in manning the guns of the fort. So is it also true that the last act of this brave man was to sight a field gun, and direct the cutting of a shell fuse, so as to do the best execution upon the invaders of his country.

F. W. M.

Plant City, Fla., July 13, 1893.

## MEMORABLE EVENTS OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR.

COMPILED BY WM. A. YARBROUGH, LINDALE, TEXAS.

Jan. 5, 1861.—Steamer "Star of the West" sailed from New York with supplies and reinforcements for Fort Sumter; arrived off Charleston, S. C. on the 9th; was fired upon and driven back to sea. She returned to New York on the 12th with two large shot holes in her hull.

March, 1861.—4th. Abraham Lincoln inaugurated President.

May, 1861.—2d. Sixty-ninth New York Regiment arrived in Washington. 5th. General Butler took possession of Relay House. 11th. Charleston blockade established. 31st. Cavalry skirmish at Fairfax Court-house, Va.

June, 1861.—2d. Battle of Phillips, Va.; Confederates routed. 10th. Battle of Big Bethel, Va.; Union forces completely routed. 11th. Colonel Wallace routed Confederates at Romney, Va. 11th. Confederates evacuated and burned Harper's Ferry, Va. 18th. Battle of Boonville, Mo.

July, 1861.—5th. President Lincoln called for 400,000 men, and \$400,000,000 to put down the rebellion.—Battle of Carthage, Mo. 10th. Battle of Laurel Hill. 11th. First battle of Bull Run; Union Army completely routed. 21st. Second battle of Bull Run; lasted 10 hours, when panic seized Union Army, and they fled to Washington in disorder. The loss was: Confederates killed, 630; wounded, 2,235; missing, 150; Union killed, 1,011; wounded, 1,216; missing, 2,698. The number engaged were, Union, 65,000; Confederates in action, 47,000. This was a terrible defeat for the Union Army, and a victory for the Confederates.

August, 1861.—2d. Battle of Dug Spring, Mo. 4th. Battle of Athens, Mo. 7th. Hampton, Va., burned by Confederates. 8th. Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo. Union forces, 5,200; Confederate forces, 1,500. After six hours' fighting Confederates were repulsed. 20th. Skirmish of Hawk's Nest, Va. Confederates engaged, 1,000; Union men, 8,000. Union men routed. 28th. Bombardment and capture of Forts Clark and Hatteras. Confederate loss, 765 prisoners and 1,000 stands of arms. 29th. Lexington, Mo., attacked, but repulsed at heavy loss.

Sept., 1861.—6th. Paducah, Ky., occupied by Union forces. 10th. Battle of Carnifex Ferry, Va. 20th. Colonel Mulligan surrendered at Lexington, Mo., with 25,000 men, to the Confederates. 24th. Romney, Va., stormed and captured by Union forces.

Oct., 1861.—3d. Battle of Ball's Bluff. 21st. Battle of Wild Cat, Ky. 28th. Battle of Cromwell, Ky.

Nov., 1861.—7th. Great naval fight of Hilton Head. 8th. Battle of Belmont, Mo. 11th. Battle of Picketon, Ky.

Dec., 1861.—2d. Naval engagement at Newport News. 10th. Shelling of Freestone Point by Union gunboats. 20th. Battle of Dramsville, Mo.

Jan., 1862.—2d. Battle on Port Royal Island, S. C. 10th. Battle of Middle Creek, Ky. 19th. Battle of Mall Spring, Ky. Confederate loss: 192 killed, 68 wounded, 98 prisoners—all there were. Union loss: 39 killed, 207 wounded.

Feb., 1862.—6th. Fort Henry captured by Union troops. 7th and 8th. Battle of Roanoke Island. Union loss: 50 killed, 222 wounded. Confederate loss: 13 killed, 39 wounded, and 2,527 prisoners. 13th. Battle of Fort Donelson, and captured on 16th by Union forces. Union loss: 446 killed, 1,735 wounded, 150

prisoners. Confederate loss 227 killed, 1,007 wounded, 13,300 prisoners. 21st. Battle near Fort Craig, N. M. Union loss: 162 killed, 40 wounded.

March 1862.—6th, 7th and 8th. Battle of Tea Ridge, Ark. Union loss: 203 killed, 972 wounded, 176 missing. Confederate loss: 1,100 killed, 2,400 wounded, 1,000 prisoners. 9th. First encounter of iron-clad vessels—Monitor and Merrimac—on the Chesapeake Bay. Confederate ship Merrimac—defeated. 10th. Manassas, Va., evacuated by Confederates. 14th. Battle of Newberry, N. C. 23d. Battle of Winchester, Va. 28th. Battle of Valles Ranch, N. M.

April, 1862.—6th and 7th. Battle of Pittsburg Landing. Union loss: 1,755 killed, 7,822 wounded, 4,011 missing. Three thousand Confederates were buried on the field; it was fearful. 7th. Island No. 10, Mississippi River, surrendered, after 23 days' bombardment. Confederate loss: 125 guns, 13 steamers, 10,000 small arms, 2,000 horses, wagons, over 6,000 prisoners. 8th and 9th. *Shiloh*. This was a famous and fearful battle. On the second day Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, in command of Confederates, fell on the battle-field leading a desperate charge. 11th. Pulaski surrendered after thirty hours' bombardment. 16th. Battle of Camden, S. C. 26th. Commodore Farragut demanded the surrender of New Orleans.

May, 1862.—1st. New Orleans captured by Union fleets. 5th. Battle of Williams, Va. 8th. Battle of West Point, Va. 10th. Surrender of Norfolk, Va.—General Butler captured \$800,000 in gold at New Orleans. 23d. Battle of Front Royal, Va. 25th. Battle of Winchester, Va. 27th. Battle of Corinth, Miss. 31st. Battle of Fair Oaks, Va., and battle of Seven Pines, Va.

June, 1862.—1th. Battle of Panther Creek, N. C. 6th. Great gun-boat fight before Memphis, Tenn., at the close of which Memphis surrendered to Union army unconditionally. 8th. Battle of Cross Keys, Va. 9th. Battle of Port Republic, Va. 26th. Battle at Mechanicsville, Va. 27th. Bombardment of Vicksburg, Miss. 30th. Battle of White Oak Swamp.

July, 1862.—1st. Battle of Malvern Hill, the last of the great seven days' battle before Richmond. Total Union loss was 16,224, of which 1,565 were killed; no account of the Confederate losses. President Lincoln seemed to be alarmed, and called for 600,000 more men. 5th. Bombardment of Vicksburg, Miss. 17th. Postage stamps made a legal tender. 20th. Gen. J. H. Morgan and forces overtaken and scattered.

August, 1862.—4th. President Lincoln ordered 300,000 more men to be drafted. 5th. Battle of Baton Rouge, La.—Attack on Fort Donelson, Tenn. 9th. Battle of Cedar Mountain. 21st. Five Confederate regiments crossed the Rappahannock and almost walked into the masked batteries of General Sigel, which opened fire on them with grape and canister, mowing them down by scores, 700 being killed and 2,000 captured. Great mistake.—Battle near Centerville, Mo.—Union forces evacuated Fredericksburg, Va. 29th. Battle at Groveton, near Bull Run, Va. 30th. Groveton battle renewed. General Pope defeated.—Battle near Richmond, Ky. Union forces defeated; 200 killed, 700 wounded, and 2,000 taken prisoner.

Sept., 1862.—Battle near Chantilly, Va.—Battle at Britton's Lane, Tenn. 12th. Harper's Ferry invested by Confederates. 14th. Battle of South Mountain, Md. Union loss, 2,325. 15th. Harper's Ferry surrendered, and 11,500 Union forces prisoners. 17th. Battle

of Antietam. Each army numbered about 100,000. Losses were heavy on each side.—Munfordsville, Ky., surrendered to Confederates; 4,600 prisoners. 20th. Battle of Iuka, Miss. 22d. Emancipation proclamation issued by President Lincoln.

Oct., 1862.—3d. Battle of Corinth, Miss. Union loss, 2,359; Confederate loss, 9,363. 8th and 9th. Battle of Perryville, Mo. 15th. Heavy fight between Lexington and Richmond, Ky. 18th. Gen. J. H. Morgan dashed into Lexington and captured 125 prisoners. 22d. Battle of Marysville, Ark.

Nov., 1862.—1st. Artillery fight at Philmont, Va. 3d. Reconnoissance at the base of Blue Ridge. Confederates driven into the river, and many drowned. 16th. Captain Dalgren, with 54 men, dashed into Fredericksburg, Va., and surprised the Confederates. 21st. Sumner demanded the surrender of Fredericksburg, Va. 27th. Battle near Frankfort, Va. 28th. Battle of Cane Hill, Ark.

Dec., 1862.—4th. Winchester, Va., captured by Union soldiers. 5th. Battle near Coffeeville, Miss. 7th. Battle of Prairie Grove, Ark. 11th. Fredericksburg, Va., shelled by Union forces. 12th. Fredericksburg captured. 13th. Battle of Fredericksburg, Va. 29th. General Sherman repulsed by the Confederates. 31st. Battle of Murfreesboro.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DURING the war, when the Federal troops occupied Franklin, Tenn., a picket force was kept on the Carter's Creek pike, about two and a half miles out, at the head of Campbell's lane. A Confederate scout and sharp shooter, who rode a gray horse and carried a long gun on his shoulder, was in the habit of coming from the west of the pike across the fields and quietly getting in shooting range and firing on the picket and then dash away across the country, making his escape. On at least one occasion one of the pickets was shot from his horse, as the lady, who was then a little girl, tells me. She says the picket in every instance fled to the town, and soon a company would come out the pike looking for the rebels. These attacks of this one rebel occurred frequently, and the family in the brick cottage got in the habit of looking out for the soldier on the gray horse. Some years after the war a son of this family was in Arkansas, and by chance met this soldier who rode the gray horse, and he took delight in telling of his adventures with the Federal picket on the Carter's Creek pike near Franklin. W. A. C.

An old Confederate, Bunkie, La.: "Whilst we are honoring our great heroes who have passed away, we should not lose sight of our heroines—the dear women who were with us in those trying times. It is of one of these I wish to make inquiry. I see no mention of her. I hope her lot has fallen in pleasant places. When our army was routed at Nashville, Tenn., and whilst our troops were in the greatest confusion, a lady (Miss Mary Bradford, I believe, was the name) rushed among the men and bullets and implored the soldiers in the name of God and their country to form and face the foe. Such heroism is rarely seen and not soon forgotten. I don't know where she lived at the time, nor where she is now. Some one of your readers will remember her."

W. J. Green, Utica, Miss.: "The VETERAN fell into my hands and I like it so much that I have secured three other old Confeds besides myself, as subscribers."



*THE DEATH OF STUART.*

Night wraps the slumb'ring camp about  
 With fast increasing gloom,  
 When on the silence breaks a shout  
 That speaks of pending doom.  
 Hoarse sentry's challenge, rude alarms  
 Of cries and tramping feet;  
 The drowsy troopers fly to arms  
 Expected foes to meet,  
 But see, a friend! the countersign  
 Is given, picket passed,  
 And breathless, foaming, down the line  
 He rushes, lightning fast:  
 "Ye Southern men, our city fair,  
 The Mecca of our land,  
 Is doomed within a day to bear  
 The weight of foeman's hand.  
 Phil. Sheridan, the ruthless, rides  
 With twenty thousand horse,  
 And, lest some accident betides  
 To stop him in his course  
 To-morrow's sun will set upon  
 Our city given o'er  
 To foes whom even women shun.  
 Remember Shenandoah!"  
 To Stuart thus the rider spake,  
 Then turned and rode away.  
 While they prepared the race to make  
 Against the dawn of day.  
 The bugle sounds, and weary men  
 Mount quick their jaded steeds;  
 No thought of sleep nor hunger then,  
 They go where Stuart leads.  
 Their leader's face new life imparts  
 In battle's fiery wrath;  
 Nor wounds nor death such rock-ribbed hearts  
 Can fright from duty's path.  
 On, on! the dreaded foe doth knock  
 At Richmond's very gates!  
 To-morrow brings the battle's shock,  
 Scorn him who hesitates!  
 Day breaks; the battle gains apace,  
 The sun is screened from sight,  
 While Stuart, 'gainst a kindred race,  
 Does battle for the right.  
 Now strike for "Dixie," home and friends,  
 While "Stuart" is the cry  
 That to each arm uplifted lends  
 The strength to do or die.  
 The serried ranks advance, retreat,  
 The earth shakes 'neath their tread,  
 They trample 'neath their horses'  
 The corpses of the dead.  
 Sore pressed, the line of gray gives way  
 Before the stronger blue.  
 Their chieftain dies; they hear him say,  
 "Brave men, stand fast and true!"  
 While spurring hotly to the front  
 Thro' hissing, leaden air,  
 He seeks the battle's very brunt  
 To lead in person there.  
 He wins, but gives his precious life  
 Our liberty to save;  
 This bitter, fratricidal strife  
 Hath filled a hero's grave.  
 "Go back! each one your duty do  
 As I mine own have done!"  
 Immortal words! Ye show how true  
 This dying Southern son.  
 Our nation weeps with covered head  
 While freedom's sadd'ning groan  
 Proclaims the peerless Stuart dead—  
 God taketh back his oblige,  
 But lives heroic, lives sublime,  
 End not with fleeting breath;  
 They are as jewels set in Time,  
 Whose luster o'ercometh death.  
 Forever thro' the years that lapse  
 Shall ghastly banners wave,  
 While glory's bugle sounds the "taps"  
 O'er deathless Stuart's grave.

St. Paul, Minn., August 9, 1893.

A. S. MORTON.

*\*NATURE'S HERALDS OF FAME.*

The heralds of eternal fame  
 Of martyred dead should be  
 The voices of the glorious land  
 And of the sadder sea.  
 Then we will woo the whispering winds  
 To sing unto the sea  
 The saddened songs that ever bind  
 Our laden hearts to thee.  
 Great leaders of the hard-fought fights,  
 Your battles o'er and done,  
 We'll give you praises through the night  
 And 'neath the splendid sun.  
 To Barnard Bee, who named "Stonewall,"  
 No immortelles we'll bring.  
 But 'mid the tall Palmetto's shade  
 The mocking birds shall sing.  
 For Jenkins, best loved of his men,  
 Who perished at their hands,  
 The sad sea waves, with moan and fret,  
 Shall sing upon the sands.  
 Our Anderson, the Christian knight,  
 Though "Fighting Dick" by name,  
 The fire flies, with flashing lights,  
 Shall blazon forth his fame.  
 And Ripley, soldier brave, we'll praise  
 With sea bird's wiew-like call,  
 As fitting prelude to the tale  
 Our wondering minds enthrall.  
 For Clement Stevens, Charleston's own,  
 The "Iron Battery" sage,  
 All nature sings in unison,  
 The world's book holds his page.  
 Heroic Elliott, Sumter's pride,  
 The Bayard of his State—  
 The meteor, blazing through the sky,  
 Portrays his most sad fate.  
 Of States Rights Gist, who fought and died  
 Like knights of other days,  
 The whip-poor-wills through summer's night  
 Chant sweet but dirge-like lays.  
 Though Beauregard we may not claim  
 By birthright as our own,  
 Yet when we sing our vesper hymns  
 Our heart strings give the tone.  
 The sea, the seas, with ocean's roar,  
 Doth paean Ingraham's glory;  
 The land, the lands reverberate  
 This hero's famous story.  
 And Tom Iluger, sublimely brave,  
 Who fought his ship so well—  
 Go ask the spirits of the deep  
 If still they feel his spell.  
 Our privates sleeping on the hills,  
 Our sailors on the shore,  
 With graves moaning o'er their heads,  
 At rest for evermore.  
 The God of peace above them all,  
 Their flag forever furled,  
 We'll bow the knee in silent prayer,  
 Poor fighters in the world.

Charleston, S. C., April, 1893.

JAMES G. HOLMES.

\* Dedicated to South Carolina's dead Confederate heroes.

Angus P. Brown, Columbia, S. C., sends new names, with the money, and adds: "Your subscribers here are delighted with the VETERAN, and hope for its continued success."

## CONFEDERATE FLAGS AT WASHINGTON.

Battle flag, from S. C. Reg. at battle of Antietam, Sept. 1862, at the stone wall in front of the 1st Brig., by private Thos. Hare, Co. D, 39th Reg. N. Y. Vols. Private Hare was afterward killed.

Battle flag, at Malvern Hill, Va., July 1, 1862, by Sergt. W. J. Whittrick, 82d Pa. Vols. This flag was taken from a South Carolina regiment, who piled up their dead to resist the attack of Butterfield's brigade.

Flag of 11th S. C. Vol., inscribed "Port Royal, Cedar Creek, Swift Creek, Petersburg, June 24, Weldon Railroad."

Sixteenth S. C. Vol., by Capt. J. W. Scott, Co. D, 157th Pa. Vol., taken from hands of color bearer on the line during the engagement of April 1, 1865, at Five Forks, Va.

Battle flag of 27th S. C. Reg., by private S. C. Anderson, Co. A, 18th Mass. Bat.

Battle flag, by Gen. Sheridan's forces, Sept. 13, 1864, from 8th S. C. Inf.

South Carolina State flag—no history.

Battle flag of Sumter Flying Artillery, in the battle of Appomattox Station, April 8, 1865, by Chief Bugler Charles Shorn, 1st Va. Vet. Vol. Cav.

Battle flag of Sumter Heavy Artillery, in the battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by Sergt. Geo. Pitman, Co. C., 1st N. Y. Lincoln Vol. Cav.

Battle flag of 1st Tenn. Bat., at Chickahominy, June 27, 1862, by Sergt. John Marks, Co. D, 13th N. Y. Vol.

Battle flag of 1st Tenn. Reg., at battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, by the 14th Conn. Vol.

Colors of 7th Tenn. Reg., by private Milton Mathew, Co. C, 61st Reg. Pa. Vol. He also captured the Color Sergeant.

Battle flag of 11th Tenn. Inf., at battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1862, by the 14th Conn. Vol.

Battle flag of 44th Tenn. (silk), at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by E. M. Norton, Adjt. 6th Mich. Cav.

Battle flag of Texas brigade, at Sharpsburg, Sept. 17, 1862, by the 9th Pa. Res.

Battle flag of 1st Texas Inf., in battle at Appomattox Station, April 8, 1865, by 1st Lieut. M. A. Reed, Co. D, 8th N. Y. Vol.

Battle flag of 3d Texas Cav., by Brig. Gen. Kilpatrick's command in raid on Macon Railroad, Aug. 20, '64.

Battle flag, Hood's Texas Brig., by private Samuel Johnson, 9th Pa. Res.

Battle flag of 1st Va. Inf., by 82d N. Y. Vol., at Gettysburg.

Battle flag 3d Va. Inf., at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, '63.

Battle flag of 4th Va. Inf., May 12, 1864, in battle of Wilderness.

Battle flag of 2d Va. Inf., 13 battles inscribed upon it, by 37th Mass. Vol. at battle of Winchester, Sept. 19, 1861.

Battle flag, Aug. 16, 1864, near Front Royal, Va., by H. J. Murray, Co. B, 4th N. Y. Cav., and private F. Leslie, Co. B, same regiment, from 3d Va. Cav.

Battle flag of 7th Va. Inf., by the 82d N. Y. Vol. at Gettysburg.

Battle flag of 8th Va. Vol.

Battle flag of 10th Va. Vol., at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863, by the 68th Pa. Vol.

Flag, stars and bars of 12th Va. Vol., in cavalry engagement near Beverly Ford, June, 1863, by Gen. Kilpatrick, U. S. A.

Battle flag 9th Va. Inf., July 3, 1863, at battle of

Gettysburg, Pa., by private John E. Clopp, Co. F, 71st Pa. Vol.

Battle flag of 9th Va. Inf., in battle at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by Corp. J. F. Benjamin, Co. M (Harris), Vol. Cav.

Battle flag 6th Va. Inf., July 30, 1864, by Corp. F. Hogan, Co. A, 45th Pa. Vol.

Battle flag 12th Va. Inf., in battle at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by 1st Lieut. James H. Gibben, Co. C, 2d N. Y. Vol. Cav.

Battle flag 1st Va. Cav., at Aldie, Va., June 17, 1863, by 1st Mass. Cav.

Battle flag 18th Va. Vol.

Battle flag 25th Va. Vol.

Flag 14th Va. Reg., by Sergt. H. A. Delavie, Co. I, 11th Pa. Vol., at battle of Five Forks, Va., April 1, '65.

State flag 11th Va. Cav. of 1864, inscribed, "God armeth the patriot," on one side, and on the other "Virginia State arms," by private J. F. Adams, Co. D, 1st Va. Cav., Nov. 12, 1864, in an engagement near Nineveh, Va.

Battle flag 32d Bat. Va. Cav., by private Ed. Handford, Co. H, 2d U. S. Cav., near Woodstock, Va., Oct. 9, 1864.

Flag, stars and bars 18th Va. Inf., by 2d Lieut. C. E. Hunt, 59th N. Y. Vol.

Battle flag 18th Va. Inf., in battle at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by 1st Sergt. I. S. Calking, Co. M, 2d N. Y. Cav.

Battle flag 26th Va. Inf., in battle at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by Coran D. Evans, Co. A, 3d Ind. Vet. Cav.

Battle flag of 25th Bat. Va. Inf., in battle at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by private Frank Miller, Co. M, 2d N. Y. Vol. Cav.

Battle flag of 27th Va., Inf., in battle at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by private W. F. Holmes, Co. A, 3d Ind. Vet. Cav.

Colors 30th Va., by private George J. Shapp, Co. E, 191st Pa. Vol.

Colors 36th Va. Vol., Sept. 19, 1864, near Winchester, Va., by Patrick McEnroe, private Co. D, 6th N. Y. Cav.

Battle flag 38th Va. Inf., in battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by Capt. John B. Hughey, Co. L, 2d Ohio Vet. Vol.

Battle flag 38th Va. Reg., at battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863, by Sergt. Daniel Miller, Co. G., 8th Ohio.

Battle flag 40th Va. Inf., in battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by Sergt. W. P. Morris, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Lincoln Cav. Vol.

Battle flag 40th Va. Inf., "Southern Cross," by 1st Mich. Cav., at Falling Waters, Md., July 14, 1863.

Flag 42d Va. Inf., by Corp. Charles L. Russell, Co. H, 93d N. Y. Vol.

Battle flag 41st Va. Inf.

Battle flag 56th Va. Inf.

Battle flag 56th Va. Inf., May 12, 1864, by private C. W. Wilson, Co. E, 4th Excelsior Reg.

Battle flag 67th Va. Inf., by private B. H. Tillison, 19th Mass. Vol.

Battle flag 44th Va. Vol., at battle of the Wilderness, May 12, 1864, by Sergt. Albert March, Co. B, 64th N. Y. Vol.

Battle flag 55th Va. Vol., May 6, 1864, by Sergt. W. P. Townsend, Co. G, 20th Ind. Vol.

Battle flag 47th Va. Vol., by 50th Penn. Vet. Vol.

Battle flag 50th Va. Reg., in the Wilderness by private John N. Opel, Co. G, 7th Ind. Vol.

Virginia State flag, June 3, 1864, by Corp. Terence Bigley, Co. D, 7th N. Y. Art., at battle of Wilderness.

Flag, stars and bars of Flatrock Rifles, Lunenburg County, Va.

Virginia State flag, at battle of Phillipi, Va., June 3, 1861, by 14th Reg. Ohio Vol., inscribed, "Presented by the ladies of Bath, Va. Motto: God protect the right."

Virginia State colors.

Va. Cav. standard, in a charge at the battle of Williamsburg, by private Samuel Coskey, Co. 1, 1st Cav. (Written with red ink, A. G. G., 1862.)

Virginia State colors, at battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by Corp. Ernie C. Payne, 2d N. Y. Vet. Cav.

Battle flag, Va. State colors, in battle at Farm's Cross Roads, April 5, 1865, by Henry C. Wasfel, Co. A, 1st Pa. Cav.

Flag, Virginia. Inscribed: "Our cause is just, our rights we will maintain."

Virginia State flag, Sept. 19, 1864, near Winchester, Va., by private Geo. Reynolds, Co. M, 9th N. Y. Cav.

Virginia State flag, presented by Lieut. E. D. Wheeler, 1st Artillery, Nov., 1875.

Battle flag 48th Va. Inf., at battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, by Lieut. Col. Albert M. Edwards, 24th Mich. Vol.

Garrison flag, "Secessionville," James' Island, S. C., defenses of Charleston, Feb., 1865.

Garrison flag of the citadel of Charleston, S. C., Feb. 18, 1865.

Garrison flag, "Fort Moultrie," Charleston Harbor, Feb. 18, 1865.

The last three were presented to the War Department by Brig. Gen. A. Shimmelfeunig.

It may seem odd to publish the list of Confederate flags captured by the Federals, and to omit those captured by the Confederates which are reported as "recaptured" from them by Union forces. The proportion of such flags reported is very small. The report credits the following named soldiers and commands with having captured the flags named: Sergt. John H. Denton, Company E, Eighth Alabama Regiment, captured the Second Michigan. Kemper's brigade captured several. Company C., Fifth Va. Regiment, captured the flag of the Twenty-eighth New York Regiment; Company K of the Fifth Virginia Infantry. The Fifty-first Pennsylvania was captured by Lieut. D. A. Wiggins, of the Thirty-seventh North Carolina. The Second New Jersey was captured by private Jas. R. Diekey, Company D, Fifth Texas.

In nearly every instance these flags were sent to the regiments or the Governor's of the States represented.

M. T. Ledbetter, Piedmont, Ala.: We have named our Camp, "Camp Stewart," to commemorate the virtues and noble heroism of three brothers who went to the war from this section, viz.: A. O., J. T., and S. D. Stewart. Three braver and truer soldiers never enlisted under any banner, and their surviving comrades thus honor their memory, while they commemorate their deeds of valor and renown.

#### REUNION OF THE FOURTH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

A few notes on the reunion of the famous old Fourth Georgia Regiment, which occurred on the 2d and 3d of August, will be interesting to the many Georgia readers of the VETERAN.

The lovely town of Talbotton has achieved a brilliant success in this her second entertainment of these battle-scarred veterans, and from the gallant old command none but the most grateful and appreciative sentiments are heard. These ten full and elegant old companies of '61 were represented by a handful each of veterans from LaGrange, West Point, Talbotton, Jeffersonville, Monticello, Milledgeville, Calhoun, Oglethorpe, Americus, and Albany. W. H. Gilbert, the handsome veteran Mayor of the city of Albany presided gracefully, and the well-arranged programme was most successfully carried out in every particular. There were several appropriate addresses of welcome by prominent citizens and old soldiers of Talbotton, and patriotic and beautiful response was made by Col. Jones, of Albany, son of a brave officer of the Fourth Georgia.

The fiery eloquence of our own "silver-tongued Hester," as he received, in behalf of his regiment, the portrait of Gen. Doles, painted and presented by Miss Daisy Hall, of Macon, Ga., the lovely "daughter of the regiment," created great enthusiasm, while his every soulful utterance was applauded to the echo.

Gen. Phil Cook was received with wild applause, and his old boys gazed with love-lit eyes on their gallant old leader as he stood before them, the impersonation of a Southern soldier, brave as a lion and gentle as a woman.

The last and loveliest of this beautiful day's attractions was the recitation of a poem, "The Flag of the Old Fourth Georgia," written by Mrs. Col. H. W. Willis, "mother of the regiment," and recited in a most charming manner by master Albert Snead, son of the gallant Fletcher T. Snead, Adjutant General of Doles' brigade. Mrs. Snead, now associate President of Soule College, Murfreesboro, Tenn., was present, and had the pleasure of witnessing the adoption of her handsome and manly boy as a "son of the regiment." This honor had been bestowed but once before, and then upon the chivalrous Grady, after the utterance of a noble address on the occasion of the reunion of this regiment at Americus in 1889.

The Fourth Georgia will meet at Milledgeville next year, where they will unveil a monument erected by them over Brigadier General Doles, who was their first Colonel, and greatly beloved by his men.

W. F. Travis, Adjutant, Tullahoma, Tenn., after reading one VETERAN, writes: "It is worth more than the year's subscription. Go on in your good work and let us, our children, and all future generations, see and know who the Confederates were. Let them know that the principles we fought for are fully guaranteed by the Constitution of our country, and that we were patriots willing to offer our all in defense of our homes and rights. I want to hear that you have placed the VETERAN, in every home in all this broad land, especially in the South."

Editor B. B. Greenwood, Breckinridge, Texas: "We think it the duty of all good Southern people to subscribe for and contribute this much to the support of a publication of this character."

**CONFEDERATE DEAD AT MACON,  
GEORGIA.**

From the *Macon Telegraph and Messenger*, of April 26, 1878, a scrap of which Mr. J. L. Cook has furnished the VETERAN, we get the following list of the dead of the Southern armies there buried in 1864. All but the first fourteen died in 1864. The editor states that it is considered nearly perfect. A copy was put in the corner-stone of the beautiful monument at a prominent point near the court-house.

Name.	Com-pany.	Regiment.	Date of Death.
L O Talt	I	8th Confed.	
J W Swiney			Dec 13
E Cullum, Capt.	F	8th Tenn.	Nov 16
W H Bird	A	32d Miss.	Dec 7
J F McGraw	D	9th Ga.	Dec 14
Thos Copeland	A	1st Ga Reg's	Dec 6
J H Yates			
Willie C Ross		from Rome	May 21
Robert M Bee	B	1st Ga Reg's	
M F Downs	H	50th Ala.	Dec 14
W B Humbers	G	Ala.	Dec 16
M Kaugh	B	2d Tenn.	Dec 28
Thos Alderman		29th Ga.	Dec 30
Thos Ohara	A	12th Ga.	Dec 28
<b>1864</b>			
C H Stewart		1st Florida	Jan 4
Jas F Hewston		Newman's bat	
James Smith	B	3d Tenn.	Jan 15
J W Shaw	L	1st Ga.	Jan 16
S Daniel	K	51st Ga.	Jan 31
James Raley	G	Finley's bat	
James A Hobbs	D	66th Ga.	Feb 3
J G Hammonds			
SMiles	A	10th S C	
G W Dererson	F	7th Fla.	Mar 25
W H Ross		1th	Mar 7
J D Ogilvy, Capt.	K	1th Ala.	
J M David	E	29th Ga.	
Wm Vickery	K	30th Ga.	
W Lester		Macon, Ga.	April 19
E A Davis	H	45th Tenn.	May 1
Allen Raines	E	28th Ala.	May 15
J W Rodgers	K	25th Ga.	
John McBoe	A	38th Tenn.	
Solomon Sagers	K	33d Ga.	May 22
Benj Cadish	A	37th Ala.	May 31
J Bradford	D	17th Ala.	May 21
F Reedy	C	63d Ala.	
Geo Rentz	F	47th Ga.	May 24
J H Groover	E	29th Ga.	May 25
L Lovett	L	10th S C	May 24
N A Lawson	L	52d Ga.	May 26
Joshua Harold		Cobb's Res'Ve	May 30
A M Brewton	D	23d Ala.	May 29
J A Black	B	17th Ala.	May 29
J W Elliott	F	54th Ga.	May 18
W G Smith, corp'l.	G	24th S C	May 29
J Bachelor	E	93d Ga.	May 27
W T Belcher	K	30th Ga.	May 29
D J Hanney	F	3d Miss.	May 23
J W Bell	B	8th Confed Cav	
A L K			
P E Banks	C	5th Ga.	June 22
James Smith	H	10th Ala.	June 21
J L Johnson	E	31st Miss.	June 20
J J Saunders	A	40th Ga.	June 19
E J Bardwell	K	35th Miss.	
John Riley	B	33d Ala.	June 8
A J Pearson	G	16th S C	June 16
A G Smith	G	Perkins Mc Cav	June 16
James Andrews	A	38th Ala.	June 19
R Woodford	J	57th Ala.	June 16
Marlon Motley	B	58th Ala.	June 14
G J Morris	F	11th Tenn.	June 15
M M Carter	H	56th Ga.	June 10
Benj Lewis	B	57th Ala.	June 10
R F Yarbrough	D	17th Ala.	June 10
J W Sullivan	A	17th Ala.	June 6
Wm Wray	B	49th Ga.	June 6
M V Nichols		1st Tenn Cav	
T J Roberts	F	39th Miss.	June 5
J H Hill	L	63d Ga.	June 5
H C Kyle	B	51st Tenn.	June 1
Rufus Dean	A	24th Texas.	
J G Thomas	D	18th Ala.	June 21
J A Weaver	D	34th Ga.	June 26
Wm Crenshaw	D	36th Miss.	June 27
Henry Davis	B	19th N C	June 27
B W Reek	D	54th Va.	June 27
J Roberts	F	20th Miss.	June 29

W F Bailey	A	30th Ala.	July 1
J Y Hunter	K	18th Ala.	July 1
Green J Brantley	H	63d Ga.	July 1
C A Breland	C	39th Ala.	July 1
Robert Lewis	C	5th Ga.	July 2
W Thomas	L	8th Tenn.	July 1
W L Shaver	A	58th N C	July 6
W W Sewell	D	46th Miss.	July 8
J T Phipps	I	35th Miss.	July 9
J Martin	G	49th Ala.	July 10
J R Rustin	D	5th Ga Cav	July 10
D B Reed	E	4th Tenn.	July 11
J Powell	E	42d Ala.	July 12
B L Pillard	C	28th Tenn.	July 11
Thos Anderson	C	15th Ala.	July 12
John Asken		5th Ga Res	July 12
C A Friday		24th Ala bat	July 13
M Collier	C	34th Ala.	July 14
T A Motes	C	46th Ala.	July 15
Jesse B Wheeler	K	12th Tenn.	July 21
W C Rouse	K	7th Fla.	July 23
D W McElhinny		Ward's Art'y	July 22
W J Grimes	E	46th Miss.	July 22
M V Boydston	F	15th Miss.	July 22
A J Bush	F	2d Tenn.	July 22
Joel Battle	A	12th Ala bat	July 23
C C Clay	C	37th Miss.	July 21
David Lester	K	29th Ala.	July 22
Amos Rollins		Ethridge's Art.	July 21
A J Teague	A	2d Ala.	July 21
G F Crone	A	30th Tenn.	July 21
E S Watson	G	15th Miss.	July 20
R Jones	K	39th N C	July 18
W J Gordon	F	46th Ala.	July 19
E B Hill	D	40th Ga.	July 18
Joseph Watson	H	63d Ga.	July 17
J B Hooper	K	42d Tenn.	July 16
J M Gach	E	8th Tenn.	July 16
W M Murray	E	54th Va.	July 15
A L Smith			July
R Braden, Sergt.	K	90th Tenn.	July 25
Jas Barr, Col		19th Miss.	July 25
F J Polk	E	56th Ga.	July 25
Josiah Crawley	G	6th Miss.	July
Newton L Moore	A	15th Miss.	July 26
S Bellow		Miller's regim't	July 26
J Anderson	K	7th Ala.	July 27
J A Maden	A	21st Tenn.	July 27
H W Magee	K	30th Miss.	July 27
J W Ashfield	C	1st Ga.	July 27
Wm Cox	A	7th Ala.	July 27
S Hall, musician		19th La.	July 27
H Patton		5th Ga.	July 27
B D Spycer		Winchester	July 28
R A Kelley	E	55th Ala.	July 28
E Cowart	E	5th Ga	July 28
J F Gray	F	34d Tenn.	July 28
J M Barrentine	C	4th Ark	July 28
S Horton	B	2d Ala	July 28
M Lynchburger	H	1st Ga	July 28
R L Davis	B	1st Ark	July 28
W B Jones	E	3d Ga Cav	July 28
J F Miles	A	25th Ala.	July 28
W Martin	C	10th Con Cav	July 29
T J Richards	D	39th Ala.	July 30
J A Stratton	K	26th Ala.	July 30
W S Vaughan	K	Ga Militia	July 30
C Waters	B	1st Ga St Line	July 30
J Bunyars, Corp'l.	D	6th Ala	July 30
T Abar, Sgt	F	31st Ala.	July 30
J A Messer	F	38th old	July 28
R F Smith		18 years old	July 28
M King	F	54th Ala.	July 31
J A Crawford	G	29th Ga.	July 31
Barnabas Taylor	A	22d Ala.	Aug 1
Moses Whittom	D	42d Ala.	Aug 1
J M Bennett, Sgt Maj	A	49th Ala.	Aug 23
J Johnson	C	24th Ga.	Aug 6
B Upchurch	C	17th Ala.	Aug 9
M G Arlington	B	66th Ga.	Aug 9
R Comfert	E	15th Miss.	Aug 8
J A Harris			Aug 8
T Carrel	L	29th Ala.	Aug 7
G R Ragan	J	Gates' Batt'y	Aug 7
W H Hammond		Rowan's "	Aug 7
R Riehboug	E	10th S C	Aug 7
Wm Anderson	A	12th Miss.	Aug 7
S R Neal		Phelin's Batt'y	Aug 7
J Tidwell	H	15th Ala.	Aug 8
James Cooper	A	Ga Militia	Aug 7
J P Gardner	A	Stiges' Batt'y	Aug 7
J Stanton	B	3d Ala Cav	Aug 8
John Burton	D	1st Ga Res	Aug 1
A Morgan	G	66th Ga.	Aug 5
J G Benton	E	56th Tenn.	Aug 5
D Smith			Aug 5
J Plojean	F	30th La.	Aug 4
A Tenton	A	2d Ga St Line	Aug 4
R Coode	F	42d Tenn.	Aug 4
W T Jones	D	25th Ala.	Aug 3
Wm R Mabry	K	4th Ga Mil	Aug 4
L F Young	L	39th N C	Aug 3
J C Gibbers	C	4th Miss.	Aug 2
W H Hammoek	A	1st Ga Bat'n	Aug 2
J T Barbee	K	37th Ga.	Aug 2
W J Johnson	C	66th Ga.	Aug 1
Thos Wolfe	K	5th Ga Res.	Aug 1
A Robertson	H	12th Miss Cav.	Aug 1
W W Mills	L	28th Ala.	Aug 1
J W Wilkinson	A	4th Ky.	Aug 9
A A Binwiddle, ens'n		5th Tenn.	Aug 8
W G Reynolds, Capt	A	29th Miss.	Aug 3
J Ramey	H	56th Ala.	Aug 8
J Russell	C	3d Miss.	Aug 8
L Blackman	B	17th Ala.	Aug 10
T L Davis		Torrent's Bat	Aug 10
A J Council	E	10th S C	Aug 10
G W Bryan	H	23d Ala.	
T A Bagley	E	63d Ga	
L C Hsely, Lieut.		Pt Couper By	Aug 11
J Maxwell, Corp'l.	A	6th Texas.	Aug 10
Thos J Chambers			Aug 11
D Cardry	H	1st Ga.	Aug 12
L Anderson	B	18th Ala.	Aug 12
O W McGece	F	22d Miss.	Aug 12
Jas B Varnado	B		Aug 12
C Adams	E	63d Ga.	Aug 12
U R Teagle	A	49th Miss.	Aug 13
J Pettigrew	K	30th Miss.	Aug 14
F Suttis		Jettreys By	Aug 18
John Phillips	H	63d Va	Aug
M King	C	1st Fla	Aug 13
J C Hancock	L	5th Ga Mil.	Aug 13
J G Bailey	B	42d Ala.	Aug 15
W M Jordan	A	41st Tenn.	Aug 18
J E Barclay	K	10th Miss.	Aug 17
G Lovell	C	33d Miss.	
A J Thompson	K	1st Ala.	
John Hart	A	57th Ga.	
J F Scroggins	K	3d Miss.	
L D Weed	L	3d N C	
L Bailey	K	57th Ala.	Aug 27
C Ward	K	14th Miss.	Aug 27
E C Johnson			Aug
L Griffith	C	12th Ga Mil.	Aug 27
T V B-lew, Ensign		31st Miss.	Aug 25
A Ledbetter	F	29th N C.	Aug 24
S E Robbins	B	17th Ala.	Aug 25
W T Cochran	A	Miller's Cav.	Aug 23
B B Evans	D	Miller's Cav.	Aug 24
M B Garrett	G	27th Ala.	Aug 22
A D Holston	G	3d & 5th Mo.	Aug 22
T W Oito	F	9th Miss.	Aug 22
W H Woodford	B	33d Ala.	Aug 22
James Winslet	A	26th Ala.	Aug 21
John Nelson	A	25th Ala.	Aug 21
Robert Hester	K	10th S C	Aug 21
David Gothard	C	50th Tenn.	Aug 21
Josiah Payne	B	34th Miss.	Aug 21
J T Scott	B	4th Tenn.	Aug 19
James Northcut	C	1st Ala.	Aug 20
Sathan McThane	L	29th Ala.	Aug 19
Serg't R J McKnight	C	25th Tenn.	Aug 19
J P Knowles	B	Bellamy's By.	Aug 19
F Gilmore	F	2d Ala.	Aug 19
D Paulinberry			Aug 19
W G Graham	K	8th Miss.	Aug 19
J W Vickery	L	20th Tenn.	Aug 19
Sgt J B Marshall	A	42d Ala.	Aug 18
T Nutt	G	5th Ga Res.	Aug 18
J B Wilkinson	A	40th Ala.	Aug 18
J E Scott	B	3d Miss.	Aug 18
L Shahan	B	1st Confed.	Aug 28
Wm Isler	H	10th Ga Mil.	Aug 29
P H Womack	F	3d Miss.	Aug 30
Judson Jones	C	24th Ark.	Aug 30
J E McAbee	C	39th Ga.	Aug 30
C Long	C	54th Va.	Aug 31
W T Fisher	D	3d Tenn.	Aug 31
J H Alviston	F	3d Ga Mil.	Aug 31
W W Bawnell	F	42d Ala.	Sept 1
L Fredon	A	Perkin's Cav	Sept 1
M J Hudson	D	46th Ga.	Sept 2
J McCoy	C	54th Ala.	Sept 1
James Abernathy	A	54th Ala.	
J T Crittenden	B	36th Ala Cav.	Sept 2
S M Vaneleave	D	46th Tenn.	Sept 5
Jos R Johnson	B	31th Ala.	Sept 4
Lt W H Shemons	E	30th Miss.	Sept 3
W Rogers	F	43d Ga.	Sept 4
Arthur D Whittlesey	G	1st Mo.	Sept 4
S G Anderson	D	64d Ga.	Sept 4
J F Smith	C	17th Ala.	Sept 4
W S Adams	B	3d Miss.	Sept 4
Alec Vignes		Pt Couper By	Sept 5
W A Taylor	E	1st Ark	Sept 5
J F Shackleford	E	46th Ala.	Sept 4
Ira B Hawkins	F	12th Miss Cav.	Sept 6
N Simmons	F	2d Ga S S.	Sept 5
James Rids	K	1st Fla.	Sept 5
W H Holland	L	32d Tenn.	Sept 6
Sgt A S Thomas	E	50th Ala.	Sept 6
B Hampton	K	1st Ga Cav.	Sept 6
T A Hogan	B	41st Ga.	Sept 6
Sgt Chas Maguire	K	4th La.	Sept 5
John Carley	K	50th Tenn.	Sept 5
John House	E	2d Ark	Sept 5
John P Brooks	L	29th Tenn.	Sept 7
Sgt O H Bushing	F	33d Ala.	Sept 6
W C Hales	H	36th Miss.	Sept 5
Robt H Harris	H	25th Ga.	Sept 5
B Owens	G	7th Ga.	Sept 7
J K P Smallwood	L	1st Ga militia.	Sept 10
R H Morgan	G	15th Miss.	Sept 8
Wm Stevens	H	2d Ark.	Sept 8
J F Vickers	K	Ga State Line.	Sept 9
Allen Daughtry	D	6th Ga.	Sept 9
Robert Jacobs	H	9th Ga.	Sept 10
A McKorkle	C	15th Texas.	Sept 12

[To be concluded in next number.]

## CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

Coming too late for consistent reduction, there is so much for the VETERAN about camps and reunions as news that radical abbreviations are necessary.

The Columbia County, Florida, Camp of United Confederate Veterans, has been changed in name to honor Gen. E. A. Perry, who was, after the war, governor of that State. At its recent reunion there was a fine attendance, and short addresses by Col. Walter R. Moore, Capt. Jesse S. Wood, Washington M. Ives, Senator J. F. Boyce, D. L. Greer, H. E. Braddock, W. Teagle, Mr. Parnell, and others. After an enjoyable dinner a Camp of Sons was organized with forty to fifty members as a beginning. Charles A. Finley, son of Gen. Jesse J. Finley, was elected Commander, and J. A. Quineess, Adjutant.

T. M. Murphree, of Troy, Ala., who was of the Sixth Alabama Infantry, writes some important suggestions, and concludes: "Yes, I am proud of the fact that I wore the gray, so much so that I have recorded it in my family Bible."

Vic. Reinhardt, of Terrell, Texas, thinks comment in the VETERAN is well distributed, and he commends liberal attention to the Army of Tennessee. "In the papers it is not often the heroism and valor of our army under Sidney and Joe Johnston, Bragg, Hood, and other gallant leaders of our Western army are made known. It does me good to read these accounts of active service, much of it from the ranks, and bearing the impress of personal experience."

James Dinkins, of Memphis, compliments the VETERAN on the articles of Capt. W. Gartman Johnson, in the July and August numbers of the VETERAN, and states: "He had just been admitted to the practice of law when the war broke out, but was among the first to volunteer. He served in every capacity, from private to Captain, and through all the trials and hardships of that gallant company bore himself as a chivalrous knight. He participated in all the battles from Bull Run to Petersburg, except perhaps one or two, on which occasions he was detailed for special duty. There is no one living now, who belonged to that incomparable regiment, that took a more prominent part, or who can relate the incidents with more accuracy than Capt. Johnson, and I hope he will give the VETERAN many stories recalling the stirring scenes through which 'the Barksdale-Humphreys Brigade' passed."

Miss Salley B. Hamner, now of Washington City, but who educated fifteen hundred girls at Richmond, favors the VETERAN with "leaflets" that she has addressed this multitude under the title, "Now that you are married." There is a mystery in how any Miss so thoroughly conceived the exact relations of wives. The publication is a score of sheets printed on one side, and printed exquisitely. Miss Hamner advertises in this VETERAN. Her dialect in "Mammy Susan's Story" will be read with pathetic interest, and many an eye will be moistened ere it is finished.

L. P. Harling sends thirteen subscriptions from Hibler, S. C., and says but for the hard times he would have sent many more.

Mrs. Gen. W. S. Hillyer, whose husband was on the staff of Gen. Grant, sends copy of a letter to her from Shiloh. Thanks are returned to the good lady for the compliment. The letter is too good to be abbreviated, and it is too long for use at present in the VETERAN.

Upon seeing a single copy of the VETERAN Gen. Joseph R. Davis, of Beloxi, Miss., forwards subscription with some pleasant personal recollections, and he adds: "It has been a favorite theme of mine to write and publish a reminiscence of events of the Confederate States in the city of New Orleans. My association with Jefferson Davis, my uncle, for the first 18 months of the war in Richmond as Aid-de-camp, and subsequently as a general officer in Gen. Lee's Army of Virginia, and an acquaintance more or less intimate with leading men, civil and military, gave me opportunities of knowing opinions and events that would have been valuable in the conduct of such a paper."

Lewis Tillman, Esq., Knoxville, Tenn., writes in his candid way as a friend: "I read the VETERAN with interest. I think the price should be \$1—do not think you can possibly keep it going at fifty cents. But you have experience. I do hope you will make a success of it. You ought not to work for nothing. You will pardon me for saying that some of your paragraphs give evidence of being written in haste."

Charles L. Dibrell, of Southern Express Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., sends a copy of the memorial to Col. Charles C. Jones, Jr., of Augusta, prepared by his son, Charles E. Jones, and writes: "Unless I am in error the Confederate Survivors' Association, of Augusta, Ga., was the first organized in the South, and from its inception to the time of his death Col. Jones was its President. I think it is the intention of the Association to leave its presidency vacant in demonstration of their respect for him, at least for a long time."

E. T. Eggleston, of Yazoo, Miss., says: "I see Mr. J. K. Jones, writing from McAllister, I. T., says, 'The old war horse, Frank Cockrill, with his brave Mississippians.' My recollection is there were no brave Mississippians in Cockrill's brigade, but as gallant a band of Missourians as our war produced. Is it an error of memory on the part of Mr. Jones, or a typographical error?"

Many collections of funds for the Davis Monument at Richmond are in suspended banks. Of such there are \$1,800 in the Mechanics' Bank of Nashville, but the Young Men's Democratic Club who raised it say they will raise another like amount. There were \$200 in a suspended bank at Columbia, Tenn.

Miss Sue M. Monroe, Wellington, Va., is diligently soliciting subscribers for the VETERAN. She framed the flags from the July number, and put them up in a store, where they attract much attention. She is zealous for all Southern publications. She writes: "If I could trade Confederate money, cannon balls, bombshells, or bayonets for books it would do very well. I live on the upper part of the second Manassas battle-field, where King's troops were when Jackson shelled them Thursday afternoon, and have been over the battle-field time and again, and every time brought home something, either a shell, balls, bayonets, or ramrods, and every thing else I could find. I have State buttons of all the Atlantic and Gulf States of the Confederacy, all picked up on the field. I remember how the first gun sounded Sunday morning, July 21, 1861. I have a little tin cup picked up where Jackson's troops charged—picked it up myself after the battle. I live it all over sometimes. I have not seen a name of a soldier I saw during the war in the VETERAN. Some Tennesseans got their breakfast here the morning after the first battle."

## MISCELLANEOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

REV. J. W. TURNER, Rector of St. Luke's Church at Hawkinsville, Ga., writes a private letter, from which the following extracts are made. His Bible saved his life in a battle near Spottsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864—

"In that battle the color bearer of the enemy struck me with the point of his flag-staff, leaving a slight scar. We parted company immediately without an introduction or an exchange of the courtesies of the morning. If not too late, I should like yet to make the acquaintance of that color bearer and give him an opportunity to explain and apologize for his rudeness on that eventful morning. If he be yet alive, I should like to reach him in some way through the medium of your columns and tell him that it is not too late yet to settle old scores amicably. The shot was fired, I suppose, by one of the color guards. I have the Bible and the bullet as mementos of my escape that morning. If by publishing these facts you should enable me to make the acquaintance of the soldier who assailed me with the flag-staff, provided he is yet alive, I would not desire his acquaintance otherwise.

Jno. C. Rietti, Chalmer's Brig., Army of Tennessee: After the battle of Mumfordsville, Ky., September 14, 1862, which was fought by Chalmer's High-pressure Brigade, composed of the 7th, 9th, 10th, 29th and 44th Mississippi Infantry, the advance guard of Bragg's army—which unfortunate attack on that stronghold resulted in a terrible repulse by the enemy, numbering a garrison of 4,500 men, and which surrendered September 17 to Bragg's army—the writer of this found, in one of the tents of the captured Federals, composed of Kentucky and Indiana troops, a small sized New Testament which contained the following on the fly leaf: "S. H. Crane.—A Mothers' Gift. Acknowledge the Lord in the days of thy youth." I carried that small book on my person, which was a great consolation throughout all the great trials and troubles of our long struggle for homes and fire-sides, from 1862 to 1865, and would be made extremely happy if I could only return this dear mother's gift to the hands of the original owner, if he has passed, like myself, safely through and enjoys the blessings of this life.

R. H. Phillips, Esq., Commander Camp LaGrange, Texas: I want Mrs. Jackson's life of Stonewall Jackson. If you have it on hand mail it to me, with the price, and I will remit by return mail. I have been distributing your valuable magazine and several of my friends have promised me they would subscribe for it. I am heartily in favor of making it the official organ of our U. C. V., and will vote so to do when we meet in October.

J. Mont Wilson, Springfield, Mo.: Can't you, at the end of the year, republish all of the back numbers for the first six months. Of course we would have to send in our names, the numbers we want, with the money in advance. We would expect to pay more than the regular subscription. I am short one number, January and would give the price of the year for this number, if I can't get it for less.

In considering the Birmingham reunion a Veteran writes: This occasion will bring out the full strength of the gallant survivors, and is looked forward to with special interest.

El Paso, Texas, Aug. 15, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham—Sir: At a meeting of the Jno. C. Brown Camp, U. C. V., held on the 10th inst., upon motion of Lt. Col. W. M. Yandell, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was adopted by the Camp as its official organ, and the Adjutant was instructed to notify you accordingly.

Respectfully yours, WYNDHAM KEMP, Adjt.

Biscoe Hindman, President Thos. C. Hindman Bivouac, Nashville, Tenn.: \* \* \* It will give me great pleasure, as President, to indorse the VETERAN, and I am sure that I can also speak for the Secretary.

S. E. Weaver, Gainesville, Texas, writes: In looking over the list of Camps by States, I felt like giving the yell when I saw that of the Lone Star State. But what is the matter with Georgia, a proud old State, whose blood bathed every field from where the matchless Barton fell to the last sad scene at Appomattox? Only five Camps reported. Did they all get killed?

Dr. J. Wm. Jones, under date of September 5, writes: Please change my address from Atlanta to University Station, Charlottesville, Va., where I go to enter upon my duties as chaplain of the University of Virginia. I hope to write for you more frequently.

M. T. Ledbetter, Piedmont, Ala.: I attended a reunion of U. C. V's at Schenek's Sulphur Springs, September 2. It was a lovely day for the occasion, and we old veterans made good use of the time in mingling together, talking over our trials, etc., during the war. There was about three thousand people on the ground, and about three hundred old soldiers. Just before the hour for speaking the veterans assembled at a place designated and marched to the stand. The procession was formed under the direction of that old "war horse," Maj. Gen. "Lige" Anderson. The welcome address was delivered by Capt. W. M. Hames, who led the first volunteer company from this county to the war. Two other short speeches were made by Capts. A. F. McGhee and H. T. Persons. Dinner was served, after which we again assembled for an address by Col. John H. Caldwell, who was a member of the 10th Alabama regiment, Wilcox's brigade. He made a grand speech, as he always does. I took the advantage of the occasion and requested him to introduce the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to the crowd, which he did very cheerfully and ably. I think his little speech for the paper did it much good. I secured subscriptions for it on the grounds, and got the promise of a great many more. I am doing all I can to make the VETERAN a success, for it is worthy of our earnest support.

Jno. M. Webb, Brigadier General commanding 1st Brigade Northeast Texas Division, U. C. V., Paris, Texas, July 26: "Dear Sir—On receipt of the July number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, containing the flags of our sorrowing Southland, my mind wandered back to those four long years of carnage when that beautiful banner was seen on every battle-field in the thickest of the fight, followed and defended by the brave boys who wore the gray. And after reviewing the past and thinking what should be done in order to more fully make and preserve a history of our lost cause, I concluded that I might do something toward solving the problem by enlisting the old veterans in the interest of your worthy Confederate magazine. You will find inclosed the names of ten old veterans, with the subscription amount. As soon as I get up another club I will forward it."

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

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SOUTH CAROLINA.

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TENNESSEE.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Includes entries for Chattanooga, Clarksville, and Winchester.

TEXAS.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Includes entries for Abilene, Abilene, Alvarado, and Caldwell.

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TEXAS—Continued.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Includes entries for Graham, Granbury, Greenville, and Will's Point.

VIRGINIA.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Includes entries for Reams Station, Richmond, and Winchester.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Includes entry for Washington.

New camps not listed but reported to the VETERAN:

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Includes entries for Walthall, Miss. and Oxford, Ala.

Since the above revision a new list of fifty-five Camps has been reported, making in all 390.

Although the foregoing list has been carefully revised, the large number of new Camps could not be gotten into this issue. The following is the aggregate by States to September 9, 1893:

Texas, 129; Alabama, 56; Mississippi, 37; Louisiana, 31; Florida, 26; Kentucky, 25; Arkansas, 20; Tennessee, 15; South Carolina, 14; North Carolina, 10; Georgia, 7; Virginia, 7; Oklahoma, 4; Division of the Northwest, 2; Indian Territory, 2; Missouri, 1; District of Columbia, 1. Total, 387.



## UNITED AMERICAN VETERANS.

Hon. Jesse W. Sparks, United States Consul at Piedras Negras, Mexico, writes this characteristic letter:

EAGLE PASS, TEX., August 22, 1893.

S. A. Cunningham: Dear Sir—We have an organization out here at Eagle Pass—No. 1, at that—called the "United American Veterans." I send you their charter and by-laws. I have joined them, as you will see by the inclosed paper, the *Eagle Pass Guide*. It is composed of yanks and rebs, and when you walk into one of their meetings you can't tell who was yank and who was reb. I had to ask each one which side he was on, because from their looks and actions it was impossible to tell which side they were on. I like this. I tell you it pleases me all over, because the men who did the fighting have no quarrel with each other now. We are all Americans. This is our country, and the yanks will claim Lee, Johnston and Jackson for their great merits, and the rebs will claim Grant, Lincoln, Mead and others for their prowess, because they were Americans. Then why not the yanks and rebs come together as the "United American Veterans," as they have done here? Why not organize a camp at Nashville? Write to Maj. J. A. Bonnet, of the 26th Georgia, C. S. A., who is now the President of this camp—No. 1—or Col. J. N. Shafter, 19th Michigan, the Vice-President, and they will send you all that is needed for forming a camp at Nashville. The yanks and rebs are so mixed that it is impossible to tell which is which. We are all delighted with it out here, and hope you will establish a camp of "United American Veterans" at Nashville. Why not? The yank is a good American citizen; the old reb is one, and should the United States Government get into trouble none would more willingly come to the front than the old rebs, and our friends—the enemy, the old yanks—would have to fight as never men fought before to keep up with the old Johnny Reb. But us fellows out here in this wild country are proud of the fact that yanks and rebs have come together and formed Camp No. 1, U. A. V. You know me, Mr. Editor. You know that nothing but 18 karat goes with me in the yank and reb line. So the fact that I indorse this ought to win at Nashville. You shall hear from me further on this. Long live the VETERAN.

J. W. SPARKS.

Miss Tompie Toland kindly complies with request for picture of her uncle, Hon. John H. Bell, as he appeared in Confederate times, with a sketch of his life, which she states has been "somewhat of a romantic nature as well as historic." His work for the South has been untiring, and his greatest ambition is to see a history of the United States printed doing justice to the South. He wants the youths taught that we were neither renegades nor rebels. He is at present member of the Arkansas State Senate.

Col. W. C. R. tells this story: While our army was camped at Bridgeport, on the Tennessee River, a countryman came in with a fine-looking horse, but he had a thin or switch tail. Maj. Gen. Patton Anderson took quite a fancy to the horse, but he had one fear, that was the comment of the boys on the horse's tail. So he said to the owner, "Leave your horse and come back to-morrow, and I will let you know as to buying him." The horse was left, and Gen. Anderson mounted and rode through camp. He did not buy that horse.

Col. Wm. L. DeRossitt, of Wilmington, N. C.: Cape Fear Camp now numbers over 100 members, with the prospect of largely increased numbers this coming fall. We have here, I believe, the oldest organization of veterans on either side in the country. In February, 1866, the officers of the Third North Carolina Infantry, living here, organized an association which has been kept alive ever since, having their regular reunions on May 16th, the date of the organization of their regiment. This command was enlisted in 1861 "for the war," and all officers were appointed by the Governor of the State. We have also an organization of the "Veterans and Reserves" of the Wilmington Light Infantry, an old ante-bellum organization, which was sent into service under my command. I preside over each of these organizations, an honor of which I am justly proud. The United Confederate Veteran organization can but be of great good in many ways, and I trust will be perpetuated by Sons of Veterans.

## SOUTHERN BOOKS.

THE admirable book of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, for which many friends have written, will be sent from this office free of postage on the payment of \$2. It is a book that should be in the home of every family who can spare the amount. Copies of it may be expected at the VETERAN quarters, Birmingham reunion.

## MISS KELLER'S BOOKS.

SEVERED AT GETTYSBURG, is a story that tells of a young wife's undying devotion to her husband. She is a brave Southern girl, who faces the cannon's mouth, and through the fiercest storm of battle clings unfalteringly to the object she loves. She is severed from him at Gettysburg. The book is full of a sweet pathos, blended with the strength and courage of fearless heroes. It deals with prominent historical facts, such as President Lincoln's death, trial of Mrs. Surratt, and her sad end. It is an intense love story, full of woman's heroism and devotion. A romance in the life of a man who was of distinguished national reputation; a man whose eloquent speech in defense of Mrs. Surratt was regarded as a masterpiece. The heroine is a beautiful young girl, pure and noble in character. Though in humble life, she is loved by Meredith Legrange, one of this nation's great men. Read and judge if their lives ended happily.

LOVE AND REBELLION. The purpose of the novelist in writing this book was twofold. It was the intention of this young Southern woman to vindicate the true Southern men who redeemed the South from carpet-bag rule. The writer regards these men as patriots whom the war failed to subjugate. Rare mission she has undertaken, that of a Southern woman defending the honor of Southern men. It is her purpose to perpetuate the noble work of the men who overthrew scallawag and negro rule in the South. She proves the absolute necessity of the methods used to establish white supremacy. She gives a most truthful and fearless picture of the reconstruction era. She vindicates the kuklux klan, and proves that this organization did grand work. Through the whole book the writer has an intelligent motive and noble purpose. She deals justly and candidly with all factions and conditions. The second purpose seems to be to clearly state the political facts and social conditions from which grew the race problem. She handles this question with a master mind, proving that facts are a stronger argument in this problem than speculation and theories are. She is directly opposed to social equality. A strong love story permeates the entire book; these scenes are thrilling and intense. It delineates the old-time negro character most accurately, and tells of his devotion to master and mistress. In time "Love and Rebellion" will hold a place in American literature similar to that occupied by Scott's books in Scottish history. The historic facts and conditions of the South under carpet-bag rule will be perpetuated through this book. It was sent to a convent in Rome, N. Y., where it was read by the

nuns, and reread aloud to the students, then bound in strong binding and preserved as a great book that must not become extinct. It is selling splendidly in the North, and bids fair to become one of the greatest books of this century. This book will be sent with the VETERAN for a year for \$1. Either of Miss Keller's books will be sent postpaid for 50c., or both for \$1.

Miss Keller's books will be supplied by S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, postpaid, for fifty cents each.

**DICKSON AND HIS MEN.** Col. Charles E. Merrill, in Jacksonville Standard. Surely no household in Florida should be without a copy of this important contribution to that portion of our war history in which Florida bore such a conspicuous part. Though every line is scrupulously true to truth, there are episodes recorded which are as thrilling as medieval romance. Gen. Dickson, the "wizard of the saddle" along the South Atlantic coast, and the deeds of valor recorded of this gallant hero and his brave Floridians, contribute an imperishable legacy to the people of the South. He crossed and recrossed the St. Johns in the face of the enemy, and executed other dashing movements which mark him as one of the most daring and brilliant cavalymen known to the history of the country." The VETERAN commends this book and the high merit of its author.

**THE OTHER SIDE,** an historic poem, by Mrs. Virginia Frazier Boyle. Gen. E. Kirby-Smith, to whom this great poem was submitted in manuscript, wrote, at Sewanee, Feb. 14, 1893: "I have read this admirable poem with great care and interest. It reflects high credit upon her, and I am sure will endear her to all lovers of our cause, and of the great man who was our chief. The subject-matter appeals strongly to my sympathies, and comes very near to my heart, as it should to every true Confederate, and especially to one who loved Mr. Davis, as I have ever done."

The late L. Q. C. Lamar, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, wrote: "I concur in all the commendations which have been expressed by your friends cordially and fully. I think 'The Other Side' has a peculiar interest, as it is, so far as I know, the first poem by the pen of a Southerner which may be justly called an epic of the South. Its style is stately, without being stilted, and its quality in this respect does not let down from beginning to end. It is evidently written by one who has inherited the traditions of the South, and whose zeal has not been weakened by experience. It will, doubtless, become one of the standard works to be found in every complete library of a true Southerner. I only speak of its literary quality, which I think will be commended by just critics. The authoress is thoroughly imbued, by reading and association, with the spirit of romance and chivalry. There is a deep pathos in certain passages, especially those that speak of home, that is hardly surpassed by the work of any author."

This book will be sent postpaid by the VETERAN for \$1. Any business letters in regard to it should be sent Col. C. W. Frazier, Memphis, Tenn.

The mistake has occurred heretofore in the publication in the VETERAN of the Southern Cross. It is \$1 free of postage, instead of fifty cents with postage added.

**CAPT. W. R. GARRETT,** at the head of the Garrett Military Academy, advertised in this VETERAN, was educated at Williamsburg Military Academy, and graduated at William and Mary College, Virginia, with degree of A. M. He received from the University of Nashville the honorary degree of Ph.D. He is a veteran, having enlisted as a private in Thirty-second Virginia Regiment on the day Virginia seceded; was elected Captain of the Lee Artillery. In 1862 he came to Tennessee to raise battalion of Partisan Rangers—was Adjutant of Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry, and Captain of Co. B, and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., with Forrest. Capt. Garrett was State Superintendent of Instruction during the years 1890-93, and he was President of the National Educational Association, and presided over the international meeting at Toronto, which is regarded as the greatest educational meeting ever held.

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Very truly yours, A. A. HERBERT.

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Yours truly, J. G. CARLISLE.

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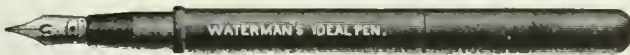
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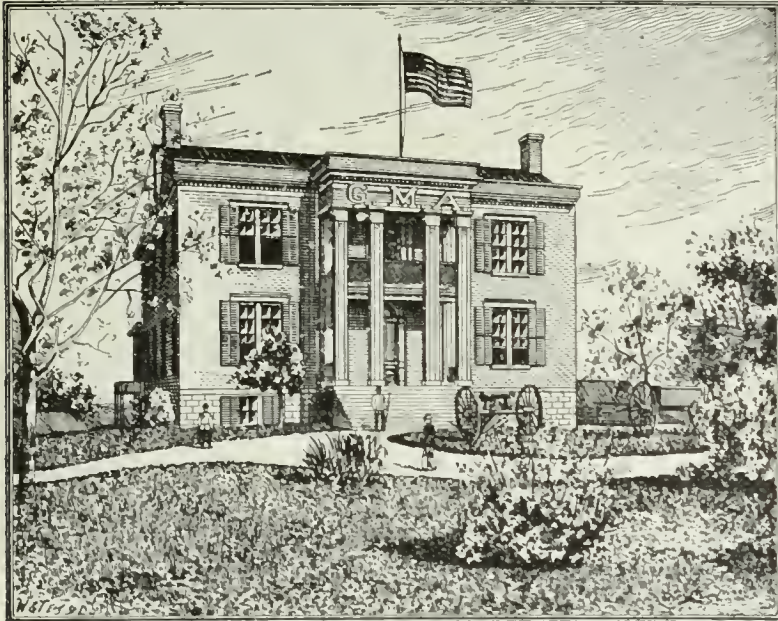
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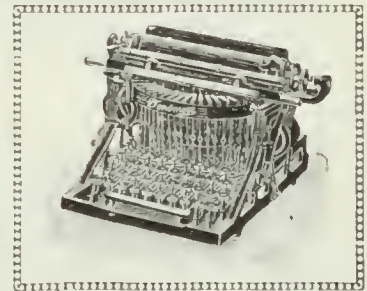
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### Extract from a private letter:

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# Confederate Veteran.

*Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.*

PRICE 5 CENTS.  
YEARLY 50 CENTS. }

Vol. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1893.

No. 10.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.

## FOUR YOUNG LADY REPRESENTATIVES OF STATES

To be at Birmingham Reunion, United Confederate Veterans.



MISS IDA H. VINSON, LOUISIANA.  
MISS MARY MUSE BANKS, TEXAS.

MISS CARRIE T. COCHRAN, ALABAMA.  
MISS LIZZIE CLARKE, VIRGINIA.

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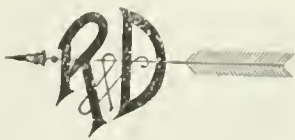
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The Greatest Southern System.

The route of the Great Washington and Southwestern Vestibled Limited, composed only of Pullman Vestibled Sleeping and Dining Cars, sold to and from New York, including Through Vestibled Sleepers between New Orleans and New York via Montgomery, Atlanta, Charlotte, Danville, Charlottesville and Washington. Also the "U. S. Great Fast Mail," with Through Pullman Sleepers, saving twelve hours between New York and Montgomery, without change; triple daily trains between the East and Atlanta.

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via Birmingham, the short and direct route East and West. All Confederates going to the Confederate Reunion, at Birmingham, should see that their tickets read via the Georgia Pacific Railway and Richmond & Danville Railroad.

W. A. TURK,

General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.

S. H. HARDWICK,

Asst. General Passenger Agent, Atlanta, Ga.

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MISS HAMNER, 1208 1/2 N Street, N. W.,

who was President of Richmond, Va., Institute for many years, and who has conducted the education of more than fifteen hundred girls, has removed to Washington, and will open a Select School for Girls.

Parlor boarders received.

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FOR MEMPHIS AND ALL POINTS WEST.

RATE, NASHVILLE TO MEMPHIS, \$4.00.

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SPECIAL EXCURSION TICKETS

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A. G. PALMER,

G. P. and T. Agent, Evansville, Ind.

S. L. ROGERS,

Southern Pass. Agent, Chattanooga, Tenn.



# Confederate Veteran.

*Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.*

PRICE, 5 CENTS.  
YEARLY, 50 CENTS.

Vol. I.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1893.

No. 10. {S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Manager.

Entered at the Postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or \$20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$40. Discount: Half year, one-issue; one year, one issue. This is an increase on former rate. Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for any thing that has not special merit.

BACK numbers cannot be had. The four Confederate flags, with their authentic history, sent out with the July number, will be supplied to new subscribers on application. It is expected that the principal articles in this year's volume will be reproduced in book form, and if the little VETERAN grows in popularity as it has, the pages after January will be stereotyped, so that any demand can be supplied. The November VETERAN will contain a brief history of the Kentucky Confederate Association and an account of the recent reunion at Versailles.

THE attention of every friend of the VETERAN is called to two important facts. First, it is certainly the best advertising medium in the South, having a circulation of but 10,000 copies. Strangers who may look suspiciously upon printed statements of circulation may inquire of any subscriber as to whether he believes implicitly whatever assertion may appear in its columns. There has never been any attempt to verify the circulation claimed by the VETERAN. It is the representative of a truthful, honorable people, and they universally accept any statement which may appear editorily in its pages. Then the advantage which may be given it through the commendation of Southern newspapers is far greater than its friends imagine. It does not make a general exchange, and many editors, who are its friends, pay their subscriptions as well as others. This is not asked of them. The VETERAN will be cheerfully sent to every editor who will be concerned in it and use his columns in its behalf. The price, however, is so low, and the territory so great, that it does not undertake to furnish exchanges indiscriminately. Comrades, "mothers and daughters of the Confederacy," be assured that you can do much more than you have imagined through influence with your local papers, so write for any copies desired for editors. They will do well by the VETERAN if you will ask it.

THE Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers will hold its annual reunion at Jackson, Oct. 18 and 19. A rate of one fare going, and one third returning, has been secured on the railroads. It will be necessary to procure for the return a certificate of membership from the Secretary, Col. John P. Hickman.

At the suggestion of W. P. Barlow, Secretary of the Ex-Confederate Association of Missouri, who volunteers his earnest commendation of the VETERAN, and through his kindness in sending names, this issue is sent to a fine class of people in every section of that State.

THE publication referred to, with a "Confederate outside," by Rev. Mr. Deering, in his speech to the Orphan Brigade elsewhere reported, is sending to the Southern newspapers request for publication of what would about fill a quarter of a page in the VETERAN. Friends of the VETERAN can be wonderfully helpful if they will get their home papers to review the VETERAN. Extra copies will be sent to all who wish them. Let every comrade and friend see to this.

COMRADES going to Chicago are commended to the Great Western Hotel as a general rendezvous. Boddie Brothers, the proprietors, are of us, high spirited, magnanimous Kentuckians, educated at Nashville. Their hotel, owned by them, is well suited to our purposes for meetings, and we can go in and possess it. This commendatory notice is volunteered and complimentary. The Great Western is on the corner of Jackson and Franklin streets.

#### COMMENT OF LEADING ADVERTISERS.

OFFICE OF SPURLOCK, NEAL CO.,  
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,  
NASHVILLE, TENN., Oct. 3, 1893.

MR. S. A. CUNNINGHAM: Dear Sir—For the past few months we have thought best to discontinue a great many of our advertising mediums, but we find that we receive so many inquiries for our E. P. O., recently advertised in the VETERAN, that we know it will be to our interest to have you continue the ad. In our long experience we do not remember to have ever had as many and as prompt returns from a small advertisement. We wish the VETERAN the success that it deserves, and beg to remain, Very respectfully,  
SPURLOCK, NEAL CO.

OFFICE OF SOUTHWESTERN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
S. W. MEEK, General Manager,  
NASHVILLE, TENN., Sept. 1, 1893.

MR. S. A. CUNNINGHAM: Dear Sir—On account of the severe stringency in money matters we have been discontinuing our advertising all along the line, but on account of the value of the VETERAN we have decided to renew with you. I have had considerable experience in advertising, using every method in the South, and I find the VETERAN a magnificent medium, and believe that it will benefit any man who will use it. I wish it the unbounded success that it richly merits.  
S. W. MEEK.

## INDORSING THE VETERAN.

THIS ISSUE of the VETERAN, of which *ten thousand* copies are printed, is largely devoted to what is said of its merits and importance. The space is valuable in showing the co-operative spirit of our people everywhere. It is claimed, modestly, that there has never been seen in the history of journalism such spontaneous zeal in behalf of an individual enterprise. The first people in pecuniary and social position, along with a less fortunate class who have had to work for every year's support through life, are alike satisfied with its management and equally zealous in its support.

At the recent reunion of the Kentucky Orphan Brigade—the coming together of perhaps the strongest types of Americans who can be found, for it is well remembered that they did not enlist under the inspiration of drum and fife, but had to quietly leave home and all that was dearest to them, save liberty, for the preservation of their property—much enthusiasm was manifested in the VETERAN. One gentleman, Rev. Jno. R. Deering, introduced the subject by an address, which was as follows:

"The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the neatest, largest, ablest, cheapest periodical of its class in existence; has 32 pages, is printed on superior paper, has a handsome cover, elegantly illustrated, new, fine, large type, and its make-up nearly perfect. Since the war closed, nothing comparable for size, style, price and character has come out.

"There have been many attempts and failures. There is now in the field one of half the size, not one-tenth the ability or variety, selling at twice the price. One of its editors, a man of Northern birth, is a good Republican in politics. It is inferior in every way, and consists largely in dry statistics and ancient wood cuts, seemingly intended to caricature Southern soldiers and people. Its *cover*, however, is quite Confederate. *But I have not seen anything in it commending Southern patriots or in sympathy with Southern principles.*

"Comrades, we have been too careless in the matter of representing our cause in print. We have not published as much as we ought. Facts of which we are justly proud are continually perishing from the memory of men. And we have often patronized the weak though well-meant attempts of friends who never had fitness or facilities for the work to be done. Just now our mistake is in allowing those whose hearts and hands were not with us to write our history for us. I beg you to be careful. See that your children get the genuine thing. Let it be Southern to the core. I have no objection to a good Republican, but I prefer an account of Southern sentiments and soldiers from some one who wore the gray.

"In Mr. Cunningham we have a man of brains, energy, character, experience, a soldier whose courage is equalled only by his modesty. He has a wide acquaintance and long training that fit him for his task. He has done an immense amount of gratuitous labor for our cause. He suffered in our ranks and loves our men. The man who was true in the trenches can be trusted on the tripod. He has for months proven his fitness as well as his fidelity in giving us an organ of surprising excellence and cheapness. His corps of

correspondents is able and large, his access to original sources as good as any man's, and his enthusiasm and activity unbounded. His work has met a generous approval in every quarter. The VETERAN goes to nearly 500 postoffices in the single State of Tennessee, and there is equal zeal in several other States. It seems to be circulating itself. There are no commissions paid. Friends show it, and the names roll in. It must and can rely on friends. The editor is no canvasser. Life is too short, his task too high and hard. He must furnish us the magazine; we must put it in every Confederate home. It can live and grow only by our effort to extend its range and strengthen its grasp on our people. Let it be a labor of love with us. I appeal to you by every consideration of self-respect, of regard for truth, of love for Dixie, of interest for our future and pride in our past, to rally to the support of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Its cost is low enough for universal patronage. It cannot live without an immense subscription list, and we will do ourselves and posterity injustice to be lacking in appreciation. Its purpose and promise invite our help right now, and I feel that I am doing each comrade a favor in advising him to give his subscription to the VETERAN."

At the conclusion the speaker said he would like to hear from comrades who were familiar with the VETERAN, when the President, Gen. Lewis, replied: "You have left nothing unsaid."

Col. W. L. Clarke, of Nashville, who is a member of the Orphan Brigade, then spoke: "It gives me great pleasure to indorse what has been so graphically and beautifully said by my worthy comrade touching the periodical published in my adopted city in the interest of Confederate soldiers and their sacred cause. Had I the gift of the most silver tongued, I would not undertake to add anything to the terms of commendation so forcibly expressed by my comrade. I can only say that I thrice indorse his sentiments and the VETERAN. I am personally and well acquainted with its editor, Comrade Cunningham, who enjoys the proud and most enviable distinction of being one of the "truest of the true" and "bravest of the brave." Devoled as he is to all that is of interest to the old soldier, he only makes publication of truths concerning their service, and uses his utmost to give to his readers, especially the children of the veterans, concise and substantial ideas of the devotion of their fathers to the cause of truth in this unique manner. I commend this most worthy paper to my old comrades, and recommend its adoption in every family where the truth of history will ever be cherished."

"The subscription list of the VETERAN extends from Virginia to California, and from the Kentucky border to the ocean and gulf, and many across the great Ohio and in the far East who loved our cause, read its pages and treasure its sentiments. I commend this paper to the favorable consideration of my friends and comrades of the Orphan Brigade. When you see and read it you will know what I say is far short of its real merit."

Capt. and Rev. William Stanley, of Flemingsburg, followed Col. Clarke by an enthusiastic indorsement of the VETERAN and its importance to the South.

The Gallatin, Tenn., reunion of Barteau's Cavalry and Morton's Battery, and members of the Seventh Tennessee Infantry, was well attended. From the re-

port of proceedings published in the Nashville American, this conclusion is copied:

"Secretary Hager, at the suggestion of Capt. Odem, said comrades wanted to discuss it so as to familiarize all people with it who were not informed. He said that Sumner Cunningham, its editor and owner, already had the heart of the Southern people. Enthusiastic speeches were made on the subject by Capt. Pleas Smith, Jo D. Martin, Hon. S. F. Wilson, Col. W. J. Hale, and others. Mr. Wilson said he would engage for the Donelson Bivouac to pay any comrade \$2.50 who would take it at fifty cents and was not satisfied. Judge Seay, requested to speak on another subject, referred to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as a comfort to himself and a delight to his family. They had all read it from the beginning, and would not have missed any number for the year's subscription. An all-night's review of old times occurred at the residence of J. K. Miller. Mr. Miller's family enjoyed the evening with the veterans, but retired at an early hour. Old Sumner's fairest women superintended the tables burdened with an elegant dinner." Jo. D. Martin was elected President for the ensuing year, and George F. Hager re-elected Secretary.

Frank Cheatham Bivouac, Nashville, adopted it unanimously as its official organ, and instructed its delegates to the State reunion at Jackson to vote for it as the organ for Tennessee Division.

John L. McEwen Bivouac, Franklin, Tenn., has "indorsed the VETERAN as its official organ," and has requested its Commander, B. F. Roberts, to give notice.

MEETING OF CAMP WARD.—At a meeting of Camp ward, Confederate veterans, held Tuesday evening, the Camp donated \$10 toward properly taking care of the graves of Confederate dead in Northern cemeteries. The following resolution was adopted:

*Resolved*, That this Camp desires to express its high appreciation of the valuable and intensely interesting journal, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn. We indorse this journal as being truly Southern in tone, and recommend it to the consideration of veterans as being worthy of a place in their libraries. R. J. JORDAN.

Gen. George Reese, Pensacola, Fla., reports his Camp:

*Resolved*, That this Camp desires to express its high appreciation of the valuable and intensely interesting journal, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published by S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn. We indorse this journal as being truly Southern in tone, and recommend it to the consideration of veterans as being worthy of a place in their libraries.

*Resolved*, That Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 119, United Confederate Veterans, located at Gainesville, Texas, takes pleasure in commending to all soldiers of the late war, and to their children, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a monthly magazine published in the city of Nashville, Tenn., by S. A. Cunningham, as worthy of their patronage and support. It is ably edited, and gives facts concerning the late war not obtainable from any other source. Its monthly visits to the members of this Camp is a pleasure both to the old veteran and his household. It should be in the home of every old soldier. J. M. WRIGHT, Capt.

Headquarters of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 3, United Confederate Veterans, Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 2.—Whereas, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published in Nashville, Tenn., by S. A. Cunningham, is a periodical of much interest and value to the ex-Confederate soldiers and their families, and should have a wide circulation in the State of Tennessee and throughout the South; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the paper be given the official recognition of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 3, Confederate Veterans, of Chattanooga, Tenn., and Camp No. 4 of the United Confederate Veterans.

The above resolution was unanimously passed by N. B. Forrest Camp at their regular monthly meeting. L. T. DICKINSON, Adj't. J. F. SHIPP, Com.

Will Lambert, Houston, Texas, Commander Dick Dowling Camp: Officially, I commend the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to all my old comrades. It is one of the truest and most reliable Southern historical publications I have ever read, and every old Confederate who can hustle up a half dollar ought to subscribe to and thereby help maintain it in the good work it is doing. Don't forget to send me my May number. I would give you \$1 for the January number.

OKLAHOMA CITY, July 15.—S. A. Cunningham, Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., Dear Sir: At a meeting of Capt. D. H. Hanmer Camp, No. 177, U. C. V., your paper was adopted unanimously as the official organ of the Camp.

J. O. CASLER, Adj't.

J. W. JOHNSON, Capt.

RIDDLETON, TENN., July 16, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham, Editor VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Sir: I am directed to forward you the following from Ed. Bradley Bivouac, No. 30, at the recent (July) meeting, and to wish you all sorts of good luck.

Fraternally, W. W. FERGUSON, Sec.

*Resolved*, That, recognizing the importance of supporting a publication especially devoted to the interests of our organization, and heartily indorsing the course pursued and the ability with which the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, at Nashville, Tenn., has been conducted by comrade S. A. Cunningham, we cheerfully recommend to the State Association, at the next annual session at Jackson, to make the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the official organ of the Tennessee Division. Adopted unanimously.

LEWISBURG, TENN., July 15.—At a meeting of Dibrell Bivouac, No. 12, held to-day, the following indorsement of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was unanimously adopted. They say:

"Our attention has been called to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, now being edited and published by our intelligent and enterprising friend, S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville, Tenn. We regard it as the best publication we have seen in reference to the events connected with the great civil war, and we most cordially approve and commend its publication, and believe it worthy of a subscription from every true Confederate soldier. Many of us are personally acquainted with its editor, comrade Cunningham, and know he was a gallant soldier, and worthy of the support and esteem of our comrades throughout the country."

W. G. LOYD, Sec.

W. P. IRVINE, Pres't.

Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 18, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham—Dear Sir: I take much pleasure in informing you that at our last regular meeting the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was unanimously adopted as the official organ of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 58, U. C. V. I notice that in the August number you have again placed the name of Gen. Wm. Baya as Commander of this Camp. Gen. Baya is now Brigadier General of the Second Florida District, and Col. G. Troup Maxwell is our Commander. With many wishes for the future prosperity of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I am yours truly,  
W. W. TUCKER, Adjutant.  
At Lampasas, Texas.

At a regular meeting of R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., held on the 26th day of August, 1893, Commander D. C. Thomas offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted and entered on the Minutes of said Camp on page 45:

Whereas, many of the members of R. E. Lee Camp have read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., by our esteemed comrade, S. A. Cunningham, and are still reading it with great pleasure and increasing interest; and, whereas, we have found the VETERAN to be a faithful exponent of the principles so near and dear to every true Confederate veteran; therefore, be it

*Resolved* by R. E. Lee Camp, No. 66, U. C. V., located at Lampasas, Texas, that this Camp fully indorses and heartily approves said publication, wishing it abundant success and long life. Be it further

*Resolved*, That this Camp hereby adopts the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as the official organ of our Camp, and the Commander is requested to have these resolutions spread on the minutes of said Camp, and a copy of the same forwarded to comrade S. A. Cunningham.

Geo. C. Snyder, Secretary of John C. Breckinridge Camp, at Lexington, Ky., writes, July 22: "At a called meeting of Executive Committee of our Camp yesterday, we agreed to officially indorse the VETERAN."

Headquarters Abner Perrin Camp, No. 367, U. C. V., Edgefield, S. C., Sept. 12, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham—Dear Sir: At our last meeting a resolution was unanimously passed naming the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as the official organ of this Camp, and I take pleasure in notifying you of their action. Yours truly,  
THOS. W. CARWILE, Adjt.

McKenzie, Tenn., August 30, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham—Dear Sir: At the regular meeting of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, No. 20, McKenzie, Tenn., on August 25th, it was unanimously resolved that we cordially indorse the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and instruct our delegates to the annual State and national reunions to indorse the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as the official organ of the Association of Confederate Soldiers.

J. P. CANNON, Pres.                      JAMES M. NULL, Sec.

Archer City, Texas, August 7, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham: At a called meeting of Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 219, U. C. V., the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was heartily indorsed as the organ of our Camp. Long may it live to correct the many misrepresentations in the history of the late war.

Tampa, Fla., Sept. 2, 1893.—At a meeting of Lesley Bivouac, of Hillsborough Camp, No. 36, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., was unanimously indorsed and recommended to the con-

sideration of veterans. We adopted it as the official organ of the Bivouac.

H. L. CRANE, Adjt.                      J. M. HENDERSON, Lieut. Com.

J. G. Hall, Commander Camp No. 162, U. C. V., Hickory, N. C., Aug. 11, 1893: I have had no opportunity yet to submit your circular letter to the members of our Camp, but will do so at the earliest opportunity. For myself I give the CONFEDERATE VETERAN most hearty indorsement. It is a publication in which every one of our comrades feels interested.

Camp John Wallace, Van Buren, Ark., August 21, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham—Dear Sir: At the meeting of the members of Camp John Wallace on the 19th inst., the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was indorsed and adopted as the organ of this Camp without a vote to the contrary.  
W. C. BOSTICK, Adjt.

Gonzales, Texas, Aug. 21, 1893.—S. A. Cunningham—Dear Comrade: At our regular monthly meeting the following resolution was adopted by this Camp:

*Resolved*, That we heartily indorse the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published by S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville, Tenn., and commend it to the careful consideration of the members of our organization as a journal deserving our encouragement and support. It is a faithful exponent of the interests of Confederate veterans, and is conducted with great ability.

H. L. QUALLS, Adjt.                      W. B. SAYERS, Com.

Comrade C. H. Bailey, Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 29, 1893: "Inclosed find list of eighteen subscribers to our CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is strange that every Confederate soldier is not a subscriber. Our Bivouac met to-day, and by resolution offered by Dr. D. F. Wright, indorsed it as our official organ, and directed the delegation to the State Association to insist upon the Association adopting it as the State organ. A resolution was also adopted asking you, through the VETERAN, to extend an invitation to all of the Confederate Associations and soldiers in the State to be with us on October 25th at the unveiling of our Confederate monument. We are ready to receive all who will come. Gens. Gordon, Walthall and others are expected, and we hope to have Mrs. Davis and Miss Winnie also.

Gen. Jno. M. Webb reports action of the A. Sidney Johnston Camp, at Paris, Texas: "Resolved, That the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a journal published at Nashville, Tenn., in the interest of the Southern cause and those who fought for it, be adopted by Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 70, U. C. V., of Paris, Tex., as its official organ, and we recommend it as deserving the patronage it may receive from the membership of said Camp."

"At a called meeting of the Frierson Bivouac, Shelbyville, Tenn., August 23, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: 'Resolved, That we recognize the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published in Nashville, Tenn., as a fearless yet impartial exponent of the ex-Confederate soldier and the principles for which he fought in the war between the States, and that we congratulate our comrade and friend, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, for the energy and zeal he has displayed in making it a success, and we earnestly urge all ex-Confederates and their friends of the cause to aid him in his noble work.' JNO. G. ARNOLD, Secretary."

## CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

Jim Hasapple, Gainesville, Texas: "The VETERAN is the most interesting of any reading matter to me in existence."

J. P. Leslie, Sherman, Texas: "I want the VETERAN sent to my boy, T. Maxey Leslie. I inclose \$1 for two years."

The Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, Paris, Texas, has appointed a committee to purchase land adjacent to the town for permanent encampment quarters.

"The Camp at Lakeland, Fla., was named in honor of Gen. Francis Bartow, who fell in the first battle of Manassas. Our county seat is also named for him."

Gen. H. B. Stoddard, Bryan, Texas, sends corrected list and adds: "I trust you will add to list of subscribers until the number will reach a round million."

M. H. Crump, Director Department of Mines and Forestry, World's Fair, Chicago, sends along with other good things check for two years' subscription to the VETERAN.

Dr. Hal. W. Manson, well known in Tennessee as well as Texas, answers the query as to how he is getting on: "Only moderate. If I owed any money I would be broke."

Mrs. John A. Jackson, Pulaski, Tenn.: "Let me congratulate you upon the appearance of the VETERAN. It certainly is free from prejudice, and manifests good will toward all mankind."

Mrs. Sue F. Mooney, who sends the full pay for fifteen subscribers from West Tennessee, writes: "I hope to send another list soon. We are all with you, our hopes, our fears, our prayers."

H. C. Moses, Sumter, S. C.: "We have formed a splendid Camp here, No. 334, named for our gallant Dick Anderson, from this county. We number nearly 150. Our Historian will give at our next meeting a paper on the life and services of General Anderson."

Gen. E. C. Walthall, now U. S. Senator, in remitting two years' subscription, expressed regret at the death of one of his old soldiers, Walter Akin, mentioned in the last VETERAN, for whom he "had the highest regard," and adds: "When I have more leisure I will send you something to appear in the VETERAN."

M. C. Forbes, Anderson, Tenn.: "I feel that my brother, who gave up his life for the cause of the Confederacy, is entitled to a place in your paper. Please call on Governor Turney, in whose command he enlisted, and in whose command he died at the second battle of Manassas, and he will give you a sketch of his life."

Corpus Christi (Texas) Caller: "The last issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., is the best number of that interesting magazine so far issued. The magazine, though not a year old, is meeting with the grandest success, and if there is a Southerner who does not read it he should do so at once, and keep it in his home."

Geo. N. Ratliff, County Collector, Randolph County, Huntsville, Mo., August 3.—"Inclosed you will find herewith \$11.50, St. Louis exchange, for which mail the VETERAN to [here follows 23 names.—Ed.] I have only seen one copy of your paper, and we are heartily in sympathy with you in your efforts. In the war we were with you, and we have never loved our people less since."

T. A. Bunnell, Erin, Tenn.: This makes sixty-six that I have sent you, and every subscriber likes it.

G. K. Meriwether, Dallas, Texas, sends a list and writes: "I enjoy the VETERAN more than I can express."

F. G. Browder, Montgomery, Ala., July 29, who has sent fifty-three subscribers, Dear Sir: What I have done for your grand little magazine was purely a labor of love, because I heartily sympathized with you in your good work of preserving a true record of the war from our own standpoint.

The Confederate Veteran Association of Western North Carolina are to have a three days' reunion in October. They will go into camp at Waynesville on the 11th. Fully three thousand people are expected. The officers of the Camp there are: Col. J. L. McElroy, Commander; Lieutenant Colonel Stringfield, Adjutant. Capt. A. A. Howell is Chairman of the Finance Committee, W. B. Ferguson, Chairman Committee of Arrangements, and Judge J. C. L. Gudger, Chairman Committee on Transportation.

The committee comprised of Messrs. E. T. Eggleston, W. G. Deles and G. W. Roy, appointed to prepare suitable resolutions upon the death of Comrade Stanhope Posey, of the Yazoo, Miss., Camp, say: "That in the death of comrade Stanhope Posey this Camp has lost a valued member, a true man, no less in war than in peace, his family a devoted husband and kind father, and the community a useful citizen, also that a page in our minute book be dedicated to our departed comrade, that it be suitably inscribed, and that members of the Camp wear the badge of mourning for thirty days."

Jas. G. Holmes, Charleston, S. C., on writing after a visit to Darlington, says: "This rounds out twenty-four subscribers secured for you while in Darlington: and when I tell you that the money stringency prevented me from doing any life and but little accident insurance it speaks well for the interest of Darlingtonians in things Confederate." Referring to the disastrous storms, he says: "Poor old Charleston has caught it again, but pluck will tell, and every effort is being made to put the streets in order. The waters of the harbor surged through the lower story of my house to the depth of three feet."

Postmaster H. B. Morgan, Lynchburg, Tenn.: "I have corrected the list as requested. I am glad to see so much interest manifested in the VETERAN by not only the 'boys,' but by the people generally. I have carried an empty sleeve since the memorable siege of Franktin, of which I see your remembrance in the VETERAN. You might have said that when you was climbing up on those yankee works to keep them back you stepped on the mangled arm of H. B. Morgan to get a good shot. You have given a fine description of the battle so far as our part of the line was concerned. We took their works and held them."

J. T. KEY, of Baker, Tenn., is one of the most zealous advocates the VETERAN has ever had. He illustrates what zeal in a good cause may accomplish. He was sure enough a boy soldier in the war. His brother, Maj. Thos. J. Key, is editor of the Southern Agriculturist, Montgomery, Ala. Joseph Key, another brother, is in Texas, while the next, C. C. Key, is near Corinth, Miss. They were all in the war.

WHERE THE VETERAN IS MOST POPULAR.

Some time since the following compilation of post-offices having four and more subscribers to THE VETERAN was made. The list does not include any of one, two or three subscribers. It will be interesting to many to see how well some small places are doing, while large cities have so far been inactive. The list shows in many instances what may be done by the zeal of one or two volunteer solicitors. It will be an appeal to comrades who have been negligent. It is especially desirable to make a splendid showing in all localities where there are Camps, for the list will be taken as an index of sentiment in such localities. Will officials of Camps be good enough at their meetings to make a canvass and send in a list, so that full credit may be done them by publication of the list? The zeal and enthusiasm of all who are familiar with the VETERAN, whether general officers or private soldiers, and of our good women everywhere, is beneficial. By universal co-operation now the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will be established as a channel of communication which has been greatly needed for many years, and which would certainly produce results gratifying to every man who gave his heart and his arm to the Southern cause. The lists are as follows:

<b>ALABAMA.</b>		
Athens..... 21	Fairbairn..... 4	Montgomery..... 43
Birmingham..... 18	Florence..... 6	Piedmont..... 12
Cumden..... 8	Greenville..... 19	Scottsboro..... 1
Carrollton..... 6	Huntsville..... 17	Snodgrass..... 5
	Jell..... 5	
<b>ARKANSAS.</b>		
Arkadelphia..... 7	Cumden..... 6	Little Rock..... 40
Bentonville..... 10	Fayetteville..... 21	Springle..... 22
	Hot Springs..... 7	
Washington, D. C..... 41		
<b>FLORIDA.</b>		
Baldentown..... 4	Lake Weir..... 6	Pensacola..... 17
Brooksville..... 29	Marlana..... 9	Sanford..... 16
Fernandina..... 14	Monticello..... 7	St. Augustine..... 17
Jacksonville..... 108	Ocala..... 19	Tampa..... 42
Lakeland..... 9	Orlando..... 13	Webb..... 1
	Palmetto..... 6	
<b>GEORGIA.</b>		
Aecworth..... 4	Canton..... 17	Macon..... 57
Athens..... 4	Cartersville..... 4	Savannah..... 30
Atlanta..... 22	Eagle Cliff..... 4	Union Point..... 13
Augusta..... 6	Greensboro..... 8	Washington..... 31
	Hawkinsville..... 16	
Chicago, Illinois..... 16		
McAllister, Indian Territory..... 10		
Coffeyville, Kansas..... 23		
<b>KENTUCKY.</b>		
Adairville..... 5	Lewisburg..... 4	Richmond..... 7
Bell..... 8	Lexington..... 21	Russellville..... 10
Bowling Green..... 15	Louisville..... 18	Stamping Ground..... 4
Covington..... 1	Morganfield..... 5	Sturgis..... 8
Georgetown..... 6	Owensboro..... 20	Toler..... 16
Harrodsburg..... 18	Paris..... 14	Versailles..... 5
Henderson..... 57	Pembroke..... 19	Winchester..... 29
Justice..... 6	Pine Grove..... 4	
<b>LOUISIANA.</b>		
Berwick..... 19	Lake Charles..... 15	New Orleans..... 18
Jackson..... 6	Mansfield..... 19	Shreveport..... 10
	Morgan City..... 4	
<b>MARYLAND.</b>		
Baltimore..... 15	Cheltenham..... 4	Cumberland..... 17
<b>MISSISSIPPI.</b>		
Anding..... 4	Fayette..... 6	Walshall..... 5
Columbus..... 8	Ulen..... 5	Yazoo City..... 16
<b>MISSOURI.</b>		
Centralla..... 8	Lexington..... 6	Palmyra..... 12
Dexter..... 7	Louisiana..... 1	Sedalia..... 8
Golden City..... 21	Moberly..... 7	Springfield..... 25
Huntsville..... 22	Nevada..... 9	St. Louis..... 23

New York City, New York..... 21		
<b>NORTH CAROLINA.</b>		
Asheville..... 9	Salisbury..... 32	Wilmington..... 4
	Wynnesville..... 12	
Cincinnati, Ohio..... 12		
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Territory..... 21		
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania..... 10		
<b>SOUTH CAROLINA.</b>		
Aikin..... 17	Columbia..... 11	Sally..... 7
Charleston..... 106	Darlington..... 24	Sumter..... 9
	Orangeburg C. H..... 19	
<b>TENNESSEE.</b>		
Bagdad..... 1	Goodlettsville..... 13	Sadlersville..... 5
Baker..... 12	Hartsville..... 11	Saundersville..... 4
Bellmeckle..... 1	Hendersonville..... 1	Sewanee..... 5
Bradyville..... 1	Hustburg..... 4	Shelbyville..... 26
Bristol..... 5	Jackson..... 39	Sherwood..... 4
Burns..... 5	Knoxville..... 23	Silvertop..... 4
Castalian Springs..... 7	Lawrenceburg..... 9	South Pittsburg..... 7
Chattanooga..... 9	Lebanon..... 5	Springfield..... 7
Chapel Hill..... 9	Lewisburg..... 10	Sweetwater..... 5
Clarksville..... 15	Lynchburg..... 15	Tobaccoport..... 5
Columbia..... 31	Lynnville..... 9	Trenton..... 11
Coopertown..... 1	Memphis..... 27	Trilene..... 10
Cornersville..... 1	McKenzie..... 18	Tullahoma..... 10
Covington..... 4	Murfreesboro..... 71	Wartrace..... 8
Dickson..... 15	Nashville..... 426	Waverly..... 7
Dyersburg..... 6	Newbern..... 8	White Bluff..... 4
Eagleville..... 1	Paris..... 15	Whichever..... 12
Erin..... 37	Poplin's X Roads..... 5	Woolworth..... 11
Fayetteville..... 41	Pulaski..... 13	Wrence..... 4
Franklin..... 24	Riddleton..... 5	Yorkville..... 6
Gallatin..... 16		
<b>TEXAS.</b>		
Alvarado..... 5	Decatur..... 6	Lampasas..... 22
Austin..... 7	Eva..... 14	Lubbock..... 4
Athens..... 20	El Paso..... 38	Memphis..... 5
Becher..... 5	Ennis..... 6	Mexia..... 19
Belfon..... 39	Fort Worth..... 35	Milford..... 31
Bryan..... 26	Forney..... 4	Paris..... 18
Caddo Mills..... 9	Gainesville..... 29	Ray..... 4
Canadian..... 1	Gatesville..... 10	Rockwall..... 20
Center Point..... 7	Graham..... 16	Sherman..... 14
Coebeld..... 1	Grand View..... 11	Tehuacana..... 9
Cleburne..... 37	Henrietta..... 4	Terrell..... 17
Coleman..... 23	Houston..... 9	Trent..... 5
Comanche..... 13	Kanfman..... 4	Waxahachie..... 14
Crockett..... 5	La Grange..... 11	Wills' Point..... 18
Dallas..... 14		
<b>VIRGINIA.</b>		
Culpeper..... 5	Portsmouth..... 15	West Point..... 23
Fredericksburg..... 6	Richmond..... 86	Williamsburg..... 6
Huntington, West Virginia..... 17		

The postoffices at which there are one, two or three subscribers will be surprising. For instance, THE VETERAN goes regularly to 482 offices in Tennessee, while in the above list there are but sixty-one. It is designed to add the offices in November number where the one, two or three has been increased to four or more.

FLAG OF FIFTY-FIFTH ILLINOIS REGIMENT.—Lieut. Joseph Hartsook, Fifty-fifth Illinois Infantry, writes to learn something, if he can, of the flag of his regiment, which he believes was captured by the Thirtieth Alabama, and turned over to Gen. H. D. Clayton, of Clayton, Ala. General Clayton thinks the flag was lost from the headquarters wagon. Lieutenant Hartsook writes: "Our regiment served nearly four years and carried three separate flags. The first and the last were burned in the great Chicago fire of 1871, and the second was captured as stated. At our reunions we have none of the flags carried in battle or on the tented field. Under the circumstances, who among so brave and chivalrous a foe would not give their sympathy and assistance in recovering our flags? No one but an old veteran can feel our loss. Since the war these flags are yours as well as ours. Who among our Southern kith and kin will help us find the lost banner and present it at our next reunion?" Lieutenant Hartsook's address is High street and Grand avenue, Davenport, Iowa.

## GEN. E. KIRBY-SMITH'S CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY.

BY ROBERT M. FRIERSON, NASHVILLE, TENN.

EDITOR VETERAN: At your request I give you the recollections of a boy soldier of the Confederacy as to the Kentucky campaign of General Kirby-Smith, July, 1862, the army of General Bragg was transferred from Tupelo, Miss., to Chattanooga by rail, and after a day or so at the latter place, the famous old "Granite" Brigade, commanded by Gen. P. R. Cleburne, of which I was a member, along with the brigade of Gen. Preston Smith, were sent to Knoxville, Tenn., where we first saw our new commander. A short time was spent in cooking rations and storing our camp equipage, for on that campaign we bivouacked under the blue sky. Cleburne's Brigade consisted of the Second, Fifth, Thirty-fifth and Forty-eighth Tennessee Infantry and the Fifteenth Arkansas. Smith's Brigade consisted of five Tennessee regiments, both brigades being commanded by General Cleburne as a division, together with Churchill's Division, embracing the brigades of Ecton and McNair, the former consisting of Arkansas troops, while the latter hailed from the Lone Star State. These four brigades commenced their toilsome march from Knoxville about August 1st, and nothing of interest transpired until we reached the Cumberland Mountains at Wheeler's Gap. When we were making the ascent the horse of Adjutant Fowler, of the Second Tennessee, got into a bee's nest and rushed through the brigade riderless, over sleeping men, almost stampeding both the Second and Forty-eighth Regiments.

We passed rapidly to the rear of Cumberland Gap to assist Stevenson's Division in defeating the garrison there, but we nearly starved ourselves in that sterile mountainous region. From here we marched toward Lexington to be within striking distance of the main army under General Bragg. At Barbourville we were joined by three cavalry regiments—First Georgia, First Louisiana and Fourth Tennessee (Starnes's). At London, Ky., our cavalry captured a part of Houck's Second Tennessee Federal Infantry. From there we passed on to Big Hill and camped. We had just stacked arms when Metcalfe's and Munday's cavalry regiments had the temerity to charge into our camp, but one fusillade from the first battalion of the Forty-eighth put to inglorious flight all that we did not unhorse. Next morning we marched about five miles up the pike toward Richmond, when we filed to the right in an open field and formed in line of battle, our battery passing up the hill in front. We moved the Forty-eighth, my regiment, in its immediate rear and to support it, and in quick time the first of the three engagements that constituted the battle of Richmond, Ky., was on, and the loud mouthed dogs of war were unleashed. Our battery was soon engaged with two six-gun batteries of the enemy, and right nobly did they sustain themselves. One after another was being carried to the rear disabled and torn by shot and shell until their Captain called for volunteers from our regiment to supply their places. Just then a young man from a farm near by came upon the field and asked to be assigned to duty. Col. Ben Hill, brigade commander, sent him forward to the battery. In a little while he dropped back with an ounce Scharpnel ball imbedded in his shoulder, but the gallant boy would not leave the field until ordered to the rear by

Colonel Nixon. Looking back to the rear on an eminence I saw General Smith and staff, and wondered why he would hold us there where we could not strike a blow and be punished by exploding shell. General Cleburne was shot square in the mouth that cost him several of his teeth, and Col. L. E. Polk, our subsequent commander, was as wild as a march hare from a wound in the top of his head. But soon our grand commander's strategy showed itself. A wild, tumultuous yell, a crash of musketry, and Preston Smith's Brigade had taken them in flank. Here Colonel Fitzgerald, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee, fell, and then brave old Ben Hill in loud tones shouted, "Forward! double quick!" and right eagerly did our command rush forward and down the hill to join in the battle with our comrades on the right. Just as we reached the pike a full volley of cannister from one of the enemy's batteries went above our heads, sounding like an immense covey of birds on wing. Our skirmishers' well aimed rifles on their cannoners were effective, and their rout was soon complete. For four miles we gave chase, skirmishing with their rear guard until we reached Zion Church. There they formed for fight, but a determined rush by the old Forty-eighth, supported on the left by the Second and on the right by the Thirty-fifth, caused them to leave their position precipitately, and then again we took up the chase. On the outskirts of the town, through the cemetery, a contiguous cornfield and a grove of walnut trees, Bull Nelson, who had arrived with his division and what remained of Manson's and Krauff's commands, deployed to receive us. We quickly formed our lines and moved on the cemetery, and in twenty minutes one hundred and forty men of the Second and one hundred and twenty-eight of the Forty-eighth were killed and wounded. They bore the brunt of the battle. It was here the peerless Dick Butler, commander of the Second Tennessee, adored by his regiment and beloved by the whole brigade, gave up his life for the cause he loved so well. In ascending the hill to the cemetery a grape-shot struck Colonel Nixon in the left breast, smashing his watch and striking a copy of the Testament in his breast pocket, which saved his life; our old commander, a veteran from Mexico, staggered a few paces backward, plunged forward on his hands, but struggling to his knees, loud above the din of battle shouted, "Forward, Forty-eighth!" Over into the cemetery we went. Here I plainly saw General Nelson trying to rally his men, but they could not withstand our onslaught, and pell-mell, without allignment, they rushed into the streets of Richmond, closely pursued by the victorious Confederates. At the outer edge of the town they were confronted by our cavalry and Ecton's Arkansans, when they threw down their arms and in a body surrendered. The fruits of our victory were nearly seven thousand prisoners, as many small arms, sixteen pieces of artillery and two Brigadier-Generals. This battle occurred August 30, which was a very hot day.

M. T. Ledbetter, Piedmont, Ala.: "I am an honest worker for it. I never go out without taking a copy to show to the old soldier. I contend that it should be supported by we old soldiers. I look on it as 'our paper.' It is a medium through which we may tell of those trying times. I like to read of those things. Although the times are hard, I don't expect to let up until I secure a large list of subscribers here."

## REPLY TO "MY LOVE AND I."

BY A LADY OF COLUMBUS, O.

A captive on a lake-girl isle  
Looks o'er the waters sadly;  
His thoughts on one whose blessed smile  
Would welcome him so gladly;  
But that beneath a Northern sky,  
A sky to him so dreary,  
He's doomed to pine and vainly sigh,  
Away out on Lake Erie.

The winds that waft to others bliss,  
But mock him with their tone,  
The lips are pale they stoop to kiss,  
With yearning for his home;  
The waves that dash upon the beach,  
Keep careless guard and weary,  
They chant of joys beyond the reach  
Of him who looks on Erie.

They bear to him his mother's tone,  
His sister's mournful song,  
Until he longs to be alone,  
Far from that captive throng;  
And when he lays him down to sleep  
With aching heart and weary,  
The winds and waves his vigils keep,  
Dear dreamer on Lake Erie.

But all who love him pray to God,  
To bless his precious life  
With "patience" to endure the rod,  
With "faith" to close the strife;  
And look beyond the dreary "now,"  
To brighter days and better,  
When native winds shall fan his brow  
And only fond arms fetter.

I have a good deal of the writings of Asa Harty (John McKnight), which I have fondly kept these many years.

## HOW COMRADES MAY HELP EACH OTHER.

LON FERGUSON, PIEDMONT, ALA.

Ours is Camp Stewart, No. 378, with J. N. Hood, Commander, and Lon Ferguson, Adjutant. At a recent meeting of our Camp a resolution was unanimously passed adopting the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as the organ of this Camp, and the Adjutant instructed to furnish you notice of the same. We are all proud of the VETERAN, and as soon as times get easier you will doubtless get many subscribers from our Camp. Your volunteer agent here, comrade Ledbetter, is fully alive to the interest of the VETERAN, and doubtless will render it good service when the screws are relaxed.

By the way, dear VETERAN, an idea has just come into my mind in connection with our organization. It is this: As a rule our comrades are generally poor, and of course never expect any benefits in the line of pensions, State nor national. Now, can't the organizations of the I. C. V.'s all over the South and West be converted into a Co-operative Mutual Benefit Association? Say that upon the death of a member in good standing each surviving member of all the Camps pay 10c, 25c, 50c or \$1 into a fund to be given in fee simple to the family of the deceased comrade. Don't you think this is an excellent plan? Then it would be so pleasant to know that such a pension finally awaits the dear ones he will leave behind him. I would rather have one dollar from such a source left to my family than two in any other way. Think of this,

and let's see if a good thing can't be gotten out of it. I was a soldier, and spent twenty-two months during the later period of the war in Fort Delaware and Point Lookout prisons. The first two years of the war I spent with General Forrest, at Fort Donelson, Nashville, Franklin, Murfreesboro, Shiloh, etc.

## SCENES WHERE GENERAL TILGHMAN WAS KILLED.

Dear Sir—"F. W. M.'s" article on the "Career and Fate of Gen. Lloyd Tilghman," in the September VETERAN, revived the battle of Baker's Creek, and my memory was freshened regarding the death of the lamented Tilghman. I was an eye-witness to his death. I believe I was the last person he spoke to before he was killed. I was Orderly Sergeant of Capt. James Cowan's Battery, Company G, Col. W. T. Withers' Regiment of Artillery. General Tilghman came to our position, in an open field, on foot. He was in a particularly good humor. He wore a new fatigue uniform. When he arrived near our guns our officers were mounted, and were in position prescribed for dress parade, each Lieutenant, Geo. H. Tompkins and Thos. J. Hanes, in their positions, and Captain Cowan mounted on a large gray horse, making a conspicuous target for the Federal sharpshooters. We were all tyros in war at that time. The General in a pleasant manner said to our Captain, "I think you and your Lieutenants had better dismount. They are shooting pretty close to us, and I do not know whether they are shooting at your fine grey horse or my new uniform. They very promptly obeyed the suggestion. Having to go to his headquarters daily with reports, I had become personally acquainted with the affable, gallant and genial officer. Only a few minutes before his death we were sitting on a log near a strip of woodland discussing the line of battle we then held, comparing it with the one we had shortly before occupied. He got up from the log and went to one of our guns, a 12-pound Napoleon, Corporal "Tommie" Johnson, gunner, and remarked to him, "I think you are shooting rather too high," and sighted the gun himself. He returned to a little knoll within a few feet of the log on which I was still sitting, and was standing erect, his field glasses to his eyes, watching for the effect of the shot from our gun when he received the fatal wound, not from a "splinter from a shell," however, but from a solid shot. It is true that a horse was killed by the same missile, and I noticed that the horse was dead some time before the General ceased to breathe, though he was unconscious.

It was some little time after the General fell, before his son, a youth, could be found, and I shall never forget the touching scene when with grief and lamentations he cast himself on his dying and unconscious father. Those of us who witnessed this distressing scene shed tears of sympathy for the bereaved son and of sorrow for our fallen hero, the chivalrous and beloved Tilghman. His son was thrown from a horse at Mobile sometime afterward and killed. Captain Cowan and Lieutenant Tompkins are living in Vicksburg. Lieutenant Hanes died a few years ago at Vicksburg. He was severely wounded at Nashville—shot through the chest, near the heart—and as he died suddenly, it was thought his wound possibly caused his death after so many years. Corporal Johnson was killed at Decatur, Ala., at his post of duty, while preparing a fuse.

Yazoo City, Miss., Sept. 22.

E. T. EGGLESTON.



## MAGNIFICENT CONFEDERATE FIGHTING.

*GENERAL BOYNTON'S DESCRIPTION OF OUR SOLDIERS  
AT CHICKAMAUGA.*

As one advances in the study of the battle of Chickamauga he must, at every step, become more and more impressed with the magnificence of the Confederate fighting. Since the first assertion that Chickamauga was for both sides the bloodiest battle of the war, in proportion to numbers and the time of the engagement, and that it far outranked in the percentage of killed and wounded any of the battles of modern Europe, there has been an industrious searching of records, both of our own war and of recent famous foreign campaigns, to test the accuracy of the claims made for Chickamauga. But the further the investigation has proceeded, and it is now sufficiently completed to allow general results to be stated with certainty, the more clearly the truth of the first assertion has been made to appear. It is not strange, therefore, that the discussions of the past year, which have served to dispel so many of the misapprehensions which clouded the public mind in regard to this battle, and dwarfed it in the history of the country, should have created such widespread interest in its real history, and raised it at once to the very front rank of our most notable engagements.

The marvel of German fighting in the great battle of Mars la Tour was performed by the 3rd Westphalian regiment. It suffered the heaviest loss in the German army during the Franco-Prussian war. It went into the battle 3,000 strong, and its loss was 49.4 per cent. There was nothing in the campaigns of which this formed a part which exceeded these figures, and they became famous throughout the German army.

And yet in our war there were over sixty regiments whose losses exceeded this, seventeen of them lost above sixty per cent., and quite a number ranged from seventy to eighty per cent. There were over a score of regiments on each side at Chickamauga whose loss exceeded that of the Westphalian regiment.

But the object of this letter is more particularly to set forth the character of the splendid fighting performed by every portion of Bragg's army on this noted field in Georgia.

The battle of Saturday opened in front of General Brannan, on the extreme Confederate right, and here a brigade of Forrest's cavalry, dismounted, assisted almost immediately by Confederate infantry, assaulted the Union lines. As they were driven back by an overwhelming fire they were continuously reinforced for nearly four hours. The battle was continuous and constantly at short range. In fact, it was a distinguished feature of the whole two days' battle that most of the fighting was at close range, much of it hand to hand, with the bayonet and clubbed muskets. Forrest's men in front of Brannan assaulted time and again, marching up into the very faces of the Union infantry, and in their final effort came on four lines deep, with their hats drawn down over their faces, and bending forward against the storm of lead as men face the elements. The rapid fire of long and well-trained infantry seemed to have no effect upon these veterans, and it was not until they had marched up into the line of fire of batteries, which, with double-shotted canister, enfiladed their ranks at a murderous range, that their advance was checked. Even here they stood and fought with desperation. Ector and Wilson of Walker's division, and Walthall and Govan of Liddell's, all

marching to the assistance of those contending in this hell of battle, became, in turn, as hotly engaged themselves in front of Baird, and for hours on this portion of the field the scene just described on the extreme Confederate right was repeated for all of these brigades. At the first onset Walthall and Govan drove their lines over the flank of the regular brigade and captured its battery, only to be themselves pushed back again almost at the point of the bayonet, and so shattered from their own courageous exposure at short range as to be practically put out of the fight for several hours. Nothing could exceed the valor of these troops. There was nothing in the way of desperate fighting either of infantry or artillery which they were not called upon to face. And they did face it with a courage seldom equalled, and which it was impossible to surpass.

\*\*\* Cheatham, moving to the support of Walker, turned on Johnson with irresistible force and drove him well backward toward the LaFayette road, when Palmer arriving on Johnson's right, these two divisions, acting in concert, drove Cheatham back a mile, and badly shattered his entire command. Next came Hood with Law and Bushrod Johnson's divisions and one brigade of Preston's, and these grappled with Davis, Wood and Sheridan along lines of battle that at times were scarcely two musket lengths apart, and thus till sundown this contest raged in the thick woods between the LaFayette road and the Chickamauga, each line bending backward as the other delivered its heaviest blows, and as if gathering strength by the recoil, in almost every instance, rushing forward again to sway the opposite backward in turn. There was no general stampede on either side at any point of the first day's battle, but weight of lines and weight of metal, and the momentum of blows vigorously delivered controlled the result at every point.

Late in the evening of Saturday, when the fighting on the flanks had well nigh ceased, came Stewart's division of Bate's, Clayton's and Brown's brigades, pounding its way past the flanks of two Union divisions, and, doubling back the flank of a third, they penetrated beyond the LaFayette road. Before its brave career was checked it had well nigh divided the Union line. It is easy to see that over all this extended area of bitter and continuous fighting the loss must have been terrific. The figures to be presented below will make the character of this fighting, to which reference has thus been made in most inadequate terms, more clearly understood. But stubborn, terrific and deadly as was the Confederate fighting of Saturday, it became but ordinary performance when compared with the marvellous exhibition of courage and endurance which were exhibited in that army on Sunday before the Union breastworks about the Kelley farm, and upon the slopes of Snodgrass Hill and the Horseshoe Ridge.

The Union line about the Kelley farm was established on the crest of a low ridge sheltered by heavy woods, and the troops were protected in their position by a low breastwork of logs and rails varying from two to four feet in height. Time and again from 10 o'clock till 2, the whole right wing of the Confederate army rolled its lines in on the slight works in continual breakers, only to be shattered and driven back as the waves of the ocean go to pieces on the beach; brigade after brigade dashed themselves against the salient of this low work, to be shattered and broken, and to retire with a loss so great that after 2 o'clock, and throughout most of the afternoon, the right wing of the Confed-

erate line had so much weakened itself by its brilliant, tremendous, and yet ineffective fighting as to be practically incapable of further effort until much time had been consumed in reorganization. But even this fighting, persistent and marvellous as it had been, was surpassed by the wonderful assaults of Longstreet's wing throughout the afternoon upon the ridges held by Wood, Brannan and Stedman.

For an hour after the break took place in the Union line on Sunday the entire Confederate army was assaulting the Union position. Breckinridge's division, with Helm, Adams and Stoval, was turning the Union left and had moved far into its rear, but Helm's brigade, striking the salient of Baird's position, had been effectually shattered, its commander killed and some of his regiments almost annihilated. Gist and Colquitt of Walker's had fought with the same fierceness and the same want of success. Stewart, in front of Reynolds and Brannan, with his three magnificent brigades of Bate, Clayton and Brown, had pushed into the very face of the Union line, but still found themselves unable to carry the low works before them. At the same time Law's division of Longstreet had rushed upon the front of Harker, moving across open ground and under heavy enfilading fire of Frank Smith's regular battery, and up almost to the muzzles of the infantry's rifles. In this movement Kershaw supported Hood and thus the Union troops on the right had the full view and full experience of the fighting of Longstreet's veterans, Bushrod Johnson in front of Brannan, Hindman before Stedman, with Preston's strong brigades as a reserve, alternately assisting on one point and then on another of the ridge—all these covered its long slope almost continuously from noon till dark with the lines of assaulting columns. The splendor of such fighting as this is enhanced many fold by the fact that from the beginning to the end it was unsuccessful. Ordinary soldiers can be carried forward in battle so long as success attends their movement, but a test of manhood, of soldierly ability, of courage and endurance, which it is difficult to measure and which cannot be overestimated, comes when through a long afternoon, assault after assault, seemingly in overwhelming numbers, has failed and when the whole line of each succeeding advance and retreat is thickly strewn with dead and wounded and all the terrible wreck of battle.

To say that in the face of such experiences the Confederate lines were rallied quickly after every repulse and brought forward again to new and ever vigorous assaults over slopes thus covered with horrors, is to say all that can be said in praise of the valor of the officers who directed and the soldiers who executed these marvellous storming parties.

Turning to the figures of loss in independent commands, they will be found to show that this praise of the Confederate fighting is in no sense exaggerated. In truth, language cannot exaggerate it. \* \* \*

No ordinary comment could emphasize the story of valor and endurance which such figures tell. And while it is impossible for those who fought to save the Union to look with any more complacency upon the cause in defense of which such heroism as this was displayed, men everywhere must admire such exhibitions of manhood, and no American can fail to cherish a certain degree of pride in the fact that men of his own race and nation were equal to such endeavors on the battle-fields.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

#### HILLYER ON GRANT AT SHILOH.

The good wife of Gen. W. S. Hillyer has furnished the VETERAN with the following letter, written to her just after the great battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing. It gives an account quite interesting and different to what our people have seen. There are a few brief omissions:

PITTSBURG, April 11, 1862.

On the Battle-field.

The excitement of the great battle is in a manner subsiding, and my thoughts are constantly reverting to the place where my heart and home are. As I stated to you before, I arrived at Savannah early Sunday morning—about half past four o'clock. While we were at breakfast, about seven o'clock, a gentleman reported that heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of Pittsburg, which is about nine miles from Savannah. The General and staff hurried down to our dispatch boat, the "Tigress," and started up the river. When about half way we met a boat coming down and received from her a dispatch stating that the enemy had attacked our center and right at daylight, driven our center back and a heavy fight was raging.

We arrived at Pittsburg about half past eight o'clock, got on our horses and galloped out to the battle-field. Arrived there we found the enemy had attacked and were engaging our right and center in overwhelming force and our troops were falling back. We met hundreds of cowardly renegades fleeing to the river and reporting their regiments cut to pieces. We tried in vain to rally and return them to the front. We rode on to the center, ordering all the reinforcements we could command, and soon I found myself in the midst of a shower of cannon and musket balls. Cool and undismayed as ever, the General issued his orders and sent his aides flying over the field. While executing an order a cannon ball passed within two feet of my horse's head, and a cavalry captain near by called out to me, "Did it hit you, Captain?"

Soon after there was a lull in the center, and the heaviest firing was on our right. We galloped over there and rode along the line when the battle was raging fiercely. At this time our forces had been driven back about a mile and the enemy had taken a large portion of our division (General Prentiss') prisoners. Suddenly there was a lull on the right as well as the center, and most of us thought that the enemy were worsted and retiring. "Not so," General Grant said. "I don't like this quiet. I fear the enemy are concentrating on our left" (where we were weakest). "Captain Hillyer, ride over and order a company of cavalry to make a reconnoissance on the left." "Yes, sir; where shall I find you on my return?" said I. "Wherever you hear the heaviest firing," was the consoling reply. And, when I had executed the order, the only guide I had back to the General was the heaviest musketry and cannonading. In the meantime he had ordered reinforcements to the left, and his apprehensions were well founded. But a few minutes had elapsed when the enemy attacked us with desperate courage on our left. One continuous roar of artillery, varied only by the unceasing rattle of musketry, was heard, and Death, with fifty thousand mowers, stalked over the field. Oh! it was an awful day. From then till dark apprehension of defeat, knowledge of the terrible slaughter and shadows of

the direful consequences of defeat filled our hearts with sorrowful forebodings, but General Grant was still as calm and confident as ever. "We'll whip them yet!" was his reply to the announcement that our troops were falling back, and his confidence inspired all his command.

Gen. Lew Wallace's division, which was at Crump's Landing, on the river, between Pittsburg and Savannah, a force ten thousand strong, were ordered to move up to Pittsburg about eleven o'clock. They were but four miles distant, and should have been there by noon. Every moment we expected to hear from them, but by some unpardonable delay they came not. We assured the left that Wallace would soon be up to reinforce them, and, thus encouraged, our forces stood their ground against desperate odds. But the field was being strewn with our killed and wounded, and the battle raged hotter and hotter.

About two o'clock General Buell arrived. One of his divisions (General Nelson's) was marching and would soon arrive opposite Pittsburg, where boats waited to carry them over. In answer to General Grant's inquiry as to his other forces, Buell informed him that General Crittenden's command had been halted two miles from Savannah to await further orders. General Grant immediately ordered me to proceed to Savannah with sufficient boats and order Crittenden to move immediately to the river with his men and embark for Pittsburg, leaving his transportation and baggage behind.

I got to Savannah about half past three, rode out to Crittenden's camp and gave the order, which he received with the utmost enthusiasm, for there he was, within hearing of the battle, and without permission to advance. I asked him where was McCook's division. He said just behind him, and Wood's just behind McCook's. What should I do? I had no orders except for Crittenden, but we needed all the reinforcements we could get. I quickly determined to assume the responsibility. I sat down and wrote an order in General Grant's name and dispatched a courier, ordering General McCook to leave his transportation and move his available force immediately to the river to be transported to Pittsburg. I sent the same order to General Wood, and followed it with an order to General Thomas, who was a few miles behind Wood. I returned to Savannah; there, I remembered, we had three regiments. I thought they were not needed there. I again assumed responsibility and ordered two of the regiments to embark for Pittsburg. I made all the arrangements for transportation and returned to report to General Grant. By this time it was night. I found the General and the rest of his staff stretched on the ground, without a tent or any protection, and the rain pouring down!

I reported to the General what I had done; he said I had done exactly right. In consequence of my assumption of responsibility we had, in addition to Crittenden's and Nelson's commands, the whole of McCook's and a part of Wood's division, together with two regiments from Savannah, in the fight the next day, *and we needed them all!*

Sunday evening the enemy had pushed our fires back until their batteries almost commanded our transports; a little further and they would have made it impossible to land our reinforcements. But, fortunately, they got within range of our two gunboats, which were lying anchored in the river, and which

opened upon them with a perfect shower of shells. Night never was more welcome to any poor mortals than that night to our little army at Pittsburg. I say "little army" because our force at Pittsburg at this time did not exceed forty thousand men. \* \* \* Wallace's division had not arrived, nor any of Buell's command. Notwithstanding this disparity, we labored under another serious disadvantage: the enemy, being the attacking party, could concentrate their whole force at any point, while we were compelled to maintain our lines on the right, left and center, not knowing what moment the enemy might shift their position under cover of the woods.

Before morning we had received twenty-five thousand reinforcements, and before Monday's battle was over ten thousand more.

Sunday night General Grant ordered that at the break of day our forces should advance on the right, left and center, attacking the enemy all around the lines wherever he could be found.

The first dawn of morning lighted our men onward toward the foe. In a few moments our whole line was engaged, and the battle raged with even more severity than on Sunday. The enemy were moving forward with the confidence inspired by their partial success on the preceding day; our's with the confidence inspired by the knowledge that we had been reinforced. I have not time to describe this day's action. It was the most terrible conflict I have ever witnessed. Our line of battle engaged at one time could not have been less than five or six miles, and wherever the battle raged hottest General Grant could be seen with his staff. At one time the rebels evidently distinguished him as a commanding general, for they opened a battery which filled the air around us with bursting shells and solid shot, and, as we advanced along the line, they followed us for a quarter of a mile. Fortunately, the range was a little too high, and the ricochet passed beyond us. One ball passed under the General's horse. I rode over the battle-field after the battle. Our men were busy burying the dead. The scene was horrible. Hundreds and hundreds of dead bodies strewed the ground. For miles and miles, wherever we rode, we found dead bodies scattered through the woods in every direction.

Oh! there will be many desolate homes and comfortless hearts as the details of this battle are known through the country. Many a mourning Rachel will find little consolation in the victory which finally crowned our arms. But future ages will look with admiration on the desperate valor of our troops and bless the memory of the dead who fell at Pittsburg fighting for the maintenance of our good government. You and I cannot be too grateful to the kind Providence who has preserved your husband and our children's father through these two terrible days.

I have seen enough of war. God grant that it may be speedily terminated. I cannot retire now till we have driven the enemy from Corinth. When that is done I think I will leave it to others to finish up this rebellion, which I look upon as already mortally wounded. \* \* \*

Kiss my little darlings for papa. Tell them that papa's thoughts often went after them, even during the excitement of the battle-field, and nothing but a sense of duty reconciled him to the risking of his life.

Good bye. God bless you. Your husband,

W. S. HILLYER.

*POINT LOOKOUT PRISON REMINISCENCES.*

When in Richmond, Va., May 31st last, in attendance at the burial of Jefferson Davis, the editor of the *VETERAN* had a most interesting conversation with Mr. Albert W. Traylor, of that city, concerning his experiences as a prisoner of war at Point Lookout, Md.

Mr. Traylor is of the sixth generation in direct descent from William Traylor, the first of the name in the Colony of Virginia, who married in 1695 Judith, daughter of George and Elizabeth (Harris) Archer, and settled on what was then the Western frontier, patenting about three thousand acres of land on the north side of the Appomattox River, just opposite and above the site of the present city of Petersburg. He is now in his seventy-second year, having been born in Chesterfield County, May 5, 1822, and while his physical strength is somewhat impaired by a partial paralysis, his memory is still very clear.

Mr. Traylor was a private in Company E, 21st Va. Infantry, Perry's Brigade, Gordon's Division, A. S. V., stationed at Camp Ewell, and was captured before Petersburg on March 25, 1865, when Gordon made a brilliant but unsuccessful assault against the enemy's right. He was imprisoned at Point Lookout and held there for seventy-two days after the surrender at Appomattox, his parole bearing date June 21, 1865.

The number of prisoners taken exceeded, perhaps, 1,500. Officers and privates were separated, and after the usual formalities of marching from one headquarters to another to be listed, counted, weighed and prepared for shipment, which proceeding consumed the entire day, the privates were all loaded in and upon box and flat cars and taken to City Point, where they were that night herded in a pen, like so many cattle, and in the morning given a cup of coffee and a piece of bread and meat each, marched on board a boat and shipped to Point Lookout.

This cape, or promontory, is situated at the mouth of the Potomac, having that river on the south and west, and Chesapeake Bay on the east. The area of this prison comprised probably twenty-five acres, inclosed by a strong plank fence about sixteen feet high, with a guard walk or parapet. It was used as a prison during the greater part of the war, and had, as he understood, at the time of his imprisonment more than twenty thousand inmates, who were lodged in tents that covered the entire inclosure except the passages, or "streets" as they were called, seven men being quartered in an "A" tent, which occupied a space of seven feet square. The tents were without floors, no straw was provided, and unless a prisoner was so fortunate as to have saved his blanket or oilcloth he was obliged to sleep on the bare ground. They were set apart by divisions, like the wards of a city, and the daily routine consisted of roll-call about six o'clock, a pint tin cup of coffee, and about half a loaf of baker's bread, which was of excellent quality, with a raw piece of codfish or mackerel served to each prisoner as they marched in divisions by the "cook-house" about eight or nine o'clock, and the same tin cup of pea or bean soup, with the same quantity of bread, and a small piece of corn beef or salt pork, similarly served, about one or two o'clock. This constituted a day's "rations," and while it never was, perhaps, satisfactory, it was so much better, and, for the most part, so much more than they had for some time previously been able to secure in the army camps, that the murmuring was not so great as might have

been expected, and no man suffered for food. Maj. A. J. Brady, of the United States Army, was then Provost Marshal or Commandant of the prison, and is especially remembered by Mr. Traylor as a man of good temper and kind heart. His tribute to his character was indeed a glowing one, and he concluded by saying that it would even yet afford him pleasure to go to any inconvenience to do him honor, if alive, or to do reverence to his memory, if dead, adding that Major Brady's consideration in the treatment of the unfortunates there imprisoned did more than any other one thing to prepare him for acceptance in proper spirit the results of the war.

Religious services were conducted by the men in some part of the prison almost daily, and by ministers from Baltimore and Washington on Sundays. Thousands were baptized by immersion in the Chesapeake Bay. A thriving business was done by some of those for whom the food allowance was unsatisfactory, in washing the clothing of their fellows, the pay being a part of the rations of the one served. Petty thefts of rations, etc., were common and fisticuffs frequent, but the punishments were never harsh or severe.

*FIRST CAPTURE OF FEDERALISTS AT SEA.*

At the meeting of Columbia County Camp, No. 150, Confederate Veterans, at Lake City, Fla., on the 17th of August, the name was changed to E. A. Perry Camp, in honor of the late Governor Perry, who so bravely commanded the Florida brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia.

A resolution was passed indorsing the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, published at Nashville, Tenn.

This camp has the original flag presented to the Columbia Rifles in 1861, under which the first capture of Federalists was made by Confederates on the sea. The capture was made off Cedar Keys, July 3, 1861, Lieutenant Seldon and Eighth Marines. The old flag was left at home by the company after a regimental flag for the Second Florida was obtained.

This Camp meets regularly on first Tuesday in October, January, April, and July.

Funds are being raised for the Davis monument, and to purchase the Confederate Home in Jacksonville.

An ever faithful Confederate veteran, of Columbia, Tenn., writes about the Confederate officers buried at Ashwood: "Their graves are almost unmarked and unknown. If their old comrades' attention was called to the fact, they might bring their remains to our beautiful Confederate lot in this city, where we have head and foot stones to 131 graves and a handsome monument to their memory. It is kept in perfect order by the women of Columbia, and will forever be so cared for. The thing to do is to remove them here and their old comrades contribute to build suitable monuments to their memory. Leonidas Polk Bivouac, No. 3, will attend to the removal."

Mrs. Jas. G. Marshall, Gloster, La.: "Wife of an old veteran and an old veteran myself. Inclosed find \$1.50 for three subscriptions to your *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. I shall continue to do what I can to aid the dearly loved lost cause, and hope most sincerely, the time will soon come when the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* will be read in every family in the South, and faithfully read by the young people more particularly than the old veterans."

CONFEDERATE CABINET.

BY A. M. SEA, JR., LOUISVILLE.

PRESIDENT.

NAME.	BORN.	DIED.
Jefferson Davis	Ky., June 3, 1808	Beauvoir, Miss., Dec. 6, 1889.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

Alex. H. Stephens	Ga., Feb. 11, 1812	Atlanta, Ga., March 4, 1883.
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SECRETARY OF STATE.

Robert Toombs	Ga., July 2, 1810	Washington, Ga., Dec. 15, 1885.
Robert M. T. Hunter	Va., April 21, 1809	Essex Co., Va., July 19, 1887.
Judah P. Benjamin	W. I., Aug. 10, 1811	Paris, France, May 8, 1884.

SECRETARY OF TREASURY.

C. G. Memminger	Ger., Jan. 9, 1803	Charleston, S. C., Feb. 7, 1888.
George A. Trenholm	S. C., Feb. 25, 1807	Charleston, S. C., Dec. 10, 1876.

SECRETARY OF WAR.

Leroy P. Walker	Ala., July 8, 1817	Huntsville, Ala., Aug. 22, 1881.
Judah P. Benjamin	W. I., Aug. 10, 1811	Paris, France, May 8, 1884.
George W. Randolph	Va., March 10, 1808	near Charlottesville, Va., April 10, 1878.
James A. Seddon	Va., July 13, 1815	Gooseland Co., Va., Aug. 19, 1880.
John C. Breckinridge	Ky., Jan. 21, 1821	Lexington, Ky., May 17, 1875.

SECRETARY OF NAVY.

Stephen R. Mallory	W. I., 1803	Pensacola, Fla., Nov. 9, 1873.
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ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Judah P. Benjamin	W. I., Aug. 10, 1811	Paris, France, May 8, 1884.
Thomas Bragg	N. C., Nov. 9, 1810	Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 2, 1872.
Thomas H. Watts	Ala., Jan. 3, 1819	Montgomery, Ala., Sep. 16, 1902.
George Davis		

POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

John H. Reagan	Tenn., Oct. 5, 1818	
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IN THE OLD NORTH STATE.

REUNION OF THE COL. CHAS. F. FISHER CAMP.

The Salisbury Herald, September '14: To-day has belonged to the ex-Confederate veterans of Rowan County, and they have been here in numbers. Incidents of the war have been recalled and camp life lived over. Veterans were here to-day who never attended a reunion before, and comrades have met for the first time in years. The day has been a most pleasant one to all the old soldiers, and will be remembered for years.

The veterans were called together at 11 o'clock by martial music, the band being composed of part of the old band of the 49th North Carolina Regiment. The music caused the "old boys" to gather quickly, and the main room of the courthouse way soon comfortably filled with them.

The assembly was called to order by Col. James R. Crawford, who asked Mr. A. A. Boyden to explain the objects of the meeting. Mr. Boyden told how the idea of having a permanent organization of the veterans of Rowan County started five years ago, from which the Rowan Veteran Regiment grew, and since that time annual meetings had been held. The organization was non-partizan and non-political, and gladly received all honorably discharged ex-Confederate soldiers. Last spring a Camp was organized. This Camp took the name of Col. Charles F. Fisher, and was chartered as No. 319, United Confederate Veterans.

Pending the election of officers an invitation was extended to all veterans who had not already done so to sign the Camp register. Quite a number of names were added to the list, swelling the total number to over 300—the largest enrollment in the history of the organization.

The old officers of the Camp were unanimously re-elected, and are as follows: First Commander—James R. Crawford. Second Commander—I. Frank Patterson. Third Commander—Wm. H. Overman. Adjutant—Cicero R. Barker. Quartermaster—Thos.

B. Beall. Commissary—Robt. W. Price. Commissary Sergeant—Wm. A. Lipe. Chaplain—Rev. W. H. Leith, D. D. Surgeon—Dr. J. A. Caldwell. Assistant Surgeon—Dr. E. Rose Dorsett. Secretary and Treasurer—W. L. Kluttz. Advisory Board—E. B. Neave, D. A. Atwell, W. C. Coughenour.

After the election of the officers Mr. Boyden introduced to them Rev. Dr. Leith. Dr. Leith was liberally applauded. His excellent address was carefully prepared, and delivered with eloquence and patriotic fervor. The hearts of the veterans were filled with enthusiasm.

On motion of Mr. C. R. Barker, it was ordered that credentials be issued to any veteran who would volunteer to attend the reunion at Birmingham, Ala., next month. The Camp is entitled to fifteen delegates to this reunion, which will bring together representatives of every Southern State.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., was made the official organ of the Camp.

The routine business being finished, the Camp adjourned for dinner. The veterans formed in line on the street and marched to the brick warehouse, where dinner was served. There were 265 men in line, and between 275 and 300 old soldiers were given dinner. All enjoyed the good things provided by the ladies of Salisbury and served by them. Dinner over, the crowd dispersed and scattered in groups on the streets, where tales of war times were related.

As a whole, the meeting was the most successful one ever held. The men are loud in their praises of the manner in which it was conducted.

AMUSING INCIDENTS AT SPOTSYLVANIA, VA.—On the 12th of May, 1864, the hard, all-day struggle, when brigade after brigade had been rushed in to regain the ground lost early in the morning; on the spot where dead and wounded men, horses, and disabled artillery told of the deadly strife; where a man, after trying it awhile, if not killed or wounded, looked anxiously for the next relief to come up; late in the evening our (Humphreys) brigade was rushed in to relieve another that had served its time. While passing along the line of low earthworks to take our allotted position, one of the men in front of us, who had been sorely pressed, and was thinking seriously of the rear, cried out, "Are you all fresh troops?" After repeating the question several times, getting louder and louder every time, Pat Burns, a cool, brave Irishman of my company, yelled back at the fellow, "Yis, we niver was in a fight before." A few minutes later, when we were ordered to take our places in the shallow trenches, we found them occupied by dead and wounded, and among them a big six-footer lying prone on his face, as still as a mouse, seemingly dead, and in the place that then belonged to Pat. The Irishman was non-plussed. He did not want to molest the dead or wounded. But soon the very position of the man aroused his suspicion, and, jumping astride of him and grabbing him by the shoulders, jerking him up and down, said, "Are you dead?" When the fellow rolled up the white of his eyes, showing he was "possoming," Pat hauled him out and started him to the rear. It created a laugh, though in the midst of extreme danger.

W. GART. JOHNSON.

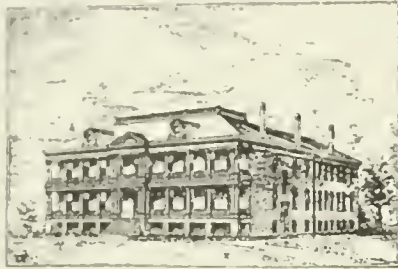
Judge W. M. Ives, of Lake City, Fla., incloses a dollar and states: "This pays two years' subscription to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for me."

## HISTORY OF THE MISSOURI CONFEDERATE HOME.

BY A. P. BARLOW, SECRETARY.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 15, 1893.

Mr. S. A. Cunningham, editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN: Dear Sir—Your query of how we managed to acquire the "wonderful" Confederate Home of Missouri, which you saw at Higginsville, I find rather difficult to answer. There was as much "don't" as "do." First, in 1881, we organized a State ex-Confed-



erate Association, social and benevolent, and began to hold annual reunions. And, also first, we resolved to keep out of politics, which was easy; then we did keep out, which was not easy. It took long years to convince politicians that this was one society which could not be used. Then they let us alone, and we gradually secured the confidence and sympathy of all the people.

Local societies were organized in the cities to relieve the worthy distressed and discourage unworthy beggars. A few solicited and distributed money. Meetings were open and the public invited. Gradually, as public confidence increased, and as the helpless increased in number, grew the sentiment that we must have a Home, and agitation began. At last, in 1889, public sentiment seemed to have reached the right point, a charter was secured, and in the summer of 1890 it was found that a few generous men had given \$10,000 on the promise that a Home would be built. Then the Executive Committee, composed of one Vice-President from each congressional district, at last resolved to build the Home, and the word was passed over the State that we "meant business."

Nine years' patient work had produced a powerful State society, and the simple fact that there were no political rewards in sight had secured unselfish officers, who were known to be working solely for the good of others. Here was the real secret of the success which surprised you so much.

The next move was to organize county societies, each reporting to their district Vice-President. And still another was to take up a collection in the school districts at the annual school election, which produced \$13,000. This involved the sending of circulars into ten thousand school districts, which was done by the generous aid of the County Clerks.

Then a job was "put up" on our State officers, Senators and House of Representatives. They innocently permitted the use of the hall of the House of Representatives for a lecture on the Confederate Home, whereupon a "joint and concurrent resolution" appropriating one day's pay of every State officer, representative and employe, was sprung upon them, approved by the Governor, and unanimously passed, a large

audience of ladies being given woman suffrage for that occasion. Net results, \$1,600, and the State was in a manner committed to the good work.

Then an entirely unexpected help was received from the women of Missouri, who organized as "Daughters of the Confederacy," and proceeded to give balls, picnics, strawberry and ice cream festivals, etc. In two counties, where the men could not raise a dollar, the local D. O. C. raised over \$1,000 each. In all, they raised over \$25,000, and paid for the main building.

The State was regularly canvassed, mass meetings being held and speeches made in nearly every county, and the proceedings were reported by wire to the daily papers. Editors, clergymen, Union soldiers—everybody joined in raising funds—Vice-Presidents gave time and money to canvass their districts, and all concerned hammered while the iron was hot. The results are, \$100,000 received in three years, the house paid for, and cash on hand for a year's expenses ahead.

Ours is an industrial Home, where all work who are able. The farm comprises 362 acres of rich land, on which is raised most of the breadstuffs, all of the vegetables and part of the meats. Twelve cottages are occupied by fourteen families, each having its own garden and a "share" in a cow. A fine chapel in which religious services are held twice a week. Families are not admitted into the main building, which will accommodate one hundred single men.

The number of inmates during the past two years has averaged between fifty and eighty. Present number, eighty-five. Many have regained strength and voluntarily withdrawn, and a few, I regret to say, have left involuntarily. The number of inmates is rapidly increasing, and it is probable that we will find it more difficult to "run" the Home than to build it. But, as we have an institution which invokes a feeling of State pride on inspection, it is quite certain that a people great enough to build it will cheerfully pay the running expenses. Our only salaried officials are the Superintendent and Surgeon, and their pay is about one-half of that paid for similar services in State institutions.

No Confederate soldier in Missouri need now go to the poor-house or beg on the streets. This feeling recompenses for the hard work. The disabled veteran has a home now, as beautiful within as without, heated by steam, lighted by gas, and furnished like a first-class hotel. Standing on an eminence commanding a rich landscape for miles around, the main building, surrounded by rich fields with abundant crops, fat cattle, stands as a monument attesting peace and Christian charity in a State where war was waged more bitterly than ever before on American soil.

H. M. Cook, Belton, Texas. "At our Belle County ex-Confederate reunion we had a magnificent time and a great deal of enthusiasm. There was an attendance of seven or eight thousand, and the cause is growing in interest. We are learning our children to know that their fathers fought for a principle, and that they are neither rebels nor traitors." The letter contained twenty-one subscriptions.

Wm. King, Jr., Lynchburg, Va.: "I think you are doing a great work for the people of the South, and it would afford me much pleasure to serve you materially and effectually, should there be presented any way for my doing so."

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT.

BY LAMAR FONTAINE, OF WASHINGTON, TEXAS.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night," they say,  
 Except now and then a stray picket  
 Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,  
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket;  
 'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,  
 Will not count in the news of the battle;  
 Not an officer lost, only one of the men,  
 Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"  
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;  
 Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,  
 And the light of the watch-fires are gleaming:  
 A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind  
 Thro' the forest leaves slowly is creeping,  
 While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,  
 Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,  
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,  
 And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,  
 Far away in the cot on the mountain;  
 His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,  
 Grows gentle with memories tender,  
 As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,  
 And their mother—"May Heaven defend her!"

The moon seems to shine as bright as it did then—  
 That night when the love, yet unspoken,  
 Leap'd up to his lips, and when low murmured vows,  
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken;  
 Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,  
 He dashes off tears that are welling,  
 And gathers his gun close up to his breast,  
 As if to keep down the heart's swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,  
 And his footstep is lagging and weary;  
 Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,  
 Toward the shades of the forest so dreary;  
 Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?  
 Was it moonlight, so wondrously flashing?  
 It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"  
 And his life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night;"  
 No sound, save the rush of the river,  
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—  
 The picket's off duty forever.

CO-OPERATING with the general brotherhood, the Ex-Confederate Association of Missouri, at its Higginsville reunion, adopted the following:

"Resolved, that the Ex-Confederate Association of Missouri, is in perfect sympathy with the purposes and objects of the United Confederate Veterans, and while we have not heretofore united ourselves with their organization, because we already had in progress the establishment of a permanent Home for needy Confederate soldiers and their families, when said United Confederate Veterans was inaugurated;

"And, whereas, we have now accomplished our purposes, and are ready to harmonize with, and aid in carrying out the objects of said Veterans' Association, we do hereby tender to them our heartfelt sympathies and best wishes, and express our readiness to co-operate with them."

W. B. Cornell, Winston, N. C., writing for three subscribers, adds: "I like the VETERAN. It is what I have been wanting for the last ten years. I was in the Confederate Army four years and two months, Company K., Tenth North Carolina Regiment."

WILLIE PRESTON—DEAD.

Lines in memory of a gallant young officer, who fell in one of the hardest fought battles of the late war:

Leave me to my speechless sorrow,  
 Leave me to my pallid gloom,  
 Shut away the mocking sunlight,  
 Take its burden from the room!

What are words but empty rattle,  
 Words that murmur of relief,  
 In the deadly single-handed  
 Struggle with the monster, grief?

Can I reason down my anguish?  
 Can I talk my pain away?  
 Let the door be closed between us,  
 Let me meet it as I may!

Dead! poor lips repeat, repeat it:  
 Wrench from out that world of dread,  
 All the sharpest sting of meaning  
 Wrapped within it, HE IS DEAD!

Dead! my Willie in his beauty,  
 E'er the morning flush of joy  
 Yet had caught the chastening shadow  
 Manhood flings around the boy.

Dead! my loving, gentle hearted,  
 Noblest, bravest of the brave,  
 Fallen midst the rush of battle,  
 Buried in a nameless grave!

He whose look and tone grew tender  
 At a dear one's faintest moan,  
 All unwatched, unwept, unheeded,  
 He to perish thus, alone!

Who can tell me of his longings?  
 If he named his father's name,  
 If he softly murmured "sister,"  
 When the ghastly struggle came?

If he breathed no parting message,  
 As he pale and placid lay,  
 If his radiant smile still lingered  
 When his soul had passed away?

If a consecrating calmness  
 Kept upon his clay-cold brow?  
 None can tell me! These are secrets  
 God hath in his keeping now.

All love's sweetest ministrations,  
 All its needs for him are o'er,  
 Never will he cross the threshold  
 Of the old familiar door.

Never will his ringing laughter  
 Echo joyous through the hall,  
 Never will I answer gaily  
 To his fond caressing call.

Never press his smooth white forehead,  
 Never stroke his shining hair,  
 Never feel his arm about me,  
 Never greet his smile so rare!

Ever miss the matchless kindness  
 Strewn through every word he said,  
 Ever wail that blank of absence,  
 Ever mourn my darling dead!

Dead! oh, grief has drowned my vision,  
 Blotted all the gladness o'er,  
 Made me half forget "he liveth"  
 As he never lived before.

That he was not all so lonely,  
 Tho' no loved one closed his eye,  
 That the blessed Christ sustained him  
 When he laid him down to die.

## The Confederate Veteran.

Fifty Cents a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve such publication, and realize its benefits as an organ for associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage.

### SUGGESTIONS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Don't buy postoffice orders for small amounts, postage stamps or postal notes are better, being less expensive. In sending stamps let them be of two cents each. One cent stamps are admissible, but larger are inconvenient. In sending clubs, where the work is complementary, as it so generally is, deduct cost of exchange.

Our earnest comrades and friends who are zealous for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN can do it a valuable service by disabusing the minds of indifferent persons who think it is specially for old soldiers, and assuring them it is of to-day, pulsating with full life in accord with the times. Its purpose is to show the South in a true light, and to honor those who sacrificed property, comfort, and often life, through their devotion to principle.

### POSTPONEMENT OF THE REUNION.

Nothing ever done since organization of United Confederate Veterans was so unfortunate as the "indefinite postponement of the reunion from October 2d and 3d. It was much more than a year from the gathering at New Orleans (April, 1892,) to the dates set in last August. The first postponement to September 15th and 16th seemed well enough, and then, under the circumstances, concurrence was had, without murmur, to October. But then many comrades had arranged to attend from nearly every section of the South, actuated not only in the important interests to be considered and acted upon at Birmingham, but they wanted to attend the great exposition at Chicago, and anticipated benefits by the demonstration at the unveiling of the Confederate monument there, which would have concerned intelligent people from nearly every nation in the world. This opportunity is lost beyond recovery, and advantages in other ways cannot ever be so opportune again.

It seems that rates on the railroads should have been known long in advance, and then the question of ability to attend was with individuals. East of the Mississippi there is much disappointment. Then, considerations for Birmingham should have had serious concern before the postponement. In the chaos occasioned by the blowing out and banking of furnaces and suspension of banks, plucky patriots of that remarkable city went right ahead in their preparations and built the Winnie Davis Wigwam at the cost of thousands of dollars. They kept organized and ready for all emergencies at a sacrifice that can hardly be realized. This last "indefinite postponement" was greatly disappointing to them, and they must be at sea about what to expect in the future.

The VETERAN, without a word of counsel, and with the single motive of justice to all and the greatest good to the greatest number, EXPECTS TO ADVOCATE A GENERAL REUNION AT BIRMINGHAM IN THE EARLY SPRING.

This would make two years between meetings, a thing that should never occur again while two Confederates live to meet in behalf of the great purposes that induced the organization.

Reunions in the States yet to occur will no doubt be more largely attended, and that is well. Augusta talks about a general gathering there at the time of the Exposition; that is well also.

The position of Gen. W. L. Cabell—"Old Tige"—in favor of the postponement tends largely to reconciliation by those who know him, for there is no man who followed the flag of the Confederacy from the time a cotton boll, sewed to a piece of green cambric, was the emblem, until the last red cross, riddled with bullets and thickened by the life blood of its ensigns, who has been truer and more constantly faithful to his people.

### GENERAL MOORMAN WRITES ABOUT THE REUNION.

This letter of General Moorman, in reply to earnest inquiry, is given, although evidently not intended for publication. It was urged that the reunion be held, whether General Underwood was ready or not for the unveiling at Chicago. The letter is dated Sept. 20th:

"The postponement of the reunion had no reference to General Underwood. He was not consulted about it until the postponement was about settled. It was done by Generals Gordon and Cabell acting together, very reluctantly, but in obedience to an almost universal request from nearly all the States. They saw that there could not be even a fair representation of delegates to transact business. There will come up very important business for consideration at the next reunion, and every Camp should be represented. General Cabell said the railroad rates were so high in the Trans-Mississippi territory to Birmingham as to make it prohibitory. No rates had been announced east of the Mississippi, but the lowest expected would have been one or one and one-third fare. At this time the old veterans could not pay these rates, and so wrote here from every quarter. It would have been cruel to have had a reunion and expected delegates, many of them too poor to pay out money as the times now are. Again, the postponements have not hurt the Association. On the contrary, it has steadily grown in the face of it. \* \* \* Enthusiasm is high now in North and South Carolina, Georgia and Arkansas, and General Cabell is going into Missouri, so that we may reach six hundred Camps by the date the reunion is held.

"The Birmingham people were fully consulted. The postponement gives the greatest satisfaction here, and from every point from which I have heard. You will find it will work for the best. Those who are now disappointed, if any, will be compensated by a ten-fold attendance, and the fullest satisfaction.

"Of course I do not know when the reunion will be held, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that next spring will be the best; nothing, however, is known about that; everything said is idle speculation. We now have four hundred and twelve Camps registered. We will send you all names of Camps, information, etc. THE VETERAN is grand.

"Truly your friend,

"GEO. MOORMAN."



HON. A. S. COLYAR, of Nashville, writes this splendid expression to the Sunny South: "United, as the North and South now are, in the interest of fraternal peace, I avoid, as far as possible, all discussion of the merits of the questions which brought on that struggle. But to keep alive the memories of men who died for a cause they believed was right, is an impulse which can never die with an enlightened and patriotic people."

THERE is in this issue of the VETERAN a little more testimony from the other side than was designed, however, the letter of General Boynton upon "magnificent Confederate fighting" is for our side. The percentage reported in his article runs all along at 25 and upward; that of the Twenty-second Alabama Regiment was 52, Eighteenth Alabama was 56, and the Tenth Tennessee was 68 per cent.

General Hillyer, whose interesting letter to his wife is published in this VETERAN, was a graduate of Yale College, and one of the best lawyers in the country. He died in 1872. His letter is so vivid, so patriotic, and so kind in spirit, that its use will give pleasure as well as useful historic information.

THE merit of a Confederate veteran to honor is more than young people generally realize. Let those who do not know ask any Confederate soldier who did active service through the war; if he would go through it again for all the money in the Bank of England, or all the wealth in the United States. Then remember that he did it for nothing. The longer the time since that awful period the clearer does it appear, that those who sacrificed so much deserve all honor. Our women, too, deserve all that can be conceived in their behalf. Another thing in this connection: the disparity between the aggregate numbers that has been emphasized by our people, is misleading. Ours was a great army. That we managed to secure such an equipment and maintain hundreds of thousands the four years is marvellous, when we revert to the conditions of the South from the beginning of the conflict. The Confederates standing abreast allowing three feet to the soldier would have made a solid frontage of three hundred and sixty-nine miles. True, they would have been overlapped by such a column on the other side more than one thousand miles. But there was not this disparity at first. If the war had been fought through without importing men and supplies, it is quite sure the South could not have been overpowered.

#### THE GALLANTRY OF SOUTHERN MEN.

If the men of the South have a distinctive merit above every other it is in their gallantry toward women. There are no exceptions to this rule. The man with rusty boots, unbleached shirt, and in "flop" hat is as prompt in being polite to ladies as the most elegant of gentlemen. He may even be under the influence of

liquor, bad as that is, and with frolicking chums, but he won't neglect due consideration for women. If in a crowded car, for instance, he will not only rise to give up his seat, but will call attention of other men, who may happen for the moment not to observe that ladies are standing, and he is thanked in return all around. This kind of gallantry is not debatable, no matter whether the woman be in silks or cotton. It is not a question of "sentiment" either, but of instinct.

An excuse is often made by men who occupy seats in the various public conveyances of the metropolis that ladies should not be out at the time for business men to use them; and the ladies of leisure, who have nothing to do but spend what they choose, seem honestly inclined to justify the ungallantry on this account. Poor working women are wholly ignored. Thousands of them are compelled to go early to shops and to factories where they must stand much of the day, and remain until late. Their comfort is not to be considered. Shame on such conduct!

AT Comanche, Texas, the Confederates had a good time at their reunion. Here is a paragraph from the Chief, published there, about it:

"Capt. John Roach, of Proctor, the rugged and intrepid representative of the boys in blue, was next introduced and responded in behalf of the ex-Federal soldiers present to Mayor Lindsley's address of welcome. It was a generous, stirring and eloquent speech, and altogether a happy effort. By this time everybody was beginning to feel good, and when the band played Dixie the old rebel yell re-echoed far out over the grounds. When the music ceased Captain Roach jumped to his feet and said he was one of the boys in the war who captured that tune, and he proposed three cheers for Dixie."

A. J. Reynolds, Welaka, Fla.: "My brother, R. D. Reynolds, at Henderson, Ky., writes me: 'Why not take the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a pure Southern production.' I served through the war eighteen months with 4th Tennessee infantry, was discharged, and in November, 1862, enlisted with Morgan's cavalry; was at Christiansburg, Va., when Lee surrendered; went with the command to North Carolina, where Johnson surrendered, and then with the Confederate States Government to Washington, Ga., where we were paroled in 1865. Will get up a subscription list soon."

A comrade writes: "I wish I could send you a number of subscribers in this, but while a number have promised me to subscribe they have not handed me the money." Another friend with good impulses says: "I got eight to promise away back in January, but did not collect the money, as I wanted to see two others who were absent, and then I got absorbed in business and it all fell through." Friends, do not delay attention. Comrades will thank you, and the VETERAN will be grateful.

*BURNSIDE'S CONTROVERSY WITH A PRISONER.*

Col. Abram Fulkerson, of Bristol, Tenn., has written a strong paper upon the operations of Grant along the James River and about Petersburg. He reports his capture and a conversation with General Burnside, before whom he was carried. He states:

The General had dismounted and was seated on a camp-stool, and was surrounded by negro guards.

The prisoners were halted at the line of guards, and the officer in charge announced to the General that they had captured the colonel of a regiment, many officers and men, three flags, and several pieces of artillery. Rising from his seat General Burnside approached us, and, addressing me, inquired what regiment I commanded, and being informed that it was a Tennessee regiment, he asked from what part of the State. "From East Tennessee," I replied. With an expression of astonishment, General Burnside said, "It is very strange that you should be fighting us when three-fourths of the people of East Tennessee are on our side." Feeling the rebuke unjust and unbecoming an officer of his rank and position, I replied, with as much spirit as I dare manifest, "Well, General, we have the satisfaction of knowing, that if three-fourths of our people are on your side, that the respectable people are on our side." At this the General flew into a rage of passion and railed at me, "You are a liar, you are a liar, sir, and you know it." I replied, "General, I am a prisoner and you have the power to abuse me as you please, but as to respectability that is a matter of opinion. We regard no man respectable who deserts his country and takes up arms against his own people." To this General Burnside replied, "I've been in East Tennessee, I was at Knoxville, I know those people, and when you say that such men as Andrew Johnson, Brownlow, Baxter, Temple, Netherland and others are not respectable, you lie, sir, and you will have to answer for it." At this point I expected he would order me shot by his negro guards, but he continued, "Not to any human power, but to a higher power." With a feeling of relief I answered, "O, General, I am ready to take that responsibility."

"Take him on, take him on," the General shouted to our guards, and thence we were marched some two or three miles toward City Point, to the headquarters of General Patrick, the Provost-Marshal General of Grant's army, where we were guarded during the day in a field, without shelter and under a burning sun. In other respects we were treated with the consideration due prisoners of war, by General Patrick, whom we found to be a gentleman.

Besides the duty of receiving prisoners and forwarding them to prison, it seemed to be General Patrick's duty to receive the stragglers of General Grant's army and send them to their respective commands, and I feel safe in making the statement, that during the day we were at his quarters, there were more stragglers brought in by the cavalry, than the total number of Confederates opposing the advance of Grant's army upon Petersburg, during the 16th and 17th of June, before the arrival of Lee's army.

We were next taken to City Point, James River, and from there to Fort Delaware by steamer. Fort Delaware was one of the regular Federal prisons, situated upon an island in the Delaware River, opposite Delaware City, forty miles below Philadelphia. At one time there was as many as two thousand five hundred

officers, and eight thousand private soldiers confined in that prison.

The story is a long one and intensely interesting. Colonel Fulkerson tells of their being taken to Fort Delaware, and how, after a time, six hundred officers were selected and taken to Charleston and placed under the fire of the Confederate cannon as a retaliatory measure. He gives an account of how the steamer ran aground *en route*, and that the determination was made to demand its surrender, which would have been accomplished, no doubt, but for the sudden appearance of a gun-boat. The demand for surrender was made by Col. Van H. Manning, who commanded the Third Arkansas, and subsequent to the war was a member of Congress from Mississippi. On retiring from public life he began the practice of law Washington City. He lived on his country place a few miles from Washington in great luxury until his death, which occurred last year.

These six hundred were exposed to cruelties on the trip that were revolting. Happily, when they were placed under fire of the Confederate guns off Charleston, our gunners fired with such accuracy that they were comparatively out of danger. The horrid treatment of these prisoners is too revolting to be described in the *VETERAN*. Strange the Federal soldiers largely concur with the partisan element of the North in denying the true stories of the treatment of Confederate prisoners.

The *Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times*, edited by a Union veteran, has this to say: "The *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, Nashville, S. A. Cunningham, editor and proprietor, for August, is a peculiarly interesting number of this bright publication. The front cover was designed by Capt. L. T. Dickinson, of this city, and is a design illustrating a scene at Lee's surrender. Underneath the illustration is Lee's "General Order No. 9," announcing to his officers and men the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia to the Federal Army under General Grant, and below this a portrait of General Lee. It is a meritorious and touching piece of art, taken as a whole; in conception and adaptation it is perfection. Dickinson also has a bright and well told story, illustrated by himself, of an army game of poker that was interrupted by a shell from a yankee battery. There is also a partial list of captured Confederate flags now stored at the War Department in Washington. The list will be completed in the September number. The editor, in his introduction to the list, says: "They were nearly all captured in battle, and the hero of the capture is given in every known instance. Every fellow who captured a Confederate flag in battle was a hero, and the *VETERAN* is pleased to give the credit." The spirit of the journal is eminently conservative and sensible, and we are therefore pleased to learn that it is a prosperous publication. The *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* deserves its success."

J. Mac Thurman, in sending seven subscriptions from Lynnville, Tenn., writes: "We never saw a copy of your paper until yesterday. I took those names in a few minutes."

## HUMORS OF SOLDIER LIFE.

REV. J. H. McNEILLY.

A CHAPLAIN'S PREDICAMENT.—An incident that occurred the next day after the battle of Franklin, may illustrate how important good clothes may be in settling a preacher's identity. Pardon the use of the first person singular, and I'll tell it as it occurred:

I was chaplain of the Forty-ninth Tennessee, but as I was the only chaplain in the brigade, I did duty for the whole brigade.

Originally I enlisted as a private, and for a long time served as chaplain by detail, so I got to feel easier in the jacket, trousers and brogans of the private soldier than in a regulation uniform; and then, as I had no money to get a uniform, and as we had no chance to get anything from home, my plain apparel was a necessity.

From long exposure to the changes of climate and scene, my uniform became more picturesque than elegant. As we came into Tennessee the nights were often quite cold, and as I stood around the blazing camp-fires a sudden change of the wind would sometimes whip the blaze about my legs and scorch the lower extremities of my trousers. In the battle I had thrown off my jacket, and a shell exploding just over it had dropped a spark of fire in the middle of the back, which gradually spread until it burned a hole perfectly round and about four or five inches across.

Dressed "cap-a-pie," the following was my outfit: A hat made of brown jeans, quilted, and which when soaked took in half a gallon of water; a check cotton shirt, that would not meet about my neck, and had no button on the collar any how; my jacket, with the ventilator in the back; my trousers, fringed with scorched strings from the knee to the ankle; socks, with no feet but sound legs; shoes, in which sole and upper were only held together by strings.

My hair hung on my shoulders, and bleared eyes looked out from a long and scraggy beard that covered all my face.

In the battle our brigade lost dreadfully. The highest officer left, as I remember, was a lieutenant. We had large numbers of wounded. Our brigadier, General Quarles, was desperately wounded. Every field officer and captain was killed, wounded or captured. We had a great many of our wounded in the buildings on the farm of that noble gentleman, Col. John McGavock. After getting them placed as comfortably as I could, I started into the town to hunt up anything which might minister to their needs. The ladies of the old town were angels of mercy. They were abundant in their labors, preparing food, bandages and medicines for the soldiers. I looked in at a door and saw a dozen ladies hard at work on the very things I wanted. I never thought for a moment on my outlandish appearance, but addressed them in a manner that I thought was Chesterfieldian in its insinuating elegance.

The leader of the party and director of the work was an old lady, whose looks I shall always remember. She wore a cap with lace border, and a pair of silver bowed spectacles, the eyes of which were large and round. She was rather short and stout, and while her countenance beamed with business and benevolence, yet she had a quick, positive way, that seemed to settle things.

Bowing to the ladies, I addressed the leader:

"I have a great many wounded men to look after, and I should like to get anything that would relieve them, such as food, delicacies, clothing, bandages and lint."

The old lady looked at me rather doubtfully and then said, dryly, "Yes, I expect you would."

"Yes, madam," said I, "my men are in great need, and some of them very badly hurt; I want to get the things as soon as possible."

"Yes," said she, "you look like you needed them very bad yourself."

The ladies tittered at this pointed reference to my personal appearance, and I felt very uncomfortable, but I went on: "Madam, I assure you our boys need these comforts very much."

The reply, with almost a sneer, was: "No doubt of it; but how am I to know that the *boys* will ever get them if I give them to *you*?"

I said, with some little feeling, "You don't think I would take from a wounded man, do you?"

Some of the ladies seemed to sympathize with me, but the old lady was inexorable. "Well, I don't know; I hear that a heap of you fellows are getting nice things for the wounded, and then eating them yourselves; I like to know who I'm sending by."

Drawing myself up with quite an air, I announced: "Madam, I'm the chaplain of Quarles' Brigade."

But the old lady was not even stunned. "Yes, yes, it is easy enough to *claim* to be most anything. Why some of you boys would *say* that you are Major Generals if you could make anything by it. You can't fool me."

The situation was getting desperate; the ladies were smiling audibly, and I was about to beat a retreat, when, happening to put my hand to my breast, I felt a paper, which was my commission. It was a formidable-looking document, with the great seal of the Confederate States on it, and signed "James Seddon, Secretary of War." At once I drew out the paper, saying, "Madam, I am sorry that you doubt my word; I shall not ask you for anything, but I can convince you that I am chaplain of Quarles' Brigade."

As soon as her eye fell on that seal, and she read the name and the office in the commission, her whole manner changed. She loaded me with all I could carry, and urged me to come back as often as I needed her help, and, following me to the door, she apologized to me in a confidential whisper, which could have been heard half a block away: "Now, parson, you really must excuse me; I didn't mean any offence, but I couldn't help it; for if I had been going to hunt a preacher, you are the last man I would ever have picked out."

The apology was satisfactory.

ONE of the names given to the chaplain of the Forty-ninth Tennessee was more expressive than respectful. He was known throughout the brigade by every man in it. As he was always in good health, and quite strong in his limbs, he often carried some of the luggage of men who were weak or sick, and so often was loaded with a queer medley of frying pans, cartridge boxes, and sometimes a camp kettle. Now the North Carolina name for a skillet was a "spider," and the wagon carrying their cooking utensils was called a "spider wagon." A North Carolina regiment was camped near us, and this name amused us very much. One day as the chaplain came by under his load some

one shouted, "Get out of the way there; here comes the Forty-ninth's spider wagon!"

A QUEER ORDER.—I remember the first battle order I ever heard. It was at Fort Donelson, in the fall of 1863. There were then only about half a dozen companies there, drilling and fortifying. The senior captain was Tom Beaumont, of Clarksville, with whom I was messing.

In those days we had not given up all home habits; we wore white shirts and underclothes, had washing done, kept measurably clean, and every night went to bed in our tents, undressing and retiring "like folks."

One day it was rumored that the gunboats were in the river below us, and were coming up. About midnight, while all were sleeping soundly, the long roll began to beat in the company stationed on the river bank. At once there was a stir in the camp; officers were calling the men to fall in; there was hurrying to and fro. Captain Beaumont was always when on duty in faultless dress, and now he did not neglect his toilet. Quickly he put on his uniform, buckled on his sword, and stepped out of his tent to take command of his company.

But the men had not been as thoughtful as he. They sprang up and grasped their muskets, and formed line in front of their tents, but every man of them had forgotten to put on his trousers, and they stood there in the starlight, in their night-clothes, like "sheeted ghosts," trembling with cold and excitement. As the captain and I stepped out, and his eye glanced along the line, his sense of propriety got the better of his military ardor, and he shouted out his first command, "Confound your fool souls, go and put on your breeches!" In a moment the whole situation dawned on the men, and with shouts of laughter they prepared for battle by donning that needful article of apparel. But it was a false alarm, and they soon took off their breeches and went to sleep.

Poor Tom Beaumont, brave and tender and true, as knightly a soul as ever drew sword—as colonel of the Fiftieth Tennessee he fell on Chickamauga's bloody field.

CHARGING A GUNBOAT WITH THE BAYONET.—In the fall of 1864 I was at Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River, where there were several companies of Confederate soldiers waiting to be organized into a regiment. At Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, twelve or fifteen miles distant, the Tenth Tennessee was stationed. At both places we were busy fortifying, especially against gunboats, of which we had heard dreadful accounts.

The Tenth Tennessee was made up of Irishmen, as brave and witty a set as ever entered the service; with characteristic impetuosity, they were equally ready for a fight or a frolic, or to turn one into the other as occasion served. They were known as the "Bloody Tenth."

I remember a story about this regiment that went the rounds at Fort Donelson, and I tell it as it was told to me:

One day while they were busy digging and fortifying, a report came to them from a breathless picket that a gunboat was just around the bend, coming up the river, and would blow them all into "smithereens" in a jiffy. At once there was immense excitement.

There was not much order nor discipline in those days, so the whole regiment at once dropped pick and shovel and rushed to the colonel's quarters to know what to do. They had muskets and bayonets, but not a round of ammunition. The commander was Col. A. Heimann, a fine old soldier, a German, quiet, cool and deliberate. He was busy writing, and as the crowd came clamorously about his tent he took in the situation. He knew that the river was too low for a gunboat to get in cannon shot of the fort, so he merely looked up from his papers, saying, "Oh, take 'em mit to payonet, poys; take 'em mit to payonet," and went on with his writing, while they went back to their quarters. In a couple of hours, having finished his work, and almost forgotten the incident, he strolled down to the bank of the river, and there was the "Tenth," drawn up in line, with set faces, shoes off and trousers rolled up, and bayonets fixed, ready to charge the gunboat as soon as she appeared. And they were sadly disappointed that she didn't come, for "they'd have got her sure, bedad, if she had 'shown her nose."

At Port Hudson we were encamped next to the Thirtieth Louisiana Regiment, made up of French-speaking men. On the 14th of March, 1863, Farragut and his fleet attempted to pass up the river, and the bombardment was terrific. The scene at night was sublime. We were all ordered to the trenches, in anticipation of an attack by land. While we were standing in line, in the darkness, close to the quarters of the Thirtieth Louisiana, we noticed that the frogs in the numerous ponds seemed much excited, and were croaking incessantly in a kind of low, continuous chatter. One of the boys listened a moment, trying to make out what it meant. At length he announced the explanation: "Boys, these frogs have been camped so long by the Thirtieth Louisiana that they have learned to talk French."

FRENCH was a mystery to most of our rural Tennessee boys. They never could get used to the strange sound and the rapid utterance. As some of them were lounging by the riverside at Port Hudson, they heard some French-speaking women, who were engaged in washing, talking to each other. One of our boys called to another: "Run here quick, Sam, and hear this woman talk; she can just give *one* flutter of her tongue and say more in a minute than you can in a week." Sam was noted for slowness of speech.

MONEY VALUES.—In these days of financial stringency and monetary discussion, this may illustrate the depreciation of currency.

In January, 1864, we were in camp at Dalton, Ga. I had just been paid off, and a great deal of my money was in one dollar bills. The dollar bill of the Confederacy was a red-backed piece of paper about six or eight inches long and about three inches wide. Of course, when a soldier is paid he wants to buy something to eat; so, as I heard of a man who was selling ginger-cakes in a camp about a mile away, I went at once. I resolved to spend a whole dollar in gingerbread. My memory recalled with delight the generous square that I used to buy for five cents from the old cake woman when I was a boy. I found my man. He had constructed an oven on a hillside, and he baked bread in one cake about three feet square. I

imagined that my dollar would about buy a whole square—would probably exhaust his stock. So, with an air of riches, I handed him my red-back and said, "Give me the worth of *that*." He wasn't disconcerted, but just took my dollar and laid it on his square of cake and cut out the exact size of my dollar and handed it to me. I never realized before that money is a *measure* of value.

**SOME EATING REMINISCENCES.**—When rations were scant and the boys were hungry, they talked a great deal about the good things to eat they used to have at home, and which they expected to get when they reached home after the war. They grew enthusiastic over imaginary dinners.

One Billy B. was, when at home, noted for his excellent table. He felt deeply our narrow bill of fare, and so drew largely on memory and hope to supply the deficit. He was a shouting Methodist, and expressed in lively style his emotions. He would begin to tell what he would do when he got back home. In a gentle voice he would speak of getting a good bath, and some clean clothes; then, as he went in imagination to the dining-room, his eye would grow brighter and his voice louder. He would call over the bill of fare. Biscuit and butter and "shore-enough" coffee were mentioned in loving tones, and ham and turkey or chicken-pie were dwelt upon with a rising inflection, and so on his voice grew in volume until he reached the dessert, and puddings, pies and cakes, with abundant fruit, were shouted out in tones to be heard in the next brigade; and he wound up with, "Glory, won't that be a happy time!"

But one day I heard a voice as to eating that went to the opposite extreme. Jim O. was a liberal feeder when he could get provender. As we were marching along the dusty roads of Mississippi, in the campaign around Vicksburg, we were very hungry, and some of the boys were particularly vivid in describing the pleasures they used to derive through the stomach and its food supply. Jim was silent and sad. At last he broke into the flow of talk with, "Oh, hush, boys; a fellow might as well have no belly as for all the good it does him here!"

When General Hood started on his campaign into Tennessee, in the fall of 1864, the sorghum was just ripening through Georgia, and we passed daily great fields of the sweet cane. We found it delicious to the taste, and so great quantities of it were chewed up, swallowing the juice, and leaving thousands of dry quids of the stalk spit out by the way. Steve E. was our commissary sergeant, and had peculiar advantages for gathering the sorghum. Every day he furnished me with a good supply of the stalks, and I marched, and chewed, and threw aside the quids all along the way. Steve declared that "the parson had chewed a streak a hundred yards wide through the State of Georgia."

After the war was over Steve was riding along with an old comrade in Dickson County, Tennessee, when they passed a ten-acre field of sorghum in fine condition. The companion said: "Wouldn't we have enjoyed that during the war?" "Yes," said Steve, "but if you'd turn the parson in on it he'd chaw it up in a night."

**BOB AND MIKE.**—Bob H. was a fine soldier—a mere boy when he enlisted. He was brave, kind, good humored and quaint. One day, after he had been away

from home for three years and more, he was talking in a reminiscent way of the folks at home, and especially of one of the H.'s with whom he used to be very familiar. I asked him the question, "Bob, is he kin to you?" His answer, with a queer drawl, was, "Well, parson, I don't know; I haven't *seen* him in a *long* time."

One of Bob's closest friends and his messmate was Mike M., also full of fun and free from care. In our marches he had frequently called my attention to a very tall, slender, red-headed man, over six and a half feet high, belonging to one of the regiments of our brigade. Looking along the line, this figure, wearing a little skull cap, a jacket and trousers both too short for him, and often barefooted, was certain to be seen either before or behind us. As we were tramping through North Georgia under Joe Johnston, one rainy day, Mike seemed unusually depressed. After a while he stooped down on hands and knees to take a drink from a little branch that crossed our way. Just as he was about to drink the long soldier straddled the branch right by his head. Looking up, Mike was just about to "tell him what he thought;" but when his eyes reached a height where a man's head ought to be he saw no face. With wonder he ran his eye up the man's anatomy until he saw his full length; then, with a laugh, "Why, hello, old *thunderpole*: where did you come from?" He did look like a lightning-rod.

It is said that at the beginning of the war Mike's father was opposed to his enlisting because he was too young. One evening he sent the boy out to bring a log of wood for the fire. Mike didn't return just then, but went on to Camp Cheatham. Four years afterward as he came home he passed by the woodpile, and bringing in a log of wood threw it on the fire, saying, "You see it took a long time to find it."

This story was told a friend by Celsus Price, son of the General:

"It was during Price's hurried exit from his raid into Missouri. Pleasonton's Cavalry had made a splendid charge, breaking our lines, capturing lots of prisoners, and we were going to the rear on a dead run, in silence, when a loud laugh was heard ringing above the roar of a thousand horses' feet. This sounded sacriligious—like a church dog-fight during prayers. Looking around, Arthur McCoy, one of our most reckless dare-devils, with empty revolver and blowing horse, was shaking with jollity. 'Arthur, you—fool, what're ye laughing at?' 'I was thinkin' if we—had—the yanks like they've got—us, wouldn't—it—be—fun?' And that laugh was better than a reinforcement. We re-formed at once."

**VIVID ACCOUNT OF A PEST IN CAMP.**—G. G. Buchanan, now of Belcher, Texas, who was of Company A, Palmetto Sharpshooters, sends to the VETERAN special inquiry for his comrade and friend, Bob Greer. He relates some thrilling experiences they had together, and especially a time when they were in the trenches by Petersburg. He tells an interesting story of how he and Bob went down to a running creek for a bath one July morning in 1864, and how the yankee gunner cut his fuse for their great discomfort. They were between the lines of battle, and had gone to the creek through great peril, but they were in need of a change from some "jayhawkers" that "could climb a fellow's leg the straightest, stick the closest, and scratch the

hardest of any crawling thing on the earth." He says: Bob and I were having a good time—O yes, we were down under the hill, as we thought, out of sight; but mind you, blind things can travel in dark places. We had taken off our old shirts and began to splash them down in the water, thinking we would, by concussion, kill or shake off a few of those critters, and that some few of them might run across the lines to see how a good fat yankee would taste. But let me tell you, if that water business had been the only way to get rid of those things I am sure we would have to have been half-sold before this time. When we got in a good way with our washing a doleful sound came at us saying, "Where is you? where is you?" And they kept coming, and getting closer and closer. Bob took up his linen and struck off in a long trot, saying, "Come on, Buck; this aint no good place." But neither of us were hurt, and here I am, August 25, 1893.

ONE winter poker playing was fashionable in the Missouri Division. General Parsons called up Major —, who had been promoted for bravery, and charged him with playing cards with his men, to the utter subversion of good order and military discipline. "Yes, General, it's true. But, you see, they were big men at home, and it's an honor for me to play with them. There's — was a judge on the bench, — was county clerk, and — owns the biggest farm in the county, while I'm only a common blacksmith. And they play a — good game, too!" And there was a moral in this reply which some of the martinets could never see.

APPLE DUMPLINGS—*By Mrs. Sue F. Mooney.*—I was a prisoner at Camp Douglas, and slowly dying of starvation. A young man from my neighborhood was a fellow-prisoner, and quite a number from our county were enduring the same hardness as good soldiers. My friend's father was a man of wealth, and he determined to send succor to his son if it could be done. This determination was made known to my father. After some delay for correspondence and compliance with red tape regulations, the checks came, one for \$35 and one for \$25. We felt rich! What now? said my friend. A dinner, was the reply, and all the boys from our county invited. Good, just the thing! To the sutler we went and bought a generous supply of meat, bread, butter, sugar, coffee, flour, lard, and a half bushel of green apples. All these things we carried to my kitchen and instructed the cook to cook them all, and to make all the apples into dumplings. You should have seen the dumplings—two large sauce-pans full! Not one was left. To this day I have never had such a feast nor seen nor tasted such dumplings. Of course I cannot give the sauce which made the reminiscence so enjoyable from the narrator, but I enjoyed the dumplings, and hope they may attract the eye of some survivor of the feast. Such is the story of Rev. T. J. McGill.

#### VETERANS OF UPPER EAST TENNESSEE.

The Confederate Veteran Association of Upper East Tennessee held its fifth annual reunion at Holston, September 5th. The Rogersville Review gives an interesting report of the occasion:

The Association embraces the First and Second congressional districts, and was chartered four years ago. It has met every year since, and each meeting seems to grow in interest. This was a genuine success, a

reunion in the fullest sense. There was a large crowd from all over the country present. The number of veterans was about equal to all former meetings, notwithstanding the fact that time begins to tell on those who wore the gray. There were no boys in the line, but the silver threads were visible, and the bending form and slow step of many were very perceptible. They were not on the pension roll and were not expecting to be. They all earn honest livings by hard work. Very few old Confederates ever get on the pauper list.

The Association was called to order by Capt. J. C. Hodges, First Vice-President. Prayer was offered by Rev. Oscar Haywood, of Morristown, after which Col. George P. Yoe was made permanent chairman. He thanked the audience for the honor conferred on him, and introduced Gen. Wat. M. Cooke, who held the close attention of the audience for nearly an hour in a most appropriate and eloquent address. He is too young to have been in the war, but he is a true Southerner. At the conclusion of Gen. Cooke's speech the chairman introduced Hon. Wm. M. Ledgerwood, who was a gallant Federal soldier, but who has been a warm friend to the Confederate veterans. His speech was short but pointed; it was characteristic of the man. Colonel Ledgerwood is a man that should be appreciated by every true Confederate veteran. It was his speech that had most to do toward getting the bill passed in the Legislature to pension indigent Confederates.

An intermission of one hour was taken for lunch, in which time the inner man was benefited, and all became better acquainted with each other.

The committee appointed to select the time and place of the next meeting, and also a Board of Directors of the ensuing year, reported the selection of Rogersville as the place and the first Thursday in September as the time.

The Board of Directors elected selected the following officers: President, F. A. Shotwell, Rogersville; First Vice-President, Geo. P. Yoe, Morristown; Chaplain, Geo. D. French, Morristown; Secretary and Treasurer, J. McClister, Morristown.

Capt. J. C. Braine, of Knoxville, an old naval officer, was introduced to the Association and made a few entertaining remarks regarding the Confederate navy. Following him came Gen. F. A. Moses, also of Knoxville, who is a member of the State Board of Pension Examiners. General Moses made a short talk regarding pensions, in which he instructed disabled veterans how to make applications for the same. Captain Hodges read a resolution of respect regarding the death of the Association's ex-President, Col. Oliver C. King, which was adopted and ordered upon record.

#### CHORUSES FROM WAR SONGS.

##### THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

But if ever I get thro' this war, and Lincoln's boys don't  
bind me,  
I'll make my way right back again to the girl I left  
behind me.

##### MORGAN'S WAR SONG.

Cheer, boys, cheer! we'll march away to battle!  
Cheer, boys, cheer! for our sweethearts and our wives;  
Cheer, boys, cheer! we'll nobly do our duty,  
And give to the South our hearts, our arms, our lives.

##### THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

Hurrah, hurrah! for Southern rights hurrah!  
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

*HOOD'S CAMPAIGN THROUGH NORTH GEORGIA.*

Col. R. H. Shotwell, of St. Louis, Mo., gives some vivid reminiscences of the campaign through North Georgia under General Hood. He recites the depression of the army, occasioned by the removal of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and relates the incidents from Hood's appointment to the command of the army, prior to its advance north. He says:

"We crossed the Chattahoochee River about twelve miles southwest of Atlanta, and what a soldier could not pack was left behind, as no wagon transportation was furnished, except for ordnance, commissary or medical supplies. A rapid march of three days brought us in the vicinity of Allatoona, and early at night of that day General French's Division, composed of Sayer's Brigade of Mississippians and Cockrell's Brigade of Missourians, was attached and ordered to advance and capture a garrison that was known to be fortified at that place. It was supposed to consist of about five hundred to six hundred men. The vicinity of the fortification was reached about 11 o'clock of that night, but the respective brigades did not get in position for the attack until 12 o'clock the next day (October 5th).

"Allatoona is on the Chattanooga and Atlanta railroad, from which point it runs through a deep cut. The fort to be attacked was built on the top of the hill, immediately by the side of this railroad cut. The fort was a casemated block house, constructed and roofed with hewn logs. A ditch, about sixteen feet wide and six feet deep, had been cut around the block house at a distance of some forty feet from its walls, and the dirt taken therefrom had been thrown against its walls for an embankment, and also on top of it, so as to render it practically proof against light artillery or an infantry attack. Outside of this ditch for some distance a strong abatis had been constructed of heavy brush and sharp spikes driven in the ground, and trimmed and pointed outward, so as to obstruct the advance and break the force of an attack. A little further outside of this obstruction the hill made a sudden and abrupt descent, and the railroad merged from the cut near the fort immediately on an embankment of fifteen to eighteen feet high. The road ran on this embankment some three hundred yards and entered another cut through another hill.

"Cockrell's Brigade was placed in position on this second hill, on the west side of the road, with its left some two hundred yards from the road and facing the fort. Sayer's Brigade was placed on the opposite side of the road, with its right some two hundred yards from it, but the fort was on Cockrell's side of the road. Sayer's Brigade had to descend the hill on which it was placed, then cross this railroad embankment, and advance over rough and broken ground, which had been densely timbered, but the timber had all been cut down and left on the ground with the brush crossed and piled, which rendered it practically impossible to pass over it in anything but the very worst of order, but more especially so under the galling fire to which we were subjected in the attack.

"When the charge was ordered, Cockrell's Brigade had much the shortest distance to advance and much the smoothest ground to pass over, which enabled it to reach the point of attack several minutes before Sayer's Brigade could get up and put the division to the disadvantage of having the two brigades attack in

detail, and, consequently, lost the force of a united and simultaneous attack of the two brigades. But had both brigades been brought up simultaneously, it was worse than madness to attempt to cross this heavy abatis and big ditch under the heavy fire: and could this even have been accomplished, we could not then have penetrated the fort probably in less than thirty minutes had we been armed with crow-bars and pick-axes, especially so with six hundred men inside firing on us with sixteen-shot Henry rifles and about a half-dozen pieces of artillery. When the two brigades met with the repulse that awaited them outside the abatis and ditch, the men sought partial protection and cover under the abrupt descent of the hill, and kept up the fight full three hours, when we were ordered to withdraw.

"But now an ordeal presented itself that had not been contemplated. In order to withdraw from our position we had to retire over the same ground over which we had advanced, and which was strewn with our dead and wounded. In withdrawing, the moment we left the position we then occupied we came in full view of the enemy and were exposed to the same terrific fire to which we were subjected while advancing, with this difference, perhaps, that we made better time coming out than going in. So great was the danger of withdrawing, that many of the men were inclined to remain and surrender, rather than take the risk of getting away. In the writer's efforts to have every man of his own command started out, he was among the very last to leave, and was consequently far in the rear of most of them, and subjected to extraordinary risk. He may not have gone in with extra rapidity, but it would have taken a 'stepper' to pass him coming out. We entered this engagement with about fifteen hundred men, and lost over three hundred in killed and wounded. We lost perhaps one hundred and twenty-five men who remained and were surrendered, rather than undergo the danger of withdrawing.

"The assault was an unfortunate, as well as an unwise, one, as the result proved. It was impracticable, as the fort was virtually impregnable against an infantry attack, and could not possibly have been carried in that way except at a loss infinitely greater than the benefits to be attained by its capture. Could success have attended us, it would have been a dearly bought victory in comparison to the benefits to be derived. A short artillery siege of a few days would have compelled the garrison to surrender, and with a nominal loss on our part. The slaughter of that gallant division could have been avoided, and the Confederacy no worse off by passing the Federal garrison and leaving it in our rear, as we finally did. It is not pleasing to write up our own defeat, but the lesson taught may to some extent some day partially repay it.

"The army resumed its march northward on the morning of the 8th of October. The three days' march following was made with great rapidity, the incentive for which could not be surmised, unless it was that Sherman was marching in one direction and we in another. The march of the third day (October 10th) was continued until 10 o'clock at night, and up to that hour the army had marched twenty-nine miles that day, and received no rations for two days except two ears of corn daily to each soldier. The road was rough and the men weary and exhausted almost beyond endurance. The excessive long marches and ear-corn rations had led the army to style itself 'Hood's Cavalry.'

"The army had just halted, stacked arms, and was preparing to parch some corn, when a courier approached me with an order to take my command and advance three miles further, and put out pickets for the protection of the army. The order seemed a great hardship at the time, but in a few minutes we were ready to renew the march. I am candid to admit if there was a Christian in the regiment then, there was nothing in his language to indicate it.

"We had marched about two miles further in the dark, and on the railroad track, when we were greeted with a volley of shots, which whistled over our heads. I at once filed the regiment to the right under cover of a small hill, put out pickets, and sent a courier back to brigade headquarters with advice to the effect that we had encountered what was supposed to be a Federal garrison of some kind. In less than two hours Colonel Witherspoon appeared on the spot with the Thirty-sixth Mississippi Regiment, with instructions to me to attack and capture the garrison. Colonel Witherspoon was my senior, but courteously yielded the command and management of the affair to me. His command was placed in position on the left of the road, while mine remained on the right. The men being half-starved and suffering from loss of sleep and fatigue from the longest day's march of my knowledge during the war, and yet sore from our recent severe punishment at Allatoona, and not knowing the strength of the force or fortification to be attacked, the order seemed a strange and perilous one. But we had no discretion; we must obey it. It was then 1 o'clock at night and, thanks to the 'God of War,' the moon was just rising. Fears of the result and want of some kind of inspiration was clearly depicted on every countenance, and a moment before the charge was ordered I suggested to the command the probability of our coming in possession of a fine lot of Federal stores, both to eat and drink, in the event of our success. The suggestion proved a trump card. The advance was ordered, and, if the success of the Confederacy had been staked on the result, it could not have produced more zeal than the prospects of those Federal stores. We were soon in full view of the garrison's fortification, which was situated on the top of a small hill beyond us, and immediately by the side of a railroad cut, and on my side of the road. We advanced under their fire to within sixty yards of their works, at which time we had reached the foot of the hill on which the fort was situated. Not one of the enemy was to be seen—nothing but the fort and the fire from their guns through their port-holes was visible, and it was readily seen that we could not carry the works by brute force, but must resort to some kind of strategy. The ground at this point afforded us some protection by having the men lay down, which was done, with the exception of two companies, which were ordered to distribute pickets around the fort so as to prevent their escape.

"As most of our men were soon practically excluded from their sight by such protection as the earth and logs and trees afforded, the firing soon nearly ceased, and an inquiry was made from the fort as to what command had attacked them, when I informed them it was the advance of Hood's Army, and thereupon demanded their surrender, with the assurance that I had them surrounded, and that if they did not comply we would soon open on them with a couple of Parrot guns, which had been ordered up. They asked

for thirty minutes to consider the matter, which was granted them.

"The writer had received a painful, but not serious, wound in the engagement, and for the moment left the regiment in charge of a captain, and retired a short distance to the rear to have his wound dressed during the armistice. In less than ten minutes word reached me that the garrison had surrendered and was in charge of two companies of the regiment. I returned to the spot as quick as practicable and found the command had fallen on to the supplies promised them, which, in their hungry and desperate condition, proved fully up to their hearts' desire—sugar, coffee, bread, bacon, crackers, canned meats and fruits of every description, condensed milk, etc., besides two barrels of what then seemed the best whisky a soldier ever tasted. Camp-fires had also been started, and the men were going through these good things with a gusto that knew no equal, when I stepped over to see the prisoners, and to my amazement found there were seventy-four of them mostly dressed in Confederate attire, and about the same number of Confederates, dressed in Federal uniforms, guarding them. They had almost completely swapped clothes with them. For the moment I could hardly tell which was in the ascendancy, my indignation at this conduct or the ridiculousness of the thing. But the captain having charge of them, having evidently had one or two doses of the whisky, assured me that the swapping had been perfectly mutual and agreeable, remarking, 'The prisoners were the cleverest set of fellows he ever saw.'

"The eating and drinking lasted until daylight, and my word would likely be discredited were I to attempt to state how much those Confederates ate and drank. Suffice it to say, in the meantime the two barrels of whisky were pretty well absorbed, and I can say, without fear of successful contradiction, that they were the most promiscuously and universally drunk set of men in my opinion that ever occupied the same amount of territory, the writer, of course, excepted.

"This engagement resulted in the loss of eleven Confederates, killed and wounded; and, while we could not see a man of the enemy during the engagement, and could only fire at the blaze from their guns through their small port-holes, we killed and wounded nine of their number, including their captain killed.

"As we had no way of disposing of these prisoners, they were kept with the command on our march for several days, and our boys became quite well acquainted with them. They were as jolly a set as I ever saw, and seemed to enjoy everything in the way of a joke, and swapping hats had become a source of much amusement. Every Confederate who came near them, if a better hat was found on a prisoner than he had, a swap was at once made, the prisoner as often as otherwise making the proposition. The sentiment that prevailed was, that as the Federals were to go South and the Confederates were going North, the latter should have the best hat; consequently, any Confederate passing who had a worse hat than was to be found among the prisoners, an exchange was made, and without regard to the fit, especially as far as the prisoner was concerned, and it was often the case that a 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ -hat was seen on a 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ -head, or a 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ -hat on a 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ -head. While this innocent amusement was being perpetrated on those prisoners, Sherman was repaying us by burning villages and houses of non-combatants in his celebrated march through Georgia."



UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	No.	OFFICERS.
ALABAMA.			
Abner P.O.	Capt W A Hendley	351	M V Mullins, H A Brown
Alberville	Camp Miller	385	W H McCord, Asa Ray
Alexandria	Alexandria	395	E T Clark
Alexander City	Lee	401	R M Thomas, A S Smith
Andalusia	Harper	256	Jno. F. Thomas, J. M. Robinson, Sr.
Anniston	Pelham	258	John M. McKleroy, W. H. Williams
Ashland	Henry D. Clayton	327	A S Stockdale, D L Campbell
Ashville	St. Clair	308	John W. Inger, Jas. D. Truss
Athens	Thos L Hobbs	400	E C Gordon
Auburn	Auburo	236	O. D. Smith, James H. Lane
Bessemer	Bessemer	157	W. R. Jones, N. H. Sewall
Birmingham	W. J. Hardee	39	J. F. Johnston, P. K. McMiller
Bridgeport	Jo Wheeler	260	I. H. Johnson, R. A. Jones
Camden	Franklin K. Beck	224	R. Gaillard, J. F. Foster
Carrollton	Camp Pickens	323	M. L. Stansel, B. U. Church
Carthage	Woodruff	339	Jno S Powers
Dadeville	Crawf-Kimbal	343	W C McIntosh
Edwardsville	Camp Wigginton	359	W P Howell, T J Burton
Eataw	Sanders	64	Geo. H. Cole, T. H. Mundy
Evergreen	Capt Wm Lee	338	P D Bowles
Florce	E. A. O'Neal	298	A. M. O'Neal, J. M. Crow
Fort Payne	W. N. Estes	263	J. N. Davidson, A. P. McCartney
Gadsden	Emma Sanson	275	Jas. Aiken, Jos. R. Hughes
Gaylesville	John Pelham	411	B F Wood, G W R Bell
Greensboro	Allen C. Jones	296	A. M. Avery, E. T. Pasteur
Greenville	Sam'l L. Adams	349	Ed Crenshaw, F E Doy
Guntersville	Mont. Gilbreath	333	R T Coles, J. L. Burke
Hamilton	Marion County	346	A J Hamilton, J F Hamilton
Jacksonville	Col. Jas. B. Martin	232	J. H. Caldwell, L. W. Grant
Hartselle	Friendship	383	Matt K Nahan, T J Simpson
Huntsville	Egbert J Jones	357	W M Erskine
LaFayette	A. A. Greene	310	J. J. Robinson, Geo. H. Black
Livingston	Camp Sumter	332	R Chapman
Low Peachtree	R H G Gaines	370	B D Fortis, N. J. McConnell
Lowndesboro	T J Bullock	331	J. I. Hulson, C D Whitman
Marion	I W Garrett	277	J Cal Moore, Thomas Hudson
Madison Sta	A A Russell	408	W T Garner, Robt E Whiggins
Mobile	Raphael Semmes	11	Thos T Roche, Wm E Mickle
Monroeville	George W Foster	407	W W McMillan, D L Noville
Montgomery	Lomax	151	Wm B Jones, J. H. Higgins
Opelika	Lee County	261	R M Greene, J. Q. Burton
Oxford	Camp Lee	329	Thos H Barry, John T Pearce
Ozark	Ozark	380	W R Painter, J L Williams
Piedmont	Camp Sumt	375	J N Hood, L Ferguson
Pearce Mill	Robert E Lee	372	Jim Pearce, F M Clark
Roanoke	Aiken-Smith	295	W. A. Handley, B. M. McCon-

ARKANSAS.			
Alma	Cabell	202	James E. Smith, J. T. Jones
Benton	David O. Dodd	325	_____
Bentonville	Camp Cabell	89	N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates
Booneville	Camp Evans	355	G W Evans
Centre Point	Haller	192	J. M. Somerville, J. C. Ansley
Charleston	Pat Cleburne	191	A S Cabell
Conway	Jeff Davis	213	A. P. Witt, W. D. Cole
Fayetteville	W. H. Brooks	216	T. M. Gunter, I. M. Partridge
Fort Smith	Ben T. Duval	146	M M Gorman, Col R M Fry
Greenway	Greenway	375	J R Hodge
Greenwood	Ben McCulloch	194	Dudley Milum, M Stroup
Hackett City	Stonewall	199	L. B. Lake
Hope	Gratiot	203	N. W. Stewart, John F. Sanor
Hot Springs	Albert Pike	349	Gen Jno M Harrell, A Curl
Little Rock	Owen R Weaver	254	_____
Morrilton	Robert W. Harper	207	W. S. Hanna, R. W. Harrison
Nashville	Joe Neal	208	W K Cowling, E G Hale
Newport	Tom Hendman	318	_____
Paris	Ben McCulloch	388	J O Sadler, Wm Snoddy
Prairie Grove	Prairie Grove	384	_____
Van Buren	John Wallace	209	John Allen, J E Clegg
Waldron	Sterling Price	114	L P Fuller, A M Fuller

FLORIDA.			
Bartow	Francis S Bartow	284	W H Reynolds, J A Armistead
Brookville	W. W. Loring	13	J. C. Davant, F. L. Robertson
ChIPLEY	McMillan	217	S M Robinson, G W Cook
Dade City	Pasco C. V. Ass'n	57	Jas E Lee, A H Ravesies
Derna Lak Sp'gs	E. Kirby-Smith	282	J. T. Stubbs, D. G. McLeod
Fernaodina	Nassau	104	W. N. Thompson, T. A. Hall
Inverness	Geo. T. Ward	148	W. C. Zimmerman, W. S. Turner
Jacksonville	R. E. Lee	58	G T Maxwell, W W Tucker
Jacksonville	Jeff Davis	230	C. E. Merrill, C. J. Coleock
Jasper	Stewart	155	H. J. Stewart, J. E. Hanna
Juno	Patton Anderson	244	_____

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	No.	OFFICERS.
Lake City	Columbia County	150	W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives
Marianna	Milton	132	W D Barnes, F Phillips
Monticello	Patton Anderson	59	W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge
Ocala	Marion Co. C. V. A.	56	Sam'l F Marshall, Wm Fox
Orlando	Orange Co.	51	W G Johnson, B M Robinson
Palmetto	Geo. T. Ward	53	J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles
Pensacola	Ward C. V. Ass'n	10	C V Thompson, R J Jordan
Quincy	D. L. Kenan	140	R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. Mc-

GEORGIA.			
Atlanta	Fulton County	159	Clement A Evans, J F Edwards
Cedartown	Polk Co. Con. Vets	403	J M Arrington, J S Stubbs
Covington	Jefferson Lamar	305	J W Anderson, G D Heard
Dalton	Joseph E Johnston	34	A. P. Roberts, J. A. Blanton
Dawson	Torrell Co. Con. Vet.	404	J W F Lowrey, Wm Katzler
Dickey	Calhoun Co. Con. Vet.	406	P E Boyd, A J Munroe
LaGrange	Troup Co. Con. Vets	405	_____
Ringgold	Ringgold	206	W J Whitsitt, R B Trumier
Rome	Floyd Co. C. V. A.	398	J W Perry, J T Moore
Spring Place	Jno. B. Gordon	50	R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey
Talbotton	L B Smith	402	B Curley, W H Philpot
Washington	John T Wingfield	391	C E Irvin, Henry Cordes
Waynesboro	Gordon	309	Thos B Cox, S R Falcher

ILLINOIS.			
Chicago	Ex-Con. Ass'n	8	J W White, R Lee France
Jerseyville	Benef. ex-Confed.	304	Jos. S. Carr, Morris R. Locke
INDIAN TERRITORY.			
Ardmore	Jno H Morgan	107	Jno L Gaut, R Scales
McAlester	Jeff Lee	68	N. P. Guy, H. B. Coleman

KENTUCKY.			
Angusta	John B. Hood	233	Jno. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson
Bardstown	Thomas H. Hunt	253	Thos. H. Ellis, Jos. F. Briggs
Benton	Alfred Johnston	376	J P Brien, W J Wilson
Bethel	Pat. R. Cleburne	252	J. Arrasmith, A. W. Baseom
Bowling Green	Bowling Green	143	W. F. Perry, Jas. A. Mitchell
Carlisle	Peter Bramblett	341	Thos Owen, H M Taylor
Cynthiana	Ben Desha	99	B. M. Snyder, J. W. Boyd
Danville	J. Warren Grigsby	214	E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman
Eminance	E. Kirby Smith	251	W. L. Crabbe, J. S. Turner
Flemingsburg	Albert S. Johnston	232	Wm Stanley, Jno W Hedlin
Frankfort	Thomas B Monroe	188	A W Macklin, Joel E Scott
Georgetown	Geo. W. Johnson	98	A. H. Sinalar, J. Webb
Harrodsburg	William Preston	96	Bush W. Albin, John Kane
Hopkinsville	Ned Merriwether	241	Nat Gaither, J G Brancham
Lawrenceburg	Ben Hardin Helm	101	P H Thomas, J P Vaughn
Lexington	J. C. Breckinridge	110	John Boyd, G C Snyder
Mt Sterling	Roy S. Cluke	291	Thos Johnson, W T Havens
Nicholasville	Humph'y Marshall	187	Geo. B. Taylor, E. T. Lillard
Paducah	A P Thompson	174	W H Brian, J. M. Brown
Paris	John H. Morgan	95	A. T. Fosyth, Will A Gaines
Richmond	Thomas B. Collins	215	Jas. Tevis, N. B. Doeringer
Russellville	John W. Caldwell	139	J. B. Briggs, W. R. McCarty
Shelbyville	John H. Waller	237	W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen
Winchester	Roger W. Hanson	186	B. F. Curtis, J. L. Wheeler
Versailles	Abe Buford	97	J. C. Ballew, R. V. Bishop

LOUISIANA.			
Alexandria	Jeff Davis	5	G. O. Watts, W. W. Whittington
Amite City	Amite City	78	A. P. Richards, G. W. Bankston
Aracada	Aracada	229	James Brice, John A. Oden
Baton Rouge	Baton Rouge	17	J. McGrath, F. W. Heroman
Benton	Lowden Butler	409	S M Thomas, B R Nash
Berwick	Winchester Hall	178	M W Bateman, F O Brien
Compte	Cap Perot	37	Leopold Perot, T H Hamilton
Donaldsonville	Maj. V. Maurin	38	S. A. Poche, P. Garrel
Evergreen	R. L. Gibson	33	Wm. M. Ewell, I. C. Johnson
Farmerville	C. V. A. of Union Par.	379	J K Ramsey, D Arent
Franklin	Florian Comay	345	R W Collins, Thos J Shaffer
Gonzales P. O	Fred N. Oden	247	Jos. Gonzales Sr, H T Brown
Jackson	Feliciana	264	Zach Lea, R. H. McClelland
Lake Charles	Calestien C. Vet.	62	W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hutchings
L. Providence	Lake Providence	193	J. C. Bass, T. P. McAdams
Manderville	Gen Geo. Moorman	270	Jos. L. Dicks, R. O. Pizzetta
Mansfield	Mouton	41	C. Sehner, T. G. Pegues
Merrick	Isalah Norwood	110	D. T. Merrick, J. J. Taylor
Monroe	Henry W. Allen	182	W. R. Roberts, H. Moise
Natchitoches	Natchitoches	40	J A Prudhomme, W D Har-

MISSISSIPPI.			
Booneville	W. H. H. Tison	179	D. T. Beall, J. W. Smith
Brandon	Rankin	265	Patrick Henry, R. S. Maxey
Brookhaven	Sylvester Gwin	235	J. A. Hoskins, J. B. Daughtry
Canton	E. Giles Henry	312	E. A. Postell, J. M. Mills

# CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

POSTOFFICE	CAMP	NO.	OFFICERS.
Columbia	Isaac Harrison	27	E. I. Lincoln, F. P. Richards
Crystal Springs	Ben Humphreys	19	G. Humphries, J. M. Haley
Edwards	W. A. Montgomery	26	W. A. Montgomery, T. H. W. Barrett
Fayette	J. J. Whitney	22	W. L. Stephen, T. B. Hammett
Greenwood	Hugh A. Reynolds	28	R. W. Williamson, W. A. Gillespie
Greenville	W. A. Percy	28	Gen. S. W. Ferguson, W. Yerger
Greenville	W. R. Barksdale	189	J. W. Young, Julius Ash
Harpersville	Patrons Union	7	M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston
Hattiesburg	Hattiesburg	21	G. D. Hartfield, E. H. Harris
Hempstead	De Soto	20	Sam Powell, C. H. Robertson
Hickory Flat	Hickory Flat	219	W. A. Crum, J. J. Hicks
Holly Springs	Kit Mott	23	L. F. Faut, S. H. Pryor
Jackson	Robt A Smith	21	Gen J A Smith, G S Green
Lake	Patrons Union	272	M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston
L. A. Granger	Walter L. Kern	28	H J Reid, F A Howell
L. A. Granger	Amite County	226	P R Brewer, Geo A Metchee
L. A. Granger	John M Bradly	35	M A Mitts, Jno B Gage
Mabon	Stephen D Lee	271	O. B. Cooke, J. L. Sherman
Macon	James Longstreet	180	H. W. Foote, J. L. Griggs
Macon	Stockdale	321	R B Felder, S A Matthew
Meridian	Walt Hall	25	W. F. Brown, B. V. White
Miss. City	Bayouir	120	Gen. J. R. Davis, E. S. Hewes
Natchez	Natchez	20	F. J. V. Letand, E. L. Rogers
New Albany	Gen M P Lowry	312	C S Robertson, M F Rogers
Port Gibson	Chalburne	107	A. K. Jones, W. S. Moore
Rolling Fork	Pat R Cleburne	190	J C Hall, Jno S Joor
Rosedale	Montgomery	52	F A Montgomery, C C Farrar
Sardis	Jno R Dickens	311	R H Taylor, J B Boothe
Senatobia	Bill Feeney	53	G D Shands, T P Hill
Tapelo	John M Stone	131	Gen J M Stone, P M Savery
Vaiden	Frank Liddell	221	S. C. Baldes, W. J. Booth
Vicksburg	Vicksburg	32	D A Campbell, J H Laughlin
Winona	M. Farrell	311	I. R. Blinford, C. H. Campbell
Woodville	Woodville	49	J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett
Yazoo City	Yazoo	176	S D Robertson, C J DuBulsson

MISSOURI.

Kansas City	Kansas City	80	Jos W Mercer, Geo B Spratt
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NORTH CAROLINA.

Bryson City	Andrew Coleman	301	E. Everett, B. H. Cathey
Charlotte	Mecklenburg	382	J Roessler
Clinton	Sampson	137	R H Holliday, Jno A Beaman
Concord	Cabarrus Co. C. V. A	212	J. F. Willeford, C. McDonald
Hickory	Catawba	162	J. G. Hall, L. R. Whitener
Hilton	Junius Daniel	326	John P. Leech
Pittsboro	Leonidas J Merritt	387	W. I. London, H A London
Salisbury	Charles F. Fisher	399	Jno G Ramsay, J C Bernhardt
Salisbury	Col Chas F Fisher	319	Col J R Crawford, C R Barker
Statesville	Col R Campbell	391	P C Carlton
Wilmington	Cape Fear	251	W. L. DeRosset, Wm. Blanks

OKLAHOMA.

El Reno	El Reno	318	
Guthrie	Camp Jamison	347	
Norman	Gen. J. B. Gordon	200	T. J. Johnson, W. C. Renfro
Oklahoma City	D H Hammons	177	J W Johnson, J O Casler

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Aiken	Barnard E. Bee	81	B. H. Teague, J. N. Wigfall
Anderson	Camp Benson	337	M P Tribble, J N Vandiver
Beaufort	Beaufort	369	Thos S White
Charleston	Camp Sumter	259	Rev. J. Johnson, J. W. Ward
Charleston	Palmetto Camp	315	A. Baron Holmes
Cheraw	J B Kershaw	413	Theo T Malloy, S G Godfrey
Columbia	Hampton	380	
Easton	Jasper Hawthorn	283	R. E. Bowen, J. H. Bowen
Edgedale C H	Abner Perrin	369	J H Brooks, Thos W Carwle
Florence	Free Bee	390	E W Lloyd, Wm Quick
Glynnville	Glynnville	396	L P Miller
Greenville	R. L. Fullum	277	J. W. Norwood, P. T. Hayne
Mt Pleasant	Thos M Wagner	410	—, I R Tomlinson
Newberry	James D Nance	336	J W Gary, C F Boyd
Pickens	Wolf Creek	412	Jas A Griffin, H B Hendricks
Rock Hill	Catawba	278	Cadr Jones, W B Dunlap
Spartanburg	Camp Walker	345	Jos Walker, A B Woodruff
Summerville	Gen Jas Connor	374	Geo Tupper, P B Hutchinson
Sumter	Dick Anderson	334	J D Graham, P P Galliard
St. Georges	Stephen Elliott	51	R W Minns, J Oley Reed

TENNESSEE.

Chattanooga	N. B. Forrest	1	J. F. Shipp, L. T. Dickinson
Charlotte	Forbes	77	T. H. Smith, Clay Stackler
Fayetteville	Shackelford-Fulton	114	Jas D Fillman, W H Cashlon
Franklin	Gen. J. W. Starnes	131	S V Wall, T G Smithson
Jackson	Jno Ingram	37	W Holland, M B Hunt
Knoxville	Felix K. Zollteoffer	46	Jno F Horne, Chas Ducloux
Knoxville	Fred Ault	5	F A Moses, J W S. Frierson
Lewisburg	Dibrell	55	W. P. Irvine, W. G. Loyd
McKenzie	Stonewall Jackson	42	Marsh Atkinson, J. P. Cannon
Memphis	Confed. Hist. Ass'n	28	C. W. Frazer, R. J. Beck
Memphis	Joe B. Palmer	81	W. S. McLeMure, W. Ledbetter
Nashville	Frank Chenham	33	Thos H Smith, J P Hickman
Shelbyville	Wm. Frierson	83	J. M. Hastings, J. G. Arnold
Tullahoma	Pierce B. Anderson	173	Jno P Hickman, W J Travis
Winchester	Turney	12	F B Terry, J J Martin

TEXAS.

Ablene	Ablene	72	T W Daugherty
Ablene	Taylor Co.	60	H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyek.
Alvarado	Alvarado	160	J. R. Poser
Alvin	Wm Hart	286	Wm Hart, M H B Tolar
Alvord	Stonewall	362	J M Jones, W G Leach
Archer City	Stonewall Jackson	219	H J Brooks, T M Cecil
Athens	Howdy Martin	65	D. M. Morgan, W. T. Eustace.

POSTOFFICE	CAMP	NO.	OFFICERS.
Atlanta	Stonewall Jackson	91	J. D. Johnson, J. N. Simmons
Aurora	R A Mills	366	G W Short, C C Leonard
Austin	John B Hood	163	W. M. Brown, C. H. Powell
Beaumont	A. S. Johnston	75	Tom J Russell, G W O'Brien
Belton	Bell Co. ex-Conf. As.	122	H M Cork, R H Turner
Big Springs	Joe Wheeler	350	—, R B Zinn
Bonham	Sul Ross	164	J. P. Holmes
Brazoria	Clinton Terry	21	Wm. F. Smith, F. LeRebus.
Brockridge	Stephens County	311	W F Marberry, G B Brown
Brenham	Washington	230	D C Giddings, J G Rankin
Brownwood	Stonewall Jackson	118	Carl Vincent, A D Moss
Bryan	J. B. Robertson	121	H B Stoddard, W H Harman
Buffalo Gap	L. F. Moody	123	Ben F. Jones, J. J. Ewbank
Calwell	Camp Rogers	142	J B King, J F Matthews
Calvert	W. P. Townsend	111	C W Hlgenbotham, H F Kellogg
Cameron	Ben McCulloch	29	E. J. McIver, J. B. Moore
Canton	James L. Hogg	133	T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson
Carthage	Hogane Randall	163	J. R. Bond, J. M. Woolworth
Chico	Camp McIntosh	361	L S Eddings, G W Craft
Childress	Los E Johnston	259	W P Jones, L C Warlick
Cisco	Camp Preveaux	273	T W Neal, J S McDonough
Cleburne	Pat Cleburne	88	O T Plummer, S C Scurlack
Colorado	Albert S. Johnston	113	W. V. Johnson, T. Q. Mullin
Columbus	Shropshire-Upton	112	Geo. McCormick, J. J. Dick
Columan	Jno Pelham	76	J. J. Callan, J. M. Williams
Commerce	R. E. Lee	231	G G Lindsey, W E Mangum
Cooper	Ector	234	Geo W Jones, R J Pickett
Corpus Christi	Joseph E Johnston	63	H R Sutherland, M C Spann
Corsicana	C. M. Winkler	147	R. M. Collins
Crockett	Crockett	141	Enoch Braxton, J. F. Martin
Collinsville	Beauregard	306	J B King, W H Stephenson
Cuero	Emmett Lynch	242	V. W. Walden, George H Law
Daingerfield	Camp Brooks	307	J N Zachery, J A McGregor
Dallas	Sterling Price	31	Jno C Storey, W L Thompson
DeKatur	Ben McCulloch	30	Will A. Miller, A. Edwards
DeKalb	Tom Wallace	289	W S Proctor, J D Stewart
Denton	Sul Ross	129	Hugh McKenzie, J K Burton
Dodd City	Camp Muxey	281	W C Moore
Dublin	Erath & Comanche	85	J. T. Harris, L. E. Gillett
Emma	Lone Star	198	John W. Murray
Fairfield	Wm. L. Moody	87	W. G. Blain, L. G. Sandifer
Floresville	Wilson County	225	W. C. Agee, A. D. Evans
Forney	Camp Bee	130	T. M. Daniel, S. G. Fleming
Fort Worth	R. E. Lee	158	A. B. Fraser, W M McConnell
Frost	R. Q. Mills	106	A. Chamberlain, M. F. Wakefield
Gainesville	Joseph E Johnston	119	J. M. Wright, J. T. Walker
Galveston	Magruder	105	T N Waul, C Washington
Gateway	Ex-C. A. Coryell Co.	135	Gen W L Saunders
Goldthwaite	Jeff Davis	117	J E Martin, W H Thompson
Gonzales	ohn C Key	156	W B Sayers, H L Qualls
Gordonville	J G Hodges	392	Wm Hodges, W Blessingame
Graham	Young County	127	A. T. Gay, Y. M. Edwards
Granbury	Granbury	67	J. A. Formwalt, I. R. Morris
Grand View	J E Johnston	377	—, C C Hatfield
Greenville	Joseph E Johnston	267	W S Ward, A H Hefer
Hallettsville	Col James Walker	248	Volney Ellis, B F Burke
Hamilton	A. S. Johnston	116	Battle Fort, L A H Smith
Hemstead	Tom Green	136	V. B. Thornton, S. Schwarz
Henderson	Eas Redwine	295	J M Mays, C C Doyle
Henrietta	Sul Ross	172	F. J. Barnett, C B. Patterson
Hillsboro	Hill County	166	J R Davis, Dr Moore
Honey Grove	Logan Davidson	294	J H Lynn, John L Ballinger
Houston	Dick Dowling	197	J W Lubert, S K Longnecker
Huntsville	John C Upton	43	J M Smith, E K Goree
Jacksborough	Camp Morton	164	S W Eastin, W J Denning
Jacksborough	Camp Hughes	365	S H Reeves, A F Anderson
Kaufman	Geo. D. Maulon	145	Jos. Huffmaster, E. S. Pipes
Kilgore	Buck Kilgore	283	W A Miller, R W Synn
Klingston	A. S. Johnston	71	J. F. Puckett, T. J. Foster
Ladonia	Robt E. Lee	126	W B Merrill, J R Arthur
LaGrange	Col. B. Timmons	61	R. H. Phelps, N. Holman
Lampasas	R. E. Lee	66	D. C. Thomas, T. H. Haynie
Livingston	Ike Turner	321	—, A B Green
Lubbock	F. R. Lubbock	138	W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon
Madisonville	Jno G Walker	128	—, R Wiley
Marlin	Willis L. Lang	289	John M Jolley, I J Pringle
Memphis	Hall County	245	F M Murray, G W Tipton
Menardville	Menardville	328	F M Kitchens
Meridian	A. S. Johnston	115	Robt Donnell, J. W. Adams
Merkel	Merkel	79	J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker
Merkin	Joe Johnston	91	C L Watson, H W Williams
Minneola	Wood County	153	J H Huffmaster, T J Goodwin
Mt. Enterprise	Rosser	82	T. Turner, B. Birdwell
Mt. Pleasant	Col. Dud Jones	121	C. L. Dillhamty, J. C. Turner
Montague	Bob Stone	93	R. Bean, R. D. Rugeley
McGregor	Camp McGregor	274	W H Harris, H W Sadler
McKinney	Collin County	109	T M Scott, H C Mack
Mt Vernon	Ben McCulloch	300	W T Guss, J J Morris
Navasota	Hannibal B Boone	102	W E Barry, Jas H Freeman
New Boston	Sul Ross	287	Goo H Rea, T J Watlington
Oakville	John Donaldson	165	C C Cox, T. M. Church
Palmetto	Palmetto	41	J. W. Ewing, J. M. Fullinwider
Paradise	Pat Cleburne	363	A J Jones, L T Mason
Paris	A. S. Johnston	70	J L McElroy, Lt C I Stringfield
Palm Rock	Jeff Davis	168	W. I. Melton, J. W. Ratchford
Pearsall	Goetz Hardenan	290	R M Harkness, Henry Mancy
Richmond	Frank Terry	227	P. E. Peareson, B. F. Stuart
Ripley	Gen Hood	280	W R M Slaughter, Jno H Hood
Rockwall	Rockwall	71	M. S. Austin, X. C. Edwards
Roby	W. W. Loring	154	D Speer, A P Kelley
Sun Antonio	A. S. Johnston	111	John S Ford, James Clark
San Augustine	Jeff Davis	386	—, W A Field
San Saba	W P Rogers	322	George Harris, A Duggan
Santa Anna	J. Q. Lamar	371	L M Cravens, Will Hubert
Seymour	Bodford Forrest	36	T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browning
Sherman	Mildred Lee	90	J. T. Wilson, R. Walker

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	No.	OFFICERS.
South Prairie.....	South Prairie.....	393	W J. Heffner, —
Sweetwater.....	E. C. Walthall.....	92	W. D. Beall, J. H. Freeman.
Sulphur Sp'gs.....	Matt Ashcroft.....	170	R. M. Henderson, M. G. Miller.
Taylor.....	A. S. Johnston.....	165	M. Ross, Perry Hawkins
Terrell.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	45	J. A. Anthony, Vic Reinhardt
Texas.....	A. P. Hill.....	269	W. J. Allen, Charles A. Hooks
Tyler.....	A. S. Johnston.....	48	J. P. Douglas, Sid S. Johnson
Vernon.....	Camp Cabell.....	125	S. E. Hatchett, M. D. Davis.
Waco.....	Pat Cleburne.....	222	C. L. Johnson, W. C. Cooper
Waxahachie.....	Jeff Davis.....	198	Tom Yates, J. P. Cooper
Waxahachie.....	Parsons Cav. Asso.....	296	—, A. M. Dechman
Weatherford.....	Tom Green.....	169	J. P. Rice, M. V. Kinnison.
Wellington.....	Collingsworth Co.....	257	—, J. M. Yates
Wharton.....	Buchell.....	228	J. N. Jennir, H. T. Compton
Whitesboro.....	Geo R Reeves.....	288	J. W. M. Hughes, B. M. Wright
Wichita Falls.....	W. J. Hardee.....	73	W. R. Crockett, S. A. Robinson
Will's Point.....	Will's Point.....	302	A. N. Alford, —

VIRGINIA.

Reems Station.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	211	M. A. Moncre, A. B. Moncre
Richmond.....	George E. Pickett.....	294	R. N. Northern, P. McCurdy
Richmond.....	R. E. Lee.....	181	A. W. Archer, J. T. Stratton
Roanoke.....	William Watts.....	205	S. S. Brooke, Hugh W. Fry
West Point.....	John R. Cooke.....	184	H. M. Miller, W. W. Green.
Williamsburg.....	Metgruder-Ewell.....	210	T. J. Stubbs, H. T. Jones
Winchester.....	Gen Turner Ashby.....	240	Chas W McViear, E. G. Hollis

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington.....	Wash. City Con.....	171	R. W. Hunter, T. W. Hungerford
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Camps not listed, but reported to the VETERAN:

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	OFFICERS.
Hawkinsville, Ga.....	Planklki County.....	—, A. T. Fountain, J. M. Burrows
Springdale, Fla.....	Pat Cleburne.....	—, E. T. Candle, J. S. Patterson
Walthall, Miss.....	A. K. Blythe.....	—, Tom M. Gore, S. L. Cooke

GRAND CAMP VIRGINIA VETERANS.

The officials of the Grand Camp Virginia Veterans are as follows:

Grand Commander.....	Col. Hugh R. Smith, Petersburg
First Lieut. Grand Commander.....	Col. C. W. Murdaugh, Portsmouth
Second Lieut. Grand Commander.....	Col. Thomas Lewis, Roanoke
Third Lieut. Grand Commander.....	Col. G. Wm. Ramsey, Alexandria
Quartermaster General.....	Col. Washington Taylor, Norfolk
Inspector General.....	Col. Charles Syer, Portsmouth
Chaplain General.....	Rev. B. D. Tucker, Norfolk
Surgeon General.....	Dr. Jno. S. Powell, Ocequan

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GRAND COMMANDER.

Adjutant General.....	Capt. Thomas Ellett, Richmond
Aide-de-Camp.....	Col. John Murphy, Richmond
Aide-de-Camp.....	Col. W. H. Stewart, Portsmouth

ROSTER OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPS.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	No.	OFFICERS.
Alexandria.....	Robert E. Lee.....	2-5	Col Wm A Smoot
Berkley.....	Niemeyer Shaw.....	30	Geo W Wallace
Berryville.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	24	Sam'l J. C. Moore
Boydstown.....	L. A. Armistead.....	26	Chas Alexander
Charlottesville.....	John Bowle Strange.....	14	J. M. Garnett
Charleston, W. Va.....	John W Rowan.....	31	Geo A Porterfield
Courtland.....	Urquhart Gillette.....	11	L. R. Edwards
Culpeper.....	Pierre Gibson.....	15	D. A. Grimsley
Farmville.....	Thornton Pickett.....	19	S. W. Paultt
Fredricksburg.....	Mauzy.....	2	Thos F Proctor
Gloucester.....	C. H. Page Fuller.....	29	Wm K Perrin
Hampton.....	R. E. Lee.....	3-16	R. M. Booker
Isle of Wight.....	C. E. Calhoun.....	16	N. T. Young
Leesburg.....	Clinton Hatcher.....	7	E. V. White
Louisiana.....	Louisa.....	27	W. Keen
Lynchburg.....	Sam Garland.....	8	Kirk Oley
Norfolk.....	Pickett Buchanan.....	3	Thomas L. Dornin
Petersburg.....	A. P. Hill.....	6	W. Gordon McCabe
Portsmouth.....	Stonewall.....	4	H. C. Hudgins
Prince Wm. Co.....	Ewell.....	17	H. F. Lynn
Radford.....	G. C. Wharton.....	28	G. C. Wharton
Reams Station.....	J. E. B. Stewart.....	18	M. A. Moncre
Richmond.....	R. E. Lee.....	1	Thomas G. Pollard
Richmond.....	Geo E Pickett.....	9	R. N. Northern
Roanoke.....	Wm Watts.....	13	S. S. Brooks
Rocky Mount.....	J. A. Early.....	21	Geo M Helms
Staunton.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	25	Jed Hotchkiss
Strasburg.....	Stover.....	20	Mason Bly
West Point.....	John R Cooke.....	12	W. W. Green
Williamsburg.....	Magruder Ewell.....	23	T. Jefferson Stubbs
Winchester.....	Turner Ashby.....	22	Chas W McViear

TENNESSEE BIVOUACS NOT IN U. C. V.

POSTOFFICE.	BIVOUAC.	OFFICERS.
Columbia.....	Leonidas Polk.....	J. H. Fussell, W. B. Dobbins.
Gallatin.....	Daniel S. Donelson.....	J. W. Blackmore, J. A. Trousdale.
Troy.....	Warren McDonald.....	P. J. Cummins, Alex. N. Moore.
Dickson.....	James E. Reims.....	W. J. Mathis, J. M. Talley.
Lynchburg.....	Woody B. Taylor.....	John D. Tolley, D. P. Allen.
Paris.....	Fitzgerald Lamb.....	P. R. Orr, A. H. Lankford.
Dresden.....	Jenkins.....	C. M. Ewing, John D. McKeen.
Lebanon.....	Robert Hutton.....	A. K. Miller, G. R. Gwynn.
Gainesboro.....	S. S. Stanton.....	M. L. Gore, N. B. Young.
Alamo.....	Joseph E. Johnston.....	J. B. Humphreys, D. B. Dodson.
Trenton.....	O. P. Strahl.....	J. C. McDearman, Wm. Gay.
Cookeville.....	Pat Cleburne.....	Walton Smith, W. P. Chapin.
Brownsville.....	Hiram S. Bradford.....	Geo. C. Porter, A. D. Bright.
Hartsville.....	Barksdale.....	W. J. Hale, A. S. Reaves.
Ridgely.....	E. L. Bradley.....	Thos. W. Cosby, B. N. High.
McMinnville.....	Savage.....	Hackett (officers not reported).

SONS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS—TENNESSEE DIVISION.

POSTOFFICE.	BIVOUAC.	OFFICERS.
Winchester.....	Albert S. Marks.....	A. H. Marks (Died Sept. 6, 1892), Jo C. Garner.
Nashville.....	Thos. C. Hindman.....	Biscoe Hindman, Jas. F. Hager.
Clarksville.....	Alfred Robb.....	F. S. Beaumont, Chas. W. Smith.
Gainesboro.....	J. S. Quarles.....	D. H. Morgan, S. H. V. Young.
Knoxville.....	J. E. B. Stuart.....	J. W. Green, J. W. S. Frierson, Jr.
Franklin.....	W. P. Rucker.....	L. W. Buford, Lee S. McEwen.
McKenzie.....	Jeff. Davis.....	E. L. Cunningham, J. L. Thomason

SOUTHERN BOOKS.

THE admirable book of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, for which many friends have written, will be sent from this office free of postage on the payment of \$2. It is a book that should be in the home of every family who can spare the amount. Circular description may be had on application to S. A. Cunningham.

MISS KELLER'S BOOKS.

SEVERED AT GETTYSBURG, is a story that tells of a young wife's undying devotion to her husband. She is a brave Southern girl, who faces the cannon's mouth, and through the fiercest storm of battle clings unflinchingly to the object she loves. She is severed from him at Gettysburg. The book is full of a sweet pathos, blended with the strength and courage of fearless heroes. It deals with prominent historical facts, such as President Lincoln's death, trial of Mrs. Surratt, and her sad end. It is an intense love story, full of woman's heroism and devotion. A romance in the life of a man who was of distinguished national reputation; a man whose eloquent speech in defense of Mrs. Surratt was regarded as a masterpiece. The heroine is a beautiful young girl, pure and noble in character. Though in humble life, she is loved by Meredith Lefrange, one of this nation's great men. Read and judge if their lives ended happily.

LOVE AND REBELLION. The purpose of the novelist in writing this book was twofold. It was the intention of this young Southern woman to vindicate the true Southern men who re deemed the South from carpet-bag rule. The writer regards these men as patriots whom the war failed to subjugate. Rare mission she has undertaken, that of a Southern woman defending the honor of Southern men. It is her purpose to perpetuate the noble work of the men who overthrew sealawag and negro rule in the South. She proves the absolute necessity of the methods used to establish white supremacy. She gives a most truthful and fearless picture of the reconstruction era. She vindicates the kuklux klan, and proves that this organization did grand work. Through the whole book the writer has an intelligent motive and noble purpose. She deals justly and candidly with all factions and conditions. The second purpose seems to be to clearly state the political facts and social conditions from which grew the race problem. She handles this question with a master mind, proving that facts are a stronger argument in this problem than speculation and theories are. She is directly opposed to social equality. A strong love story permeates the entire book; these scenes are thrilling and intense. It delineates the old-time negro character most accurately, and tells of his devotion to master and mistress. In time "Love and Rebellion" will hold a place in American literature similar to that occupied by Scott's books in Scottish history. The historic facts and conditions of the South under carpet-bag rule will be perpetuated through this book. It was sent to a convent in Rome, N. Y., where it was read by the nuns, and reread aloud to the students, then bound in strong binding and preserved as a great book that must not become extinct. It is selling splendidly in the North, and bids fair to become one of the greatest books of this century. This book will be sent with the VETERAN for a year for \$1. Either of Miss Keller's books will be sent postpaid for 50c., or both for \$1.

Miss Keller's books will be supplied by S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, postpaid, for fifty cents each.

LOVE AND REBELLION.—Miss Sue Monroe, Wellington, Va., in ordering this book for a friend, writes: "It is a book that every person in the South ought to read. Like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' it will have great influence, only far superior, because it has truth for a foundation all through. You may be sure I am always on the lookout for subscribers for the VETERAN."

THE CIVIL WAR HISTORY, by Mrs. Ann E. Snyder. Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville. Price, \$1.00. No Southern author has worked more diligently for the cause of true history than Mrs. Snyder. A revised edition of the book is just out, with many important improvements, which make it all the more acceptable to the public. In commenting on the former edition, Gen. E. Kirby Smith, under date of February 12, 1893, said: "I have convened a meeting of the Historical Committee in New Orleans, March 2, 1893, and having read carefully your little work, carry a favorable impression with me of its merits and truthfulness. You certainly deserve the thanks of our people for the effort you have made in vindication of our cause and its honest presentation before the country." Col. Alonzo Hill, President of a female college at Tuskegee, Ala., and Secretary of the U. C. V. Historical Committee, writes Mrs. Snyder of his purpose to commend it as a supplementary reader to the History of the United States. As such it is commended by Dr. Price, President of the Nashville College for Young Ladies, and Capt. W. R. Garrett, Principal of Garrett's Military Academy. They will use it also.

DICKSON AND HIS MEN.—Col. Charles E. Merrill, in Jacksonville Standard: "Surely no household in Florida should be without a copy of this important contribution to that portion of our war history in which Florida bore such a conspicuous part. Though every line is scrupulously true to truth, there are episodes recorded which are as thrilling as medieval romance. Gen. Dickson, the 'wizard of the saddle' along the South Atlantic coast, and the deeds of valor recorded of this gallant hero and his brave Floridians, contribute an imperishable legacy to the people of the South. He crossed and recrossed the St. Johns in the face of the enemy, and executed other dashing movements which mark him as one of the most daring and brilliant cavalymen known to the history of the country." The VETERAN commends this book and the high merit of its author.

THE OTHER SIDE, an historic poem, by Mrs. Virginia Frazier Boyle. Gen. E. Kirby Smith, to whom this great poem was submitted in manuscript, wrote, at Sewanee, Feb. 14, 1893: "I have read this admirable poem with great care and interest. It reflects high credit upon her, and I am sure will endear her to all lovers of our cause, and of the great man who was our chief. The subject-matter appeals strongly to my sympathies, and comes very near to my heart, as it should to every true Confederate, and especially to one who loved Mr. Davis, as I have ever done."

This book will be sent postpaid by the VETERAN for \$1. Any business letters in regard to it should be sent Col. C. W. Frazier, Memphis, Tenn.

SOME REBEL RELICS—Advertised in the July number, is a handsomely bound and printed 12 mo. book of the war, of 315 pages, and sold by Barbee & Smith, Nashville, Tenn., for only \$1.00. It is commemorative of the spirit and manner of life of the typical Confederate soldier of the rank and file in all the aspects of warfare, from his enlistment to his surrender; just the book that Henry Grady called for some time before his death through the Atlanta Constitution. It is hailed with delight by the old soldiers and others interested in the literature of war, and has had no objection made to it thus far except by a "home-made yankee," who found himself described in it. Rev. E. E. Hoss, D. D., says of it: "How the common Confederate soldier enlisted, in what style he was armed, how he dressed, ate, marched, talked, fought and died—it is all here. And the white light of pure religion also gleams through the darkness of those days of blood and carnage."

The author dedicates his book, first to his wife, and then to every true Confederate soldier, and it is generally known that this publication is not a money-making venture, but the offspring of his undying devotion to those who stood with him during the war, and to the cause for which they fought. The Rev. A. T. Goodloe, M. D., of the Tennessee Conference, is the author, who was formerly a private, and afterward lieutenant in the Confederate Army. At present he resides at Chapel Hill, Tenn. It will be supplied by S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn., post paid, for the \$1.

THE CHARITY OF AN EPOCH.—A lecture national in sentiment, and pronounced a complete answer to the historical erimination of the South.

Special terms to U. C. V. Camps in behalf of the Monument Fund. Address S. D. McCORMICK, Henderson, Kentucky.

The mistake has occurred heretofore in the publication in the VETERAN of the Southern Cross. It is \$1 free of postage, instead of fifty cents with postage added. It will be supplied from this office.

Lippincott's Magazine has, during the past year, been running a series of "Notable Stories," the plan of which is explained in the following, which appears as a foot note at the bottom of each story:

"With the March number began the issue of this series of short stories, one of which is to appear each month during the current year. On the completion of the series the stories will be reprinted in a small volume, and the royalty on the sale of this book will belong to the author of that one of the ten tales which receives the popular verdict.

"To determine this choice, our readers are invited to signify each month, by postal card addressed to the editor of Lippincott's Magazine, their opinions as to the merits of the short story in the last issue."

The story for November in this series is by Miss Alice MacGowan, of Tennessee, who has made a deserved success with her Texas, mountaineer, and negro dialect work in the past three years. Miss MacGowan is a Southern girl who writes of the South, and we think all true Southerners will be interested in seeing that enough favorable posts are sent in to insure the royalty to her. Her story, "The Rustlers," is a stirring relation of exciting happenings in a West Texas ranching community. It is told in her usual pure and limpid English, is full of local color and Texas dash, glowing with tenderness and replete with fine feeling. Our Texas readers will of course feel a special interest in it. They will, more perhaps than others, appreciate its merit of fidelity to life, and we think that most of them will be moved, after reading it, to take the trouble to write to the editor of Lippincott, telling him whether or not Texans appreciate such work. All who read it, however, will be well repaid, and will, we hope, take pride enough in their section, and in seeing a Southern writer succeed, to send in a postal card in its favor.

World's Fair visitors can secure very choice accommodations in most desirable location, near Lake and Fair Grounds. Terms, \$1 per day, including breakfast. Commended by the editor of the VETERAN.

MRS. I. B. TUCKER,  
3016 Groveland Ave., Chicago.

Montgomery Bell Academy.

An excellent school for boys and young men. In these days of thought and action, one must be prepared not only to think when he rises to his feet, but to give his thoughts forcible expression. A careful training in elocution prepares a young man for such demands. At the Montgomery Bell Academy special attention is given to the study of elocution. The system of breathing, practiced daily, strengthens the lungs and voice. The movement of arms, feet, head and body give an ease and grace which can be obtained in no other way. This acquired, a careful study is given to selections, so as to present them in the most forcible manner. This school has made an enviable reputation in this department. Any information will be cheerfully given by addressing S. M. D. CLARK, Principal, Nashville, Tenn.

THE CIVIL WAR HISTORY,  
BY MRS. ANN E. SNYDER.

For Sale at the Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., and Supplied by the Veteran. Price \$1.00.

SEWANEE, February 12, 1893.  
MRS. ANN E. SNYDER: My Dear Madam—I have convened a meeting of the Historical Committee, in New Orleans, March 2, 1893, and having read carefully your little work, convey a favorable impression with me of its merits and truthfulness. You certainly deserve the thanks of our people for the effort you have made in vindication of our cause and its honest presentation before the country.  
Very truly yours,  
E. KIRBY SMITH.

TO SCHOOLS AND BUSINESS MEN.

	Prices Wharton's Inks.	Writing.	Red.	Copying.	
Wharton's	Two ounce.....	\$0 05	\$0 10	\$0 10	Cologne
	Four ounce.....	10	20	20	
	One-half pint.....	20	30	30	
	One pint.....	30	50	50	
	One quart.....	50	75	75	
	Gallon.....	1 25	.....	.....	

Wharton's Superior Cologne, \$1 a pint. Vine and Church Sts., Nashville, Tenn.

GOVERNOR TURNEY'S NEPHEW RESCUED FROM THE GRAVE.

Hon. John E. Turney, of Nashville, Tenn., formerly Chief Deputy Clerk of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, tells of his Cure of the Morphia and Whisky Diseases by the Keeley Institutes of Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, TENN., June 10, 1893.

Charles B. James, Esq., President of Keeley Institutes of Tennessee, Memphis, Tenn.

DEAR SIR—In reply to your favor of recent date, inquiring into my condition, etc., I would say that I have not felt as well since 1879.

I hope you will pardon me for taking occasion to again bear testimony as to the efficacy of Dr. Keeley's remedies.

So much has been so eloquently said, already, that it is with much reluctance that I again refer to my own cure. My restoration, however, to health and manhood has been so marvelous that I can never let an opportunity pass without mentioning the good results of your treatment.

That the cure, when properly given and properly accepted by the patient, is a certainty cannot now be questioned by any one of information. In support of this statement I am sustained by the most eminent men, in the different professions, throughout the world; I am sustained by ministers, physicians, lawyers and statesmen whose intelligence and learning are so pre-eminent that they are to-day the most renowned, in their respective professions, in the entire civilized world, and I am sustained by one hundred and fifty thousand happy women whose lives have been changed from sorrow, sadness and misery to happiness and prosperity.

What other testimony can any reasonable man want?

However, as I was the first morphine patient in Tennessee I will give you a brief outline of my troubles and my cure.

When I entered your institute at Memphis I had been addicted to morphine six years, using about twenty grains hypodermically each day. I now find it almost impossible to describe the extent of my sufferings; indeed, I prefer not to recall those years of torture and would not if my heart did not so continually throb with gratitude.

I was a complete wreck, mentally and physically; my sensibilities were deadened; all cares were obliterated; every conception of duty lay torpid; I was physically dead and mentally asleep and simply existed to fight off my miseries.

I had gone so far that no amount of the drug would ease me. My life was one of continual misery and suffering. It was but a miserable dream interspersed with horrible nightmares, moments of unbearable wakefulness and ghastly visions of every conceivable horror of hell.

I had tried many remedies with but one result—failure. I

spent much time and considerable money but to no avail, and it seemed as if there was nothing left for me but to die. There was not a spark of hope left and often have I prayed for the coveted death.

In this condition, without the slightest incentive to live, without sufficient strength to fight the demon much longer and without the slightest hope of being benefited, I yielded (over my protest) to the supplications of my brother, and on March 9, 1892, entered that "Haven of Rest," the Keeley Institute at Memphis. After four weeks of treatment the whole earth seemed changed, my former conceptions of Heaven were intensified, the grandeur of the earth appeared more sublime than ever before, and even the sunshine seemed to be more mellow and softer. As I have said before, the transition from hell to Heaven could hardly be more sublime or more marked.

As you remember, I did not take treatment for whisky while in Memphis. I thought I could control a small thing like that. In this I found myself badly mistaken.

I refrained from drink several months, but hardly a day passed that I did not crave it, and I would rather be drinking it than to be constantly combating the thirst and desire.

My appetite finally, therefore, got the better of me, and I launched my boat upon the sea of dissipation. The voyage was somewhat eventful, at times startling, and lasted nine months and nine days. It was very stormy; indeed, the only calm being when I was some distance from a bar-room. Fortunately, however, I landed at the institute at Nashville on the 9th of May last, almost without a rudder and with scarcely enough strength left to blow a fog whistle.

Within a few days the sky became clearer, the mist had almost disappeared, and I gazed with a sober understanding on all that remained of my shattered hopes. I consoled myself with a hope that all was for the best. I now take more interest in everything, my conception of duty is better, and my hopes have become intensified. I now realize that I can not drink whisky and be successful in anything else. Before I took the morphine treatment I had not fully appreciated the evils of alcohol. I had not then tasted the dregs that are so bitter; I had not felt the social sting that necessarily follows protracted dissipation; I had never suffered from a lack of confidence from my friends, and had never experienced the hardships resulting from a withdrawal of it. Now, I have experienced all, and am perfectly satisfied that I am forever cured of both diseases.

In conclusion, permit me to say that the cure I received at Memphis rescued me from the grave, and the cure received at Nashville saved me from the gutter.

There are imitators starting up all over the country claiming to effect cures of the morphia and whisky habits by the use of remedies they claim to be the same, or just as good as the Keeley remedies, but I would advise my friends who desire to take treatment to take the *only sure and tested cure*, which is the KEELEY CURE. Yours truly, J. NO. E. TURNEY.

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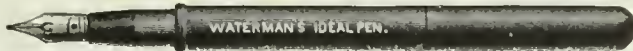
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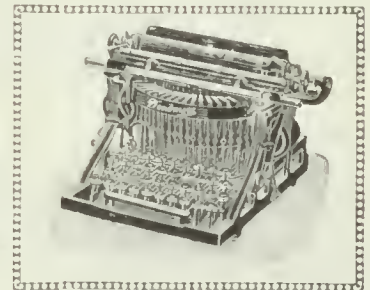
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# Confederate Veteran.

*Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.*

PRICE, 5 CENTS. } Vol. I. NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1893. No. 11. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM.  
YEARLY, 50 CENTS. } Editor and Manager.

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cept last page. One page, one time, special, \$10. Discount: Half year,  
one-issue; one year, one issue. This is an increase on former rate.  
Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too  
important for any thing that has not special merit.

THIS issue of the VETERAN has been delayed be-  
cause of misshipment of paper and the fact that there  
was not any to be had of the right size and quality in  
Nashville. That shipment was made from mills in  
Pennsylvania on October 19th, and not heard from  
after these three weeks.

THE reunion of Tennessee Division Confederate  
Soldiers held its annual meeting at Jackson in October  
as advertised. It was an occasion of much general  
interest and high credit to the people there. Notes of  
the proceedings are not published, as was intended, in  
this number. The reunion was on the same day as  
that of Texas comrades. The Association sent greet-  
ings to comrades in Texas with the wish that their  
lives be lengthened in proportion as they had been  
glorious.

INFORMATION has been received from various quar-  
ters of subscriptions having been paid to irrespons-  
ible parties. This misfortune suggests that all friends  
of the VETERAN take notice that no unreliable person  
be allowed to solicit for it. Certain parties in Texas  
have taken subscriptions and never remitted at all,  
and notice has been received at this office that Mr. J.  
D. Kelly has secured quite a large number in Ken-  
tucky. He sent to the office a long list months ago,  
but has never remitted any money, and does not re-  
port in any manner. This annoying misfortune in-  
duces the suggestion as above, that friends of the VET-  
ERAN everywhere will do it a great kindness, and do  
their friends a kindness, by making diligent inquiry  
as to the reliability of persons soliciting. Now, there  
should not be any misunderstanding in regard to this.  
In every part of the South noble men and women are  
soliciting and sending subscriptions without any re-  
muneration whatever, and such persons share not only  
the gratitude of the proprietor of the VETERAN, but  
should of every friend to the publication. The only  
question to be considered where persons are soliciting  
is whether they are known to be faithful, regardless of  
financial responsibility. It is painful to know that  
many subscriptions have been lost in this way.

L. T. DICKINSON, Adjutant of the N. B. Forrest  
Camp, Chattanooga, in sending out notice of Novem-  
ber meeting, illustrates with a silver dollar, from be-  
hind which are head, arms, and feet, swinging from a  
rope by one foot. This voice is phonographed on the  
margin, "Now you got me hung up here, what you  
goin' to do 'bout it?" The answer comes from a fel-  
low standing in a strut below—a gold dollar being  
his head—"Damfino."

H. T. GAY, Esq., of Graham, Texas, demurs to Gen-  
Boynnton's statement that Cheatham's Division "was  
driven back more than a mile." Although the state-  
ment may be erroneous, the spirit of the Federal  
officer is so complimentary that any protest against  
inaccuracy deserves to be fraternal. This veteran  
was not in the battle. When his command was or-  
dered from Enterprise, Miss., he and young Greer  
were both so ill that our Captain urged us to go to  
some private house for treatment, but the thought of  
getting back to Tennessee so electrified us that both  
started on the journey. Greer improved so that he  
was ready for duty, and was of the first killed in the  
great battle, while the writer grew so much worse that  
he was insensible when carried into the Ladies' Hos-  
pital at Montgomery. Cheatham's command can with-  
stand any criticism from any source.

T. L. PATTERSON, Esq., of Cumberland, Maryland,  
whose good wife sent many subscribers soon after the  
VETERAN was started, asks for a list that she may pro-  
cure renewals. The thought is commendatory. These  
venerable people have grown grandchildren, and al-  
though almost under the shadow of Pennsylvania  
Mountains, they manifest such zeal for the cause of  
the South as makes Confederate veterans prouder of  
their record than they would be of all things that  
could be bought with money. [Mr. Patterson was Gov-  
ernment Engineer, and located at Harper's Ferry  
when John Brown "started the war." The people in  
that quiet village were as much astounded by the event  
as were those of any section of the country. Mr.  
Patterson's family were witnesses. They well remem-  
ber the killing of a faithful darkey who would not join  
the Brown party.] Let hundreds act on Mr. Patter-  
son's suggestion. Mail lists will be sent to all who  
will kindly look after renewals—at fifty cents.

Of the front page engravings are two young ladies and a little daughter of J. O. Casler, author of "Four Years in the Stonewall Brigade," and a zealous worker for the VETERAN and in our cause generally. The engraving of Mrs. Sarah E. Brewer is reproduced because of the very inferior presentation in the July number. Readers and patrons of the VETERAN who have that issue may reread with interest her letter and the account of her work. Mrs. Brewer, it will be remembered, has contributed more to our general cause than any other individual. It is intended that all the young ladies' pictures will be republished in the VETERAN at reunion time, with a sketch of each.

Dr. J. N. DOYLE, Mayor of Granbury, Texas, came recently to Columbia, Tenn., and removed the remains of Gen. Granbury. The memorial exercises and burial will take place at Granbury, November 30th, the anniversary of the battle of Franklin, in which Gen. Granbury was killed. The funeral train will start from Fort Worth and contain large delegations from Waco, Dallas, Sherman, and other Texas points. The small marble headstone erected at Ashwood, his burial place for so many years, has been shipped to Texas, and will be used in connection with the shaft which patriotic citizens of Granbury will erect. Much credit is due the Columbia, Tenn., Democrat for its enterprise in bringing this proper thing about.

*THE KIRBY-SMITH FUND—IN LOUISIANA.*

Gen. W. H. Jackson has received from Gen. George Moorman letters containing the following subscriptions to the Kirby-Smith fund. Gen. Moorman writes:

"I inclose you check for \$111, which, with the \$253.75 previously sent makes a total of \$364.75, partial collection made by these headquarters for the benefit of the family of Gen. E. Kirby-Smith. I send you the full amount contributed, having paid the exchange myself.

Army of Northern Virginia, Camp No. 1, New Orleans .....	\$51
Maj. Victor Maurin, Camp No. 38, Donaldsonville, La., through Army of Northern Virginia, Camp No. 1.....	25
Benj. T. Duval, Camp No. 145, Fort Smith, Ark.....	25
Franklin K. Beck, Camp No. 224, Camden, Ala.....	10

On September 30th he remitted the following, all of which amounts have been handed to and remitted by Col. Claiborne to Mrs. Kirby-Smith:

Winnie Davis Camp, No. 108, Waxahachie, Texas.....	\$10
Col. B. Timmons Camp, No. 61, LaGrange, Texas.....	10
Mildred Lee Camp, No. 90, Sherman, Texas.....	8
John B. Hood Camp, No. 233, Augusta .....	5
George E. Pickett Camp, No. 204, Richmond, Va.....	5
Lul. Ross Camp, No. 129, Denton, Texas.....	3
Army of Tennessee, Camp No. 2.....	28

Total ..... \$180

This, with the former remittance of \$253.75, gives, in the aggregate, the sum of \$433.75 through Gen. Moorman.



POET FOR NEXT REUNION UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

HENRY CLAY FAIRMAN, under whose editorial management the Sunny South has become still more widely known and more popular than ever, is a native of Mississippi, as was also his father, who became bankrupted by the war. The son was left to educate and advance himself unaided. Beginning life as a lawyer, he followed that calling (always distasteful to him) for seven or eight years, when he was called by State Auditor Gwin to direct the land department of his office, which he did with distinguished success for four years. Then he resumed the law, and in 1885 owned and edited the Lantern, a Democratic campaign sheet at Jackson, in the columns of which within the short space of eight or ten weeks he established his reputation as a writer of brilliancy and ability. Quitting Mississippi in 1886, he sojourned unprofitably in North Alabama for several years, removing thence to Atlanta, Ga., in 1891, a total stranger. He is highly distinguished by his selection to write the poem for the reunion.

GEN. H. V. BOYNTON, whose high tribute to Confederate valor at Chickamauga is in October VETERAN, has been selected as the historian of the Chickamauga National Park Commission. General Boynton is not only a forcible and very fluent writer, of national fame, but he knows well of what he wrote about that battle. He was the commanding officer of the Thirty-fifth Ohio Regiment during those two days of tremendous fighting, and won for himself a superb reputation

among his comrades. His regiment and brigade were in the thickest of the fight, attested by a loss of fifty per cent. of their numbers. As a part of Brannon's Division, under Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, they bore an honorable part in the fierce struggle on the crest of Horse Shoe Ridge during the afternoon of September 20, and they were among the last Federal troops to leave the battle-field. His record at Chickamauga, for which the VETERAN is indebted to Gen. G. P. Thruston, staff officer to Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, was not learned until the other editorial note was put to press.

THE Eagle Pass Guide, published on the southwestern border of Texas, a high-toned journal of unusual merit in typography and neatness of print, demurs to the VETERAN'S position against the organization of United American Veterans. The Guide misconstrues the intended meaning of the VETERAN in reference to border sections. It is indeed unfortunate that veterans in the border States have been so undeservedly intimidated. They frequently have their meetings and processions with the stars and stripes displayed in their ranks, but not a single tattered remnant of the ensign under which they rushed in the face of destruction year after year. The old stars and bars of the Confederacy are absolutely sacred to them, and why may not battle-scarred men who fought under it carry the innocent emblem with them at their reunions?

#### REUNION AT AUGUSTA.

The Confederate Veteran Survivors' Association, of Augusta, Ga., invite Confederate veterans throughout the Union to meet in Augusta November 23d and 24th. The invitation says, "We will make you welcome." The invitation is signed by Patrick Walsh, President Augusta Exposition; W. J. Northern, Governor of Georgia; J. H. Alexander, Mayor of Augusta; F. E. Eve, Acting President Confederate Survivors' Association; I. C. Levy, Chairman, and other members of the Military Committee of Exposition." Mr. Cunningham hopes to meet many patrons of the VETERAN there.

#### JUSTICE TO THE SOUTH—TRUE HISTORY.

Arthur Marshall, of Springfield, Mo., responds to a subscriber who wants facts as to the causes of the war. He uses quotations from Northern speakers in his introduction that are admitted. He repudiates the language of partisans at the North, one of whom said: "The war has civilized the South where all was crimes and fetters," and continues:

The South planned first the co-operation and consolidation of the Colonies; Patrick Henry sounded the key note of Independence; Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration; a Southern Colony emblazoned first on her standard, "Virginia for Constitutional Liberty." A Southerner led the armies of the Revolution to vic-

tory, and it was Southern intellect and patriotism that planned the Federal Constitution, and finally brought about consolidation. To the South is due that Texas is not now a hostile government; that Louisiana is not a French republic, and that the majestic Mississippi is all in our own land. The old South led in the council chamber, in the field, and to battle. How can the Northern people bring charges so infamous against such a record of loyalty and patriotism?

The South was not responsible for slavery nor eager for its perpetuation. The first nation on the civilized globe to protest against it as monstrous was a Southern Colony. Virginia twenty-three times protested to the Crown in public acts of her Assembly, and in 1778 passed a law absolutely forbidding the further importation of slaves.

On the other hand, slavery received its first legislative sanction by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The prohibition of the slave trade was finally brought about through the influence of President Jefferson and the active efforts of the Virginians.

The North led with plans of gradual emancipation, because slavery was not profitable there; but in the South as well, societies for abolition and colonization were organized. Naturally the South moved slowly, for to her people the problem was a vital one, the number of slaves in Virginia alone being seven times as great as in the entire North. \* \* \*

Civil war was the result. The North had the backing of the resources and sentiment of the world, besides overwhelming odds in battle; and for four years the South baffled an army that could have withstood the universe.

The war left the South exhausted to the last degree. The ragged, half-starved Confederate soldier, crushed with defeat, returned to his once happy and beautiful home to find his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, and his money worthless.

The North took advantage of this helpless condition, and under the euphemism of reconstruction made an attempt to destroy the South. She was dismembered, disfranchised, denationalized, and turned into military provinces. Besides the war having rendered to the torch and sword three billion dollars' worth of property, she has been robbed from her poverty of a billion dollars in twenty years to pension Northern soldiers. Thomas Nelson Page is reported to have made this strong statement: "It was intended that the South should be no more." But God called her forth with the old spirit; she resumed her youth like the eagle, fixed her gaze upon the sun, and once more spreading her pinions, lifted herself for another flight.

Steps must be taken to preserve from oblivion, or worse, from misrepresentation, a civilization which produced, as its natural fruit, Washington and Jefferson, Lee and Jackson. Their stories must be told and their deeds must be sung through the ages—not what its enemies thought it to be, but what in truth it was.

We are not willing to be handed down to the coming generation as a race of slave-drivers and traitors. So let the North lay aside her prejudice and hatred, and seek the truth instead. She should reveal that the Cavalier, as well as the Puritan, was on the continent from the earliest days, and has been the most conspicuous element in its progress and its freedom. She should admit that the South has a heart of feeling and honor, and is worthy of justice.

A SOUTHERN GIRL AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The name, Yandell, is honored throughout our Southland. The family of doctors, of which three, David, Lunsford, and William, were conspicuous in the war and afterward, were natives of Rutherford County, Tenn. Their father was an eminent doctor, mother was Miss Wendel, of Murfreesboro. The last named, Dr. Wm. M. Yandell, is in El Paso, Texas. The families of the other two reside in Louisville, Ky.

Dr. Lunsford Pitts Yandell was in the battle of Belmont, "the first fought in the West," when Gen. Polk called him from the ranks to the position of Surgeon. He was afterward made Staff Surgeon and Medical Inspector of Hardee's Corps. His account of the battle of Shiloh forms part of the War Records published by the Government at Washington.

A worthy tribute to this eminent family deserves a place in the VETERAN. This article, however, is to pay special tribute to the genius of a young lady of Louisville, who secured one of the three medals given to women by the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Admirers of the Daniel Boone Statue there,



placed in front of the Kentucky building, will be glad to know that it is her work. The sculptor, Miss Enid Yandell, is the eldest daughter of the late Dr. Lunsford P. Yandell. Her passion for form showed itself before she was five years old. She studied in the Cincinnati Art School under Rebisso, taking the four years' course in two years. She worked a year in Europe, and had the benefit of the acquaintance of many famous sculptors. She was called to Chicago by Mrs. Potter Palmer in August, 1891, to do some architectural sculpture on the Woman's Building, and remained there till the Columbian Exposition opened, working in the studio of Phillip Martinez. In January, 1893, the Filson Club, of Louisville, Ky., gave her an order

for an heroic figure of Daniel Boone, which was placed in front of the Kentucky Building at the Fair.

She has a special gift for portraiture, and has made successful busts of Dr. D. W. Yandell, Mr. A. V. Dupont, Col. Durrett, Mrs. Locke, of New York, Mrs. F. S. Peabody, of Chicago, and many others. She has immense physical force, is a trained athlete, rides magnificently, can work sixteen hours a day, and is proud of being the daughter of a Confederate soldier. Her mother was Miss Elliston, of Nashville.

She has opened a studio in New York, but hopes for her greatest patronage from the South. She is at present making studies for a magnificent Confederate monument, to be erected in one of our Southern States.

WHEN GEN. LEE LOST HOPE OF SUCCESS.

HON. A. S. COLYAR, OF THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS, TELLS ABOUT THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

Hon. Washington Gardner, of Michigan, who carried a gun in battle for the Union, and was severely wounded at Resaca, Ga., spent a few days in Nashville recently *en route* from Chickamauga, where he went as commissioner to locate points in the battleground. Although a private in the war, has been elevated to Department Commander of the Grand Army in Michigan. Mr. Gardner is an able minister, an astute lawyer, and a thrilling lecturer. While in Nashville his friend, Dr. Fred Dunn, invited him, Hon. A. S. Colyar, and the editor of the VETERAN, to Belle Meade, the magnificent farm of Gen. W. H. Jackson. Mr. Colyar was a member of the Confederate Congress, and is an active lawyer of ability. On the pleasant journey Mr. Gardner was entertained by a story that is now being made of record. Mr. Colyar has written about it as follows:

S. A. Cunningham—Dear Sir: In answer to your request I give you what, in substance, I related to you and Mr. Gardner the other day. The Hampton Roads effort at settlement, in which Messrs. Hunter, Stephens, and Campbell acted as commissioners, came about in the following manner: John B. Baldwin, of Virginia, member of the House of Representatives, and who was a Colonel under Gen. Lee during the first year of the war, said to me one night in December, 1864, that he was greatly depressed, as Gen. Lee had that day informed him that the cause for which he was fighting had to fail—that he would be compelled to give up Richmond and disband his army for the want of supplies. Mr. Baldwin said he hardly felt that he had the courage to say what ought to be said in the House, as he knew Mr. Davis and many members of the House still believed the war could be prosecuted to a successful termination. Before we separated it was agreed that he, Mr. Baldwin, should introduce into the House a resolution for the appointment of a committee to inquire into our ability to carry on the war. This Mr. Baldwin did the next day in secret session. The resolution was promptly passed and the commit-



tee appointed. Mr. Baldwin, perhaps the ablest man in the House, was made chairman. I, with several other members, was put on the committee. The first thing the committee did was to take the deposition of Gen. Lee. Then the evidence of other general officers was taken. Gen. Lee said in his evidence that he would be compelled to give up Richmond and disband his army for the want of supplies, and in answer to a direct question put by the chairman, he said he could devise no means of carrying on the war. The other general officers sustained him.

The taking of this proof lasted some time; I can not now remember how long, but we were waiting on some witnesses. This evidence created in the committee a profound impression. The feeling was that another battle ought not to be fought—that the further shedding of blood was useless. The report made to the House produced a discussion that was by no means free of acrimony. It was hoped and believed that Mr. Davis would at once take some steps looking to a settlement. This was not done, and after consulting Gen. Atkins and others, and after conferring with Mr. Stephens, who was Vice-President, and getting his consent to act, I wrote the resolutions—which Mr. Stephens himself rewrote and reformed—and afterward introduced them in secret session, asking the President to appoint Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell to confer with Mr. Lincoln on the subject of bringing the war to a close. While the debate was progressing, and before a vote was taken, a member, Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, intimated that the commission would be created if the debate was stopped, and that no vote need be taken. Thereupon Mr. Davis appointed Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, Mr. Campbell, of Louisiana, and Mr. Stephens. But as Mr. Stephens informed me when he came back, and I think he substantially states it in his book, the conditions of the authority forbade any settlement except on the basis of independence.

Mr. Stephens was of opinion when he returned that Mr. Lincoln was willing—the Union being restored, slavery having already been abolished—that the war should end, and all Federal troops be withdrawn from the Southern States, and leaving the Southern State governments intact just as they were before the war. In other words, trusting the Southern people to keep the agreement without force, or coercion through territorial government. The specific instructions given the commissioners were not known to Congress, certainly not to the House of representatives, and when the commissioners returned and reported a failure a great effort was made by public meetings to intensify the war feeling. One great meeting was held in Richmond, where Mr. Benjamin was the principal speaker.

Mr. Colyar does not report all of this conversation. Mr. Gardner asked him about Mr. Davis, raising the question of his faith in final success, and he replied that Mr. Davis evidently believed that Providence would eventually overrule for the Confederacy, as was the result of Washington's struggle for American independence.

*DOMESTIC LIFE OF GEN. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.*

Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge, member of Congress from Arkansas, writes to the *New York World* in reply to a scandalous article about his parents. He quotes this paragraph from the vile publication:

"When the Confederacy fell John C. Breckinridge escaped from the coast of Florida in a small vessel, remained several years in Europe, and, it is said, on his return met his wife by accident on the streets of Lexington. After the long separation, under painful and pathetic conditions, the lady, forgetting or indifferent to the spot and surroundings, rushed to his arms, seeking an embrace, under a perfectly natural and proper impulse. 'Madam,' he is reported to have said, 'let us not have a scene on the street.' The incident may have been exaggerated by the report, but it was illustrative of the cold ease which Breckinridge always displayed in his dignity before the public."

Mr. B. writes: "A brief recital of the facts of this period will show how false and impossible this story is. At the beginning of the war my father left Kentucky quietly and hastily. An order for his arrest was in town, which fact was communicated to him by a Union lady, a very dear friend of the family. He told us of his danger, and of the need of secrecy, and we bade him good-bye as he drove out in a buggy, apparently to take an evening drive. After the battle of Perryville, about the close of the first year of the war, I took my mother South, and she shared with my father the hardships of those times, and to some extent she even shared with him the dangers of battle.

"When Richmond fell my father was the Confederate Secretary of War, and he and my mother were keeping house in that city. Of course he left her in Richmond when he rode out to join Lee's army, then on the retreat from Petersburg.

"After his escape to Cuba, which island he reached in a small boat, seventeen feet long, and after a trip of great hardship and peril, he sailed for Europe. After spending a few weeks in Europe he came to Canada, where he was at once joined by my mother. She stayed with him during his term of exile, and returned with him to Lexington when he was permitted to come home. Their married life of more than thirty years was happy, and unmarred by any such sentiments or experiences. \* \* \*

"Soldiers without number recall the quiet and beautiful little woman who hung upon the edge of battle, and sometimes was even in its midst with ambulance, lint and bandages to minister to her husband and those who fought with him. They recall how she carried the gallant Graves from Murfreesboro, comforted the noble Hanson, mangled and dying; faced the artillery of Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia, and moved, a ministering angel, among the hospitals of the Confederacy. Her husband's first care was to honor her, and to send her messages of comfort and cheer. These men know how false these statements are, and it is from the balance of the world that I seek to turn the effect of the tongue of slander, and before them that I seek to defend the memory of the dead."

## MEMORIAL DAY—THE SOUTH'S TERM.

At its regular meeting in October Frank Cheatham Bivouac adopted the report of a committee recommending that on the third Friday in November of each year there shall be held Confederate commemoration exercises. It is the purpose to make the occasion a public one, and to invite the co-operation of ex-Confederate and associate organizations in the city. The programme of exercises will consist of a few short addresses, music consisting of familiar Southern songs, and the calling of the roll of the Bivouacs. Each living member will answer to his name, and when the name of a dead member is called from the roll a surviving comrade will answer and pay a brief tribute to the character and service of the departed Confederate.

Wm. H. Pope, Superintendent Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home, Pikeville, Oct. 17: I see by the Baltimore Sun that the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, of Nashville, has resolved to institute a Confederate Commemoration Day, to be observed in November of each year. I don't like the word "Commemoration," or any other departure from the original Confederate word, "Memorial." The word "Memorial" was adopted by the Maryland Confederates shortly after the war, and has been generally used throughout the South. It is distinctively Confederate in its origin and use, and I would suggest to all Confederate societies to adhere to it. The Federals' annual day of observance is known as "Decoration Day," having been made so by an act of Congress, and the 30th day of May named as the date. In Maryland there is annually a Decoration Day and a Memorial Day. The two words are expressive not only of the nature of the observance, but also of the people who participate therein. Notwithstanding the fact that the Decoration Day of observance is named by law, yet in some localities they seem disposed to use the Confederate word, "Memorial," and thus attempt to deprive us of that distinctive expression. It therefore behooves every Confederate and every Confederate society to adhere to and use only the word "Memorial" to express all such occasions.

Now, a little insight into the way we do in Maryland: We have no ex-Confederate societies, but several large, strong, and active Confederate societies. We have never mixed in any manner with the other side—have no joint reunions, no joint banquets, no decoration or memorial days in common. In fact, we do not mix, we go our way and they go theirs, and we find we gain more respect by so doing. We do not belong to that class of Confederates that believed they were right. We *know* we were right in 1861, we *knew* we were right when the war closed, and we *know* today that we were right.

Now, Mr. Editor, one word more. Whenever you come to Baltimore I want you to come about the first Tuesday in the month, the day of our regular monthly meeting. I want you to see a live Confederate asso-

ciation, composed of the kind of people I have been telling you about. I want you to see our Soldiers' Home, the best Home in the United States, with no exceptions. I feel that you will be better qualified to edit the VETERAN when you have seen the best and most flourishing Confederate society in existence, and the best Home in the land.

HENRY GRADY'S FATHER IN THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER.—Garland S. Ferguson, of the Twenty-fifth North Carolina, at a large Confederate reunion held at Waynesville, N. C., in October, paid this tribute to Maj. Henry Grady, father of Henry W. Grady, of Georgia: "I can never forget the 30th of July, 1864, in front of the crater. My Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel were in the hospital with wounds and sickness, my Captain dead on the field, and my senior Lieutenants in the hospital, how the good old Major Grady, with 250 of the Twenty-fifth North Carolina Regiment, and a remnant of the Twenty-sixth South Carolina, stood between Grant's army and the city of Petersburg, for two long hours, until Mahone brought reinforcements: how, with that handful of brave Carolinians, he held back fourteen regiments of Federal troops: the coolness and courage with which he walked the line of his men, directed the manner of their firing, and checked every advance movement of the enemy; while he saw of his best and most beloved officers and true and tried men carried from the field either dead or badly wounded; how he led the gallant charge which, after a hand-to-hand fight, drove the enemy from our works with a loss of 6,000, and fell mortally wounded just as victory perched on our banners. Never Sparta had braver representatives or Thermopylea more courageous defense, yet North Carolina does not note how he died in her cause, or Virginia in her defense. \* \* \* The Petersburg papers gave the credit of the victory to Mahone and the Virginians, which was won by the courage and blood of the North Carolinians under the command of Major Grady." \* \* \*

Maj. Grady's connection with the North Carolina regiment occurred in this way: His company was raised close by the North Carolina line, and at that time Georgia volunteers were only taken for six months, whereas they wanted to enlist for a year, and consequently they became a part of the Twenty-fifth North Carolina.

Robert S. Sparkman, of Greenwood, S. C., adds a postscript: This makes twenty-three subscribers from Greenwood that I have gotten for you, and if every tenth subscriber would do as well I think you then would have the best journal in all the land.

Capt. Biscoe Hindman, Commander Hindman Sons of Veterans, Nashville: It was a source of the keenest regret to me that I was unable to be present at the Jackson reunion. Aside from the fact that it was my duty to be on hand by reason of my official position with the Sons of Veterans, I had looked forward with great pleasure to this reunion.

WHERE THE VETERAN GOES.

Last month a list of postoffices to which four or more copies of the VETERAN are sent was published. The following will show the extraordinary increase in offices and numbers. It will be interesting to friends of the VETERAN to get the October number and compare the two lists. An error occurred in the October issue as to the number of subscribers in Nashville. It should have been 526 instead of 426. Will friends in the cities who have been negligent see how far behind many smaller places they are in their co-operation? If your office is not in the list, rally to have four names at least for the December number.

<b>ALABAMA.</b>		
Athens..... 22	Eutaw..... 4	Lowndesboro... 14
Birmingham... 30	Florence..... 7	Lower Peachtree... 8
Camden..... 8	Greenville..... 19	Montgomery..... 42
Carrollton..... 6	Guntersville... 4	Piedmont..... 12
Elkmont..... 7	Huntsville..... 18	Scottsboro..... 9
Elmore..... 4	Jell..... 5	Snowdoun..... 5
	Talladega..... 5	
<b>ARKANSAS.</b>		
Arkadelphia..... 7	Fayetteville... 22	Morrilton..... 7
Bentonville... 11	Hot Springs... 7	Springdale..... 26
Camden..... 6	Little Rock... 42	
Washington, D. C..... 50		
<b>FLORIDA.</b>		
Braidentown... 4	Mariana..... 10	Sanford..... 18
Brooksville... 30	Monticello... 18	St. Augustine... 19
Fernandina... 14	Ocala..... 19	Tallahassee... 4
Jacksonville... 112	Orlando..... 13	Tampa..... 43
Lakeland..... 9	Palmetto..... 6	Titusville... 10
Lake Weir..... 6	Pensacola... 17	Welborn..... 4
<b>GEORGIA.</b>		
Aeworth..... 4	Canton..... 17	Macon..... 58
Athens..... 4	Cartersville... 4	Savannah... 30
Atlanta..... 23	Eagle Cliff... 4	Union Point... 14
Augusta..... 6	Greensboro... 8	Washington... 33
	Hawkinsville... 25	
Chicago, Illinois..... 19		
<b>INDIANA.</b>		
Evansville..... 6		Indianapolis... 1
McAllister, Indian Territory..... 10		
<b>KANSAS.</b>		
Coffeyville..... 23		Hutchison..... 4
<b>KENTUCKY.</b>		
Adairville..... 5	Justice..... 6	Pine Grove..... 4
Bell..... 8	Lewisburg... 5	Richmond..... 8
Bowling Green... 16	Lexington... 26	Russellville... 10
Covington..... 4	Louisville... 53	Shelbyville... 5
Elizabethtown... 4	Midway..... 4	Stamping Ground 4
Georgetown..... 7	Morganfield... 8	Sturgis..... 8
Harrodsburg... 18	Owensboro... 20	Toler..... 16
Henderson..... 62	Paris..... 18	Uniontown... 4
Hopkinsville... 5	Pembroke... 19	Versailles... 9
	Winchester... 29	
<b>LOUISIANA.</b>		
Berwick..... 10	Lake Charles... 18	New Orleans... 19
Jackson..... 11	Mansfield... 24	Shreveport... 13
	Morgan City... 4	
<b>MARYLAND.</b>		
Baltimore..... 19	Cheltenham... 4	Cumberland... 17
St. Paul, Minnesota..... 6		
<b>MISSISSIPPI.</b>		
Anding..... 4	Crystal Springs... 11	Utica..... 5
Camden..... 6	Fayette..... 6	Walthall..... 5
Coldwater..... 5	Meridian..... 10	Woodville... 18
Columbus..... 8	Senatobia... 7	Yazoo City... 18
<b>MISSOURI.</b>		
Centralla..... 8	Lexington... 6	Palmyra..... 12
Dexter..... 7	Louisiana... 4	Sedalia..... 9
Golden City... 21	Moberly..... 7	Springfield... 48
Huntsville... 22	Nevada..... 9	St. Louis... 23
New York City, New York..... 23		
<b>NORTH CAROLINA.</b>		
Asheville..... 10	Raleigh..... 7	Waynesville... 12
Bryson City... 5	Salisbury... 33	Wilmington... 10
	Winston..... 9	
Cincinnati, Ohio..... 12		
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Territory..... 22		
Norman..... 4		
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania..... 10		

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Aikin..... 17	Edgefield..... 6	Orangeburg C. H... 23
Charleston..... 106	Greenwood... 17	Sally..... 7
Columbia..... 12	Longmires... 4	Suniter..... 10
Darlington... 24	Newberry... 4	

TENNESSEE.

Bagdad..... 5	Gallatin..... 56	Sadlersville... 5
Baker..... 17	Goodlettsville 14	Saundersville... 5
Bellbuckle... 4	Greenfield... 4	Sewanee..... 6
Bradyville... 4	Hartsville... 12	Sharon..... 6
Bristol..... 5	Hendersonville 4	Shelbyville... 26
Burns..... 5	Hustburg..... 4	Sherwood..... 4
Castalian Springs 8	Jackson..... 45	Silvertop..... 4
Chattanooga... 9	Knoxville... 24	Smyrna..... 4
Chapel Hill... 9	Lawrenceburg... 9	South Pittsburg... 7
Clarksville... 29	Lebanon..... 5	Springfield... 7
Clover Crop... 1	Lewisburg... 10	Sweetwater... 5
Columbia..... 32	Lynchburg... 16	Tennessee Ridge 5
Copertown... 4	Lynnville... 9	Tobaccoport... 5
Copersville... 4	Martin..... 9	Tracey City... 8
Covington... 4	Memphis... 32	Trenton..... 15
Cumberland City 7	McKenzie... 20	Triune..... 4
Dickson..... 17	Murfreesboro... 78	Tullahoma... 11
Dresden..... 13	Nashville... 547	Wartrace..... 8
Dyersburg... 6	Newbern... 10	Waverly..... 8
Eagleville... 5	Paris..... 16	White Bluff... 4
Erin..... 10	Poplin's X Roads 5	Winebester... 16
Fayetteville... 49	Pulaski..... 14	Woodland Mills 4
Flynn's Lick... 4	Riddleton... 6	Woodworth... 14
Franklin..... 24	Rockhill... 4	Wrencoe..... 4
	Yorkville... 6	

TEXAS.

Alvarado..... 5	El Paso..... 40	Lubbock..... 4
Aurora..... 5	Ennis..... 6	Memphis..... 6
Austin..... 10	Floresville... 6	Mexia..... 20
Athens..... 20	Fort Worth... 39	Milford..... 32
Belcher..... 5	Forney..... 7	Paris..... 21
Belton..... 39	Gainesville... 32	Ray..... 4
Bonham..... 25	Gatesville... 10	Rockwall... 23
Bryan..... 26	Gonzales... 20	Sherman... 15
Caddo Mills... 10	Graham..... 16	South Prairie... 4
Canadian..... 4	Grand View... 13	Sulphur Springs 8
Canton..... 9	Greenville... 4	Sweetwater... 4
Center Point... 7	Groesbeck... 5	Tehuacana... 10
Cosfield..... 4	Hamilton... 12	Terrell..... 12
Cleburne... 42	Hennietta... 4	Trent..... 5
Coleman..... 26	Houston..... 9	Tyler..... 10
Comanche... 14	Kaufman... 4	Waco..... 10
Crockett... 5	Kemp..... 4	Waxahachie... 16
Dallas..... 25	Klingston... 7	Weatherford... 7
Deatur..... 7	La Grange... 11	Wills' Point... 18
Eva..... 14	Lampasas... 22	Wrightsboro... 11

VIRGINIA.

Culpeper..... 6	Portsmouth... 16	West Point... 23
Fredricksburg 6	Richmond... 85	Williamsburg... 6
Huntington, West Virginia..... 17		

HOW OUR PEOPLE TREAT UNION VETERANS.—Chas. F. Sears, of Rockford, Michigan, on Oct. 26, 1893, writes: "I have just returned from a trip to the battlefields of Chickamanga and Stone's River. On either field we went over our battle lines with gentlemen who were opposed to us in battle, and at Stone's River with one who was in our immediate front nearly thirty-one years ago, and I must say that the occasion is to be remembered for the courteous attention shown us. Through the kindness of Capt. J. O. Oslin, Second Tennessee C. S. A. Infantry, I have the October number of your journal, and am impressed with a desire to read more of them, so inclose fifty cents for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN one year, and the four flags, as mentioned in said number. This I do from no idle curiosity, but having served three years in the Union army, can appreciate your efforts for organization and comradeship of Confederate veterans. I enjoy listening to or reading incidents of the late war related by brave men from either side, and anticipate much pleasure and information from reading accounts of the same as presented by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

PROF. J. F. DRAUGHON, President of Draughon's Business College, recently issued a magnificent catalogue of eighty pages. It shows great enterprise on the part of this popular institution, of which the community may be proud. The publication is a surprise, because of its magnitude, as well as its excellence.

## CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CLARKSVILLE.

The Confederate Monument at Clarksville, Tenn., was dedicated to its holy purpose October 25th. Hon. D. N. Kennedy, President of the Association, made a concise and comprehensive statement of its history. The monument was determined upon early after the war, when poverty was everywhere in the Southland. He said that although a quarter of a century had elapsed the people had never lost sight of their resolve to erect it. "While the cause was lost to our people, the principle will live on forever. We might have long since erected a monument, but were determined to make it an honor and a credit. In June, 1888, the Forbes Bivouac appointed a committee charged with the effort to raise the money. The committee was not all of old soldiers, but was comprised entirely of true men. It is a singular circumstance that six of the fourteen committeemen appointed in 1888 have died. Five sleep in these grounds, but the committee never faltered in its work. Places of the dead were supplied. We asked the ladies of this county, who are always true to the right, to co-operate with us, and while our committee had become almost hopeless the women worked right on, and before we were aware of it had raised more than one thousand dollars. Two years ago nearly three thousand dollars were subscribed at a public meeting one night. Again, at a meeting when Senator Bate, the lamented Marks, and Dr. Jones were with us, one thousand dollars more was raised. Still there was not enough. Then the boys of the Hook and Ladder Company came to our rescue. They were too young to be Confederates, but had Confederate blood, and it will never die. These young men had a fund of \$2,500 which they said they would give to the monument provided the \$5,000 besides was all secured. Hence, the means for this magnificent structure."

The speaker was not a soldier, which was because of his ill health, but he went with the boys and stayed with them to the end. In emphasizing the benefit of the monument he said it would be a protection against slanders that may be started against parents of children now growing up. It will stand as an honor to their fathers—to their patriotism and courage.

Gilmer Bell, Esq., of Hopkinsville, Ky., who had grown up after the war, responded to calls for an address, which he made in patriotic fervor. He emphasized the words of the President in saying it was better that the monument was erected to-day than if it had been done immediately after the war. It was a finer tribute to the men in whose honor it was erected. Mr. Bell illustrated by describing an idol in some Mexican ruins which represented a sentiment almost blotted from the memory of men, and yet on the morning following some one had crowned its stony brow with flowers. The mother who sent her boy to the war was as much a patriot as the good soldier he made. The cause for which they fought is ours, a heritage and a legacy which will not deluge the country again, but which will be a lasting honor to the deeds of our ancestors, despite the shallow partisan babbling of demagogues. The spirit that prompted men to battle in that cause will live as long as there is any Southland.

Butler Boyd, Esq., Vice-President of the Forbes Bivouac, gave what he called a synopsis of the speech that Hon. S. F. Wilson would have made if present, the leading feature of which would have been his ad-

vocacy of proper education of our children. He made a fine address.

The Monument is not inferior to the best Confederate Monument yet erected. Although it did not cost as much by some thousands of dollars as others, it was completed under advantageous circumstances, which more than make up for the difference. It is made of Vermont granite, which is said to be the firmest and most durable substance known. Its height is forty-eight feet three inches, and nine by thirteen feet at the base. A Confederate soldier in colossal bronze, with gun, etc., surmounts the shaft, making the total height forty-eight feet three inches. A Confederate officer and artilleryman are on lower pedestals. They are life-size. All the figures are carved from photographs of Confederate soldiers. The inscriptions on the monument are, "In honor of the heroes who fell while fighting for us in the army of the Confederate States, 1861-1865." Under this the words, "Confederate Memorial." On the opposite panel, "Though adverse fortune denied final victory to their undaunted courage, history preserves their fame, made glorious forever."

An unhappy event occurred just as the statues were being unveiled. An artillery company from Nashville was firing salutes, and young John Weber, one of the gunners, was so situated that by a premature discharge of the cannon his right arm was destroyed.

The list of little girls representing the States as named in the dedication is as follows: Robbie Luekett, Tennessee; Mary Owen, Texas; Fannie Herndon, South Carolina; Fannie Shelley, Alabama; Emma Tyler, Kentucky; Kate Anderson, North Carolina; Sarah Johnson, Virginia; Annie Bringham, Louisiana; Sarah Berney, Mississippi; Lucy Bailey, Arkansas; Beulah McAuley, Maryland; Mary Gracey, Florida; Mildred Johnson, Missouri; Josie N. Munford, Georgia.

A LONG-LOST BIBLE.—Pat Cleburne Camp has a Bible which was picked up on a battle-field in Kentucky in 1861 by a Federal soldier, and which the Camp purposed sending by one of its delegates to the reunion at Birmingham, had the reunion not been deferred, in order to make the effort to find its owner, or his people. Deeming the columns of the VETERAN a surer way of finding the owner of this book, or his heirs, we beg that this notice may be inserted. The Bible is thus inscribed: "Presented to Master I. H. Stewart by the M. E. Church Sabbath-school, Jackson Station, Mississippi Conference, July 4, 1851." This book was picked up by Elanson K. Teed, a Federal soldier, and presented to his uncle, James Shepard, at Nicholasville, Ky., on September 6, 1863, and turned over by the said Shepard to a comrade of this Camp with the request that the Camp exert itself to find the owner or his heirs. If this notice reaches I. H. Stewart or any of his people, they can obtain the Bible by addressing the Adjutant of Pat Cleburne Camp, J. G. Fennel, or W. C. Cooper, Waco, Texas.

There are some important issues which it is believed the VETERAN can handle effectively if its friends continue to increase and remain as strong as they have in the past. This topic will be discussed in December.



CAREER OF GEN. GIDEON J. PILLOW.

One of the most pathetic memories I have of any picture during the war, was on the Saturday afternoon that Hood's army closed up on Columbia. It was a few miles out on the Mt. Pleasant Turnpike and in view of the magnificent home of Gen. Gideon J. Pillow. It happened that in going down the slope separating an adjoining hill from his residence, the General and his staff passed my line of march. His face was inexpressibly sad, but I did not know then, as I afterward learned, the many causes for that depression. Among the papers on file for review by the VETERAN, is a statement by the General of his financial troubles, and the history is an important record. He said it was true that he had with great reluctance gone into bankruptcy, and then explains that he was appointed in 1861, as Senior Major-General of the Army of Tennessee, which army was fixed by law at fifty-five thousand men. The appointment was made by the Governor and confirmed by the State Legislature. He was commissioned on the 6th of May, 1861, and his headquarters were established at Memphis.

He recites that the State had expended its arms in the Mexican War and that no others had been issued to it by the General Government. When the Confederate War was imminent, application was made to President Lincoln, who pertinently asked the Governor, "What does Tennessee want with arms now?"

The General became involved to a large coal company of Pittsburg by having ordered its seizure for the Confederate Government. Tennessee had absolved itself from all obligations to the Federal Union, its army had to be organized and equipped, and the whole State was, as it were, a military encampment. The proceeds for coal sold by the Pittsburg company were turned over to the State, and all the remainder was

applied to military purposes. The General was sued in the Circuit Court at Memphis for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars damages, which resulted in a judgment against him for thirty-eight thousand five hundred dollars. After this a new trial was granted, at which the General's claims as a belligerent were not allowed. He then appealed to the Legislature, to Governor Brown and afterward to Governor Porter, who manifested sympathy, but proposed no measure for relief. He states: "Being then abandoned by the State, whose commission I bore and whom I served with so much zeal and fidelity, and being without means of paying so large a sum for the State, I must submit to the judgment of the courts of the country and take my fate. My once large estate was swept away by the war, and I am left at my advanced age without means of support other than the earnings of my professional labors.

"Sued under such circumstances, and fifteen years after the events, when the whole nation is anxious to draw the veil of oblivion over the bloody history of the past, I am pursued by an unrelenting purpose of these plaintiffs. Step by step they track me up, and hound after me as their victim, and are determined, with the aid of harsh rulings of the courts, to take judgments against me for these whole claims, including the money paid into the treasury by my orders.

\* \* \* "My own ante-war debts have all been settled except one, and that is not large. My late debts I could pay without serious inconvenience. I do not go into bankruptcy to avoid even these debts, but as I cannot pay that and all my other debts, I have no alternative left but to bow my head in humility and give up all I have that my creditors may distribute it, and the plaintiffs in these suits will get their pro rata.

"I had served the Government of the United States throughout the Mexican War, and not without success and some reputation.

"For taking up arms against the National Government the penalty was the loss of an estate largely over two million dollars. Its loss, though it was the fruits of the labor of forty years of the prime of my life, gave me less anguish than the humiliation of bankruptcy."

#### HIS CAREER IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

In the investment of Vera Cruz, General Pillow, though doubly exposed from being the only one on horseback, dashed at the head of his men in the thickest of the fire, and, driving the enemy from their cover, pursued them up the hill and soon dislodged those that were stationed there, and the gallant Second Tennessee unfurled their banner upon the heights.

At Cerro Gordo, General Pillow received a wound in the arm, though continuing in command, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered.

General Pillow led the advance forces in the storming of Chapultepec, and was shot down at the head of his command, just at the foot of the hill, his ankle being badly shattered by a grape-shot. Just behind his victorious troops he was borne wounded into the castle amidst their enthusiastic cheers. The fall of Chapultepec rendered necessary the fall and complete surrender of the beautiful capital of the Mexican Republic.

Upon the conclusion of the Mexican War, General Pillow returned to his home in Maury County, where he engaged in planting. In this he was eminently successful, and amassed a vast fortune in Tennessee and Arkansas.

## HE FOUGHT FOR THE CONFEDERACY.

His first engagement in the late war was at Belmont, Mo., opposite Columbus, Ky., where he was eminently successful against General Grant. At Fort Donelson, General Pillow favored another fight for the position or for the escape of the army. General Floyd at first sided with him, but finally yielded to the arguments of General Buckner, although he would not surrender the army, for he feared the Federal Government would not treat him as a prisoner of war, because of the charges against him as an enemy of the United States Government while Secretary of War under Mr. Buchanan. General Pillow declined to make the surrender, but said he would if the command was given to him by General Floyd for the purpose of surrender, pass it to General Buckner, who officially made the surrender. Before this was done, however, General Floyd embarked his Virginia troops upon steamers which arrived from above. General Pillow and a portion of his staff crossed to the opposite bank of the Cumberland, and made their way to Clarksville. Upon reaching Decatur, Ala., with the retiring army, General Pillow was relieved from duty.

Upon the close of the war the General found that his vast estate had been swept away as by a fire. Borrowing money enough from one of his former slaves to come to Nashville, he prevailed upon a friend to go to Washington and obtain from President Johnson his pardon. He commenced the cultivation of his farm in Maury County, and of his plantations in Arkansas, in 1866, the disastrous year to cotton planters.

General Pillow was twice married, first to Miss Mary Martin, of Columbia (sister of the late Judge William P. Martin, who left a large family of children, all grown. After the fall of the Confederacy, he married a Mrs. Trigg, of Louisiana, with three small children. He had two brothers, the late Maj. Granville A. and Jerome B. Pillow; three sisters, Mrs. Geo. W. Martin, Mrs. Judge West H. Humphries and Mrs. Gov. Aaron V. Brown.

Mrs. Amanda P. Brown, of Memphis, has a valued souvenir of her father's. It is an elegant gold-headed cane, engraved: "Lieut. J. R. Bennett, 15th Infantry, to Major-General Pillow, Por Suvalor, at Chepultepec, 13th September, 1847." The cane is a part of a limb broken off by the shot that wounded the General.

Mrs. Brown is the eldest of the children, the youngest, Robert G. Pillow, of Little Rock, is the only son. The other daughters are Narcissa P. Mitchell, Helena, Ark., Lizzie P. Johnson, Atlanta, Ga., Annie P. Wade, Sallie P. Williams and Gertrude P. Haynes, Nashville, and Alice P. Fargason, Memphis. General Pillow died October 8, 1878, near Helena, Ark.

J. R. Wiles, Pembroke Ky.: "It does my old Confederate heart good to know we have a paper by which we can communicate with each other. I belonged to the 3rd Virginia cavalry, under J. E. B. Stuart; was wounded twice, and still don't get a pension. Send extra copy and I will send you some more names."

Wm. McFarlin, Wheelock, Texas: "I have been taking the CONFEDERATE VETERAN since January. It is a great publication, and I approve of it in every sense. I am an old Confederate myself, and like to hear from my comrades of the lost cause. I entered the service in 1862, and was wounded on the last day of April in 1861, at Youman's Ferry, Saline, Ark."

## MEMORIAL ADDRESS—CONFEDERATE.

There is something in the following address which gets so close to the heart that, although delivered away back in May, its reproduction in the VETERAN appears not only proper but necessary. The orator is Rev. W. Dudley Powers, of Henderson, Ky.:

The history of a nation is made at mighty cost. It is never its destiny to grow unto greatness and renown peacefully. But through struggle and fear, danger and bloodshed, it must press its way upward, and these incidents of its progress involve all classes of the nation's people. No one is exempt from some part of the responsibility; no one is exempt from a proportion of the cost. That all were taxed and staggered under something of the burden and pain may not be known to the many, but it is none the less true. The leaders representing the people, and becoming the recognized centers of movement and force, are given the fame, and show forth in their exaltation the glory of the people's success. They represent the success as they represented the effort of the whole nation. No country has been an exception to this hard rule of struggle and pain in its development.

This, our native land, born in war, passed from its childhood to early maturity through a struggle more desperate, more terrible, more bloody, more costly. It may be there was necessity for it. I can not tell. But it is a fact.

In that day which marked the transition from an automatic experiment to the establishment of a nation, men stood arrayed against men for principles, principles great in fact and great in difference. There was conscientiousness and resolution, and the courage and stamina to support both. The arbitrament of war then made decision. And one array, proud in their defeat, proud because remembrance kept sacred many a gallant victory and many a brave deed, proud because, as their peerless commander-in-chief told them, "the satisfaction which proceeds from the conscientiousness of duty faithfully performed" was theirs forever, yielded not their principles, but their attempt to establish them as the fundamental part of a government. Brave men may quit the battle, but brave men do not relinquish and abandon principles because a battle was lost. Other processes of reasoning alone can effect that.

In that terrible war, from all the people of the Southland came the cost. The fairest and the noblest of the Sunny South's manhood were laid in the graves of the battle-field; or maimed and invalid returned to wrecked homes, living memorials of the hard fight and heroic sacrifice. From matron and maid, from old man and child, the mighty cost in tears was gathered. There was work for all, and distress for all; and it was done, it was borne. Oh, the cost of this factor in a nation's history! Oh, the cost in our own! Do you see that simple headstone? It marks the spot where was laid the body of one in the flush and gallantry of manhood, stained with blood and in the dress of the soldier. And far away, where the flowers bloom long interludes between winter's chills, fair women were bathed in tears and mourned.

"Somebody's watching and waiting for him,  
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;  
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,  
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Somebody's darling slumbers there."

And the old man tottered toward his grave with a broken heart.

One still night the barrel of a rifle flashed in the moonlight, and its silent messenger sped into that thicket:

"No sound save the rush of the river;  
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,  
And the picket's off duty forever."

Many a hero unnamed, but thank God never forgotten, is camped in the "bivouac of the dead."

Like as in the early days so now men rose out of the multitude into greatness. And the South saw her already long roll of honor increased by many a name which makes her history glorious. I can not speak of their deeds of valor, their soldier work, or their statescraft and economy in legislative hall or executive mansion. They did their work well. There is not time to-day for more. But of that character which lifts up memory of their work to a higher pedestal, and that strength, the soul of patriotism and enthused of Christ, which ennobled their own nobility, which we must ever remember and cherish, I must speak.

I intend no discrimination by any omission, but omission for time's sake must be made. Every man of that now silent host in gray, heroes as they were, lives in the heart of a warm-hearted people.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground,  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards the hallowed round,  
The bivouac of the dead."

Rank and file, staff and chieftain have for the most part now fallen asleep. I point you to-day to the great trio of the old triumphs, who sleep now, who live now in the memory of chivalry and honor and fame.

He who for his Christian strength and bravery, as well as for his desperate resolution in battle, a Stonewall before evil as before the enemy, was made dear to every Southern heart, and whose name is written in the imperishable annals, was the first of these mighty men and earnest Christians to lay down his sword and go home to his Father's house.

This is the description of him found all bloody in the breast of a dead soldier of the old Stonewall Brigade, after one of the battles in the Shenandoah Valley:

"Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!  
Old 'Blue Light's' going to pray;  
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff;  
Attention! It's his way.  
Appealing from his native sod  
*In forma pauperis* to God,  
'Lay bare thine arms,' stretch forth thy rod.  
Amen! That's Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now, fall in!  
Steady! the whole brigade.  
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win  
His way out, ball and blade.  
What matter if our shoes are worn?  
What matter if our feet are torn?  
Quick step! We're with him before dawn—  
That's Stonewall Jackson's way."

When the tide of war had ebbed, and peace was spreading abroad its blessings, another stopped his work in a fair sunset, and went home to live in "the peace that passeth all understanding." In him were all the elements that make character and greatness, and he used and developed them to the full. The American without a peer, the soldier of the century,

the gentleman without a fault, the man of gentleness and dignity, a sublimity of manhood, and a servant and follower of the Christ. They have laid his body to rest where the flowing river murmurs in the fair hills of Virginia.

"Peace; come away; the song of woe  
Is after all an earthly song."

Now they solemnly toll the bell, and say the beautiful service for the burial of the dead over the body of another. He is dead—Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States of America, is dead. A long life of storms, and work, and patience, and yet a life full of satisfaction, has been his. I say a life of satisfaction, because it has been a life characterized by devotion and zeal in an honest and patriotic purpose, and the consciousness of integrity, and effort to govern itself by an unchanging principle. His death brings back the past, and from an appreciative and distressed people persuades a sincere note of woe.

During four years he sought to execute, at any cost of self, his trusts; and did the undertaking fail of accomplishment—and in a nation's complete history who can say it did?—it was through no lack of industry or zeal on his part. I can not tell you the many questions of nice diplomacy, the many problems of statescraft, the disturbances and difficulties of a provisional government, whose unraveling and solution he had to work out. Every hour brought forth dangers and difficulties in the field and in the executive mansion. Every success was but a partial and temporary remedy for a multiplicity of pains and burdens. I can not tell you how he suffered as he doubted, as he dared. I can not tell you how at midnight, and before the dawn, his countenance was disturbed with care and anxiety; nor how his indomitable will upheld him and drove back fears and forecasted ills. No man may detail the struggle of his great mind or the afflictions of his devoted spirit in that four years of self-sacrificing life. But this we know, his was a stainless career; no taint mars his character; his record is free of reasonable accusation. He was not faultless—no man is, but his faults were few and only in the natural ratio of his humanity. His political motive may be seen in his inaugural: "Moved by no interest or passion," he said, "to invade the rights of others; anxious to cultivate peace and commerce with all nations, if we may not hope to avoid war, we may at least expect that posterity will acquit us of having needlessly engaged in it." He was confident of the holiness of his purpose, and patriotic in his estimate of his people. He was determined in his course, and full of hope in the weighing of himself and his brave following.

In memory, as in life, he stands a man firm in the governing principles of his life, a patriot of undoubted integrity, great endurance, and unmoved resolution, the pride of a proud people, who honor themselves in honoring him. Mark his life before these four years, and you see the prophecy of what he was in them. Mark that which followed, and it is only what should have been expected, the patient and dignified ending of a noble manhood.

But what use for me to attempt to paint such a life as his or that of his great generals? Such a painting requires the skilled tongue of a great master. If you would know my thoughts and measure, or that of any Southern man or woman, of any one of these three, tear open the breast, and read what is written on the

heart, interpret a sob, and understand the language of tears. With sobs and tears only can Southern men and women tell the appreciated story of these lives.

But we may find their explanation—Genius christianized, made godly. They were men who, knowing God, loved God; men who, seeing Christ, followed Christ. They were praying men, and so became men of strength; under and through God they lived and did great things. They were the products of that force called Christianity, which is the means furnished by God for the perfection of His people, and the exemplars of that love of country whose soul is the breath of a holy religion that completes its deathless heroism in a rich enthusiasm of the spirit of sacrifice and contempt for danger. No braver picture can be presented to my eyes than the soldier in prayer, and that of the President of the Confederate States on bended knees in St. Paul's, Richmond, asking God for direction in his work and in his conduct, loses nothing by comparison.

As co-patriots we cherish his memory, and as Christians we give him praise, and thank God for his example.

Be proud, ye Presbyterians, of the product of your Church in the immortal Jackson, and ye Churchmen, glory in the great and godly life builded unto that priceless standard seen in Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis.

O men and women of the South, I would that I were equal to the telling of the story of Southern courage, and the Southron's deeds in the desperate time of our history. I would that I could speak fair eulogy of that life in memory of which we are gathered together here; but the pathos of the story and of the life crushes my heart and stills my tongue. He whom we loved is dead, and we are afflicted. He who lived fair Christian life is asleep, and we revere his name and give token of our affliction and praise.

We drift with time from the sad days of the war, and remembrance is broken by the busy matters of to-day. But the cost of this part of the nation's history we are still in part paying, for remembrance comes back, sorrow and disappointment, thought of defeated plans and foiled hopes are still ours, and must be ours, and should be ours.

But these feelings should come as to Christian men and women. Hate and dislike should find no resting place in the hearts of the true and the Christian, and friendship's firm and lasting quality should be made with the once honorable enemy. Our feelings are our own, and no man has a right to ask us to abandon them; but enmity is unchristian, and no man should indulge it.

In that patient, resigned life of Mr. Davis, when in chains and in peril of his life, in his twenty-five years under the ban, hearing many a cruel word of unjust condemnation and scorn, in that quiet, unwavering life, which spoke no word of vituperation, nor made retaliatory speech, indignant but dignified, suffering but without discontent, we see a noble manhood, a true Christian life. He is an example; we may learn of him.

Take down the old flag, men. It has a glorious record. Furl it, and put it away. It hurts. It brings back the past. Put it away; it must not fly to the breeze again. By and by, take it from its refuge and show it to the child, and tell him why 'twas raised, and who marched under its stars and bars. It was

the ensign of true men, who fought for what they believed right, and prayed for what they fought. Put it away: it is torn and worn almost out. Put it away. Farewell, old flag. We loved thee once; thou shalt not be forgotten.

"Furl that banner softly, slowly,  
Treat it gently; it is holy,  
And it droops above the dead.  
Touch it not, unfurl it never,  
Let it droop there, furled forever:  
For its people's hopes are dead."

Unless, indeed, you undo the red and blue folds, torn and shot-marked, to tell again its story to them who should know of the South's honor and the South's bravery.

Bury the body, men. Its life is gone. It fought the fight. It kept the faith. It has finished its course. Put it away in the quiet of the earth's bosom to rest. It hurts. It brings back the past. Put it away, and the life shall not be forgotten. It shall be shrined in the soul of a warm-hearted people forever. By and by, take its name and its story from their sacred keep, and tell them to the child. He was the type and leader of many men, who died and suffered for what we believed right. Farewell, old chieftain, loved of thy people. Thy grave shall be honored and thy truth and faithfulness written on the pages of a fadeless memory. Farewell! Thou hast died a Christian's death, and thou sleepest in a patriot's grave. Memory of thee will live in the South's great heart, and thy soul, we believe, is forever in happiness with God. Farewell!

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Boom on again, ye red-mouthed artillery about Richmond, and thunder the soldier's glory, and the soldier's honor, and the soldier's peace.

Boom on, as in the days when "Close up" sounded the stern order, and obedience was gallantly given:

"By all we hope, by all we love,  
Close the ranks! close the ranks!  
By home on earth, by heaven above,  
Close the ranks! close the ranks!  
By all the tears and heart's blood shed,  
By all our host of martyred dead,  
We'll conquer, or we'll share their bed,  
Close the ranks! close the ranks!"

"Our Southern cross above us waves,  
Long shall it bless the sacred graves  
Of those who died, but were not slaves,  
Close the ranks! close the ranks!"

O Memory, Memory! Boom on; our hearts, our souls respond. Forward, Guide Right, March! Reverse Arms! Muffle that drum! Farewell! Silence!

"Glory guards the solemn round,  
The Bivouac of the Dead."

P. A. Greene, Seale, Ala.: "I am in full sympathy with you and your publication. I went through the entire war, and was in all the campaigns in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, from the first battle of Manassas to the retreat from Petersburg. I was captured three days before the surrender of Gen. Lee, and was in Washington in the old capitol prison when Lincoln was assassinated, from which place I was sent to Johnson's Island, Ohio, and released July 18, 1865."



TENNESSEE IN THE WAR.

CONTRIBUTED BY A UNION VETERAN OF NASHVILLE.

In Fox's "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," a work which shows a vast amount of pains and careful research, is given a list of battles showing the Confederate regiments which sustained the greatest loss in each. This list embraces sixty battles, in ten of which twenty-four Tennessee regiments took part. Below are given the numbers of the regiments, and the killed, wounded and missing in each. The column of wounded includes also those mortally wounded:

REGIMENTS.	BATTLES.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
1st (Mancy's)	Chaplin Hills, Ky.	49	129	1	179
2d	Richmond, Ky.	17	95		112
2d	Chickamauga, Tenn.	13	145	1	159
3d	Fort Donelson, Tenn.	12	76		88
3d	Raymond, Miss.	27	90	70	187
4th	Shiloh, Tenn.	36	183		219
5th	Chaplin Hills, Ky.	14	64	12	90
6th	Chaplin Hills, Ky.	16	64	11	91
8th	Stone's River, Tenn.	11	265		306
9th	Chaplin Hills, Ky.	32	114	7	153
10th	Raymond, Miss.	8	37	7	52
12th	Stone's River, Tenn.	18	137	9	164
13th	Belmont, Mo.	27	73	49	149
13th	Richmond, Ky.	12	35	1	48
16th	Chaplin Hills, Ky.	41	151	7	199
17th	Stone's River, Tenn.	17	164	26	207
18th	Stone's River, Tenn.	17	120	8	145
18th	Chickamauga, Tenn.	29	114	1	135
19th	Stone's River, Tenn.	16	111		127
20th	Mill Springs, Ky.	33	59	18	110
20th	Hoover's Gap, Tenn.	9	24		33
25th	Mill Springs, Ky.	10	28	17	55
27th	Shiloh, Tenn.	27	105	48	180
27th	Chaplin Hills, Ky.	16	81	11	108
29th	Stone's River, Tenn.	27	82		109
31st	Chaplin Hills, Ky.	17	78	5	100
33d	Shiloh, Tenn.	20	103	17	140
44th	Stone's River, Tenn.	14	136	2	152
63d	Chickamauga, Tenn.	16	184		200
154th	Shiloh, Tenn.	25	163	11	199
		647	3,220	134	4,001

As will be noticed, the heaviest loss was by the Eighth, at Stone's River, closely followed by the Fourth, at Shiloh; Seventh, at Stone's River; Sixty-third, at Chickamauga, and One Hundred and Fifty-fourth, at Shiloh.

In the percentage of loss to the number engaged, the following are some of the remarkable ones of Tennessee regiments: Eighth, at Stone's River, 68.2; Tenth, at Chickamauga, 68.0; Second, at Chickamauga, 60.2; Twelfth, at Stone's River, 56.1; Sixteenth, at Stone's River, 54.9; Twenty-seventh, at Shiloh, 54.2; Twenty-third, at Chickamauga, 54.1; Twenty-seventh, at Chaplin Hills, 53.3; Sixty-third, at Chickamauga, 49.7; Twentieth, at Chickamauga, 48.0. The following regiments were consolidated, and together had these percentages of losses: Fifteenth and Thirty-seventh, at Chickamauga, 59.9; Sixth and Ninth, at Chickamauga, 57.9.

The same work has a tabulation of the Confederate losses by death, as compiled from the muster rolls on file in the Bureau of Confederate Archives at Washington. The rolls are incomplete, but still the figures are worth noting. For Tennessee they are: Killed—Officers, 99; enlisted men, 2,016; total, 2,115. Died of wounds—Officers, 49; enlisted men, 825; total, 874. Died of disease—Officers, 72; enlisted men, 3,353; total, 3,425. Grand total, 6,414. This probably is not one-half of those whose death is directly traceable to the war.

BATTLE OF FRAZIER'S FARM—A CORRECTION.

H. R. HOGAN, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

I notice on page 212 of July VETERAN, in list of captured flags, No. 20, this statement:

"United States Flag, Stars and Stripes, captured at New Market Cross Roads, June 30, 1862, by Patrick Ryan, Company D, Fourth Regiment, Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, from Eleventh Alabama Regiment.

"This flag was used by the rebels to deceive the United States troops."

The above is a misstatement of facts, and should be corrected. The Eleventh Alabama Regiment never marched under false colors. I was a member of it, and took an active part in the battle of "Frazier's Farm." (The yankees called it the "New Market Cross Roads.") I submit this statement of the battle as I saw it:

In the forenoon of June 30, 1862, our brigade, the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Fourteenth Alabama Regiments, under the command of Brigadier-General Cadmus M. Wilcox, Longstreet's Division, was marched hurriedly from toward Richmond, and about 2 p. m. took position across either the Darbytown or Charles City road; I never was sure which road our line of battle crossed. Any way, our rear was toward Harrison's Landing, to which point the Federal Army was trying to get. Our opportune arrival at this point intercepted his line of march, and it at once became evident that a desperate struggle was impending. Our line extended along the south edge of an old field which had been turned out as commons. This opening was skirted with a thick growth of scrubby pines, which afforded us temporary shelter from view of the enemy, who were posted along the north side of the field, some two hundred or two hundred and fifty yards distant from our line. Directly across the road the enemy had planted a battery of sixteen brass howitzers, into whose dark muzzles we could plainly see.

I can not tell how long we lay in this position, but suppose from thirty to sixty minutes. It was while our division was getting in position.

My own company, A, lay just to the right or east of the road, the left resting almost at its edge. While lying here a scene of thrilling interest occurred.

General R. E. Lee had been in the road a few minutes, taking in the situation, and all the rank and file had become nervous and excited over his presence in plain view and close proximity to the enemy, when suddenly President Davis dashed up, sprang from his horse, and proposed to lead us in an onslaught upon the enemy. The scene was thrilling and dramatic in the extreme. I shall never forget it. While we could not hear what the two great chieftains said, it was plainly evident that they were remonstrating with each other. In a few minutes, General A. P. Hill appeared, and engaged in a short parley with the two Chieftains, when all three retired from view down the road.

A few short moments elapsed, when there occurred one of the most heroic, desperate, and sanguinary hand to hand conflicts ever recorded. We were in plain view of the enemy. The situation was terrible in the extreme. The command, "Forward!" no sooner fell upon the ear than every man was on his feet, and with a savage yell sprang into the opening. With all possible speed we rushed across it for the

threatening battery. But, ah! many of those who emerged from that thicket had their lives snuffed out by iron missiles hurled from those blazing cannon. Without a halt or waver, in the face of belching cannon and a solid line of leaden hail from a double line of infantry, delivered at close range on open and level land, the intervening space was soon covered. On reaching the guns, supported by a line of infantry which stood its ground, a desperate hand to hand conflict took place. Desperate men of both sides used their bayonets; officers, their swords and pistols. The scenes enacted in this horrible contest for the mastery beggar description. Here were Alabamians who never knew what it was to flinch in defending their homes and fighting for a principle, determined to conquer or to die. On the other hand were sturdy Pennsylvanians, made desperate by the thought of surrender. At last, when we thought the battle virtually won, a fresh line of infantry was thrown against us. Human endurance and unparalleled heroism could not avail. Slowly we began to retire, and in doing so every inch of ground was contested. When pressed back about half way across the open field, to our great surprise and joy, General Evans, with his Palmetto Brigade, of Ball's Bluff fame, came, with a rush and demoniac yell, upon the scene. With renewed courage our broken line again pressed to the front. The crash was tremendous, but the victory was ours. One of the trophies of this terrific battle was the person of Major-General McCall, who commanded the Pennsylvanians. He was sent back to prison at Richmond.

In our first onslaught, when we reached the battery, Charley McNeil mounted one of the guns with our regimental colors, but was shot, falling underneath the cannon, but still held and waved the flag in the face of the enemy. His nephew, Billy McNeil, seeing his uncle's condition, attempted to relieve him of the flag, but was shot dead before he could do so. (Both of these boys were raised with me in Marengo County, Ala.) When we were forced back, Charley McNeil was left with his flag, and when we returned he had been slain by a bayonet thrust through the heart, and our colors were gone. I suppose they are now in Washington as one of the trophies of that battle.

The United States flag captured by Patrick Ryan from one of our regiments was taken from a yankee in our first charge, and retaken by Ryan in the second advance under General Evans.

There was no disposition on our part or any member of our regiment to deceive the enemy, neither was there any chance to practice any deception.

The above is a brief account of the part taken by our command in that battle. Many thrilling incidents could be mentioned, but limited space forbids.

At the first discharge of that battery five of my own company were killed outright by grape shot, our Captain Holecomb being among them. Two of them struck him in the region of the heart, and he fell dead.

The scene at the field hospital that night was heart-rending. Oh, I'll never forget the groans and the intense agony of my torn and bleeding comrades, and our noble Wilcox passing among the hundreds of wounded and dying heroes, wringing his hands and weeping as if his great heart would break, and saying, "My poor boys! my poor boys!"

Send in a new subscriber for the *VETERAN* when you write on any subject, if practicable.

## CHARGE ON FORT SANDERS AT KNOXVILLE.

### *BARKSDALE HUMFREYS BRIGADE IN THAT PERILOUS UNDERTAKING.*

In November, 1863, Longstreet, with the two divisions (Hood's and McLaw's) which he had brought with him from Virginia to aid Bragg in the battle of Chickamauga, left the vicinity of Chattanooga for Knoxville, where we were to meet again our old friend and former opponent, General Burnside, of Fredericksburg fame.

We marched through the country, and crossed the Tennessee River at the little town of Loudon. From there to Knoxville we had to contest every foot of the way with Col. Frank Wolford's Kentucky cavalry. They had long range repeating rifles. Besides, they were hard fighters—so hard that when we got in sight of the city we had to double team on them with both infantry and artillery before we could run them in.

We succeeded, but there stood Fort Sanders in all its terror, looming up on the horizon, right in our path. It bristled with cannon, and was well supported by infantry inside and out. But something had to be done, and there was little time to parley. True, we had Burnside shut up in the city, but Sherman with another army was coming in our rear. We had either to take the fort, or move on to greener pastures. You see the dilemma. In front of the fort a deep moat, abatis, wires stretched, rifle pits, vidette holes, and all kinds of impediments to obstruct our approach. Of course, we privates knew nothing of what was going on in the minds of the generals (good thing, I reckon), but we didn't have to wait long.

So much in reference to the whole command. Now for the part taken by our brigade.

We had two young colonels in the brigade. McElroy of the Thirteenth Mississippi, as brave and as gallant an officer as ever drew sword. I had known him at the University of Mississippi. As a soldier, in style and manner, he reminded me of what the old West Pointers used to say of our General Magruder when he was a cadet there, "a beau ideal." The other was Fizer of the Seventeenth, just as good and true.

On the night of the 29th of November, about dark, General Humfreys sent us orders to prepare for action. The orders ran about thus: "The Eighteenth and Twenty-first Regiments will charge and take all the pickets between our front and the fort at midnight. At daylight in the morning, the Thirteenth and Seventeenth will charge over you and take the fort." He said he selected the two young colonels that they might win new laurels. We of the Eighteenth and Twenty-first didn't raise any howling objection to it, either. Our orders were for each captain to select a man to carry the picks and spades of the company with which to hide ourselves in the ground when we got near enough to the fort. Of course there were other troops—Kershaw's South Carolina on our right, and Wolford's Georgia on our left—preparing for the same thing; but being only a captain in the line, I tell what I saw and know.

The hour of twelve came. We were at the appointed place, drawn up in skirmish line, so that as we neared the fort we would not crowd each other by concentration. The stars shone brightly and the ground was freezing rapidly. My only lieutenant was sick in camp, but I walked along the line and told the boys to meet me on the other side of those yankee

picket lines under that fort, and it would be all right. I am thus particular, because it was the only real night charge we ever made.

At the command we moved forward through brush, briars, and thorns, in the face of the picket firing, capturing or driving all the pickets into the fort, and getting pretty close to the fort itself. Then came the fun, if there is any fun in such things. I called for my pick and spade man, and true to his trust here was my faithful Irishman, Pat Burns, with his arms full of the implements, in addition to his fighting accoutrements. The line was marked the full length of the regiment for our earth work. Then you ought to have seen the fire fly out of those rocks. The enemy in the fort, only a few rods off, tried to depress their guns so as to shell us, but every shell went over our heads, and served only to add increased zest to the work. We had to get into that ground before day, and we did.

We had accomplished our part of the contract, and were prepared to hold the position taken, and being so close to the fort, we could aid our assalting friends from the rear, till they passed over us, by picking off the gunners in the fort.

At the dawn of day up came the two gallant regiments, steady and determined. Fizer of the Seventeenth, with a hatchet buckled on to his sword belt, with which he had vowed beforehand to cut down the tall flag-staff on top of the fort, and McElroy of the Thirteenth, the very picture of chivalry, were at the head of their respective regiments. They moved quietly till they passed over us and our embankment, then with the rebel yell they rushed for the fort. It was as grand a charge as I ever saw, but success was impossible under the circumstances, and ought to have been foreseen before the attempt was made.

The assaulting force was composed of regiments from different brigades, with no general officer in immediate command. These regiments, instead of moving on parallel lines till they enveloped the fort, began to converge from the start; so when they got to the deep ditch or moat at the base of the fort, they were in the condition of Napoleon's Old Guard at the battle of Waterloo, when they came to the sunken road of Ohain. They knew nothing of it till they came suddenly upon it; hence, they rushed headlong into it. There was no help for it. Companies and regiments were so mixed and jumbled it was utterly impossible for the officers to tell their men from others. It was in the midst of this confusion that Colonel McElroy got back out of the ditch and asked a Georgia colonel on his left to move his regiment further to the left, in order to make room for his Mississippi regiment. The Georgia colonel (I forget his name), a brave and good man, questioned the right of an officer of his own rank to command him. Neither knew which ranked the other. They were discussing the matter in pretty sharp terms, when they were both shot down in their tracks. Lieutenant-Colonel O'Brien of the Thirteenth, a brother-in-law of Gov. W. G. Brownlow, was captured. Major George Donald, of the same regiment, another old college mate, narrowly escaped with his life, by running the gauntlet of the "whistling minies" from the fort to our embankment.

In the meantime Colonel Fizer had had a little better success. True to his purpose, with hatchet in hand, he had climbed to the top of the parapet, and was making for the flag-staff, when a ball shattered

his arm, and he rolled back into the ditch. Many more tried the same thing, and I think a few got over, but never to return. A close inspection showed the face of the fort too steep to climb.

It was a short, but one of the most desperate struggles of the war, and deserved better success. Had either one of the brigades, Kershaw's, Humfrey's, or Wofford's, tried it, I shall always think it could have been taken.

W. GART JOHNSON.

Orlando, Fla.

#### MEMORABLE EVENTS—A CORRECTION.

TYLER, TEXAS, Sept. 23.—Editor VETERAN: In an article in your September number entitled "Memorable Events of the Confederate War," I note some grave errors. I wish to call attention to the following:

"August 8, 1861. Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo. Union forces, 5,200. Confederates, 1,500. After six hours fighting, Confederates were repulsed."

The battle of Wilson's Creek, on Oak Hills, was fought on August 10, 1861. General Lyon and Seigel, with 6,000 well-armed troops, many of them United States regulars, attacked McCullough and Price, with about 11,500 men, mostly raw cavalry, many of them armed with Springfield rifles and shot guns. The superior arms and discipline of their troops caused Generals Lyon and Seigel to attempt to surprise and rout the Confederates. They marched by night and attacked them in front and rear at daylight, opening with their batteries at short range on the Texans and Arkansans while they were eating their early breakfast, preparatory to marching on the Federals, supposed to be ten miles away, at Springfield. But the raw "rebs" did not stampede, but fell into line under Seigel's galling fire, and after six hours hard fighting drove the Federals from the field with heavy loss, including General Lyon and several pieces of artillery.

Again, says this chronicle: "March 6th, 7th, and 8th. Battle of Pen Ridge, Ark. Union loss, 203 killed, 972 wounded, 176 missing; Confederate loss, 1,100 killed, 2,800 wounded, 1,000 prisoners."

In this battle the loss was probably nearly equal. Price's loss, whose troops did most of the fighting, was 33 killed, 242 wounded, and 26 missing. McCullough was killed, and no report of his losses was made. The infantry fighting all occurred on the 7th. During this day the Federals were driven from their strong position on Pen Ridge into the valley south of Elkhorn Tavern. On the morning of the 8th Van Dorn drew off his army under cover of a heavy fire of his artillery, in which not more than three Confederates were killed on the field. Captain Churchill Clark, of Clark's Missouri Battery; Private Charles Erwin, of Good's Texas Battery, and, I think, one other artilleryman, were killed on the field. Many other artillerymen were wounded. General Seigel, in his history of the fight, says: "The enemy's loss in the battle was about equal to, if not greater than, ours; but they have never been accurately stated."

I note many other errors, and, as this history of the war is to be continued, I would suggest a little more care in its preparation.

J. P. DOUGLAS.

John Scruggs, Tracy City, Tenn.: "I will get up a club for the VETERAN. Times, it is true, are hard, but we can, by united effort, sustain you, and, by God's help, will do so."

## The Confederate Veteran.

Fifty Cents a Year.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Office at The American, Corner Church and Cherry Sts.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve such publication, and realize its benefits as an organ for associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage.

### SUGGESTIONS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Don't buy postoffice orders for small amounts, postage stamps or postal notes are better, being less expensive. In sending stamps let them be of two cents each. One cent stamps are admissible, but larger are inconvenient. In sending clubs, where the work is complimentary, as it so generally is, deduct cost of exchange.

Our earnest comrades and friends who are zealous for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN can do it a valuable service by disabusing the minds of indifferent persons who think it is specially for old soldiers, and assuring them it is of to-day, pulsating with full life in accord with the times. Its purpose is to show the South in a true light, and to honor those who sacrificed property, comfort, and often life, through their devotion to principle.

### SHOULD THE PRICE OF THE VETERAN BE RAISED?

Many readers and friends of the VETERAN doubtless wonder that silence has so long prevailed against their importunities that the price of the VETERAN be made one dollar instead of fifty cents. In every instance these suggestions and requests have come from friends who had no interest whatever other than the benefit of the cause espoused by the publication.

Every subscriber of the VETERAN is a stockholder. The relation between subscriber and publisher, when clearly defined, establishes this fact. The publisher proposes to do certain things, the patron, in faith of its confirmation, sends his subscription, hence subscribers are entitled to such consideration.

While this is the general rule in the publication of the VETERAN, the spontaneity in which the first people of the country have not only responded with their subscriptions, but have been diligent to procure others with no compensation whatever, has strengthened the purpose to make the VETERAN the best possible, regardless of pecuniary benefit to the publisher. The matter of profit has never been a question with him, and he would cheerfully obligate himself to continue the publication for life, the only compensation, other than maintenance, to be the comfort of having done all possible in a most righteous cause. The leading reason for deferring the consideration of increase in price has been the belief that the comrades in every part of the South who most need the benefits of such publication are least able to procure them. The VETERAN, as before stated, is decidedly larger and finer than was originally intended. It has been made as good as practicable at all times. Never has there been any thing used to "fill up," never an instance where an article might be abridged after being in type without its having been done. Advertisements have been taken by solicitors with yearly contracts, and when in type have been canceled because of the determination

to have nothing in the VETERAN that was not believed to be worthy a place in its columns.

A most important consideration is that each number be stereotyped, so that copies may be resupplied at will. Thousands of copies for this year are wanted which can not be had. It is not yet determined whether a compilation of leading articles will be made for this year. If not, they will be reproduced, illustrations included, in the regular editions of '94. The editor of the VETERAN having kept a diary through the war, anticipates its review through the VETERAN beginning in January. It should have been commenced ere this, but for the hope of stereotyped editions, whereby all may be reproduced if desired. This extra expense would make an increase very necessary.

Its unprecedented success has stimulated the management to highest endeavor to make it the continued pride of Southern people. With these conditions stated, the question of whether it is best to increase the price, beginning with January, has attention. The absolute necessity of financial strength will be conceded by all. The necessity for independence in the execution of improvements is self-evident. There are important improvements that might be made in the publication which it is believed would add new zeal to its patriotic supporters, and the increase at the beginning of the new year is being carefully considered.

Now, within sixty days it is possible to gather in subscriptions for every person who may be able at all to pay the fifty cents. With the 10,000 circulation scattered throughout the South, it is very easy to get at and determine the best to do in the premises. It would be a very easy thing to double the subscription before January. Let it be distinctly understood that every subscriber may renew, whatever the time of expiration, and all new subscriptions will be received as heretofore until January for fifty cents. Do not misunderstand this appeal for the fifty cents and consider that if you can well pay a dollar such a thing is expected or desired. If you want to pay \$1 send the name with yours of some one who can't pay. With the increased subscription that may be made in the time, an established circulation for the new year, with sufficient zeal in soliciting, would insure advertising patronage which would place the VETERAN on an absolutely safe paying basis. With this universal cooperation for circulation the editor would be spared the writing of thousands of letters, and thereby enable him to devote himself the more continually and efficiently to editorial work. What say you, comrades and friends? Do you feel like making a new effort for the next year, which will be a guarantee of all that can be expected of use by the VETERAN? It seems to be just dawning upon many that the VETERAN, patriotic and conservative as it is, yet unflinching in standing for

every principle that is endeared by the name, may be indispensable for our great fraternity, and the more greatly needed as our numbers are reduced.

The VETERAN has no favoritism except for merit. It wishes to reward all friends, and has no enemies to punish. Its columns are open to the most scholarly divine and to the brawny blacksmith or the toiling farmer. It stands for truth, and faithfully alike to all who suffered under the name it bears.

#### CONCERNING OUR NEXT REUNION.

The question comes, "Is there any probability of a reunion during the coming spring?" Reply goes back, "There is certainty of a reunion during the early spring as nearly as any thing can be determined that is future." That a reunion of United Confederate Veterans will be held in the early spring may be considered positive. It is a question in which independent citizens of the whole South are interested, and are not as subject to orders as they were in times gone by, who, however, are loyally true to their officers and will exercise all deference. The officers themselves are certainly determined upon a reunion, and a gathering of ex-Confederates in the Winnie Davis Wigwam at Birmingham in April or May may be accepted now as the determination. A letter from Capt. Jos. F. Johnston, late Commander of the Hardee Camp at Birmingham, in reply to a question as to the time Birmingham would like, suggested May 20th, the anniversary of the Meeklenburg Declaration of Independence. It seems most fitting that this great day to all Southern patriots should be celebrated. It would seem best to defer as largely as practicable to the wishes of Birmingham friends who are to entertain the great convention, and hence Capt. Johnston's suggestion is given first prominence. Gen. W. L. Cabell, writing from Dallas, Texas, October 16th, says, in reference to the great reunion, "There was a great mistake made when it did not take place in July. I will favor no meeting that will take place after the 25th of April. My people are farmers, and will not leave their crops in May, and they are all in favor of having a permanent place of meeting hereafter." Texas, because of her great number of organizations, and the Trans-Mississippi Department because of its distance from points east of the Mississippi, deserve special consideration, but we should all harmonize, and all should concede for the "greatest good to the greatest number." The VETERAN is determined upon advocating this reunion, which is not optional except as to the date (the place having been settled by the New Orleans Convention), at an early day, 1894. It seeks to obtain the desires of every Camp in the organization, and requests information as speedily as it can be forwarded from Commanders of these Camps (whether or not meetings be held, the general sentiment may be ascertained

by the Commander), and it will endeavor to show to the Commanding General the wish of the great majority, and implicitly believes that he will promptly respond.

Upon investigation it is found that the 25th of April will be Wednesday, and the 20th of May Sunday. Now the VETERAN, in behalf of all comrades, in behalf of the cause for which the organization was created, insists that the reunion should be held as early as the weather and circumstances will admit, and that the reunions thereafter forever be annual. It does not favor a permanent place for reunions, but suggests that the matter can be arranged advantageously as to railroad fares through a committee. However, that is not a matter to be discussed at present. Commanders or Adjutants of Camps can help this cause by immediate attention. Let the VETERAN know when your Camp would like for the reunion to occur. Please write on a *postal card* answers to these questions: Do you expect your Camp to be represented? If so, by how many? What time in the early spring would you prefer? These questions may be answered by yes or no, giving the number in figures and the date. Please send these answers on postal or on separate paper from other writing.

CORRECT HISTORY WANTED.—A. T. Gay, Graham, Texas: Wm. A. Yarbrough's report of "Memorable Events of the Confederate War," in September VETERAN, does great injustice to the Confederates engaged in the battles of Shiloh and Island No. 10. Mr. Yarbrough says that the Federal killed at Shiloh was 1,735, and the Confederate 3,000. He states, too, that Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston was killed on the second day while leading a desperate charge. All who were there are confident that the Federal dead on the field far exceeded those of the Confederates. General Johnston was killed on the evening of the first day.

I have a very vivid recollection of Island No. 10. Mr. Yarbrough's statement concerning this battle is at variance with the facts. He says that the Federals captured 125 guns. They did not get one-fourth of that number. Again he says the Federals captured 13 steamers, 10,000 small arms, 2,000 horses and 6,000 prisoners. Nothing could be farther from the facts than this statement. The Federals did not capture any steamers, and not more than 3,000 small arms, including shot guns and squirrel rifles, and about as many prisoners. I do not know the number, but believe that 3,000 is more than was surrendered, and if they captured more than 100 head of horses they were taken from the citizens in the surrounding country and did not belong to the Confederate service.

I have no desire to appear in print, but believe any statement published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN should be accurate, for the little journal will be read by our great-grandchildren. It will be bound in volumes and pass as a legacy to our children. Then let nothing but facts be published in it. It is battling for a true history of the Confederate war. Capt. H. T. Norman, of the First Tennessee Heavy Artillery, could give a true history of the surrender of Island No. 10.



FORT SUMTER—CAREER OF COLONEL RHETT.

The following narrative, though prepared especially as a sketch of Colonel Rhett, contains some thrilling incidents about the naval warfare at Charleston. The statements in the sketch are fully corroborated by Mrs. J. W. Lewis, sister of Colonel Rhett.

Alfred Moore Rhett, born in Beaufort, S. C., October 18, 1829, was the second child of Senator Robert Barnwell Rhett. In his youth he was singularly attractive by his amiability and gay, bright spirits. In unselfishness he was ever conspicuous; at the same time his coolness and utter fearlessness in danger were already his striking characteristics. He graduated at Harvard University in July, 1851. On the last day of December, 1860, he was commissioned First Lieutenant Company B Battalion, South Carolina Artillery. April 12-13, 1861, he was in command of the Sumter Battery, in Fort Moultrie. His guns were most ably handled, and on the second day they fired the officers' quarters in Sumter with forty rounds of red-hot shot, forcing Major Anderson to evacuate the fort. Rhett's company was then transferred to Sumter, and on April 18th he was promoted to Captain, and was in command of the work.

Colonel Rhett commanded at Fort Sumter April 7, 1863, when Admiral Dupont made the great naval attack in Charleston Harbor. He had a garrison of five hundred officers and men of the regular artillery which had been raised to a regiment. At the opening of the tremendous engagement Colonel Rhett ordered the regimental band to the ramparts to greet the enemy with "Dixie." He himself stood upon the southeast angle of the fort, nearest the fleet, and had the flags of the Confederacy, his State and regiment raised and saluted by thirteen guns. During this engagement forty guns in Sumter were in use, and in two hours and forty-five minutes the battle was fought and won. The great "Ironsides" and fleet of Monitors withdrew signally defeated. One of them sank the next morning by the Morris Island shore. The ships had been struck five hundred and twenty times by the guns from the Confederate fortifications. The guns and mortars of Sumter were hotly engaged after this day and night against General Gilmore in his efforts to take Morris Island, who in his report characterized the fire from Sumter as "accurate and destructive." When Gilmore finally established his breaching batteries four hundred yards from Sumter, with the declared intention of destroying the work, Colonel Rhett said, "Gilmore will silence us, but I will fight the fort low down." Then began that most terrible

bombardment, lasting from April 17th until September 2d, in which time 6,828 shot and shell, of size and destructive qualities hitherto unknown in the annals of war, were hurled upon Fort Sumter. There were no earthworks at this time within the walls, which in the after bombardments gave great protection to the garrison. There was therefore no place of safety, and the immense walls were crushed in and fell, the great guns were dismounted and disabled, some being pitched backward from the top of the high parapet to the parade ground below. The shaking and jarring, the hideous noise, the continual danger, never ceasing day or night, Fort Sumter became a ruin, with not one gun left with which to fight. Colonel Rhett was strongly recommended by General Beauregard, and was promoted to the command of a brigade, the command to include the Fort Sumter garrison. His headquarters were then in Charleston, but he visited

Fort Sumter nearly every day. He was almost constantly under fire, giving anxious attention to the work being carried on there for the protection of the garrison.

After the evacuation of Charleston, in General Hardee's march to North Carolina, Colonel Rhett commanded the rear guard, which consisted of the First Regiment South Carolina Artillery, the First South Carolina Infantry, Lucas' Battalion of Artillery, and Maj. A. Barnet Rhett's Battalion of Field Artillery.



In the battle of Averysboro Colonel Rhett was taken prisoner. Both his Adjutant and his staff officer were sick, and he rode forward alone into the woods and in rain and fog to seek Hampton's command, which he wished to support his left flank. A squad of Federal cavalry which had lost their way and got into the Confederate lines, being enveloped in waterproof cloaks, were mistaken by him for some of Hampton's men, and he rode straight up to them. They covered him at once with their carbines, and he became their prisoner. He was carried to Fort Delaware, and was only released in August, 1865.

Colonel Rhett was a "magnificent disciplinarian." Strict, but always just, he won the affection and confidence of the men and officers under his command. He exercised a constant care of his men, never uselessly exposing them, though unhesitatingly exposing himself to danger and sparing himself no fatigue.

W. L. De Rosset, Wilmington, N. C., while sending four subscribers, writes: "I sincerely wish that every veteran could have the pleasure of reading your invaluable publication, one which I have longed to see in circulation, and which not only fully expresses my own views on the questions of the second war for independence, but from what I have so far seen, utters no uncertain sound."

In answering advertisements please mention the VETERAN. Write your friends to advertise in it.

## VIVID REMINISCENCES OF FRANKLIN.

B. T. Roberts, of Franklin, Tenn., who was a mere boy but a gallant soldier, sends these comments about the great battle there:

I see in the July VETERAN that Gen. French corrects some errors in your account of the battle of Franklin. I participated in that battle as a private soldier in Twenty-fourth Tennessee, the right regiment of Gen. Strahl's Brigade. Gen. French is correct as to Loring commanding the right division of Stewart's Corps, and being on the extreme right of the line during the engagement. It was Gen. Lowry, of Cleburne's Division, whom you heard make a speech to his brigade. \* \* \* Cleburne's left dressed on the right, and Brown's right on the left of the pike. Gen. Edward Johnson's Division of Lee's Corps marched just in rear of Cheat-ham's Corps, and if Lee was at the head of his command you were doubtless correct as to Gen. Hood addressing Gen. Lee. It is true Lee was at Columbia the day before, but the head of his command was at Rutherford Creek the next morning, only six miles south of Spring Hill, and Lee himself could have been on the ground. The two Mississippi brigades of Edward Johnson's Division, Lee's Corps, made a gallant and heroic charge on the left of Brown's line between sundown and dark, and were repulsed with heavy loss, as was manifested by the numbers of their dead left on the ground. There was but one Confederate battery engaged until after dark. It was Bledsoe's, from Missouri, which moved down the pike with Strahl's Brigade. After losing their horses they pushed their guns forward by hand. The Federal line of battle on their right, and Confederate left of the Columbia pike, was much longer than on their left, or Confederate right of said pike, which was the cause of so much lapping of the Southern troops on the right, and why so many troops of different divisions assailed the enemy at and around the old gin-house.

The pike being Cleburne's left guide, as he advanced his division obliquely to the right, lapping the corps of Gens. Stuart, Cleburne, Walthal, and French. These divisions, all assailed the works at that point. To the credit of Brown's Tennessee Division, with Gist's Brigade of South Carolina and Georgia troops, be it said, they assailed the Federal works without lapping, and drove the enemy from their main line of ditches. The two right brigades of his division, Gordon's and Strahl's, although heavily pressed from both flanks from an enflading fire, never once yielded the advantage gained. The Federal troops were withdrawn from their extreme right and placed in front of these two brigades. On that part of the line the heavy night fighting was done. While the greater number of the Confederate dead lay in front and near the gin-house, the Federal dead were thickest around the Carter house in front of these two brigades. Strahl's Brigade was composed of the Nineteenth, Twenty-fourth, and Forty-first consolidated Tennessee regiments. Lieut. Col. S. E. Shannon, of the Twenty-fourth, was severely wounded in the neck from the top of the Federal works.

Imagine the dangerous position of those troops while fighting large odds in front with great masses of the enemy on their right side in the same line of works! These men held their position without flinching until the enemy were all gone. I myself lay so close to a Federal battery that every time it fired I could feel the heat. I remember having seen Gen.

Strahl in the works when we first reached them. He was assisting one of the Nineteenth Tennessee in climbing over. Those who went over had to be helped. The works were much higher on this part of the line than on the right and around the gin-house. He afterward moved to the left, and I saw him no more. This will answer J. K. Jones, of the Twenty-fifth Texas, of Granberry's Brigade, in your June number, as to the point of the high works. Jones makes two mistakes in his short article. It was Govan's and not Gordon's Arkansas Brigade; Cockrill's Missouri Brigade, and not Mississippians. I cannot give you the percentage of the loss of the brigade, but take the loss of Company B, Twenty-fourth Tennessee, as an average, it would be sixty per cent. This company numbered thirty-five, rank and file. They had four killed on the field and seventeen wounded, making twenty-one, which is sixty per cent. The ranking officer of this regiment the next morning was a Second Lieutenant. Gen. French tells us that his Missouri Brigade lost sixty-five per cent. It was a small brigade, and has one hundred and thirty men buried at McGavock Cemetery at this place. I endeavored, just a year ago, to mark the positions held by the various troops, and line of Federal ditches in this battle, and the points where the various Generals were killed, and stationed posts to designate these places. I am satisfied there is some inaccuracy, and would be glad to have information from any one who can give it, or who knows any thing on these points. Gen. Adams is marked some eighty yards to the right of the gin-house, which I think is too near that point.

In a volume of letters published several years ago, entitled, "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," Rev. Dr. Field, editor New York Evangelist, gives a thrilling account of the battle.

NEED FOR THE VETERAN.—It has always been a matter of regret to me that so little has been known and said of the faithful and gallant services of many of the grand specimens of Southern soldiers. The younger generation, the sons and daughters of the Confederacy, who have treasured in their hearts the thrilling stories so often repeated by ancestors, should contribute them to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is impossible, of course, for the younger generation to realize to the fullest the horrors and shocking barbarities of the war, for history spreads a most delusive coloring over war, as it dwells on the magnificent appearance of the troops, the brilliancy of their successive charges, and throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of brutal slaughter. But as told from the lips of our sires, we can, in the mind's eye, almost see the wounded men on the battle-field, and hear the death groans of the heroes as they sink away into lifeless silence; and cruel, unrelenting war is stripped of its bewildering fascination. It is then that the heart thrills with pride, at thought of the daring bravery and heroism of our noble ancestors, as we picture the dauntless spirit beaming from the eye, urging the whole man onward to the battle-field,

"Welcoming fate, when fate is near,  
Nor tainting the dying breath with fear."

Oh! land of liberty, thou hast no cause to blush for thy children. What though the arts have reared but few monuments among us? Our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace.

NYM.

*HISTORY OF U. C. V. OF KENTUCKY.*

Temporary organization effected September 25, 1890. Permanent organization and election of officers, November 29, 1890.

*Officers.*—Elected November 29, 1890; re-elected April 14, 1891, April 2, 1892, and April 1, 1893.—President, John Boyd; Vice President, Robert Bullock; Secretary, George C. Snyder; Treasurer, W. H. Cassell; Chaplain, E. L. Southgate.

Second Vice Presidents—Bush W. Allen, Mercer County; Alex. T. Forsyth, Bourbon County; Joseph C. Bailey, Woodford County; A. H. Sinclair, Scott County; D. M. Snyder, Harrison County; P. H. Thomas, Anderson County; B. F. Curtis, Clark County; George B. Taylor, Jessamine County; A. W. Macklin, Franklin County; Thomas Johnson, Montgomery County; E. M. Green, Boyle County; James Tevis, Madison County; Wm. Stanley, Fleming County; John S. Bradley, Bracken County; W. F. Beard, Shelby County; W. L. Crabb, Henry County; Jo. Arrasmith, Bath County; Thomas H. Ellis, Nelson County; Thos. Owens, Nicholas County.

Executive Committee—Hart Gibson, James M. Graves, G. A. DeLong, John M. Montagne, L. P. Young, Jr., Joseph B. Simrall, Will Ev. Spencer, John H. Carter, O. F. Reed, James B. Clay, Wm. R. Jones.

The State organization joined the National Association March 18, 1892.

At the National meeting, held at New Orleans, April, 1892, the General Commanding, John B. Gordon, commissioned John Boyd, of Lexington, Ky., Major General Commander of Kentucky Division, and Joseph M. Jones, of Paris, Ky., Colonel and Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

The following State officers were subsequently appointed by Gen. John Boyd: Inspector General, John B. Thompson, Harrodsburg; Quartermaster General, Jas. Blackburn, Spring Station; Commissary General, David F. Boyd, Frankfort; Judge Advocate General, Leeland Hathaway, Winchester; Surgeon General, Dr. John A. Lewis, Georgetown; Chief of Ordnance, S. S. Moore, Cynthia; Chaplain General, Rev. E. O. Guerrant, Wilmore.

Aides-de-Camp, each with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel—J. A. McGuire, Lawrenceburg; Green R. Keller, Carlisle; Pat Punch, Mt. Sterling; L. P. Knodler, Augusta; Joseph C. Lykins, Campton; R. A. McGrath, Bryantsville; Samuel Bigstaff, Newport; Ed. S. Stagg, Hustonville; W. L. Crabb, Eminence; John M. Riddell, Irvine.

The Division has flourished from its organization. It now comprises twenty Camps in as many counties, with a membership of six hundred, and is growing rapidly in numbers and efficiency. It has already expended a large sum for the relief of worthy, but helpless comrades. The fund now in the treasury amounts to three thousand dollars, and it is steadily increasing by accessions to the membership.

The object of the Association is the cultivation of social relations among those who were honorably engaged in the service of the Confederate States of America: to preserve the sacred ties of comradeship; to aid members who, from disease, misfortune, or the infirmities of age, have become incapable of supporting themselves and families; to pay loving respect to the memory of those who die, and to prevent any comrade from becoming an object of charity.

Only those who were faithful to the end can be admitted to membership. Any one, however, either male or female, whose sympathies were with the South during the struggle, or the wives and children of Confederate soldiers and sailors, can become honorary members of the Association.

The insignia of the Association is a silver medallion head of Gen. R. E. Lee. The National insignia is the Confederate battle-flag. Members are entitled to wear both. The sessions of the Association are held semi-annually in Lexington, Ky.

From the very inception of the organization Gen. John Boyd, who was a gallant private soldier, has not only been its leading spirit, but has given to it his ceaseless labors, without compensation. He has, as if by magic, imparted his own enthusiasm to others, and this has led to the wonderful success, growth and usefulness of the Association.

*A REMINISCENCE OF JOHNSON'S ISLAND.*

Capt. John Sargent, who was a captain in the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., relates this story. The account of the story is by B. F. Wilson, Jr.:

It was in the fall of '63, I think, when the boys were worn in body and soul with the weariness of prison life. One day a regiment of Ohio volunteers were marched out amid much elation and beating of drums. Their bright new uniforms, fluttering flags, and glistening guns made a sad contrast to the boys inside the walls, who with a curiosity born of a long-continued monotony, called out to them and asked them where they were going.

It was in the days when the daring John Morgan had just escaped from the weary toils of the Columbus penitentiary, and had again with his undaunted spirit gotten together his famous command and was harassing the yankees; and the boys had a sly notion of what was up; so when the answer was hurled back at them, in a preconceived triumphal derision, "We are going to catch John Morgan and bring him back." It was truly an inspiring sight to behold the gorgeousness and brilliancy of their departure, yet already in our mind's eye we had bridged the lapse of time and beheld their triumphal(?) return. \* \* \* Of all the dilapidated, broken down sets of men ever seen, these surely were the worst. They appeared as if a "cyclone had struck them." From what had been the exultant departure, their dejected return made a pleasing contrast to the boys, and excited to no little degree their risibilities. We called to them as they passed, and inquired kindly after the health of Gen. John Morgan, but to none of our questions would they respond. I happened to notice a guard who I knew belonged to these Ohio volunteers. I asked him about their trip after General Morgan. To my inquiry, with an oath, he said: "Why, man, before we knew we were in his vicinity, he had us surrounded and captured us all at once; and then began the greatest race for fun(?) that you ever saw. He made us lay down our guns, and ran us up and down the country for ten or twelve miles, until we were completely worn out, and our clothes torn and covered with mud and dirt; and then giving us our parole, turned our faces toward home and told us to "git," and we "got."



## CONFEDERATE REUNION AT SHARON, TENN.

BY MRS. SUE F. MOONEY, DRESDEN, TENN.

Very early in the morning, September 21, the grand procession began to move toward the lovely little town of Sharon. There was inspiration in the air, and in the surroundings, and most of all in the suggestions. My mind went mournfully back to the dark and bloody ground of Chickamauga, when the September sun of '63 shone on the valley of death and strangely lighted the pale faces sleeping there.

From Dresden to Sharon the drive was delightful. The talk by the way was reminiscent, and full of incidents of camp and campaign life. Mr. J. W. Moran, to whose thoughtful kindness I am indebted for the day and for the drive, has a rich store of incidents, and I hope that through the *VETERAN* he will enlarge the circle of his listeners. He did good service for it to-day, and many an old soldier to whom I appealed would reply, "John Moran says it is a good thing."

Near Sharon we catch the flutter of flags and the stirring strains of music. Our hearts are strangely warmed, and the tears gather thick and fast as the procession of veterans moves into sight. Their greetings are glad, yet sad, and the thought is present that our ranks are growing thinner year by year. The speaker's stand was beautifully and artistically arranged, decorated with pictures of heroes, deathless in song and in story, with flowers grown in Sharon—itsself the garden of roses—and with the flags of a united nation. The welcome, by Miss Lester, daughter of Mr. George Terry, a Confederate veteran, was an eloquent tribute to those whose warfare is ended, a glowing eulogy to those vanquished victors who yet survive to win new laurels for the South on the field or in the forum. She welcomed them to the hospitality of Sharon, a hospitality as generous as that of the patriarch Abraham, who, upon a certain time, sat in the tent door in the heat of the day. "And he lifted up his eyes and saw three men, when he ran to meet them, and bowed himself toward the ground, and entreated them to tarry, saying, Let water be fetched, and rest yourselves under the shade of the tree, and I will fetch you a morsel of bread. And he hastened into the tent unto Sarah, and said, Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it and make cakes upon the hearth. And Abraham ran unto the herd and fetched a calf, tender and good, and he gave it unto a young man, and he hastened to dress it, and he took milk and butter, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them, and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat." Mr. Editor, allow me to say right here that this engaging description of an old time feast was never more perfectly realized than at Sharon in the ample feast spread under the trees, and I am sure that all the refreshed travelers passed on with blessings in their hearts for Abraham and Sarah.

Music! Yes, there was music everywhere, nor was there lacking, now and then, the old yell which was so often an accompaniment to the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry.

The first speech was by Hon. Joseph E. Jones, of Dresden, Tenn. Mr. Jones reviewed historically the causes that led to the civil war. He made a noble expose of the doctrine of States' rights. The review was rapid, antedating the Louisiana Purchase. It noted successively and succinctly the disintegrating causes

leading to the inevitable dissolution of the States. The agitation in Congress on the subject of free territory or slave territory, the admission of Missouri and of Texas, and the Dred Scott Case, were briefly rehearsed, showing the children of this generation that their fathers were not rebels. The Southern men and leaders did not violate the Constitution, but they could not contentedly stay in a Union where other States were violating its provisions. Our leaders were brave men, they were patriotic. Some men might abuse Jefferson Davis, but I have it in my heart to say, "God bless Jeff Davis, the statesman and the hero, whose father and whose father's brothers fought side by side with Washington to achieve American independence." The bravery of the Southern soldier must be—is acknowledged. Eight hundred thousand men on the pension roll of those who fought against us, after a generation has passed, is a high tribute to the valor of the Southern soldier. \* \* \*

Our young townsman, Caruthers Ewing, was the next speaker. He is a good orator, and is recognized as "the coming man" of this section. From the first word to the last he held the attention of the vast audience. The son of a veteran and of an intensely Southern woman, he was happy in addressing the old soldiers and in eulogizing the old South, which grows stronger and more beautiful.

Rev. W. T. Harris, our own Tertullus, was hoarse, and could not make the speech we hoped to hear, but his few words of cheer and of retrospect were real apples of gold in pictures of silver. Dr. Harris was among the first to subscribe for the *VETERAN*.

This pleasing incident came as I sought subscribers: Two veterans could not take it; one was nearly blind and one had lost an arm. "I wish," said I, "I was rich enough, every veteran should have it." I turned sorrowfully away, but there were volunteers. Mrs. M. A. Gardner, widow of Alfred Gardner, of precious memory, said: "He shall have it. I will pay for it." "And," added her daughter, Mrs. Jones, of Columbia, "he shall have it;" and Mrs. John Thomason, another daughter lent herself with a good will heartily to the work. I wish a thousand would follow their example.

The afternoon was devoted to organizing a company of Sons of Veterans, to singing old songs by comrade Irwin and Hon. M. Vincent, and to short speeches by Hon. C. M. Ewing and Hon. E. E. Tansil, and to a recitation of "The Conquered Banner" by a handsome young lady, whose name I failed to get. The last speech, by Mr. Finis Garrett, son of a veteran, was good in thought and delivery.

The order throughout was excellent, under General Manager John M. Glass.

Glendon was selected as the next place of meeting, and the time October 3, 1894. A. Russell was elected Marshal and Polk Alexander General Manager.

I saw one old Confederate flag, blood-stained and wrapped around an old soldier—they are all old now. He was John W. Green, of Greenfield, who helped to bear Albert Sidney Johnston from the field.

The battle-flag of the Forty-fourth Tennessee was captured at Sailor's Creek, on April 6, 1865, by Lieut. E. M. Norton, Adjutant of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, First Brigade, First Cavalry Division. It is now among the captured flags in the War Department. Lieut. Norton was given a medal of honor for its capture.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

FLORIDA—Continued.

ALABAMA.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Lists various camps in Alabama such as Abbeville, Alexander, and Anniston.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Lists various camps in Alabama such as Gadsden, Gaylesville, and Greenville.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Lists various camps in Alabama such as Hamilton, Jacksonville, and Huntsville.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Lists various camps in Alabama such as Madison Sta., Mobile, and Monroeville.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Lists various camps in Alabama such as Opelika, Oxford, and Ozark.

ARKANSAS.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Lists various camps in Arkansas such as Alma, Benton, and Bentonville.

FLORIDA.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Lists various camps in Florida such as Bartow, Brookville, and Chipley.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Lists various camps in Florida such as Juno, Lake City, and Marlanna.

GEORGIA.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Lists various camps in Georgia such as Atlanta, Cedartown, and Covington.

ILLINOIS.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Lists various camps in Illinois such as Chicago and Jerseyville.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Lists various camps in Indian Territory such as Ardmore and McAlester.

KENTUCKY.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Lists various camps in Kentucky such as Augusta, Bardstown, and Benton.

LOUISIANA.

Table with columns: POSTOFFICE, CAMP, NO., OFFICERS. Lists various camps in Louisiana such as Alexandria, Amite City, and Aradilla.

MISSISSIPPI—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	No.	OFFICERS.
Columbus.....	Isbam Harrison.....	27.....	E. I. Lincoln, E P Richards
Crystal Sp'gs.....	Ben Humphreys.....	19.....	C. Humphries, J. M. Haley
Edwards.....	W. A. Montgomery.....	26.....	W. A. Montgomery, T. H. W. Barrett
Fayette.....	J. J. Whitncy.....	22.....	W. I. Stephen, T. B. Hammett
Greenwood.....	Hugh A. Reynolds.....	218.....	R. W. Williamson, W. A. Gillespie
Greenville.....	W. A. Percy.....	238.....	Gen. S. W. Ferguson, W. Yerger
Grenada.....	W. R. Barksdale.....	189.....	J. W. Young, Julius Ash
Harpersville.....	Patrons Union.....	272.....	M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston
Hattiesburg.....	Hattiesburg.....	21.....	G. D. Hartfield, E. H. Harris
Hernando.....	De Soto.....	220.....	Sam Powell, C. H. Robertson
Hickory Flat.....	Hickory Flat.....	219.....	W. A. Crum, J. J. Hicks
Holly Springs.....	Kit Mott.....	23.....	J. F. Fant, S. H. Pryor
Jackson.....	Robt A Smith.....	24.....	Gen J A Smith, G S Green
Lake.....	Patrons Union.....	272.....	M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston
Lexington.....	Walter L Kern.....	398.....	H J Reid, F A Howell
Liberty.....	Amite County.....	226.....	P R Brewer, Geo A McGehee
Louisville.....	John M Bradley.....	352.....	M A Mills, Jno B Gage
Maben.....	Stephen D Lee.....	271.....	O. B. Cooke, J. L. Sherman
Macon.....	James Longtree.....	180.....	H. W. Foote, J. L. Griggs
Magnolia.....	Stockdale.....	324.....	R H Felder, S A Matthew
Meridian.....	Walthall.....	25.....	W. F. Brown, B. V. White
Miss. City.....	Beauvoir.....	120.....	Gen. J. R. Davis, E. S. Hewes
Natchez.....	Natchez.....	20.....	F. J. V. Let and, E. L. Hopkins
New Albany.....	Gen M P Lowry.....	342.....	C S Robertson, M F Rogers
Port Gibson.....	Claiborne.....	167.....	A. K. Jones, W. W. Moore
Rolling Fork.....	Pat R Cleburne.....	190.....	J C Hall, Jno S Joor
Rosedale.....	Montgomery.....	52.....	F A Montgomery, C C Farrar
Sardis.....	Jno R Dickens.....	341.....	R H Taylor, J B Bothe
Senatobia.....	Bill Feeney.....	353.....	G D Shauds, T P Hill
Tupelo.....	John M Stone.....	131.....	Gen J M Stone, P M Savery
Valden.....	Frank Liddell.....	221.....	S. C. Baines, W. J. Booth
Vicksburg.....	Vicksburg.....	32.....	D A Campbell, J D Laughlin
Winona.....	M. Furrell.....	311.....	I. R. Binford, C. H. Campbell
Woodville.....	Woodville.....	49.....	J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett
Yazoo City.....	Yazoo.....	176.....	S D Robertson, C J DuBulsson

MISSOURI.

Kansas City.....	Kansas City.....	80.....	Jos W Mercer, Geo B Spratt
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NORTH CAROLINA.

Bryson City.....	Andrew Coleman.....	301.....	E. Everett, B. H. Cathey
Charlotte.....	Mecklenburg.....	382.....	J. Koessler
Clinton.....	Sampson.....	137.....	R H Holliday, Jno A Beman
Concord.....	Catawba Co. C. V. A.....	212.....	J. F. Willeford, C. McDonald
Hickory.....	Catawba.....	162.....	J. G. Hall, L. R. Whitener
Littleton.....	Junius Daniel.....	326.....	John P. Lechr
Pittsboro.....	Leonidas J Merritt.....	387.....	W L London, H A London
Salisbury.....	Charles E. Fisher.....	309.....	Jno F Ramsay, J C Bernhardt
Salisbury.....	Col Chas F Fisher.....	319.....	Col J R Crawford, C R Barker
Statesville.....	Col R Campbell.....	394.....	P C Carlton
Wilmington.....	Cape Fear.....	254.....	W. L. DeRosset, Wm. Blanks

OKLAHOMA.

El Reno.....	El Reno.....	348.....	
Guthrie.....	Camp Jamison.....	347.....	
Normon.....	Gen. J. B. Gordon.....	200.....	T. J. Johnson, W. C. Renfro
Oklahoma City.....	D H Hammons.....	177.....	J W Johnson, J O Casler

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Aiken.....	Barnard E. Bee.....	81.....	B. H. Teague, J. N. Wigfall
Anderson.....	Camp Benson.....	337.....	M P Tribbe, J N Vandiver
Beaufort.....	Beaufort.....	366.....	Thos S White.....
Charleston.....	Camp Sumter.....	250.....	Rev. J. Johnson, J. W. Ward
Charleston.....	Palmetto Guard.....	315.....	Geo. L. Buist, A Baron Holmes
Cheraw.....	W B Kershaw.....	413.....	Theo T Malloy, S G Godfrey
Columbia.....	Hampton.....	389.....	
Easley.....	Jasper Hawthorn.....	283.....	R. E. Bowen, J. H. Bowen
Edgefield C H.....	Abner Perrin.....	369.....	J H Brooks, Thos W Carlisle
Florence.....	Pee Dee.....	390.....	E W Lloyd, Wm Quick
Glymphville.....	Glymphville.....	389.....	J P Miller.....
Greenville.....	R. C. Pulliam.....	297.....	J. W. Norwood, P. T. Hayne
M Pleasant.....	Thos M Wagner.....	410.....	S Porches, Jas R Tomlinson
Newberry.....	James D Nance.....	336.....	J W Gary, C F Boyd
Pickens.....	Wolf Creek.....	412.....	Jas A Griffin, H B Hendricks
Rock Hill.....	Catawba.....	278.....	Cadr Jones, W B Dunlap
Spartanburg.....	Camp Walker.....	335.....	Jos Walker, A B Woodruff
Summerville.....	Gen Jas Connor.....	374.....	Geo Tupper, P H Hutchinson
Sumter.....	Dick Anderson.....	334.....	J D Graham, P P Gaillard
St. Georges.....	Stephen Elliott.....	51.....	R W Minus, J Orey Reed

TENNESSEE.

Chattanooga.....	N. B. Forrest.....	4.....	J. F. Shipp, L. T. Dickinson
Clarksville.....	Forbes.....	77.....	T. H. Smith, Clay Stacker
Fayetteville.....	Shaekelford-Fulton.....	114.....	Jas D Fillman, W H Cashion
Franklin.....	Gen. J. W. Starnes.....	134.....	S V Wall, T G Smithson
Jackson.....	Jno Ingram.....	37.....	W Holland, M B Hunt
Knoxville.....	Felix K. Zollcoffer.....	46.....	Jno F Horne, Chas Ducloux
Knoxville.....	Fred Ault.....	5.....	F. A. Moses, J. S. Frierson
Lewisburg.....	Dibrell.....	55.....	W. P. Irvine, W. G. Loyd
McKenzie.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	42.....	Marsh Atkinson, J. P. Cannon
Memphis.....	Confed. Hist. Ass'n.....	28.....	C. W. Frazer, R. J. Beck
Murfreesboro.....	Joe B. Palmer.....	81.....	W. S. McLemore, W. Ledbetter
Nashville.....	Frank Cheatham.....	35.....	Thos D Smith, J P Hickman
Shelbyville.....	Wm. Frierson.....	83.....	J. M. Hastings, J. G. Arnold
Tullahoma.....	Pierce B. Anderson.....	173.....	Jno P Hickman, W J Travis
Winchester.....	Turney.....	12.....	F B Terry, J J Martin

TEXAS.

Abilene.....	Abilene.....	72.....	T W Daughtery.....
Abilene.....	Taylor Co.....	69.....	H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyck
Alvarado.....	Alvarado.....	160.....	Jesse W Hill, J. R. Posey
Alvin.....	Wm Hart.....	286.....	Wm Hart, Alf H Tolbr
Alvord.....	Stonewall.....	362.....	J M Jones, W G Leach
Archer City.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	249.....	H J Brooks, T M Cecil
Athens.....	Howdy Martin.....	65.....	D. M. Morgan, W. T. Eustace.

TEXAS—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	No.	OFFICERS.
Atlanta.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	91.....	J. D. Johnson, J. N. Simmons
Aurora.....	R A Mills.....	360.....	G W Short, C C Leonard
Austin.....	John B Hood.....	103.....	W. M. Brown, C. H. Powell
Beaumont.....	A. S. Johnston.....	75.....	Tom J Russell, G W O'Brien
Belton.....	Bell Co. ex-Con. As. 122.....	122.....	Joc Bruster, H E Bradford
Big Springs.....	Joe Wheeler.....	330.....	—, R B Zinn
Bonham.....	Sul Ross.....	164.....	J. P. Holmes.....
Brazoria.....	Clinton Terry.....	243.....	Wm. F. Smith, F. LeRebus
Brookridge.....	Stephens County.....	314.....	W F Marberry, G R Brown
Brenham.....	Washington.....	339.....	D C Giddings, J G Rankin
Brownwood.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	118.....	Carl Vincent, A D Moss
Bryan.....	J. B. Robertson.....	124.....	H B Stoddard, W H Harman
Buffalo Gap.....	L. F. Moody.....	123.....	Ben F. Jones, J. J. Ewbank
Caldwell.....	Camp Rogers.....	142.....	J W King, J F Matthews
Calvert.....	W. P. Townsend.....	111.....	C W Higginbotham, H F Kellogg
Cameron.....	Ben McCulloch.....	29.....	E. J. Melver, J. B. Moore
Canton.....	James L. Hogg.....	153.....	T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson
Carthage.....	Horace Randall.....	163.....	J. B. Bond, J. M. Woolworth
Chico.....	Camp McIntosh.....	361.....	L S Eddings, G W Craft
Childress.....	Los E Johnston.....	250.....	W P Jones, L C Warlick
Cisco.....	Camp Preveaux.....	273.....	T W Neel, J S McDonough
Cleburne.....	Pat Cleburne.....	88.....	O T Plummer, S C Scurlock
Colorado.....	Albert S. Johnston.....	113.....	W V Johnson, T Q Mullin
Columbus.....	Shropshire-Upton.....	11.....	Geo. McCormick, J. J. Dick
Coleman.....	Jno P tham.....	76.....	J. J. Callan, J. M. Williams
Commerce.....	R. E. Lee.....	241.....	G G Lindsey, W E Maugum
Cooper.....	Ector.....	234.....	Geo W Jones, R J Pickett
Corpus Christi.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	61.....	H R Sutherland, M C Spaur
Corseana.....	C. M. Winkler.....	147.....	R. M. Collins.....
Crockett.....	Crockett.....	141.....	Enoch Braxson, J. F. Martin
Collinsville.....	Beaugard.....	306.....	J W B King, W H Stephenson
Daingerfield.....	Emmett Lynch.....	242.....	W Z Weldon, George H Law
Duergertfield.....	Camp Brooks.....	307.....	J N Zachery, J A McGregor
Dallas.....	Sterling Price.....	31.....	Jno C Storey, W L Thompson
Deatur.....	Ben McCulloch.....	30.....	W A Miller, D S Satterwhite
DeKalb.....	Tom Wallace.....	289.....	W S Proctor, J D Stewart
Denton.....	Sul Ross.....	129.....	Ingh McKenzie, J. R. Burton
Dodd City.....	Camp Maxey.....	281.....	W C Moore.....
Dublin.....	Erath & Comanche.....	85.....	J. T. Harris, L. E. Gillett
Emma.....	Lone Star.....	198.....	John W. Murray.....
Fairfield.....	Wm. L. Moody.....	87.....	W G Blain, L G Sandifer
Floresville.....	Wilson County.....	225.....	W. C. Agee, A. D. Evans
Forney.....	Camp Bee.....	130.....	T. M. Danel, S. G. Fleming
Fort Worth.....	R. E. Lee.....	158.....	A R Fraser, W M McConnell
Frost.....	R. Q. Mills.....	106.....	A. Chamberlain, M. F. Wakefield
Gainesville.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	119.....	J. M. Wright, J. T. Walker
Galveston.....	Magruder.....	105.....	T N Waul, C Washington
Gatesville.....	Ex-C A Coryell Co.....	135.....	—, Gen W L Saunders
Goldthwaite.....	Jeff Davis.....	117.....	J E Martin, W H Thompson
Gonzales.....	ohn C G Key.....	156.....	W B Sayers, H L Qualls
Gordonville.....	J G Hodges.....	392.....	Wm Hodges, W Blasingame
Graham.....	Young county.....	127.....	R C McPhail, A G Crozier
Granbury.....	Granbury.....	67.....	J. A. Formivalt, L. R. Morris
Grand View.....	J. E. Johnston.....	377.....	—, C C Hatfield
Greenville.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	267.....	W S Ward, A H Hefner
Hallettsville.....	Col James Walker.....	248.....	Volney Ellis, B F Burke
Hamilton.....	A. S. Johnston.....	116.....	Battle Fort, L A H Smith
Hemstead.....	Tom Green.....	136.....	V. B. Thornton, S. Schwarz
Henderson.....	Ras Redwine.....	295.....	J M Mays, C C Doyle
Henrietta.....	Sul Ross.....	172.....	F. J. Barrett, C B Patterson
Hillsboro.....	Hill County.....	166.....	J R Davis, Dr Moore
Honey Grove.....	Logan Davidson.....	294.....	J H Lynn, John L Ballinger
Houston.....	Diek Dowling.....	197.....	W Lambert, S K Longuecker
Huntsville.....	John C Upton.....	43.....	J M Smith, E K Goree
Jacksborough.....	Camp Morgan.....	164.....	S W Eastin, W J Denning
Jacksborough.....	Camp Hughes.....	265.....	S H Reeves, A F Anderson
Kaufman.....	Geo. D. Manion.....	145.....	Jos. Huffman, E. S. Pipes
Kilgore.....	Buck Kilgore.....	283.....	W A Miller, R W Wynu
Kingston.....	A. S. Johnston.....	71.....	J. F. Pickett, T. J. Foster
Ladonia.....	Robt. E. Lee.....	126.....	W B Merrill, J R Arthur
LaGrange.....	Col. B. Timmons.....	61.....	R. H. Phelps, S. Holman
Lampasas.....	R. E. Lee.....	66.....	D. C. Thomas, T. H. Haynie
Livingston.....	Ike Turner.....	321.....	James E Hill, A B Green
Lubbock.....	F. R. Lubbock.....	138.....	W. D. Crump, G. W. Shabnon
Madisonville.....	Jno G Walker.....	128.....	—, S. H. Lindsey
Marlin.....	Willis L. Lang.....	299.....	John M. Solley, I J Pringle
Memphis.....	Hall County.....	215.....	F M Murray, G W Tipton
Menardville.....	Menardville.....	328.....	F M Kitchens.....
Meridian.....	A. S. Johnston.....	115.....	Robt Donoell, J. W. Adams
Merkel.....	Merkel.....	79.....	J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker
Mexia.....	Joe Johnston.....	94.....	C L Watson, H W Williams
Minneola.....	Wood County.....	153.....	J H Hubbard, T J Goodwin
Mt. Enterprise.....	Rosser.....	82.....	T. Turner, B. Birdwell
Mt. Pleasant.....	Col. Dud Jones.....	121.....	C. L. Dillahunty, J. C. Turner
Montague.....	Bob Stone.....	93.....	R. Bean, R. D. Rugeley
McGregor.....	Camp McGregor.....	274.....	W H Harris, H W Sadler
McKinney.....	Collin County.....	109.....	T M Scott, H C Mack
Mt Vernon.....	Ben McCulloch.....	300.....	W T Gass, J J Morris
Navasota.....	Hannibal H Boone.....	102.....	W E Barry, Jas H Freeman
New Boston.....	Sul Ross.....	287.....	Geo H Rea, T J Watlington
Oakville.....	John Donaldson.....	195.....	C. C. Cox, T. M. Church
Palestine.....	Palestine.....	4.....	J. W. Ewing, J. M. Fullinwider
Paradise.....	Pat Cleburne.....	363.....	A J Jones, L T Mason
Paris.....	A. S. Johnston.....	70.....	O C Conoe, S S Record
Paint Rock.....	Jed Davis.....	168.....	W T Melton, J. W. Ratcliff
Pearsall.....	Gotch Hardeman.....	230.....	R M Harkness, Henry Maney
Richmond.....	Frank Terry.....	227.....	P. E. Peareson, B. F. Stuart
Ripley.....	Gen Hood.....	280.....	W R M Slaughter, Jno H Hood
Rockwall.....	Rockwall.....	74.....	M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards
Roby.....	W. W. Loring.....	154.....	D Speer, A P Kelley
San Antonio.....	A. S. Johnston.....	141.....	John S Ford, James Clark
San Augustine.....	Jeff Davis.....	346.....	—, W A Field
San Saba.....	W P Rogers.....	322.....	George Harris, A Duggan
Santa Anna.....	L Q C Lamar.....	371.....	L M Cravens, Will Hubert
Seymour.....	Bedford Forrest.....	86.....	T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browning

TEXAS—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	No.	OFFICERS.
Sherman	Mildred Lee	91	J. T. Wilson, R. Walker.
South Prairie	South Prairie	83	W. L. Hefner.
Sweetwater	E. C. Wallhull	92	W. D. Beall, J. H. Freeman.
Sulphur Spigs	Matt Ashcroft	179	R. M. Henderson, M. G. Miller.
Taylor	A. S. Johnston	165	M. Ross, Perry Hawkins
Torre	J. F. B. Stuart	45	J. A. Anthony, Vic Reinhardt
Texaskana	A. P. Hill	269	W. J. Allen, Charles A. Hooks
Tyler	A. S. Johnston	48	J. P. Douglas, Sld S. Johnson
Vernon	Camp Cabell	125	S. E. Hutchett, W. D. Davis.
Waco	Pat Cleburne	222	C. L. Johnson, W. C. Cooper
Waxahachie	Jeff Davis	108	Tom Yates, J. P. Cooper
Waxahachie	Parsons Cav. Asso	—	A. M. Dechman
Weatherford	Tom Green	169	J. P. Rice, M. V. Kinnison.
Wellington	Collingsworth Co.	257	J. H. McDowell, J. M. Yates
Wharton	Buchell	228	J. N. Dennis, H. T. Compton
Whitesboro	Geo R. Reeves	288	J. W. M. Hughes, B. M. Wright
Wichita Falls	W. J. Hardee	73	A. W. Crockett, S. A. Robinson
Will's Point	Will's Point	302	A. N. Alford, W. A. Benham

VIRGINIA.

Beams Station	J. E. B. Stuart	211	M. A. Moncre, A. B. Moncre
Richmond	George E. Pickett	204	R. N. Northern, P. McCurdy
Richmond	R. E. Lee	181	A. W. Archer, J. T. Stratton
Roanoke	William Watts	205	S. S. Brooke, Hugh W. Fry
West Point	John R. Cooke	184	H. M. Miller, W. W. Green.
Williamsburg	McGruder-Ewell	210	T. J. Stubbs, H. T. Jones
Winchester	Gen Turner Ashby	240	Chas W. McVlear, E. G. Hollis

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington	Wash. City Con	171	R. W. Hunter, T. W. Hungerford
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Camps not listed, but reported to the VETERAN:

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	No.	OFFICERS.
Greenwood, S. C.	H. Wyatt Aiken	—	C. A. C. Waller, L. M. Moore
Hawkinsville Ga.	Pulaski County	—	W. L. Grice, D. G. Fleming
Henderson, Ky	—	—	R. H. Cunningham, Rev. N. D. Powers, Chap
Madison, Ga.	—	—	W. A. Wiley, James E. Chiles.
Springdale, Fla.	Pat Cleburne	—	E. T. Candler, J. S. Patterson
Walthall, Miss.	A. K. Blythe	—	Tom M. Gore, S. L. Cooke

GRAND CAMP VIRGINIA VETERANS.

The officials of the Grand Camp Virginia Veterans are as follows:	
Grand Commander	Col. Hugh R. Smith, Petersburg
First Lieut. Grand Commander	Col. C. W. Murdaugh, Portsmouth
Second Lieut. Grand Commander	Col. Thomas Lewis, Roanoke
Third Lieut. Grand Commander	Col. G. Wm. Ramsey, Alexandria
Quartermaster General	Col. Washington Taylor, Norfolk
Inspector General	Col. Charles Syer, Portsmouth
Chaplain General	Rev. B. D. Tucker, Norfolk
Surgeon General	Dr. Jno. S. Powell, Occoquan

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GRAND COMMANDER.

Adjutant General	Capt. Thomas Ellett, Richmond
Aide-de-Camp	Col. John Murphy, Richmond
Aide-de-Camp	Col. W. H. Stewart, Portsmouth

ROSTER OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPS.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	No.	OFFICERS.
Alexandria	Robert E. Lee	2-5	Col Wm A Smoot
Berkley	Nemeyer Shaw	30	Geo W Wallace
Berryville	J. E. B. Stuart	24	Sam J J C Moore
Boydstown	L. A. Arnold	26	Chas Alexander
Charlottesville	John Bowles Strange	11	J. M. Garnett
Charleston, W. Va.	John W. Rowan	31	Geo A Porterfield
Courthand	Urquhart Gillette	11	L. R. Edwards
Culpeper	Pierre Gibson	15	D. A. Grimsley
Farmville	Thornton-Pickett	19	S. W. Paulett
Fredricksburg	Maury	2	Thos F Proctor
Gloucester	H. Page Fuller	29	Wm K Perrin
Hampton	R. E. Lee	3-10	R. M. Booker
Isle of Wight	E. Callette-Wrenn	16	N. T. Young
Leesburg	Clinton Hatcher	7	E. V. White
Louisa	Louisa	27	W. Kean
Lynchburg	Sam Garland	8	Kirk Otey
Norfolk	Pickett Buchanan	3	Thomas L. Dornin
Petersburg	A. P. Hill	6	W. Gordon McCabe
Portsmouth	Stonewall	4	B. C. Hudgins
Prince Wm. Co.	Ewell	17	H. F. Lynn
Radford	G. C. Wharton	28	G. C. Wharton
Beams' Station	J. E. B. Stewart	18	M. A. Moncre
Richmond	R. E. Lee	1	Thomas G. Pollard
Richmond	Geo. E. Pickett	9	R. N. Northern
Roanoke	Wm Watts	13	S. S. Brooks
Rocky Mount	J. A. Early	21	Geo M Helms
Staunton	Stonewall Jackson	25	Jed Hotchkiss
Strasburg	Stover	20	Mason Bly
West Point	John R. Cooke	12	W. W. Green
Williamsburg	McGruder Ewell	23	T. Jefferson Stubbs
Winchester	Turner Ashby	22	Chas W McVlear

TENNESSEE BIVOUACS NOT IN U. C. V.

POSTOFFICE.	BIVOUAC.	OFFICERS.
Columbia	Leonidas Polk	J. H. Fussell, W. B. Dobbins.
Gallatin	Daniel S. Donelson	J. W. Blackmore, J. A. Trousdale.
Troy	Warren McDonald	P. J. Cummins, Alex. N. Moore.
Dickson	James E. Ratnes	W. J. Mathis, J. M. Talley.
Lynchburg	Woody B. Taylor	John D. Tolley, D. P. Allen.
Paris	Fitzgerald-Lamb	P. R. Orr, A. H. Lankford.
Dresden	Jenkins	C. M. Ewing, John D. McKeen.
Lebanon	Robert Hatton	A. K. Miller, G. R. Gwynn.
Gainesboro	S. S. Stunton	M. L. Gore, N. B. Young.
Alamo	Joseph E. Johnson	J. B. Humphreys, D. B. Dodson.
Trenton	O. F. Strahl	J. C. McDearman, Wm. Gay.
Cookeville	Pat Cleburne	Walter Smith, W. P. Chapin.
Brownsville	Hiram S. Bradford	Geo. C. Porter, A. D. Bright.
Hartselle	Burksdale	W. J. Hale, A. S. Reaves.
Riddleton	E. L. Bradley	Thos. W. Cosby, B. N. High.
McMinnville, Savage	—	Hackett (officers not reported).

SONS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS—TENNESSEE DIVISION-

POSTOFFICE.	BIVOUAC.	OFFICERS.
Winchester	Albert S. Marks	A. H. Marks (Died Sept. 6, 1862), Jo C. Garner.
Nashville	Thos. C. Hindman	Biscoe Hindman, Jas. F. Hager.
Clarksville	Alfred Robb	F. S. Beaumont, Chas. W. Smith.
Gainesboro	J. S. Quarles	D. H. Morgan, S. H. V. Young.
Knoxville	J. E. B. Stuart	J. W. Green, J. W. S. Frierson, Jr.
Franklin	W. P. Rucker	L. W. Buford, Lee S. McEwen.
McKenzie	Jeff. Davis	E. L. Cunningham, J. L. Thomason

THRILLING ADVENTURES OF CAPT. JOHN NORRIS.

"Ah, never shall the land forget  
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,  
Gushed, warm with hope and valor yet,  
Upon the soil they sought to save."

Capt. John S. Norris, of Henderson, Ky., a gallant Confederate soldier of the civil war, served as Lieutenant as well as Captain under General Morgan, and was one of the officers, prisoners of war, selected for retaliation by the Federals, and kept prisoner at Johnson's Island for several months, and on starvation rations, both at that place and in Nashville, Tenn. He was one of the first to enlist when war was declared, and one of the bravest of military leaders. His heroism and daring endurance will ever be remembered by those who survive him. During the battle near Murfreesboro, Tenn., three horses were shot under him in one day. At the time the cruel and barbarous law was issued that any soldier found in the boundaries of Kentucky should be instantly shot down, without quarter, yet such was his devotion to his family that he would go through these difficulties and dangers at the peril of his life for the pleasure of seeing them but a few hours, and upon one occasion was known to have walked from Nashville, Tenn., to Henderson, Ky., a distance of about 150 miles.

Captain Norris was fond of relating adventures and anecdotes pertaining to the war, recalling with great accuracy the stirring scenes through which he passed with the "boys in gray;" and would often tell with pride the pathetic story of the heroism exhibited in his eldest daughter, a wee tottling of barely three years, who, on beholding from the window the troops advancing, apparently to take him prisoner, pressed her little hands firmly against the door, exclaiming confidently, "Papa, I'll hold the door." This was during an occasion when he was on parole.

He was a man of strong prejudice, and as high honor. Unselfishness and courtesy were his predominant characteristics; these, combined with his engaging social qualities, attracted the personal friendship, confidence and respect of all those who came within the sphere of his immediate association; and he would often speak with appreciation of the kindly consideration, politeness and respect tendered him under all circumstances at the hands of the Federals, even though they made an exception in his favor.

About six months before the close of the war he was compelled to resign his charge, and was granted a discharge from further service, on account of ill health—neuralgia in its worst form, brought on by exposure from camping on the damp ground, in consequence of which he suffered much during the remaining years of his life. Honored, respected and beloved by all, he passed away from this world in January, 1875, in the forty-fifth year of his age. How large a majority of the loyal patriots and comrades whom we knew and loved are now on the other side, but "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

A FRIEND.

## SENATOR BLACKBURN'S WELCOME AT VERSAILLES.

GENERAL AND COMRADES: The very pleasant task has been assigned me of testifying how heartily you are welcomed to our hearts and homes. For twelve years it has been the practice of the Orphan Brigade to have an annual reunion. It is a proper observance. There are none in this broad land who have the right to object. It is no menace to our nation's peace. Comrades, it is almost thirty years to a day since we were at Chickamauga, the bloodiest battlefield of the war, East or West. It was there that you gave up many of your bravest members. There the gifted Helm yielded up his life. There the lion-hearted Rice E. Graves, the best type of American artilleryist that ever died on the field of battle, surrendered his spirit to God. Thirty years have passed—almost the third of a century. A generation has been born and passed away. You meet now in no spirit of malevolence. You came not to revive bitter memories, and with no dream of conquest. Our comrades' swords are rust, our legions are spectres, the battalions about us are the unseen. But as I stand and look you in the face, what man regrets the bloody field or the weary march? The Kentucky Brigade is known as the Orphan Brigade. It is the Orphan Brigade of history, and so shines on its brightest pages. \* \* \* It was the Orphan Brigade because of its career. From 1861 to 1865 a Federal army too large to crush stood between it and its home. Other soldiers got tokens of love from their homes, but none could reach the Orphan Brigade. Again, from the opening of the war to its close, no man, save its last living commander, ever led it into battle and lived to lead it into another battle. They died in battle. I remember after the battle of Chickamauga, when the President of the Confederacy rode down the lines of our army, Mr. Davis stated what history has proven true, that in every important battle it played the leading part, and never graced a battle-field without leaving one-third of its members dead or dying.

Ah, me! thirty years have gone by since then. Time, more relentless than war, has thinned your ranks and broken your lines. With each reunion our members shall be fewer. Not simply bowed heads and gray hairs shall come, but soon the last tattoo shall sound for the brigade whose fame has echoed around the world. We are told by science that not one atom of matter is lost; that the world weighs as much as it did when it came from the plastic hand of its Maker. That law holds good in morals. So not one atom of truth has ever been lost. Truth is of Deity—it can not die. \* \* \* \* \*

This grand audience attests its affection and love for you and your deeds. As for me, I am free to say that for the part I took I have never apologized to man or to my Maker. As I look into your faces other thoughts come to me. The time is not far distant when the last reunion will be held. The average age of the veteran is nearer sixty than fifty years. The shadows are falling. Most of our lives is behind us. I am willing to believe history; I am willing to believe Napoleon; I am willing to believe the account of the Scotch Field Marshal; I am willing to believe the story of the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, and yet in the face of all history as written, I stand here to declare that never in the annals of modern

warfare was any cause supported by stouter hearts and braver spirits than by the Orphan Brigade. No command, in proportion to membership, ever sealed its devotion with more of its blood. I apologize for the time I have taken, but in all your reunions there has not been a warmer welcome, and we hope to have the great honor of entertaining you again.

After music there were loud calls for General Duke. He responded by carrying out the programme, and presented Ex-Congressman John W. Caldwell, the last Colonel of the Ninth Kentucky, who, on behalf of the Orphan Brigade, responded to the address of welcome. His address deserves a place in the VETERAN.

W. C. Cooper, City Secretary, Waco, Texas, writes, October 20: "Editor VETERAN—Dear Sir: The two copies of the VETERAN sent me last week were highly appreciated and carefully read. It afforded me much pleasure to once more hear from my old comrade, J. H. McNeilly, the Forty-ninth Tennessee Spider Wagon. How often he has assisted a poor, weary, sore-footed soldier along can only be told by a member of our old regiment, the Forty-ninth Tennessee. I can shut my eyes now and see our Chaplain coming into camp loaded with camp kettles, frying pans, etc. He was never known to falter in the performance of his duty, either in camp ministering to our spiritual welfare, or in the hottest part of the fight caring for the wounded, and bearing them to the rear. I am confident that there is no member of Quarles' brigade who ever thinks of J. H. McNeilly without having the tenderest chords of his bosom thrill with feelings of love and admiration.

"I was also very much pleased to see an announcement of the reunion to be held at my old home, Clarksville, Tenn., and I regret that I cannot meet with the members of Forbes Bivouac, and the many friends and comrades who will be there then."

The VETERAN now states what it desired in the former issue, but desisted because Rev. Dr. McNeilly was expected to send copies to comrades and friends. The gentleman is one of the ablest ministers in the Presbyterian Church. He is not at all ambitious, but he is ever zealous in his ministry, and is one of the richest orators in the land. He would not now have to supplement his dress and appearance with a commission signed by the Secretary of War to secure delicacies for sick and wounded. Yet he still wears heavy beard and carries burdens for his comrades.

NEW CAMP AT EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.—The ex-Confederates of this city met on the 13th of September and organized a Camp, to be known as the Carroll County Ex-Confederate Association. The following officers were elected: J. D. Jordan, Commander; S. E. Hays, First Lieutenant Commander; E. R. Brown, Second Lieutenant Commander; A. J. Gibbs, Surgeon; W. Mac Brown, Sergeant, and Edwin M. Linzee, Secretary. A committee on getting up a Camp Fire was appointed. With best wishes for the best paper of its kind published, I am, Yours truly, THOS. B. ADAMS.

## CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN CHICAGO.

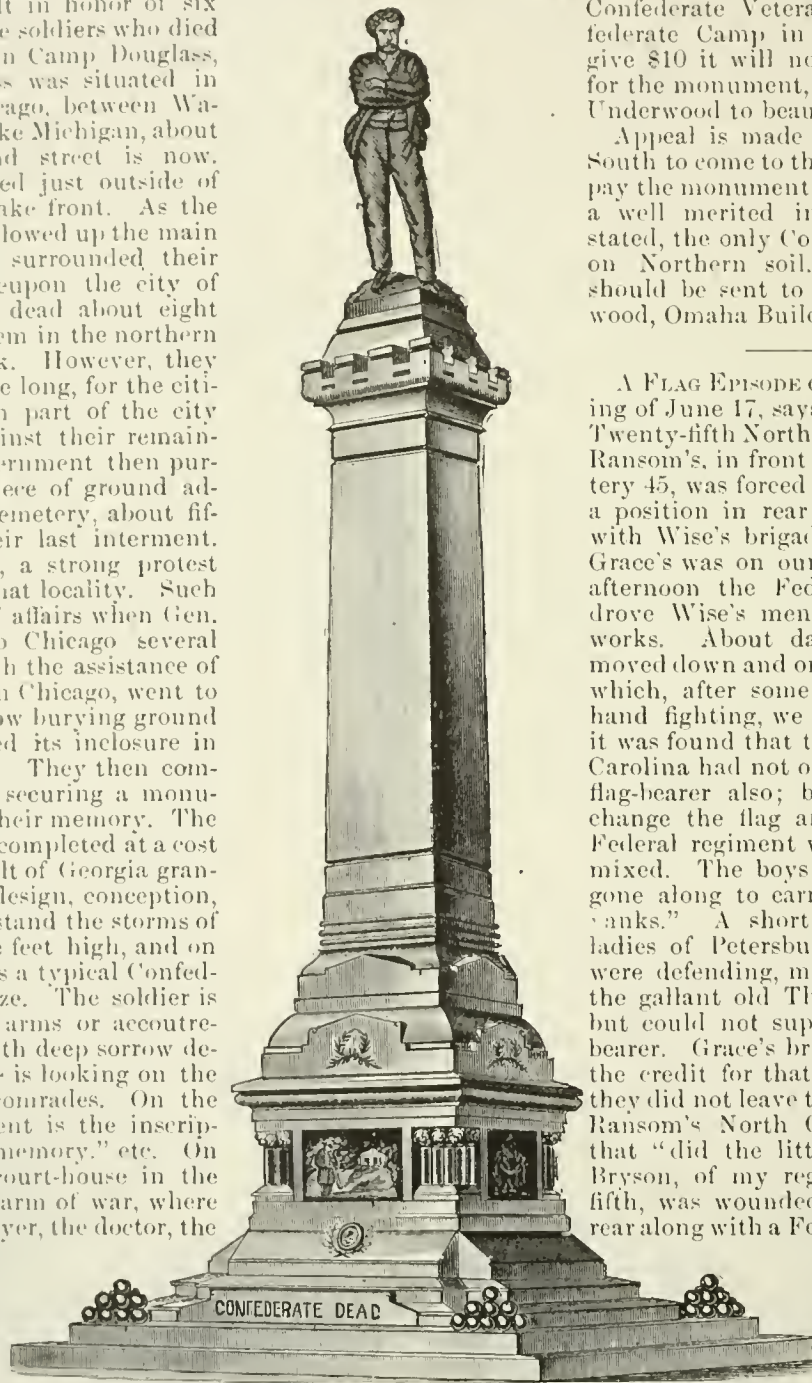
JOHN P. HICKMAN, NASHVILLE, TENN.

On October 10, 1893, Gen. John C. Underwood, of Chicago, carried a number of comrades and friends to see the Confederate Monument in Oakwoods Cemetery. It is the only Confederate monument erected on Northern soil, and is built in honor of six thousand Confederate soldiers who died as prisoners of war in Camp Douglass, Ill. Camp Douglass was situated in the suburbs of Chicago, between Wabash Avenue and Lake Michigan, about where Twenty-second street is now. Our dead were buried just outside of the prison, on the lake front. As the city extended it swallowed up the main prison and densely surrounded their burial place. Thereupon the city of Chicago moved our dead about eight miles, and buried them in the northern part of Lincoln Park. However, they were not to rest there long, for the citizens of the northern part of the city raised a protest against their remaining there. The Government then purchased a swampy piece of ground adjoining Oakwoods Cemetery, about fifteen miles from their last interment. There was, however, a strong protest from the citizens of that locality. Such was the condition of affairs when Gen. Underwood went to Chicago several years since. He, with the assistance of other Confederates in Chicago, went to work and had this low burying ground filled up, and secured its inclosure in Oakwoods Cemetery. They then commenced the work of securing a monument to perpetuate their memory. The monument has been completed at a cost of \$10,000. It is built of Georgia granite, is beautiful in design, conception, and finish, and will stand the storms of ages. It is forty-five feet high, and on the top of it there is a typical Confederate soldier in bronze. The soldier is represented without arms or accoutrements of war, and with deep sorrow depicted in his face he is looking on the graves of his dead comrades. On the front of the monument is the inscription, "Sacred to the memory." etc. On the left panel is a court-house in the South, at the first alarm of war, where the preacher, the lawyer, the doctor, the school boy, the carpenter, the farmer, the artisan, the blacksmith, all hastening to join the army in defense of their State, their homes, and their part of the country. On the rear panel is where a few Confederate soldiers charge a Federal fort, and one poor fellow is shot at the muzzle of the guns, and crawls under the wall of the fort to die. On the right panel is the soldier's return

home, ragged, footsore, and limp, with a deserted house, the sun setting in the distance, and the birds flying away. The scene is weird and sorrowful.

There has been paid on said monument \$8,000, and \$2,000 is now due. Of the \$8,000 paid, \$7,500 was subscribed in the North, and only \$500 came from the South. It is the desire to pay said \$2,000 before the monument is dedicated, which they hope to do in April or May next, after the meeting of the United Confederate Veterans. If every Confederate Camp in the South will only give \$10 it will not only finish paying for the monument, but will enable Gen. Underwood to beautify the grounds.

Appeal is made to the Camps of the South to come to the rescue, and thereby pay the monument out of debt and show a well merited interest in, as before stated, the only Confederate monument on Northern soil. All contributions should be sent to Gen. John C. Underwood, Omaha Building, Chicago, Ill.



A FLAG EPISODE OF '61.—On the morning of June 17, says A. A. Bowen, of the Twenty-fifth North Carolina, our brigade, Ransom's, in front of Petersburg, at battery 45, was forced to fall back and take a position in rear of the Avery house, with Wise's brigade on our left, while Grace's was on our right. Later in the afternoon the Federals charged and drove Wise's men out of their breast works. About dark our brigade was moved down and ordered to retake them, which, after some very hard hand to hand fighting, we did. After the fight it was found that the Thirty-fifth North Carolina had not only lost their flag but flag-bearer also; but they had in exchange the flag and flag-bearer of the Federal regiment with whom they had mixed. The boys said, "Oh, he's only gone along to carry that flag for those tanks." A short time afterward the ladies of Petersburg, whose homes we were defending, made and presented to the gallant old Thirty-fifth a new flag, but could not supply the missing flag-bearer. Grace's brigade has been given the credit for that victory, but I think they did not leave their position. It was Ransom's North Carolina "tar heels" that "did the little job." Lieut. Col. Bryson, of my regiment, the Twenty-fifth, was wounded and carried to the rear along with a Federal officer wounded and captured, and they had quite a controversy while on their litters.

In remitting subscriptions to the VETERAN Jerry Sexton, of Ames, Iowa, who was a prisoner at Camp Morton, states that he was the fellow who killed the dog for meat. He has kind words for members of the G. A. R., saying they were his best friends there.

A VETERAN INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—C. Martin, Alexandria, Ala., writes: "I heartily approve Lon Ferguson's suggestion in regard to forming a co-operative mutual benefit association among the veterans, and I think, if properly gotten up, it would be the best and safest protection for the old soldiers and their families. Say at the death of each brother in good standing the surviving members pay one dollar to go to the family of the deceased brother. The death claim could be correctly gotten up through the Commander or Adjutant of each Camp. I would be glad to see the movement under way and in a healthy condition. Each State could organize with headquarters at the State capital for the time being. As the State membership becomes thinned out, consolidation might be made with other States. It will not be a great many years before we will all have passed away."

J. L. Burke, Adjutant M. Gilbreath Camp, No. 333: I am favorably impressed with the plan of organizing a benefit association in connection with the U. V. A. I notice the suggestion comes from Piedmont, Ala. Let us agitate this question, and let the various Camps of each State, or of all the States, call a meeting and organize a benefit association, something after the plan of the Legion of Honor, and upon the death of a member issue a call for twenty or twenty-five cents per member for the benefit of the deceased's heirs at law.

R. C. McPhaill, Commander of Young County Camp, No. 127, Graham, Texas: I have read the suggestion of comrade Ferguson, of Piedmont, Ala., in regard to the formation of an association of ex-Confederates by which they shall each contribute a small sum on the death of member, that the dear ones he leaves behind may be provided against want. We are now, most of us, too old to get life insurance, and many too poor to carry it if they were not too old, and by this means they could all have something laid up for their children when they pass away, which, of a necessity, will not be long. I hope to see this plan put in active operation at our next meeting.

SOUTHERN RELIEF ENTERTAINMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.—An entertainment was given at Willard's Hall, Washington, D. C., October 26th and 27th, by the Southern Relief Association, which was a decided success, as every thing is that these ladies undertake. Delicious luncheons and refreshments were served for two days, and on Thursday night a full and appreciative house attended the concert. The programme included music and recitations by the finest artists. Mrs. Alice Swain Hunter, formerly of Richmond, Va., sang two soprano solos in her own finished style. Mrs. Joseph Thomas, the pianist, rendered superb instrumental selections, and there were mirth-provoking as well as pathetic recitations and negro melodies by Miss Anna V. Dorsey, Mr. Polk Miller, of Richmond, Mr. Gilbert Walden, the Southern elocutionist, Dr. Wm. Penn Compton and others. This Association is doing a good work at the capital, and should be encouraged and assisted by all who sympathize with those Southern sufferers who have lost all in the cause and are now destitute. The result secured to the fund \$357.

REUNION AT BENTONVILLE, ARKANSAS.

J. Mont. Wilson, of Springfield, Mo., writes on September 30: I have just returned from the reunion at Bentonville, Ark., and I am not capable of describing the pleasure manifested by the old veterans in meeting once more, many of them for the first time in twenty-eight years. It was a continuous love feast, and when it closed they lingered around, seeming in no hurry to leave. It was good to be there. \* \* \*

My old Captain had four half dollars and a buckskin purse and a minie-ball that was flattened out against them and on his thigh at the battle of Corinth. Major Davis, of the Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry, wore a silk sash that he wore through the Mexican war and our civil war. The grand old man is now 86 years old, and seems as straight and spry and active as when I last saw him at the close of the war. Senator Berry standing on the rostrum with his crutch and one leg carried me back to the scenes when he was in the thickest of the fight. No truer friend to Confederate veterans than Senator Berry exists. Dr. Dabney, of Stonewall Jackson's staff, General Coffee, Major Duvall and Judge Bryant all made speeches. Nearly every one of the speakers touched upon the heroism of our Southern women during the war. There was scarcely a dry eye in the audience. There were some men of the South more conspicuous than others, but the women were all heroines. God bless the women of the South who lived during the four years' strife. The Spartan women we read of in history never went through one-half what they did. Hundreds of our delicately reared, cultivated and refined women of the South did during, and three or four years following the war, greater deeds than the Spartans. Girls of the present day should know of the heroic deeds of their mothers and grandmothers. I think it would kindle within them flames of loftiest patriotism.

PLUCK OF A SOUTHERN WOMAN.—James Staley, of Scottsboro, Ala., tells this thrilling story and gives the names of the parties, but requests that they be not published. A young lady of Middle Tennessee was engaged to be married to —, of the Confederate army. While on a visit to her father's house he was surrounded and brutally murdered. She saw the man who did the shooting. In a few months after this the same squad of yankees returned to her father's house. She saw the man and knew him. She went to her room, secured a pistol, walked into the yard, looked for the fellow, and in the crowd of forty or fifty yankees found him and shot him down. She was never molested for it. The Captain of this squad was from Ohio. After the war he returned to Tennessee, visited the young lady, and they were married. He settled in Tennessee, and became a prosperous merchant. She was a model Christian lady.

J. P. Holmes, President Bonham, Texas, National Bank: "I beg to inclose herewith my exchange for \$13 subscription to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the following \* \* \* All the veterans are pleased with the specimen copies shown them and wish you success. \* \* \* My wife says she wants to file away the VETERAN. It is well worth saving." Mr. Holmes procured twenty-five subscribers besides his own name, which was at the head of the list.

COL. RHETT, whose career at Fort Sumter, and on to the end of the war, as given in this issue, did valiant service after the war. He organized the force that quelled riot and subdued the turbulent elements about Charleston. "He was a born soldier."

**SOLDIERS' HOME OF MASSACHUSETTS.**—The VETERAN is favored with the eleventh annual report of the Soldiers' Home of Massachusetts. It is an interesting pamphlet of more than sixty pages. Its extended review will furnish notes of interest to Confederates. They may be expected in December. One fact is here noted: Out of the average of 215 "present and absent during the year" there were forty-five deaths.

R. R. Foster, Adjutant of the Home, writes: We are interested in knowing what the veterans of the South are doing now, but perhaps not in so great a degree, or with so much anxiety, as when we were gathered together along the Potomac, or around the fortifications of Yorktown.

**NEW U. C. V. CAMP AT WINSTON, N. C.**—The Norfleet Camp, No. 436, U. C. V., was organized recently at Winston, N. C., with 109 members. Col. Thomas H. Sutton explained the aims and objects of the organization. Capt. J. C. Bessent, of our local military company, tendered the use of the Forsythe Riflemen's commodious armory to our Camp, so we have an elegant home to start with. It is the intention of the members to canvass the county and corral every comrade that comes under Art. 8 of the Constitution and By-laws. The VETERAN was, by a unanimous vote, adopted as the official organ of our Camp. The officers of the Camp are: Maj. T. J. Brown, Commander; Lieut. R. L. Cox, Second Commander; H. T. Bahson, Third Commander; S. H. Smith, Adjutant; H. E. Melver, Quartermaster; W. H. Shepherd, Commissary; J. Cal. Conrad, Commissary Sergeant; Rev. H. A. Brown, Chaplain; Dr. J. F. Shaffner, Surgeon; Dr. A. H. Webb, Assistant Surgeon; J. W. Goslen, Secretary and Treasurer; Geo. E. Nissen, Officer of the Day; Capt. R. R. Crawford, Geo. W. Hinshaw, W. H. Shepherd, Advisory Board; B. L. Ferabee, Sergeant-Major; M. H. Ogburn, Vidette; S. A. Ogburn, Color Sergeant; W. C. Brown, W. H. Watkins, Color Guard.

J. W. Moore, Henderson, Ky.: "A Camp of veterans has been organized at this place. The officers are: M. M. Kimmel, of Missouri, Commander; R. H. Cunningham, of Virginia, Adjutant; O. F. Walker, of Tennessee, Treasurer; Rev. W. D. Powers, Chaplain. We have the Kentucky curiosity: Of nearly seventy privates, none claim to be as much as Captains."

THE KERLEY INSTITUTES OF TENNESSEE have been so creditably and so successfully managed by the President, C. B. James, Esq., that special reference is made to the great reformation. While there have been relapses occasionally, the good already done is incalculable. The VETERAN gives much prominence to this wonderful remedy. While the advertisement refers especially to the Institutes in Tennessee, its beneficial notice extends to every part of the South.

ALL books noticed in the VETERAN are supplied by it.

John O. Casler, of Oklahoma City, O. T., sends this note: I have written a history of my personal experiences in the Confederate army. It is now on sale. The title is, "Four Years in the Stonewall Brigade," under Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee, "by a private in the ranks." I have read so many large histories which contained grave errors that I was prompted to give a detailed account of the part I witnessed, and correct some of those errors.

**MRS. STONEWALL JACKSON'S BOOK.**—Hon. E. W. Carmack, editor of the Memphis Commercial, says in a personal letter: "By the way, I am glad to see you pushing Mrs. Stonewall Jackson's book. I have lately read it through from cover to cover without rising from my seat. It is the simple, loving story of one of the simplest but grandest characters of all history."

"I am glad to hear such universal commendation of the VETERAN. It deserves all the praise it gets, and more too."

CONCERNING Mrs. Stonewall Jackson's book, the New York Herald says: "This 'simple story, told out of a woman's heart,' reveals a man of the tenderest sensibilities and affections glowing beneath the iron exterior of the Confederacy's most invincible soldier, and shows that he was animated by no fanatical sentiment but by the loftiest Christian spirit. Historical and military students will be intensely interested in the startling policy for the conduct of the Confederate conflict devised by Jackson."

JOHN M. COPELEY, of Denton, Texas, has just published an interesting book on the battle of Franklin, and reminiscences of Camp Douglas. Price, \$1.

Miss Keller's books, "Severed at Gettysburg," and "Love and Rebellion," are sent for 50 cents each, both for \$1, or either of them sent post-paid with the VETERAN one year for \$1.

**MEMORIALS OF SARAH CHILDRRESS POLK, WIFE OF THE ELEVENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.**—The preparation of these brief annals of the life of one of the historic personages of our country was undertaken by Mr. and Mrs. Anson Nelson as a labor of love. Mr. Nelson had been identified with the Tennessee Historical Society for many years, and was an ardent admirer and student of history, and especially of the history of his own State. His wife, always enthusiastically entering into his plans, and uniting with him in all his pursuits, felt it a pleasure to be engaged with him in this work, and an honor to chronicle the experiences of such a woman as Mrs. Polk. Intimately associated with her through many years, they were well prepared to give the story of a life which has interested the people for nearly half a century. Mrs. Polk was born not long after the beginning of this century, and these records cover a period which is becoming more and more attractive to every patriotic spirit. The early decades of this nineteenth century were seed sowing times, and while it is true that seeds of evil also were sown, many lovely flowers and valuable fruits are now flourishing which owe their being to the wisdom and energy of our forefathers and foremothers. Mrs. Polk's youth and school training are described, and the steps whereby she gradually gained the dignified and responsible position which she ever after held, for this position was not withdrawn from her when her husband's term was over, and they returned to their Tennessee home. He had been elected to serve four years, she was chosen to preside during good conduct; and through the long afternoon and evening of her day, a widow, and secluded in her retreat at Polk Place, her benign influence continued unimpaired, and was always wielded on the side of the true and the right. To all who admire worth and dignity in high place, and who love to read about the words and deeds of a good woman, pure minded and strong-hearted, this volume will be the welcome companion of a few quiet hours. Price \$1.75.

**CHRYSANTHEMUMS** in great beauty and variety. Exhibition Free.

JOY & SON, - - - - 610 Church Street.  
CUT FLOWERS AT ALL TIMES.



COL. F. A. MONTGOMERY,

Who was Lieutenant Colonel First Mississippi Cavalry, Gen. W. H. Jackson's Brigade, C. S. A., was Cured of a Horrible Disease, and is Willing for His Friends and Comrades to Know How and Where it was Done.

CHAS. B. JAMES, President Keely Institutes of Tennessee Memphis, Tenn.: DEAR SIR—To-morrow is the day which, in all Christian countries, we celebrate as the birthday of that divine man whose advent into the world was heralded by that glorious song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men."

He went about doing good to the souls and bodies of men, and no man or woman with whom he came in contact was too poor, too low or too degraded to be beneath his notice, and to whom he would not stretch out his helping hand.

He sought out sinning men and women to do them good—not to point at them the finger of scorn or to hold them up as evil examples to be shunned and avoided, as some of the ancient Romans were said to make their slaves drunk that their sons might see how disgusting drunkenness was.

Even in that brief time, between the departure of his spirit on the cross until his resurrection, he was not idle, but preached, we are told, "to the spirits in prison," and still lives to intercede for us.

For us! for whom? Not the good men and women who meet to worship in the splendid churches, or in the Jewish temple near your Institute, but for the lost and ruined, the *reeling drunkard on your streets*, the unfortunates to whom he still says, "Go and sin no more."

But Jesus Christ in his mission on earth did not confine himself to preaching the truth or inculcating pure morality. When he found pain he relieved it, where he found disease he healed it, where he found sorrow he comforted and consoled.

He was "touched with the feelings of our infirmities;" he had human sympathy for human beings, and all the examples of good men and women, and all the splendid temples around for the worship of God, will do no good to save fellow men and women unless human aid and human sympathy be extended to them.

I read in the Memphis papers of their noble efforts in behalf of the poor children of Memphis, that they too may rejoice on the day of Christ's nativity, and I wish I could help in so praiseworthy a purpose, for this is practical Christianity.

But I wonder *how many of these poor children* there are who, when they have received this bounty, will return to homes *made poor and miserable by drink*—strong drink—the accursed blight which destroys so many strong men, both rich and poor.

I wonder, too, how many homes there are in Memphis and elsewhere, where, though poverty prevails, peace and happiness reigns because since last Christmas *the husband and father has been healed* of that most horrible of all diseases, the desire for strong drink, by the Keely treatment in your institute alone. I know of some; no doubt you know of many more. But oh, how few they are compared to those that still suffer. But not alone in the home of the poor is this disease to be found, but in the abodes of wealth and refinement, and in the humble walks of life, though there it is not so open and plain, because the loving wife and daughters and kind friends unite to shield and excuse until the drunkard's road at last leads to poverty and shame, disgrace and death.

I say then, the noblest charity now in the power of man—whether in the private walks of life, in the pulpit or in the church—is to *save men from drunkenness*, the principal cause of almost all sin and every vice and crime.

But how can this be done? Many of the poorer class of inebriates are inaccessible to all church influence, and many others who maintain their standing and respectability are blind to what every one who knows them sees, that he is a slave to a habit which has become a disease, which slowly but surely is taking them to a drunkard's grave. *And yet there is a remedy at their door as sure to heal as was the touch of Christ upon the leper or the eyes of the blind.*

I speak from the fullest conviction, after not only a serious investigation, but from experience, when I say that the *Keely treatment* for alcoholism—that dread disease which is "drawing so many men in destitution and perdition," and dragging down so many innocent and happy lives with them—*will cure any case* where the mind is not already wrecked.

It is now some four months *since I went to your Institute*, determined to try for myself what the effect of your treatment was. I was not a drunkard, at least neither I nor my friends thought that I was. I was not, at any rate, a sot, but I had drunk for years, with intervals of abstinence, in which the desire for drink always continued, and was never absent. Still I did not neglect my business when I had any, but my business soon began to neglect me, for men began to see, long before I saw it myself, that I drank too much. Then began my fight with drink—a fight in which few men, unaided, succeed. But I determined for myself that I would not yield without a struggle. *How hard I fought* only those know who, like myself, felt friends, fortune, all that life has most dear for man, slipping away, while I was bound with a chain I could not break.

*I did not believe in the Keely treatment*, though the evidences of its cures were accumulating every day around me. But I would have tried it long before but for that fear which to-day deters many good men from taking it—what men might say about it. I did not care to pose before the world as a reformed inebriate—for so your graduates are often considered by many who do not look below the surface. At last I yielded and went to your Institute, where I remained a month; but after the *first three days all desire for drink left me*, and it has never for a moment returned, and I cannot believe it possible it ever will return. It is impossible to conceive the pleasure which I take in life, and the freedom which I feel from the tyrant who had enslaved me.

As you know, when I went to your Institute I was not drinking to excess, or what drinking men call excess, and yet *I was not aware myself of the hold* which alcohol had on me until, for the first time, I realized that I was free from its effects. What I saw and heard the month I was in the Institute and in Memphis of the wonderful success of the Keely treatment would fill a volume, but I must bring this long letter to a close. Before another Christmas rolls around I sincerely hope that many now suffering from Alcoholism will submit to the treatment and help others to do so and that the next Christmas will find them with homes as bright and as happy as mine now is.

Sincerely your friend, F. A. MONTGOMERY.  
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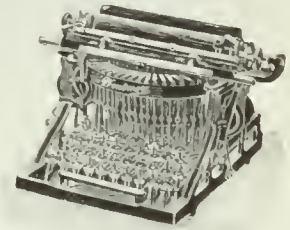
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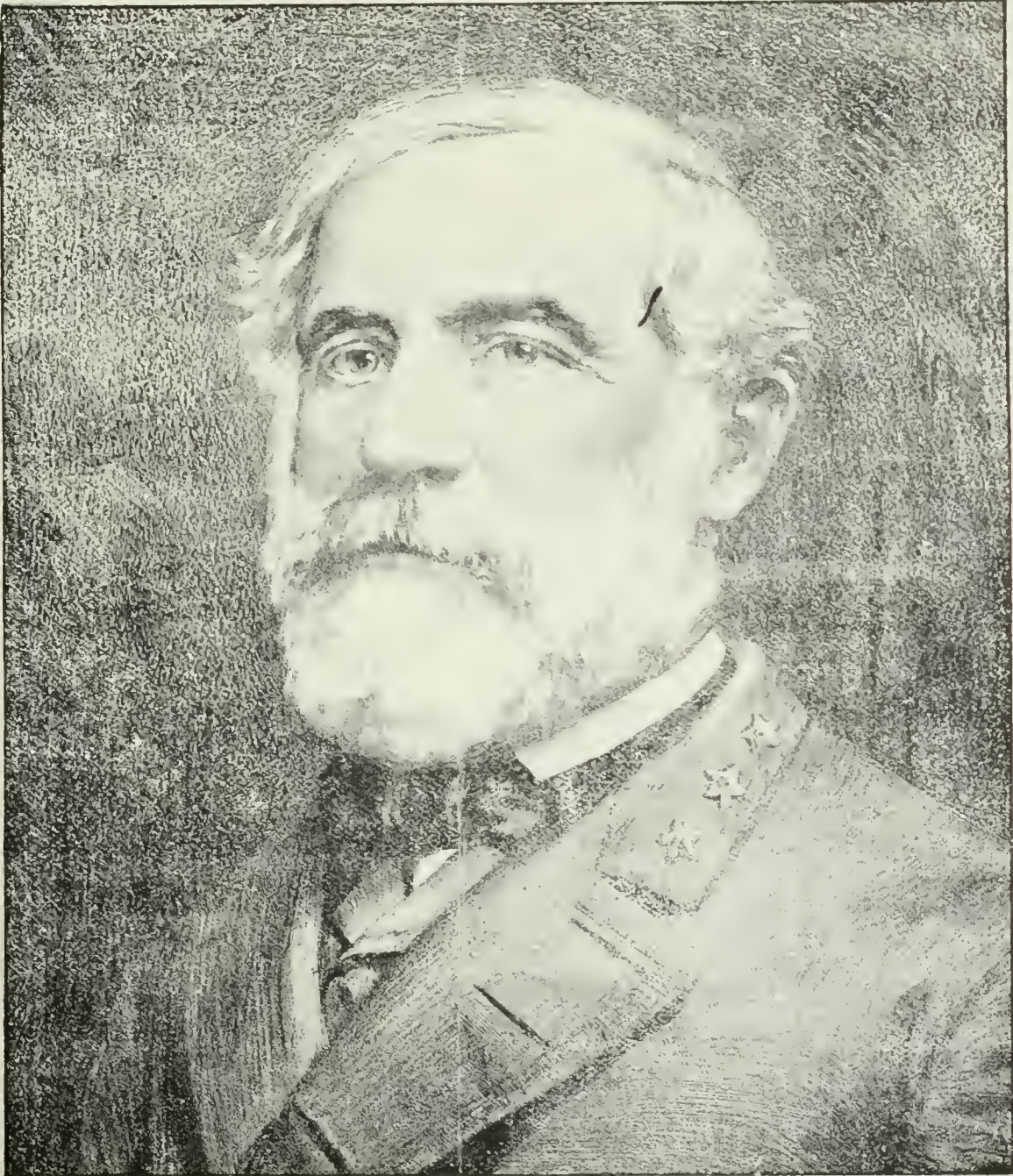
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THERE are about 1,000 copies of the "Flags of a Nation that Fell," which will be supplied to those who subscribe first. These flags and copies of the picture of General Lee, on this VETERAN, or that of Mr. Davis, published in May, will be sent in neat cherry frame and glass for 30 cents. The flags and pictures are free; the charge is for frame and postage.

DISLODGE the sentiment that this publication is only for veterans. It should be more for those who were not in the war, since its contents will make them more patriotic and prouder of their ancestry. The war was not against the system of government to which all give allegiance now.

THIS number of the VETERAN will be sent to many friends and acquaintances in the hope that they will respond. Let each one, on throwing it down, consider that the paper alone cost \$127.40, besides much other expense, thought, and labor. It merits attention.

STRAHL'S Brigade, as reported by B. F. Roberts in his Battle of Franklin, in last VETERAN, was comprised of more commands than reported, the Fourth, Fifth, Thirty-first, Thirty-third, and Thirty-eighth Tennessee Regiments being of the Brigade, in addition to the commands mentioned. These regiments were consolidated and commanded by Col. Stafford.

A DEPLORABLE account is given of the Confederate Cemetery at Alton, Ill. The Benevolent Ex-Confederate Camp, No. 304, have held a meeting, and they will at once look into it. At present cows graze over the graves of the dead soldiers, and the marks are nearly obliterated. The Alton *Telegraph* deserves the thanks of all Confederates and patriots for giving notice of its condition.

THE Reunion of United Confederate Veterans to have occurred in 1893 and postponed, it has been officially announced, will occur Wednesday and Thursday, April 25 and 26, 1894. This may be looked to as the most important event of the year. The attendance will no doubt be very large, and of the most representative class of Confederates that will ever assemble again. Gen. Cabell writes from Texas that he hopes to secure a large attendance from the reunion there to the formal dedication of the handsome monument at Chicago erected to our six thousand heroes who died in prison at Camp Douglas.

THE splendid picture of the Daniel Boone Statue, in November VETERAN, was presented with pride in the gifted daughter of a Kentucky Confederate, who secured one of the three medals given to women by the management of the great Exposition. The dedication of the statue was a most interesting event. When Col. R. T. Durrett, who was selected to unveil it, had given an interesting sketch of the life of Daniel Boone he grasped the ropes and, giving them a vigorous jerk, the American flag which had enfolded the statue parted and fell to its feet. A great shout went up, and there were calls for Miss Yandell, who appeared for a moment on the balcony overlooking her artistic creation.

"She was jauntily attired in a tailor-made suit of blue serge, wearing a white vest, standing collar, four-in-hand tie and black derby hat. Her eyes danced with pride, but she could not be induced to speak. She bowed her acknowledgments and, with Mrs. Potter Palmer, who accompanied her to the building, left the balcony and joined friends below."

Col. W. O. Bradley, the orator of the day, while speaking of eminent men of the State, said:

"From Kentucky came the two chief actors in our last memorable struggle—Lincoln and Davis. The one, imbued with the zealous faith of Peter the hermit, wielded the ax of Richard; the other, endowed with the chivalry of Bayard, wielded the scimitar of Saladin. It is not proper at this time that we should enter into a discussion of the cause or merit of that great conflict. Nature, with vines and flowers, has obliterated every mark that defaced the landscape, the roar of cannon has been succeeded by the sad, sweet notes of the dove, while time has healed every wound, and with fingers kindly deft erased malicious hate from every heart.

## PRICE OF THE VETERAN.

The complication of sentiment and business in the price of the *VETERAN* has caused many sleepless nights. Twenty times as much has been written in favor of increasing as continuing at fifty cents. A review of the situation is now given. As stated heretofore, the publication is almost accidental. Its inspiration was to make a public record of moneys collected and paid over as General Agent of the Davis Monument Fund. The first number was edited from a sick bed. The price was fixed upon an estimate of barely half as much as the actual cost has been. It had no cover, and the paper was inferior to what has ever been used since except once. This first issue contained expressions of sentiment that "touched the heart of the Southern people," and every succeeding number has been regarded better than its predecessors. Its acceptance by all classes and its marvelous growth has caused fear and trembling under its responsibilities. Not fear of ability to make it acceptable, for our people are of one mind, but of the increasing liabilities. Its existence is not for making money further than its maintenance, but that absolute necessity cannot be ignored. This sentimental part is forcibly illustrated in the fact that years ago I published a sixty-page reminiscence of my command, and would not let it be sold at any price. It was distributed free among comrades with whom I had marched and fought and suffered. This same spirit has been so manifested by hundreds in behalf of the *VETERAN* that I would not disregard it for the hand that is used in writing this article. Friends, you who have left your business and worked so diligently to build up the circulation of the *VETERAN*, you especially who have never seen the owner and manager, may be comforted in the fact that you did not make a mistake. Proof has already been furnished in as loyal and true a journal as was ever printed. Never has an issue been prepared without eyes dimmed with tears of gratitude and nervous anxiety to meet the highest expectations. Gladly would I give all the praise for what *we* have accomplished to *you*. Volumes of correspondence have been contributed that await space in the *VETERAN*, and in the shifting, changing order of life may be some of it will never be printed, but every sentence of it is treasured, and it will be reconsidered with anxious concern. To you who have procured subscriptions and sent all the money, or had the little margin applied to the benefit of poor comrades, I give humble thanks. This does not express it. I hold your acts as sacred as when you faced death on the battle-field. You were trained in discipline illustrated by the giving of life for others. You were faithful through a trial that nothing but faith in the immortal could have induced.

Now, looking to the new year in the solemnity of duty and responsibility, I ask your co-operation. I

am reluctant to increase the price, and I don't decide now upon doing it, but give notice that it may be changed to one dollar, beginning with subscriptions mailed after January first. All subscriptions remitted before then will be entered at fifty cents. Here is a feature that makes an increase of price seem almost necessary: The continued growth in circulation, with demand for back numbers, makes it seem imperative to stereotype the forms, and this would require considerable increase of expense. If the price be made one dollar it will be my purpose to publish about one hundred pages of selections from first volume, including the illustrations, and supply every subscriber at one dollar with that volume also. This book would be richly worth a half dollar, and I should expect to have it ready for delivery at the Birmingham reunion next April.

The disappointment so far has been failure to procure advertisements in merited proportion to circulation. Exaggerations are so common by solicitors for advertising that there is discount upon the truth as to circulation. Absolute candor has been the rule with the *VETERAN*, and its friends have not seemed to realize the great benefit that they could be in soliciting advertisements. If every friend who has worked to secure subscriptions would do as much in seeing or writing to advertisers whose goods have true merit, they would be proud of the result. Suppose *you*, if you are a friend of the *VETERAN*, would make five applications to persons who advertise generally, either in calling upon or writing to them? If you will do this and represent the good will that would be maintained by such patronage, and that you get no commission, you will help the *VETERAN* wonderfully. Lawyers and men of other professions could make cards pay them. I would give an inch card a year for \$15. A special offer for quarter page is \$10 one time, and \$100 for a year. Do this, good friend, and let me know it; it is not for publication. Ah, how important it is for the Southern people to co-operate in behalf of such a publication as the *VETERAN*! I had rather be the representative of those who fought the battles of the Confederacy—the women as well as the men—than of any other people on the earth.

Comrades, friends, you who have been *privates* in patronage, while you are indebted to the *Generals* in the *VETERAN* cause, wont you buckle on your armor to capture some subscribers, and do it before the new year? Think of the result if every one of the seven thousand subscribers would do this! Plans would at once be adopted for making it the finest, cleanest, boldest, and best publication in existence. A benefit that can hardly be estimated would come of securing notices in your local papers. This is suggestive. Judge D. C. Thomas, of Lampasas, Texas, publishes a card in his home paper, December 1st, saying:

All persons wishing to subscribe for or renew their

subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, can do so by handing fifty cents to W. H. Webber, postmaster, or myself.

Get your paper to make a similar notice, and commend the VETERAN. J. L. Schaub, of LaGrange, Ga., does the same thoughtful and useful thing.

If friends could realize how much they could accomplish by soliciting the patronage of advertisers, they would be diligent to do it. Inform them that patrons of the VETERAN not only read it all, but they take it as an evidence of friendship on seeing their patronage. One of the most prominent advertising agencies in New York replied to my letter:

Though we have every respect and confidence in your publication as it has been presented to us, we beg leave to state that it will not be possible for us to do any business with you now, or, so far as we know of, in the near future, or to make any special arrangements with you for sending you business. Your paper comes very well recommended indeed. We will file your rates and shall hope to be able another year to do something for you.

THE Constitution and By-laws of United American Veterans, of which Camp one is located at Eagle Pass, Texas, is worthy of commendation. The VETERAN volunteers, without interposition, this note: The United Confederate organization has very important work in hand, and as before stated, the VETERAN considers it would complicate matters injuriously to form this broader brotherhood at present, but it prophesies that the time will come when such an organization will do patriotic service.

It is impracticable to publish all that has been written in refutation of an article in the VETERAN by Mr. Yarbrough on "Memorable Events of the War." Occasionally notes are made wherein some interesting historic event is brought out. It has already been explained that his article failed of revision because of the editor's illness. One thing is stated in behalf of the author of those notes: He is in ill health, and procured the data from an unreliable source, but he is *loyal to the cause espoused by the VETERAN.*

STATES prominent in membership of the Grand Army of the Republic publish rosters, just as do the United Confederate Veterans, for the entire brotherhood. The State plan is a good one.

Review of the last report of Trustees for the Soldiers' Home in Massachusetts has been deferred. There is much in it interesting. It illustrates how charity may be extended to the survivors of a successful army quite in contrast to our methods at the South. And yet we are doing splendidly by maimed Confederates.

The Confederate Soldiers' Home at Pikesville, Maryland, may be the pride of the United States. An account of it is promised for the January VETERAN. It will be a surprise and a pride to many Southerners.

CAMP STEWART, of Piedmont, Ala., was named to commemorate the soldierly virtues of John Thomas, Samuel Davis, and Newton Stewart, brothers, and their nephew, Alexander Oliver Stewart, the first two of whom died on the field of honor with their faces to the foe, and "have since been joined by the other two in the shade on the other side of the river." At the organization of this Camp there were 18 members.

IN connection with the sketch of Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, in November VETERAN, it is worthy of note that a bitter controversy between him and Gen. Winfield Scott grew out of Pillow's way of throwing dirt for breastworks. His plan was that adopted by both armies during the Confederate war, making the ditch outside of the works instead of throwing the dirt to the front and having the men stand in the ditch.

IT was not from indifference that notice was not given of the theft at Chicago of the Confederate flag from an engine that figures in the history of the Johnston-Sherman campaign between Dalton and Lovejoy, below Atlanta. The "Major" Brown who even boasted of his theft did not merit the notoriety that was given him. Such vandalism is deprecated by the true Union as much as Confederate element.

INTRODUCTORY to an article by Dr. S. H. Stout, Medical Director of the Army of Tennessee, upon Medical Service in the Confederate States Army, he states:

Tennessee did *not* secede from the Union. When President Lincoln, after the fall of Fort Sumter, called upon her Governor for 75,000 troops, the conditional Union men throughout the middle and western sections of the State, who denied the right of peaceable secession, agreed to the declaration of a revolution with the view of forming an alliance with the Confederate States. After an overwhelming majority of the people voted, in the midsummer of 1861, for "separation" (mark you, not "secession"), an alliance was formed with the government of which Jefferson Davis was President. Tennessee in this way became one of the Confederate States, and her provisional army was turned over to the Richmond Government.

TWO ERRORS have been reported in the article about Col. Rhett and Fort Sumter in November VETERAN. The distance of the Gilmore battery was four thousand instead of four hundred yards, and the statement that there were no earthworks within the walls is corrected with the statement that there had been a good deal of work done in strengthening the walls of the fort by packing cotton bales and masses of sand against the interior of the walls. The author of the article wishes this correction "in justice to Mr. Johnson," the historian, who was the engineer at Fort Sumter. The error of statement occurred in failure to discriminate between the earthworks protecting walls and the work of making the bomb-proofs. Col. Rhett's brother gives an interesting sketch in this VETERAN.

## A BRIEF SKETCH OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

BY T. WM. JONES.

In complying with the request of the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to furnish a short sketch of our grand old chieftain, R. E. Lee, the difficulty is not want of ample material, but to compress within the required space even a small part of the things which crowd mind, memory and heart whenever we think of

"The knightliest of the knightly race,  
Who since the days of old,  
Have kept the fires of chivalry,  
Aglow in hearts of gold."

The son of "Light Horse Harry Lee" of the Revolution, and descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors who played conspicuous parts in English History, a careful Genealogist has traced his ancestry back to King Robert the Bruce.

But ROBERT EDWARD LEE needs no royal lineage to fix his place in history, or account for his stainless character and noble deeds, for he was himself a born leader, a very King of Men, and derives no lustre from even royal ancestry.

So bright, cheerful and manly as a boy he met so fully his obligations at school and home that his widowed mother exclaimed, when he was leaving for the Military Academy at West Point, "How can I do without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me."

He passed through the academy and graduated second in a brilliant class without ever receiving a single demerit. Of the bright galaxy of American officers in the Mexican war, no other won greater fame, or performed more distinguished service. He was covered with "brevets" for "gallant and meritorious service," and General Scott did not hesitate to speak of him as "the very best soldier I ever saw in the field."

In 1852 he became Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, and introduced a number of changes, and reforms which abundantly showed his capacity as Superintendent of the Academy, and manager of young men.

In 1855 the famous "Second Cavalry" Regiment was formed, and Hon. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War appointed to it that splendid corps of officers among whom were Albert Sidney Johnston, Colonel; Robert Edward Lee, Lieutenant Colonel; Geo. H. Thomas, and Wm. J. Hardee, Majors; Earl Van Dorn, John B. Hood, E. Kirby-Smith, Stoneman, and others, Captains; and Fitz. Lee, and others, Lieutenants.

Happening at home on furlough he was sent to Harper's Ferry to command the Marines who captured John Brown who was then "firing the first gun" of the great war that was to follow.

In March 1861 he came from his regiment on the frontier of Texas, in obedience to orders summoning him to Washington, and was made full Colonel of Cavalry. General Scott and other friends used all of their influence to induce him to "stand by the old flag," and he was offered the supreme command of the Federal army in the field. But although not a secessionist, and ardently attached to the Union, and the old flag and saying emphatically, "If the millions of slaves in the South were mine I would free them with a stroke of the pen to avert this war," he promptly replied to Mr. Lincoln's messenger, the elder Blair, "I cannot bear arms against my state, my home, my children." He went at once to General Scott, told

him his decision, resisted all of his entreaties, and the next day wrote his famous letter of resignation.

He was made Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces by the "Virginia Convention," and afterward full General in the Confederate Army, Gen. Sidney Johnston and Cooper ranking him. His services in organizing the new levees (in the West Virginia campaign, where the failure was due to causes beyond his control), and in preparing the seacoast fortifications of South Carolina and Georgia for the magnificent defense they afterward made, were all invaluable, but may not be detailed here.

When Gen. J. E. Johnston was wounded at Seven Pines the last of May, 1862, and Gen. Lee put in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, the situation was perilous in the extreme. McClellan, with 105,000 men, was strongly fortified within sight of the spires of Richmond, with 10,000 more men at Fortress Monroe, and McDowell's column of 40,000 which was to have moved down from Fredericksburg, only detained by the brilliant "valley campaign" of Stonewall Jackson. Lee's plans were soon formed and brilliantly executed. Sending Stuart on his famous "ride around McClellan," he secured the information he wanted as to the enemy's position, ordered Jackson to join him, concentrated other troops which swelled his numbers to 78,000 (the largest army he ever commanded) and then, by a series of splendid maneuvers and brilliant victories, forced McClellan to cower under the cover of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing, defeated John Pope on the plains of Manassas, drove his army into the fortifications at Washington, and sent him to fight Indians in the West, and persecute gallant Fitz John Porter at Washington. Then followed the advance into Maryland, the capture of Harper's Ferry, the battle of Sharpsburg, where Lee, with 33,000 men, defeated every effort of McClellan's 87,000 to drive him from the field; and the battle of first Fredericksburg, where those plains were made forever historic as "Burnside's slaughter pen."

In May, 1863, Lee, with 52,000 men, won over Hooker's 132,000 the splendid victory of Chancellorsville, attacking Hooker in his entrenchments and driving him pell-mell across the river. Then followed the Pennsylvania campaign, in which Lee captured Mifflin's garrison, artillery, wagons, and immense supplies at Winchester, and with 62,000 men fought Meade's 105,000 at Gettysburg, where he won a decided victory on the first day, gained important advantages on the second day, and was defeated on the third day, only because (as he always believed and said to his intimate friends) of the failure of Longstreet to carry out his orders.

In the campaign of 1864 Gen. Grant had more than 275,000 men in four converging columns (in South-western Virginia, the Valley, Culpeper, and up the James), which set out simultaneously to capture Richmond, and the world never saw armies more splendidly equipped. To oppose this mighty host Gen. Lee could muster, all told, during the campaign, scarce 75,000 men, destitute of every thing save the heroic courage and patient endurance of as true soldiers as history records. The result of the summer campaign was that after losing more men than Lee had Grant sat down to the siege of Petersburg—a position which he might have taken at first without firing a shot or losing a man—while Lee made his lines impregnable to a direct assault, and sent Early's Corps to defeat Hunter

and threaten Washington. He had outgeneraled Grant at every point and defeated him in every battle. Then followed the siege of Petersburg and that slow process of "attrition" by which Lee's army was reduced to 33,000 half-starved men to hold over forty miles of breastworks, and the thin lines were stretched until they broke, the retreat to Appomattox begun, and 7,800 ragged, starved heroes stacked their bright muskets, parked their blackened guns (nearly every piece wrested from the enemy in battle—two of them that very morning), and yielded to the "overwhelming numbers and resources" which surrounded them.

But grand as he was in war, Lee was even grander in peace. Refusing every offer of pecuniary assistance, he only sought a place for honest work, and accepted the Presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Va., where, as he expressed it, he "could teach young men to do their duty in life." He was only spared to fill this position five years, but even that brief time (I do not hesitate to declare from personal observation and careful study) he proved himself the greatest college President this country ever produced. It was my privilege to follow his standard during the war, and to see something of him during those stirring days, but my prouder privilege to know him intimately during the five years of his life in Lexington, and to have had free access to his private letters and papers. I speak, then, from careful personal observation and full study of his character and career, when I unhesitatingly pronounce him not only the greatest soldier but the noblest gentleman, the truest patriot, the purest man that ever figured in American history. And far above all this, he was one of the humblest, sincerest, most consecrated Christians whom I ever met. Taking Christ as his personal Savior, and fully trusting in him alone for salvation, he was a constant reader and student of God's word, a man of prayer, an earnest and efficient worker for the salvation of others, "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile," who lived and died in the service of the Great Captain, and now wears his glittering crown.

That crown with fadeless glories bright,  
Which shall new luster boast  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust.

University of Virginia, Nov. 28, 1893.

Senator Ben Hill is credited with this tribute:

He possessed every virtue of the other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles!

J. J. Callan, of the "Old South," Coleman, Texas, sends twenty-seven subscriptions. He adds: I am anxious to put Coleman at the head of the list in Texas. He concludes with earnest appeal for "duty to the dear CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

#### THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—SHARPSBURG.

Gen. H. Heth, of the "Antietam Board," War Department, sends a superb map of the battle ground with this letter:

Washington, D. C., Nov. 29, 1893.—Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.—Sir: Inclosed please find map No. 1, first of a series, illustrating the battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, fought September 17, 1862. Working under an act of Congress we (the Board) are engaged in marking the lines of battle of the Union and Confederate Armies engaged in that great battle, the bloodiest of the war. It was a breast to breast fight, no breastworks were used except the natural breastworks that the field afforded. More men were placed hors de combat on that day than on any other one day of the war. At Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, and Spottsylvania the fighting covered three days, or more; at the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Shiloh, Stones River, Chickamauga and Atlanta the losses were divided between two days, but the bloody work at Antietam, or Sharpsburg, commenced at daybreak and ended about 4 o'clock the same day. Gen. Lee, in his report of this battle, says, page 151, Vol. XIX., War Records, "This great battle was fought by less than 40,000 men on our side." Gen. Lee displayed in this battle what a consummate master he was of grand tactics, absolutely necessary on this day, as he was outnumbered more than two to one.

The Tennessee infantry regiments engaged in the battle of Sharpsburg were the First Tennessee (Provisional Army), Seventh and Fourteenth, Jackson's Corps, Hill's (A. P.) Division, Archer's Brigade.

Mrs. H. G. Hollenberg, of Little Rock, wrote from Chicago: "It may interest you to know that I am doing excellent work in extending the membership of the Ladies' Hermitage Association here, among the patriotic men and women assembled from every State in this great Union, which our dear old hero said 'Must and shall be preserved.' Louisiana worthily leads in numbers of World's Fair acquisitions to our list of members. I placed the famous sword, known as the 'Battle of New Orleans Sword,' in the custody of Colonel Richardson, of the gallant Washington Artillery, on the day of the dedication of the State building, when the flower of Louisiana soldiery was drawn up in brilliant array before their beautiful State building, and it has remained in the custody of Louisiana up to this time, awakening interest and enthusiasm in the work of the Ladies' Hermitage Association, viz.: preservation of the home and perpetuating the memory of Andrew Jackson."

Orangeburg, S. C., Sept. 21.: "A beautiful monument about thirty-five feet high was unveiled here recently. The typical Confederate at the top in bronze stands at "rest on arms" facing Russell Street. The pose was taken from Capt. J. D. Palmer, of Hampton Legion, who stood for the statue. Capt. Palmer was shot entirely through, but is still in fair health, and proud of his record. Capt. John A. Hamilton, with his wife, organized the first monument association about five years ago. The county united under the various associations of ladies and raised over \$6,000. A suitable public demonstration was had at the unveiling. A full account of the ceremony was sent the VETERAN."

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

ALABAMA.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	No.	OFFICERS.
Abner P O	Capt W A Hendley	351	M V Mullins, H A Brown
Albertville	Camp Miller	385	W H McCord, Asa Ray
Alexandria	Alexandria	385	C Martin, E T Clark
Alexander City	Lee	401	R M Thomas, A S Smith
Andalusia	Harper	256	Jno. F. Thomas, J. M. Robinson, Sr.
Anniston	Pelham	258	John M. McKleroy, W. H. Williams
Ashland	Henry D. Clayton	327	A S Stockdale, D L Campbell
Ashville	St. Clair	308	John W. Inger, Jas. D. Truss
Athens	Thos L. Hobbs	400	E C Gordon
Auburn	Auburn	296	O. D. Smith, James H. Lane
Bessemer	Bessemer	157	W. R. Jones, N. B. Sewall
Birmingham	W. J. Hardee	389	J. F. Johnston, P. K. McMiller
Bridgeport	Jo Wheeler	260	I. H. Johnson, R. A. Jones
Camden	Franklin K. Heck	224	R. Gallard, J. F. Foster
Carrollton	Camp Pickens	323	M. L. Stansel, B. P. Church
Carthage	Woodruff	439	Jno S Powers, J. A. Elliott
Dadeville	Crawf'g Kimbal	343	W C McIntosh, Wm. L. Rowe
Edwardsville	Camp Wigginton	359	W P Howell, T J Burton
Eta	Sanders	64	Geo. H. Cole, F. H. Mundy
Evergreen	Capt Wm Lee	338	P D Bowles
Florence	E. A. O'Neal	238	A. M. O'Neal, J. M. Crow
Fort Payne	W. N. Estes	203	J. N. Davidson, A. P. McCartney
Gadsden	Emma Senson	275	Jas. Alken, Jos. R. Hughes
Gaylesville	John Pelham	411	B F Wood, G W R Bell
Greensboro	Allen C. Jones	266	A. M. Avery, E. T. Pasteur
Greenville	Saml L Adams	349	Ed Crenshaw, F E Dey
Guntersville	Mont. Gilbreath	333	R T Coles, J L Burke
Hamilton	Marion County	346	A J Hamilton, J F Hamilton
Jacksonville	Col. Jas. B. Martin	292	J. H. Caldwell, L. W. Grant
Hartselle	Friendship	383	Matt K Mahan, T J Simpson
Huntsville	Egbert J Jones	357	Geo. P. Turner, W M Erskine
LaFayette	A. A. Greene	310	J. J. Robinson, Geo. H. Black
Lafayette	Camp Sumter	332	R Chapman
Low Peachtree	R H G Gaines	370	B D Portis, N. J. McConnell
Lwadesboro	T J Bullock	331	J L Illinson, C D Whitman
Marion	I W Garrett	277	J Cal Moore, Thomas Hudson
Madison Sta.	A A Russells	408	W T Garner, Robt E Wiggins
Mobile	Raphael Semmes	11	Thos T Roche, Wm E Mickle
Monroeville	George W Foster	407	W W McMillan, D L Neville
Montgomery	Louax	151	Wm B Jones, J. H. Higgins
Opelika	Lee County	261	R. M. Greene, J. Q. Burton
Oxford	Camp Lee	329	Thos H Barry, John T Pearce
Ozark	Ozark	380	W R Painter, J L Williams
Piedmont	Camp Stuart	378	J N Hood, L Ferguson
Pearce's Mill	Robert E Lee	372	Jim Pearce, F M Clark
Roanoke	Alken-Smith	293	W. A. Handley, B. M. McConghny
Robinson Spr	Tom McKeithen	308	J E Jones, W D Whetstone
Rockford	Henry W. Cox	276	F L Smith, W T Johnson
Seale	James F. Waddell	248	R. H. Bellamy, P. A. Greene
Selma	Catsby R Jones	317	Thos P Whitby, Edw P Galt
Springville	Springville	223	A. W. Woodall, W. J. Spruill
Stroud	Camp J M Kieroy	356	A J Thompson, J. S. Strickland
St. Stephens	John James	350	A T Hooks, J M Pelham
Talladega	Charles M. Shelley	246	W J Rhodes, J T Dye
Thomasville	Leander McFarland	373	Jas N Callahan, Geo B Hall
Tusculum	James Desher	313	A. H. Keller, I. P. Guy
Tuskaloosa	Camp Rodes	262	A C Hargrove, A P Prince
Troy	Camp Ruffin	320	W. B. Henderson, L. H. Bowles
Verbena	Camp Graete	291	K. Wells, J. A. Mitchell
Vernon	Camp O'Neal	358	J P Young, T M Woods
Wetumpka	Elmore County	255	J. F. Maul, Hal T. Walker
Wedowee	Randolph	316	C. C. Enloe, R. S. Pate
ARKANSAS.			
Alma	Cabell	292	James E. Smith, J. T. Jones
Benton	David O. Dodd	325	S B Whitthorne, C E Shoemaker
Bentonville	Camp Cabell	89	N. S. Henry, A. J. Bates
Booneville	Camp Evans	355	G W Evans, D B Castleberry
Cestre Point	Haller	192	J. M. Somervell, J. C. Ansley
Charleston	Pat Cleburne	191	A S Cabell
Conway	Jeff Davis	213	A. P. Witt, W. D. Cole
Fayetteville	W. H. Brooks	216	T. M. Gunter, I. M. Patrigne
Fort Smith	Ben T. Duval	146	M M Gorman, Col R M Fry
Greenway	Greenway	375	J R Hodge
Greenwood	Ben McCulloch	191	Dudley Milum, M Stroup
Hope	Gratiot	263	N. W. Stewart, John F. Sanor
Hot Springs	Albert Pike	340	Gen Jno M Harrell, A Carl
Huntington	Stonewall	199	L B Lake, A H Gordon
Little Rock	Omer R Weaver	354	Wm P Campbell, J H Paschal
Morrilton	Robert W Harper	267	W. S. Hanna, R. W. Harrison
Nashville	Joe Neal	208	W K Cowling, E G Hale
Newport	Tom Hendman	318	T. T. Ward
Paris	Ben McCulloch	388	J O Sadler, Wm Snoddy
Prairie Grove	Prairie Grove	381	Wm Mitchell
Van Buren	John Wallace	209	John Allen, J E Clegg
Waldron	Sterling Price	144	L P Fuller, A M Fuller
FLORIDA.			
Bartow	Franelis S Bartow	284	W H Reynolds, J A Armlstead
Brookville	W. W. Loring	13	J. C. Davant, F. L. Robertson
Chipley	McMillan	217	S M Robinson, G W Cook
Dade City	Pasco C. V. Ass'n	57	Jas E Lee, A H Ravesses
Defunlak Sp'gs	E. Kirby-Smith	282	J. T. Stubbs, D. G. McLeod
Fernandina	Nassau	104	W. N. Thompson, T. A. Hall
Inverness	Geo. T. Ward	148	W. C. Zimmerman, W. S. Turner
Jacksonville	R. E. Lee	58	G T Maxwell, W W Tucker
Jacksonville	Jeff Davis	230	C. E. Merrill, C. J. Colcock
Jasper	Stewart	155	H. J. Stewart, J. E. Hanna

FLORIDA—Continued.			
POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	No.	OFFICERS.
Juno	Patton Anderson	244	J F Highsmith
Lake City	Columbia County	150	W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives
Marlanna	Milton Anderson	182	W D Barnes, F Phillips
Monticello	Patton Anderson	59	W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge
Ocala	Marlon C. C. V. A.	56	Saml F Marshall, Wm Fox
Orlando	Orange Co.	54	W G Johnson, B M Robinson
Palmetto	Geo. T. Ward	53	J. C. Polot, J. W. Nettles
Pensacola	Ward C. V. Ass'n	10	C V Thompson, R J Jordan
Quincy	D. L. Kenan	40	R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan
St. Augustine	E. Kirby Smith	175	J W Spittler, W J Jarvis
Sanford	Gen. Jos. Finnegan	149	A. M. Thrasher, C. H. Leifer
St. Petersburg	Camp Colquitt	393	W. C. Dodd, D. L. Southwick
Tallahassee	Lamar	161	David Long, R A Whitfield
Tampa	Hillsboro	36	F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane
Titusville	Indian River	47	A A Stewart, A D Cohen
Umatilla	Lake Co. C. V. A.	279	E. A. Wilson, T. H. Blake
GEORGIA.			
Atlanta	Fulton County	159	J Clement A Evans, J F Edwards
Cedartown	Polk Co. Con. Vets.	403	J M Arrington, J S Stubbs
Covington	Jefferson Lamar	395	J W Anderson, G D Heard
Dalton	Joseph E Johnston	31	A. P. Roberts, J. A. Blanton
Dawson	Terrell Co. Con. Vet.	401	J W F Lowrey, Wm Katgler
Dekey	Calhoun Co. Con. Vet.	406	J E Boyd, A J Munroe
LaGrange	Troup Co. Con. Vets.	405	J L Schaub, E T Winn
Ringgold	Ringgold	206	W J Whitsitt, R B Trimmer
Rome	Floyd C. C. V. A.	368	J G Yeiser, J T Moore
Spring Place	Jno. B. Gordon	50	R. E. Wilson, W. H. Ramsey
Talbotton	L B Smith	402	B Curley, W H Philpot
Washington	John T Wingfield	391	C E Irvin, Henry Cordes
Waynesboro	Gordon	369	Thos B Cox, S R Fulcher
ILLINOIS.			
Chicago	Ex-Con. Ass'n	8	J W White, R Lee France
Jerseyville	Benev. Ex-Confed.	304	Jos. S. Carr, Morris R. Locke
INDIAN TERRITORY.			
Ardmore	Jno H Morgan	107	Joo L Gaut, R Seales
McAlester	Jeff Lee	68	N. P. Guy, R. B. Coleman
KENTUCKY.			
Augusta	John B. Hood	233	Jno. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson
Bardstown	Thomas H. Hunt	253	Thos. H. Ellis, Jos. F. Briggs
Benton	Alfred Johnston	376	J P Brien, W J Wilson
Bethel	Pat. R. Cleburne	252	J. Arrasmith, A. W. Bascom
Bowling Green	Bowling Green	143	W. F. Perry, Jas. A. Mitchell
Carlisle	Peter Bramblett	314	Thos Owen, H M Taylor
Cynthiana	Ben Desha	99	D. M. Snyder, J. W. Boyd
Danville	J. Warren Grigsby	214	E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman
Emmence	E. Kirby Smith	251	W. L. Crabbe, J. S. Turner
Flemingsburg	Albert S. Johnston	232	Wm Stanley, Jno W Hedlin
Frankfort	Thomas B Monroe	188	A W Macklin, Joel E Scott
Georgetown	Geo. W. Johnson	98	A. H. Slack, J. Webb
Harrodsburg	William Preston	96	Bush W. Allen, John Kane
Hopkinsville	Ned Merriwether	211	Nat Gaither, J G Branham
Lawrenceburg	Ben Hardin Helm	101	P. H. Thomas, J. P. Vaughn
Lexington	J. C. Brecklridge	100	John Boyd, G. C. Snyder
Mt. Sterling	Roy S. Cluke	201	Thos. Johnson, W. T. Havens
Nicholasville	Humphry Marshall	187	Geo. B. Taylor, E. T. Lillard
Paducah	A P Thompson	174	W H Brian, J. M. Brown
Paris	John H. Morgan	95	A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Galnes
Richmond	Thomas B. Collins	215	Jas. Tevis, N. B. Deatherage
Russellville	John W. Caldwell	139	J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty
Shelbyville	John H. Waller	237	W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen
Winchester	Roger W. Hanson	186	B. F. Curtis, J. L. Wheeler
Versailles	Abe Buford	97	J. C. Bailey, R. V. Bishop
LOUISIANA.			
Alexandria	Jeff Davis	6	G. O. Watts, W. W. Whittington
Amite City	Amite City	7	A. P. Richards, G. W. Bankston
Arenia	Arenia	229	James Bree, John A. Oden
Baton Rouge	Baton Rouge	17	J. McGrath, F. W. Heroman
Benton	Lowden Butler	409	S M Thomas, B R Nash
Berwick	Winchester Hall	178	T J Royster, F O Brien
Compte	Cap Perot	397	Leopold Perot, T H Hamilton
Donaldsonville	Mag. V. Maurin	38	S. A. Poche, P. Garrel
Evergreen	R. L. Gibson	33	Wm. M. Ewell, I. C. Johnson
Farmerville	C. V. A. of Union Par.	379	J K Ramsey, D Arent
Franklin	Florlan Comay	345	R W Collins, Thos J Shaffer
Gonzales P. O.	Fred N. Ogden	247	Jos. Gonzales Sr, H T Brown
Jackson	Febelana	264	Zach Len, R. H. McClelland
Lake Charles	Calcasieu C. Vet.	62	W. A. Knapp, W. L. Buteghins
L Providence	Lake Providence	193	J C Bass, F. P. McAndrews
Manderville	Gen Geo. Moorman	270	Jos. L. Dicks, R. O. Pizzetta
Mansfield	Mouton	41	C. Schuler, T. G. Pogos
Merrick	Isahah Norwood	110	D. T. Merrick, J. J. Taylor
Monroe	Henry W. Allen	182	W. H. Roberts, H. Moise
Natchitoches	Natchitoches	40	J A Frudhomme, W D Harkins
New Orleans	Army of N. Va.	1	W. K. Lyman, T. B. O'Brien
New Orleans	Army of Tenn.	2	Gen J B Vinet, Nicholas any
New Orleans	Vet. Con. States Cav.	9	Wm. J. Laughlin, E. R. Wells
New Orleans	Wash. Artillery	15	B F Eschman, L. A. Adams
New Orleans	Henry St. Paul	16	J. Demourille, A B Booth
Oakley	John Peck	183	W. S. Peck, J. W. Powell
Opelousas	R. E. Lee	18	D. L. Prescott, B. Bloomfield
Plaquemine	Iberville	18	C. H. Dickinson, J. L. Dardeone
Rayville	Richland	152	J. S. Summerlin, O. T. Smith
Ruston	Ruston	7	A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond
Shreveport	Gen LeRoy Stafford	3	W Kinney, W H Tunard
Tangipahoa	Camp Mooze	60	O. P. Amacker, G. R. Taylor
Thibodaux	Braxton Bragg	196	S. T. Grisamore, H. N. Coulon
MISSISSIPPI.			
Booneville	W. H. H. Tison	179	D. T. Beall, J. W. Smith
Brandon	Rankin	265	Patrick Henry, R. S. Maxey
Brookhaven	Sylvester Gwin	235	J. A. Hoskins, J. B. Daughtry
Canton	E. Giles Henry	312	E. C. Postell, J. M. Mills

MISSISSIPPI—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Columbus.....	Isbam Harrison.....	27.....	C L Lincoln, W A Campbell
Crystal Sp'gs.....	Ben Humphreys.....	19.....	C. Humphries, J. M. Haley
Edwards.....	W. A. Montgomery.....	26.....	W. A. Montgomery, T. H. W. Barrett
Fayette.....	J. J. Whitney.....	22.....	W L Stephen, T B Hammett
Greenwood.....	Hugh A. Reynolds.....	218.....	R W Williamson, W A Gillespie
Greenville.....	W. A. Percy.....	238.....	Gen. S. W. Ferguson, W. Yarger
Grenada.....	W. R. Barksdale.....	189.....	J W Young, Julius Ash.
Harpersville.....	Patrons Union.....	272.....	M W Stamper, CA Huddleston
Hattiesburg.....	Hattiesburg.....	21.....	G. D. Hartfield, E. H. Harris
Hernando.....	De Soto.....	220.....	Sam Powell, C. H. Robertson
Hickory Flat.....	Hickory Flat.....	219.....	W. A. Crum, J. J. Hicks
Holly Springs.....	Kit Mott.....	23.....	J. P. Fant, S. H. Pryor
Jackson.....	Robt A Smith.....	24.....	Gen J A Smith, G S Green
Lake.....	Patrons Union.....	272.....	M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston
Lexington.....	Walter L Kerin.....	398.....	H J Reid, F A Howell
Liberty.....	Amite County.....	226.....	P R Brewer, Geo A deGehee
Louisville.....	John M Bradley.....	352.....	M A Mitts, Jno B Gage
Maben.....	Stephen D Lee.....	271.....	O. B. Cooke, J. L. Sherman
Macon.....	James Longstreet.....	180.....	H. W. Foote, J. L. Griggs
Magnolia.....	Stockdale.....	324.....	R H Felder, S A Matthews
Meridian.....	Waltheal.....	25.....	W. F. Brown, B. V. White
Miss. City.....	Beauvoir.....	120.....	Gen. J. R. Davis, E. S. Hewes
Natchez.....	Natchez.....	20.....	F. J. V. Let and, E. L. Hopkins
New Albany.....	Gen M P Lowry.....	342.....	C S Robertson, M F Rogers
Port Gibson.....	Claborn.....	167.....	A. K. Jones, W. W. Moore
Rolling Fork.....	Pat R Cleburne.....	190.....	J C Hall, Jno S Joor
Rosedale.....	Montgomery.....	52.....	F A Montgomery, C C Farrar
Sardis.....	Jno R Dickens.....	51.....	R H Taylor, J B Boothe
Senatobia.....	Bill Feeney.....	353.....	G D Shands, T P Hill
Tupelo.....	John M Stone.....	131.....	Gen J M Stone, P M Savary
Vaiden.....	Frank Liddell.....	221.....	S. C. Baines, W. J. Booth
Vicksburg.....	Vicksburg.....	32.....	D A Campbell, J D Laughlin
Winona.....	M. Farrell.....	311.....	L. R. Blford, C. H. Campbell
Woodville.....	Woodville.....	49.....	J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett
Yazoo City.....	Yazoo.....	176.....	S D Robertson, C J DuBuisson

MISSOURI.

Kansas City.....	Kansas City.....	80.....	Jos W Mercer, Geo B Spratt
Bryson City.....	Andrew Coleman.....	301.....	E. Everett, B. H. Cathey
Charlotte.....	Mecklenburg.....	382.....	J Roessler
Clinton.....	Sampon.....	187.....	R H Holliday, Jno A Beaman
Concord.....	Cabarrus Co. C.V.A.....	212.....	J. F. Willeford, C. McDonald
Hickory.....	Catawba.....	162.....	J. G. Hall, L. R. Whitener
Littleton.....	Junius Daniel.....	326.....	John P. Leech
Plattsboro.....	Leonidas J Merritt.....	387.....	W L London, H A London
Salisbury.....	Charles F. Fisher.....	309.....	J. F. Ramsay, J C Bernhardt
Salisbury.....	Col Chas F Fisher.....	319.....	Col J R Crawford, C R Barker
Statesville.....	Col R Campbell.....	394.....	P C Carlton.....
Wilmington.....	Cape Fear.....	254.....	W. L. Delrosset, Wm. Blanks

OKLAHOMA.

El Reno.....	El Reno.....	348.....	
Guthrie.....	Camp Jamison.....	347.....	
Norman.....	Gen. H. B. Gordon.....	200.....	T. J. Johnson, W. C. Renfro
Oklahoma City.....	D H Hammons.....	177.....	J W Johnson, J O Casler
Alken.....	Barnard E. Bee.....	84.....	B. H. Teague, J. N. Wigfall
Anderson.....	Camp Benson.....	337.....	M P Tribbe, J N Vandiver
Beaufort.....	Beaufort.....	366.....	Thos S White.....
Charleston.....	Camp Sumter.....	250.....	Rev. J. Johnson, J. W. Ward
Charleston.....	Palmetto Guard.....	315.....	Geo L Buist, A Baroo Holmes
Cheraw.....	J B Kershaw.....	413.....	Theo T Matloy, S G Godfrey
Columbia.....	Hampton.....	389.....	A P Brown, J R Flaupnickin
Easley.....	Jasper Hawthorn.....	285.....	R. E. Bowen, J. H. Bowen
Edgefield C H.....	Abner Perrin.....	369.....	J H Brooks, Thos W Carville
Florence.....	Pee Dee.....	380.....	E W Lloyd, Wm Quick
Glymphville.....	Glymphville.....	399.....	L P Miller.....
Greenville.....	R. C. Pulliam.....	297.....	J. W. Norwood, P. T. Hayne
Mt Pleasant.....	Thos M Wagner.....	410.....	S Porcher, Jas R Tomlinson
Newberry.....	James D Nance.....	336.....	J W Gary, C F Boyd
Pleken.....	Wolf Creek.....	412.....	Jas A Griffin, H B Hendricks
Rock Hill.....	Catawba.....	278.....	Cadr Jones, W B Dunlap
Spartanburg.....	Camp Walker.....	335.....	Jos Walker, A B Woodruff
Summerville.....	Gen Jas Connor.....	374.....	J D Graham, P P Gaillard
Sumter.....	Dick Anderson.....	334.....	J D Graham, P P Gaillard
St. Georges.....	Stephen Elliott.....	51.....	R W Minus, J Otey Reed

TENNESSEE.

Chattanooga.....	N. B. Forrest.....	4.....	L. T. Dickinson.....
Clarksville.....	Forbes.....	77.....	T. H. Smith, Clay Stacker
Fayetteville.....	Shackelford-Fulton.....	114.....	Jas D Fillman, W H Cashion
Franklin.....	Gen. J. W. Starnes.....	131.....	S V Wall, T G Smithson
Jackson.....	Jno Ingram.....	37.....	W Holland, M B Hunt
Knoxville.....	Felix K. Zollcoffer.....	46.....	Jno F Horne, Chas Ducloux
Knoxville.....	Fred Ault.....	5.....	F. A. Moses, J. W. S. Frierson
Lewisburg.....	Dibrell.....	55.....	W. P. Irvine, W. G. Loyd
McKenzie.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	42.....	Marsh Atkinson, J. P. Cannon
Memphis.....	Confed. Hist. Ass'n.....	28.....	C. W. Frazer, R. J. Black
Murfreesboro.....	Joe B. Palmer.....	81.....	W.S. McLemore, W. Ledbetter
Nashville.....	Frank Cheatham.....	35.....	Thos H Smith, J P Hickman
Shelbyville.....	Wm. Frierson.....	83.....	J. M. Hastings, J. G. Arnold
Tullahoma.....	Pierce B. Anderson.....	173.....	Jno P Hickman, W J Travis
Winchester.....	Turney.....	12.....	F B Terry, J J Martin

TEXAS.

Abilene.....	Abilene.....	72.....	T W Daugherty.....
Alvarado.....	Taylor Co.....	69.....	H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyck.
Alvarado.....	Alvarado.....	160.....	Jesse W Hill, J. R. Posey
Alvin.....	Wm Hart.....	286.....	Wm Hart, Alf H H Tolar
Alvord.....	Stonewall.....	362.....	J M Jones, W G Leach
Archer City.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	249.....	H J Brooks, T M Cecil
Athens.....	Howdy Martin.....	65.....	D. M. Morgan, W. T. Eustace.
Atlanta.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	91.....	J. D. Johnson, J. N. Simmons.

TEXAS—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Aurora.....	R Q Mills.....	360.....	G W Short, C C Leonard
Austin.....	John B Hood.....	103.....	W. M. Brown, C. H. Powell.
Beaumont.....	A. S. Johnston.....	75.....	Tom J Russell, G W O'Brien
Belton.....	Bell Co. ex-Cop. As.....	122.....	Joe Bruster, H E Bradford
Big Springs.....	Joe Wheeler.....	330.....	....., R B Zinn
Bonham.....	Sul Ross.....	164.....	J. P. Holmes.....
Brazoria.....	Clinton Terry.....	243.....	Wm. F. Smith, F. LeRebus.
Breckinridge.....	Stephens County.....	314.....	W F Marberry, G B Rankin
Brenham.....	Washington.....	239.....	D C Giddings, J G Rankin
Brownwood.....	Stonewall Jackson.....	118.....	Carl Vincoat, A D Moss
Bryan.....	J. B. Robertson.....	124.....	H B Stoddard, W H Harman
Buffalo Gap.....	L. F. Moody.....	123.....	Ben F. Jones, J. J. Ewbank.
Caldwell.....	Camp Rogers.....	142.....	J B King, J F Matthews
Calvert.....	W. P. Townsend.....	111.....	C W Higginbotham, H F Kellogg
Cameron.....	Ben McCulloch.....	29.....	E. J. McIver, J. B. Moore.
Canton.....	James L. Hogg.....	133.....	T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson
Carthage.....	Horace Randall.....	163.....	J. R. Bond, J. M. Woolworth.
Chico.....	Camp McIntosh.....	361.....	L S Eddings, G W Craft
Childress.....	Jos E Johnston.....	259.....	W P Jones, L C Warlick
Ciseco.....	Camp Preveaux.....	273.....	T W Neal, J S McDonough
Cleburne.....	Pat Cleburne.....	88.....	O T Plummer, S C Scurlock
Colorado.....	Albert S. Johnston.....	113.....	W. V. Johnson, T. Q. Mullin.
Columbus.....	Shropshire-Upton.....	112.....	Geo. McCormick, J. J. Diek.
Coleman.....	Jno Pelham.....	76.....	J. J. Callan, J. M. Williams.
Commerce.....	R. E. Lee.....	231.....	G G Lindsey, W E Maugum
Cooper.....	Ector.....	234.....	Geo W Jones, R J Pickett
Corpus Christi.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	63.....	H R Sutherland, M C Spann
Corsicana.....	C. M. Winkler.....	147.....	R. M. Collins.....
Crockett.....	Crockett.....	141.....	Enoch Braxson, J. F. Martin.
Collinsville.....	Beuregard.....	306.....	J B King, W H Stephenson
Curo.....	Emmett Lynch.....	242.....	Y Weldon, George H Law
Dangerfield.....	Camp Brooks.....	307.....	J N Zachery, J A McGregor
Dallas.....	Sterling Price.....	31.....	Jno C Storey, W L Thompson
Deatur.....	Ben McCulloch.....	30.....	W A Miller, D S Satterwhite
DeKalb.....	Tom Wallace.....	289.....	W S Proctor, J D Stewart
Denton.....	Sul Ross.....	129.....	Hugh McKenzie, J R Burton.
Dodd City.....	Camp Maxey.....	281.....	W C Moore.....
Dublin.....	Erath & Comanche.....	85.....	J. T. Harris, L. E. Gillett.
El Paso.....	John C Brown.....	20.....	B H Davis, Windham Kemp
Emma.....	Lone Star.....	198.....	John W. Murray.....
Fairfield.....	Wm. L. Moody.....	87.....	W G Blain, L G Sandifer
Floresville.....	Wilson County.....	225.....	W. C. Agee, A. D. Evans
Forney.....	Camp Bee.....	130.....	T. M. Daniel, S. G. Fleming.
Fort Worth.....	R. E. Lee.....	158.....	A. Fraser, W M McConnell
Frost.....	R. Q. Mills.....	106.....	A. Chamberlain, M. F. Wakefield.
Gainesville.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	119.....	J. M. Wright, J. T. Walker.
Galveston.....	Magruder.....	105.....	T N Waul, C Washington
Gatesville.....	Ex-C. A. Coryell Co.....	135.....	....., Geo W L Saunders
Goldthwaite.....	Jeff Davis.....	117.....	J E Martin, W H Thompson
Gonzales.....	John C G Key.....	156.....	W B Sayes, H L Qualls
Gordonville.....	J G Hodges.....	392.....	Wm Hodges, W Blasingame
Graham.....	Young County.....	127.....	R C McPhail, A G Crozier
Granbury.....	Granbury.....	62.....	J. A. Formivalt, L. R. Morris.
Grand View.....	J E Johnston.....	377.....	....., C C Hatfield
Greenville.....	Joseph E Johnston.....	267.....	W S Ward, A H Hefner
Hallettsville.....	Col James Walker.....	248.....	Volney Ellis, B F Burke
Hamilton.....	A. S. Johnston.....	116.....	Battle Fort, L A H Smith
Hemstead.....	Tom Green.....	136.....	V. B. Thornton, S. Schwarz.
Henderson.....	Rus Redwine.....	285.....	J M Mays, C C Doyle
Henrietta.....	Sul Ross.....	172.....	F. J. Barrett, C. B. Patterson.
Hillsboro.....	Hill County.....	168.....	J R Davis, Dr Moore
Honey Grove.....	Logan Davidson.....	294.....	J H Lynn, John L Ballinger
Houston.....	Dick Dowling.....	197.....	W. Lambert, S K Longnecker
Huntsville.....	John C Upton.....	43.....	J M Smith, E K Goree
Jacksborough.....	Camp Morgan.....	161.....	S W Eastin, W J Denning
Jacksborough.....	Camp Hughes.....	365.....	S H Reeves, A F Anderson
Kaufman.....	Geo. D. Manion.....	145.....	Jos. Huffmaster, E. S. Pipes.
Kilgore.....	Buck Kilgore.....	283.....	W A Miller, R W Wynn
Kingston.....	A. S. Johnston.....	71.....	J. F. Puckett, T. J. Foster.
Ladonia.....	Robt. E. Lee.....	126.....	W H Merrill, J R Artbur
LaGrange.....	Col. B. Timmons.....	61.....	R. H. Phelps, N. Holman
Lampasas.....	R. E. Lee.....	66.....	D. C. Thomas, T. H. Haynie
Livingston.....	Ike Turner.....	321.....	James E Hill, A B Green
Lubbock.....	F. R. Lubbock.....	138.....	W. D. Crump, G W. Shannon
Madisonville.....	Jno G Walker.....	128.....	....., S. H. Judsey
Marlin.....	Willis L Lang.....	289.....	John M Jolley, J J Pringle
Mempbis.....	Hall County.....	245.....	F M Murray, G W Tipton
Menardville.....	Menardville.....	328.....	F M Kitebens.....
Meridian.....	A. S. Johnston.....	115.....	Robt Donnell, J. W. Adams.
Merkel.....	Merkel.....	79.....	J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.
Mexia.....	Joe Johnston.....	91.....	C L Watson, H W Williams
Minneapolis.....	Wood County.....	153.....	J J Huffmaster, T J Goodwin
Mt. Enterprise.....	Rosser.....	82.....	T. Turner, B. Birdwell.
Mt. Pleasant.....	Col. Dud Jones.....	121.....	C. L. Dillabunt, J. C. Turner.
Montague.....	Bob Stone.....	93.....	R. Reun, R. D. Rugeley.
McGregor.....	Camp McGregor.....	274.....	W H Harris, H W Sadler
McKinney.....	Collin County.....	109.....	T M Scott, H C Mack.
Mt Vernon.....	Ben McCulloch.....	109.....	W E Barry, Jas H Freeman
Navasota.....	Hannibal H Boone.....	102.....	Geo H Rea, T J Watlington
New Boston.....	Sul Ross.....	195.....	C. C. Cox, T. M. Church
Oakville.....	John Donaldson.....	287.....	....., J. M. Fullinwider
Palestine.....	Palestine.....	44.....	J. W. Ewing, J. M. Fullinwider
Paradise.....	Pat Cleburne.....	363.....	A J Jones, L T Mason
Paris.....	A. S. Johnston.....	70.....	O C Connor, S S Record
Paint Rock.....	Jeff Davis.....	168.....	W. T. Melton, J. W. Ratchford.
Pearsall.....	Gotch Hardeman.....	290.....	R M Harkness, Henry Maney
Richmond.....	Frank Terry.....	227.....	P. E. Pearson, B. F. Stuart
Ripley.....	Gen Hood.....	280.....	W R M Slaughter, Jno H Hood
Rockwall.....	Rockwall.....	74.....	M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards
Roby.....	W. W. Loring.....	154.....	D Spcer, A P Kelley
San Antonio.....	A. S. Johnston.....	141.....	John S Ford, James Clark
San Augustine.....	Jeff Davis.....	346.....	....., W A Field
San Saba.....	W P Rogers.....	322.....	George Harris, A Dugan
Santa Anna.....	L Q C Lamar.....	371.....	L M Cruvrens, Will Hubert
Seymour.....	Bedford Forrest.....	86.....	T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browning.

TEXAS—Continued.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Sherman	Mildred Lee	99	J. T. Wilson, R. Walker.
South Prairie	South Prairie	393	W. L. Helfer,
Sweetwater	E. C. Walthall	92	W. D. Beall, J. H. Freeman.
Solphur Spgs	Matt Ashcroft	170	R. M. Henderson, M. G. Miller.
Taylor	A. S. Johnston	165	M. Ross, Perry Hawkins.
Terrell	J. E. B. Stuart	45	J. A. Anthony, Vic Reinhardt
Texarkana	A. P. Hill	389	W. J. Allen, Charles A. Hooks
Tyler	A. S. Johnston	48	J. P. Douglas, Sid S. Johnson
Vernon	Camp Cabell	125	S. E. Hatchett, M. D. Davis.
Waco	Pat Cleburne	308	C. L. Johnson, W. C. Cooper
Waxahachie	Jeff Davis	308	Tom Yates, J. P. Cooper
Waxahachie	Parsons Civ. Assn.	396	A. M. Dechman
Weatherford	Tom Green	169	J. P. Rice, M. V. Kinnison.
Wellington	Collingsworth Co.	257	J. H. McDowell, J. M. Yates
Wharton	Bachell	28	N. Dennir, H. T. Compton
Whitesboro	Geo R. Reeves	288	J. W. M. Hughes, B. M. Wright
Wichita Falls	W. J. Hardee	73	W. R. Crockett, N. A. Robinson
Will's Point	Will's Point	392	A. N. Alford, W. A. Benham

VIRGINIA.

Reams Station	J. E. B. Stuart	211	M. A. Moncure, A. B. Moncure
Richmond	George E. Pickett	204	R. N. Northern, P. McCurdy
Richmond	R. E. Lee	181	A. W. Areher, J. T. Stratton
Roanoke	William Watts	205	S. S. Brooke, Hugh W. Fry
West Point	John R. Cooke	184	H. M. Miller, W. W. Green.
Williamsburg	McGruder-Ewell	210	T. J. Stubbs, H. T. Jones
Winchester	Gen. Turner Ashby	240	Chas. W. McVear, E. G. Hollis

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington	Wash. City Con.	371	R. W. Hunter, T. W. Hungerford
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Camps not listed, but reported to the VETERAN:

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	OFFICERS.
Greenwood, S. C.	D. Wyatt Aiken	C. A. C. Waller, L. M. Moore
Hawkinsville, Ga.	Pulaski County	W. L. Grice, D. G. Fleming
Henderson, Ky.		R. H. Cunningham, Rev. N. D. Powers, Chap.
Madison, Ga.		W. A. Wiley, James E. Chiles
Springdale, Fla.	Pat Cleburne	E. T. Candle, J. S. Patterson
Walthall, Miss.	A. K. Blythe	Tom M. Gore, S. L. Cooke

GRAND CAMP VIRGINIA VETERANS.

The officials of the Grand Camp Virginia Veterans are as follows:

Grand Commander	Col. Hugh R. Smith, Petersburg
First Lieut. Grand Commander	Col. C. W. Murdaugh, Portsmouth
Second Lieut. Grand Commander	Col. Thomas Lewis, Roanoke
Third Lieut. Grand Commander	Col. G. Wm. Baussey, Alexandria
Quartermaster General	Col. Washington Taylor, Norfolk
Inspector General	Col. Charles Syer, Portsmouth
Chaplain General	Rev. B. D. Tucker, Norfolk
Surgeon General	Dr. Jno. S. Powell, Occoquan

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GRAND COMMANDER.

Adjutant General	Capt. Thomas Ellett, Richmond
Aide-de-Camp	Col. John Murphy, Richmond
Aide-de-Camp	Col. W. H. Stewart, Portsmouth

ROSTER OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPS.

POSTOFFICE.	CAMP.	NO.	OFFICERS.
Alexandria	Robert E. Lee	2-5	Col. Wm. A. Smoot
Berkley	Niemeyer Shaw	30	Geo. W. Wallace
Berryville	J. E. B. Stuart	24	Sam'l J. C. Moore
Boydstown	L. A. Armistead	26	Chas. Alexander
Charlottesville	John Bowie-Strange	11	J. M. Garnett
Charleston, W. Va.	John W. Rowan	31	Geo. A. Porterfield
Courtland	Urbahart-Gillette	11	L. R. Edwards
Colpeper	Pierre Gibson	15	D. A. Grimsley
Farmville	Thornton-Pickett	19	S. W. Paulett
Fredricksburg	Maurry	2	Thos. F. Proctor
Gloucester	C. H. Page Fuller	29	Wm. K. Perrin
Hampton	R. E. Lee	3-10	R. M. Booker
Isle of Wight	E. Calicote-Wrenn	16	N. T. Young
Leesburg	Clinton-Hatcher	7	E. V. White
Louisa C. H.	Louisa	27	W. Keap
Lynchburg	Sam. Garland	8	Kirk Otey
Norfolk	Pickett-Buchanan	3	Thomas L. Dornin
Petersburg	A. P. Hill	6	W. Gordon McCabe
Portsmouth	Stonewall	4	H. C. Hudgins
Prince Wm. Co. Ewell		17	H. F. Lynn
Radford	G. C. Wharton	28	G. C. Wharton
Reams Station	J. E. B. Stuart	18	M. A. Moncure
Richmond	R. E. Lee	1	Thomas G. Pollard
Richmond	Geo. E. Pickett	9	R. N. Northern
Roanoke	Wm. Watts	13	S. S. Brooks
Rocky Mount	A. A. Early	21	Geo. M. Helms
Staunton	Stonewall Jackson	25	Jed Hotchkiss
Strasburg	Stover	20	Mason Bly
West Point	John R. Cooke	12	W. W. Green
Williamsburg	McGruder Ewell	23	T. Jefferson Stubbs
Winchester	Turner Ashby	22	Chas. W. McVear

TENNESSEE BIVOUACS NOT IN U. C. V.

POSTOFFICE.	BIVOUAC.	OFFICERS.
Columbia	Leonidas Polk	J. H. Fussell, W. B. Dobbins.
Gallatlia	Daniel S. Donelson	J. W. Blackmore, J. A. Trousdale.
Troy	Warren McDonald	P. J. Cummins, Alex. N. Moore.
Dekson	James E. Ruins	W. J. Mathis, J. M. Talley.
Lynchburg	Woody B. Taylor	John D. Tolley, D. P. Allen.
Paris	Fitzgerald-Lamb	P. H. Orr, A. D. Lankford.
Dresden	Jenkins	C. M. Ewing, John D. McKeen.
Lebanon	Robert Hatton	A. K. Miller, G. R. Gwynn.
Gainesboro	S. S. Stanton	M. L. Gore, N. B. Young.
Alamo	Joseph E. Johnston	J. B. Humphreys, D. B. Dodson.
Trenton	O. F. Strahl	J. C. McDearman, Wm. Gay.
Cookeville	Pat Cleburne	Walton Smith, W. P. Chapin.
Brownsville	Hiram S. Bradford	Geo. C. Porter, A. D. Bright.
Hartsville	Barksdale	W. J. Hale, A. S. Reeves.
Riddleton	E. L. Bradley	Thos. W. Cosby, B. N. High.
McMinnville	Savage	Hackett (officers not reported).

SONS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS—TENNESSEE DIVISION

POSTOFFICE.	BIVOUAC.	OFFICERS.
Winchester	Albert S. Marks	A. H. Marks (Died Sept. 6, 1862), J. C. Garner.
Nashville	Thos. C. Hindman	Biscoe Hindman, Jas. F. Hager.
Clarksville	Alfred Robb	F. S. Beaumont, Chas. W. Smith.
Gainesboro	J. S. Quarles	D. H. Morgan, S. H. V. Young.
Knoxville	J. E. B. Stuart	J. W. Green, J. W. S. Frierson, Jr.
Franklin	W. P. Rucker	L. W. Buford, Lee S. McEwen.
McKenzie	Jeff. Davis	E. L. Cunningham, J. L. Thomason

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

N. B. Hogan, Springfield, Mo., writes as follows:

Every Confederate organization should see that an endowment fund is raised to insure its continuous publication. The history of our struggle for constitutional rights has too long been left in the hands of our friends—the enemy. Our children have been taught that we were rebels and traitors, while the reverse is true. It is time this wrong was corrected, and there is no better plan than in maintaining such a publication as the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. We can and ought to at once make it of world-wide reputation. Every Confederate and Confederate organization should indorse and push its claims until it is firmly and securely established. Being an old publisher, I know the trials and perplexities of an editor in trying to establish such a publication, and feel free to admonish all comrades to stand by the editor of our magazine. Fifty cents per year is not enough for such a publication. But let us all take and pay for it for one or two years, and then renew at one dollar."

C. L. Edwards, Esq., Dallas, Texas, while sending a six months card, adds: Personal advice gratis. Raise price of the VETERAN to \$1 a year, and give yourself a margin to live on.

Miss Sue M. Monroe, Wellington, Va.: "You say for each subscriber to send a new one, and I send for this copy as a Christmas present." How appropriate! Five thousand copies might be taken in this way, and give pleasure both to sender and recipient.

T. M. Church, Oakville, Texas: The VETERAN is the very best thing, in my estimation, that has been published since the war.

J. W. Bower, Forestburg, Texas: I attended the annual reunion of the Bob Stone Camp of Confederate veterans recently at Montague, Texas, and after having the VETERAN made the official organ of the Camp, I secured a list of subscribers.

T. L. Smith, Henrietta, Texas: I have all numbers of the VETERAN from last January, and would not take one dollar each for them. When I get twelve I will have them bound. We have fifteen ex-Confederates buried here. About one year ago we called on the good people of this county to help us, and to-day we have a nice marble tombstone for each grave, with name and command of each soldier.

At its recent annual election the Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197, at Houston, Texas, elected the following officers: Will Lambert, Commander; A. Schilling, First Lieutenant Commander; S. K. Longnecker, Second Lieutenant Commander; C. C. Beavens, Adjutant; J. H. Gray, Quartermaster; R. G. Turner, M.D., Surgeon; Rev. G. W. Pickett, Chaplain; E. Hoencke, Officer of the Day; D. A. Sullivan, Vidette; William Hunter, Ensign.

Lewis Peach, Fayetteville, Tenn.: "I have heard nothing but praise of it from any of the comrades here."



## THE SOUTH'S GREAT BATTLE ABBEY.

MISS CAMILLE WILLIAMS, JACKSON, TENN.

Gather the sacred dust  
Of the warriors tried and true,  
Who bore the flag of a nation's trust  
And fell in a cause, though lost, still just,  
And died for me and you.

As a nation progresses in civilization and enlightenment, so will its reverence for its dead be shown. As far back as the days of Edward the Confessor we find the germ of a national burying ground for England in the beginning of Westminster Abbey. In that spot, dear to the hearts of all in whose veins runs the blood of the Anglo-Saxon, lie entombed the greatest and best that Englishmen as well as Americans hold dear. The tomb of the monarch, statesman, poet, priest and soldier lie there, and no spot of that green island is so dear to the hearts of her people as that which contains the graves of her honored dead.

It is the pride and glory of every Frenchman to point to that spot made sacred by the resting place of the great Napoleon. And to no day in their history do they point with greater tenderness than to that on which all that is mortal of the great world conqueror was deposited beneath the lilies of his much-loved country.

Egypt, once the seat of the world's civilization, had the tombs of her Pharaohs. Scotland, brought home the heart of Robert Bruce and reverently entombed it in Melrose Abbey. And so carefully did Spain preserve the haughty figure and stern lineaments of the Cid Campeador, that at one time when the enemies of his country were about to prevail over her armies the body of the stern old warrior placed in front of the host he had once led to victory spread confusion and dismay throughout the ranks of the foe. It is to this principle of reverence for the dead and their last resting places that we owe the deathless spirit of patriotism, that spirit which makes a man love his country next to his God, and bids him welcome death in preference to dishonor.

The love of country itself is not more deeply intertwined with the most sacred feelings of the human heart than that love which makes a shrine of patriot graves. It is this feeling which for nearly one hundred years has caused the hearts of Americans to turn reverently to that spot on the gently flowing Potomac, made holy by the grave of the father of his country. And it is that feeling which caused the South, only a few short months ago to witness the most solemn pageant that ever wound over her flower-decked hills and perfumed valleys. No spectacle of the closing years of the nineteenth century is more imposing than that of carrying the dead chieftain of the Confederacy back to the spot where the most stirring scenes in the great four years' drama were enacted—that drama in which he was the most conspicuous figure, and which ended so tragically at Appomattox.

The leader in our glorious wars  
Was now to glorious burial slowly borne.

And henceforth to all true Southern hearts, what Melrose Abbey is to Scotland, Westminster to England, and the glorious Pantheon to France, will be

that silent city of the dead where Jefferson Davis sleeps among 12,000 of his comrades, heroes of the lost cause. At last the South has her Battle Abbey, and though she may not gather within it all who laid down their lives for love of her, the tomb of her chieftain will, in the slowly revolving years, be looked upon as the representative tomb of that cause for which men poured out their life's best blood.

Listen to the South, weeping for them still, her forgotten braves. Louisiana, who rocked him so tenderly to her heart, fanning his brow with the perfumed breath of her orange groves. And Mississippi, how she wept to give up her favorite son, the one who, above all others, has shed luster on her name. The soft swell of the Gulf bursts like a sob from her bosom, the mighty roll of the Father of Waters joins in the sad refrain, and pointing to the green covered mounds at Shiloh and Vicksburg, and a hundred other well fought fields, she cried in tones tremulous with sadness:

List, sons, your watch is long,  
The soldier's guard was brief;  
Whilst right is right and wrong is wrong  
You may not seek relief.

Go, wearing the gray of grief,  
Go, watch o'er the dead in gray,  
Go, guard the private and the chief,  
And sentinel his clay.

Virginia, the grand old mother of the South, has gathered to her bosom the mightiest of the sons of valor. In the shadow of her lofty mountain pines sleeps Robert E. Lee, the kingliest soul that ever drew sword in the cause of truth and justice. In her arms also nestles the lofty Christian hero, Stonewall Jackson, who murmured when dying, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Here, too, sleeps the Prince Rupert of Southern cavaliers, Stuart; the gay and gifted cavalryman, one of Stonewall's band in life, and sleeping under the same green coverlid in death. And what pen could describe in fitting terms the numberless green hillocks whose only designation are the mystic letters, "C. S. A." How wonderful, how passing strange, that those letters, so proudly, so fondly worn and cherished once, should now represent only the shadow of an empire. What deeds of sacrifice, of valor, and of honor wrought for them, "C. S. A." It was no shadow to those who followed Lee, and the Johnstons, and Stonewall Jackson, and Bedford Forrest, for four long and bloody years. It was no shadow to those who, dying, blessed it with their latest breath, believing that victory, like an overshadowing halo, had crowned the offering of their lives. It was no shadow, that which floated over valiant armies, wasted at last by disease, hardships, and death, overpowered by armies recruited from the world's enlisting grounds; and it is no shadow to us to whom it is committed to treasure up the memory of those who died for us, who threw themselves, for the sake of Fatherland, into the imminent deadly breach, and instead of victory found a grave. Shall not those graves be sacred to Southern hearts?

We care not whence they came,  
Dear in their lifeless clay,  
Whether unknown or known to fame,  
Their cause and country still the same,  
They died wearing the gray.

CHICKAMAUGA BATTLE-FIELD—  
SNODGRASS RIDGE.

BY GEO. E. DOLTON, 18 S. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

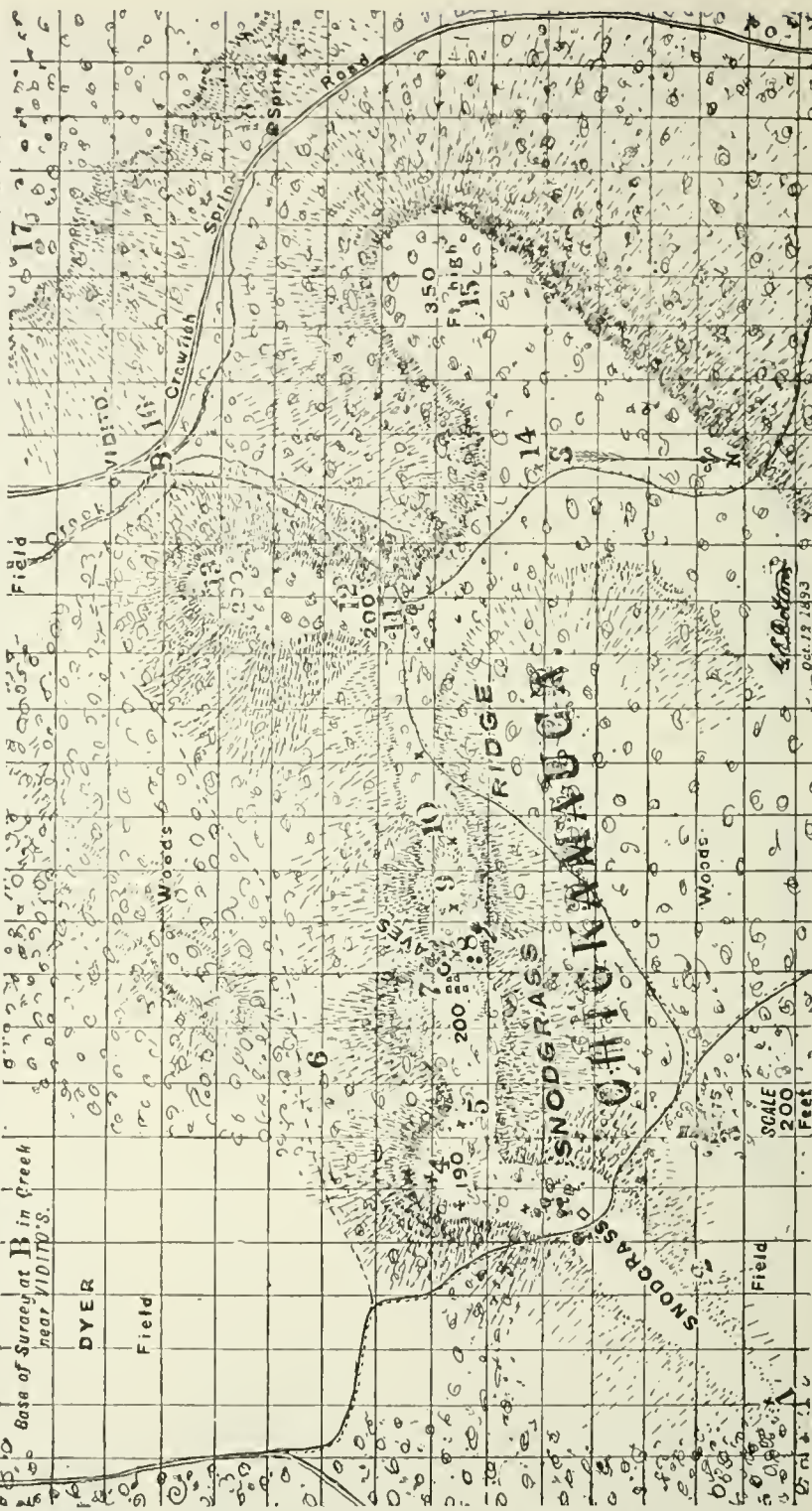
In the light furnished by official figures, we find that the battle of Chickamauga was one of the bloodiest battles of the war, if not the bloodiest, in proportion to the number of troops engaged; that it was far bloodier than even Gettysburg.

Of all the battles, none were so seriously confused as to where the various regiments and brigades fought as at Chickamauga on the two days of the battle, and of all that confusion worse confounded, no other portion of the field compares with what is known by the various names of Snodgrass, Horse Shoe, Missionary, and Battery Ridge. In the assaults upon and defense of the ridge the troops on both sides so frequently changed places, and were so often commingled with other troops, that the various places fought over by any one command, is still, after thirty years, in doubt in the minds of nearly all the participants.

Monuments marking where each command is supposed to have done its hardest fighting are being located on the field, but on account of the chaotic jumble of the battle along and on the ridge on Sunday afternoon of September 20, 1863, much of the allotment of place is mere guesswork. I have for several years, as time would permit, been endeavoring to correctly locate every command that was engaged in any part of the battle, and to aid in the work have made and sent out very many maps of portions and the whole field for those engaged to mark on where they fought, as nearly as possible, and to send the same to me.

I made a hurried survey of the ridge, and from that produced the map herewith. I think it will be found near enough to absolute correctness to enable any one who took part in that portion of the battle, and who can recall any of the localities where he was, to mark the same on the map.

I respectfully request every one who was engaged on any part of the field covered by this map, to please drop me a postal card, giving the command to which he belonged, and present address, stating how many of the maps he would like, and I will mail them to him free of charge. In return I wish him to mark one showing all the places he can recall where he was, stating the command with which he was then connected, company or battery, regiment and brigade, and give as nearly as possible the hour of the day when he was at each place. Also state, if possible, the troops on each flank at each time, and also the troops he confronted at each position, if he knows, and return the



map so marked to me. I will be deeply grateful to every one who will assist me in this manner to positively determine how, when, and where each command was engaged in that portion of the battle, and any thing I can do in the way of furnishing information, etc., regarding that or any other engagement of the war, I shall be most happy to supply. See key to this map on following page.

## KEY TO SKETCH OF SNODGRASS RIDGE.

The parallel lines are 200 feet apart. At Figure 13 the ridge is about 200 feet above the bed of the creek, where the wood road crosses it at the Vidito House. It is about the same height at Figures 4, 7, 9, and 12. At Figure 14 it is about 275 feet high, and at Figure 15 it is fully 350 feet high.

At A, on the ridge running north and south through the Dyer Farm, is where the nine Union cannon were captured in the forenoon of Sunday, September 20th, when Gen. Bushrod Johnson was scouring the Dyer field. At about the most southern part of that ridge shown, is where he captured the large pile of Federal knapsacks; and just to the west of it is where he had one cannon placed in the Vidito field, which shelled the Union wagon train then trying to pass through the gap at Vidito's, at Figure 16, resulting in the capture of the train.

Figure 17 is the broad, high, long ridge on the west side of the Crawfish Spring Road, over which General Hindman's men drove General Sheridan, and on which Hindman halted, and from which his troops moved to the right or east and joined Gen. Bushrod Johnson in the assault on Snodgrass Ridge.

Figure 13 is the largest spur of the ridge to the south. Across this, General Peas Brigade was formed and advanced toward Figure 11, where the Federal battery of three guns stood.

Figure 12 is where the Twenty-second Alabama Infantry left its flag on one of its charges.

Figure 10 is the lowest portion of the ridge, and is where the brigades of Kelly and Trigg crossed at dusk and passed to the east along the north side of the ridge and then advanced up to the south and captured the Twenty-first and Eighty-ninth Ohio and the Twenty-second Michigan Infantry. From Figure 10 to Figure 11, for a considerable distance to the south, the land is almost level, so that the two sides fighting on that part of the ridge were on nearly an equality as regards lay of land; but from Figure 10 around to near the Snodgrass House, the ridge is very high, with considerable prominences at Figures 9, 7, and 4, and depressions at Figures 8 and 5, and troops thereon would have a decided advantage over an attacking force.

At Figure 7 are some citizens' graves that were a very prominent landmark for many during the battle.

The Federal General, G. H. Thomas, was at Figure 2 the greater portion of the day, his headquarters being at Figure 3.

Figure 1 is the extreme eastern end of Snodgrass Ridge, and slopes regularly and gradually to the level plain, from Snodgrass House.

Figure 6 is where a body of Confederates wearing a bluish uniform struck a regiment of Federals armed with Henry rifles, and were the first Confederates to reach Snodgrass Ridge. Who were they?

At Figure 9 there was a body of about one hundred Confederates lying on the summit of the ridge at the time that General Granger's Union reserve brigades, under General Steedman, were advancing toward the west along the wood road to the north of the ridge. When the column was well abreast of these Confederates, they arose and fired at the Federal column, the infantry of which immediately formed line and began to charge up the ridge, but were halted by General Steedman before half way up, and were then led along to the west, forming line along the ridge from Figures 10 to 11, placing two guns of a battery near Figure

10, three guns at Figure 11, and one gun a little to the east of Figure 11. What Confederate troops are those on the ridge at Figure 9 that fired as above stated?

At Figure 18 is a spring of water. Near this, General Dias' Brigade bivouacked at night after the battle, establishing a picket-post of about forty men on top of the ridge, near Figure 15.

## ANOTHER LETTER.

Geo. E. Dolton, St. Louis, Nov. 27: "I am very anxious to obtain some information regarding an incident in the battle of Chickamauga, and know of no better place to apply than through the columns of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Just before Gen. Bushrod Johnson began his right wheel movement on the west end of Snodgrass Hill on Sunday afternoon of September 20, 1863, as the head of General Granger's Union reserve forces was moving along the north side of the ridge toward the west end of it, there was a body of perhaps a hundred Confederates on the third prominence in the ridge west of Snodgrass house—the prominence on which the three Union regiments, Twenty-second Michigan, and Twenty-first and Eighty-ninth Ohio, were captured after dusk. As the Union column was marching past these Confederates they rose up and fired down on the Union men. At this the Federal infantry started on a charge up the ridge, but were halted by General Steedman, and marched to the end of the ridge. The troops following this portion of the Federal column charged up and over the hill until they struck the advancing column of Confederates, when they were themselves driven back up and over the hill. What I desire to know is, who were the Confederate troops that were on the ridge and fired on the Federal column; to what regiment did they belong, and who was in command of them? I should like very much to correspond with the survivors, and any assistance you can give me to this end I shall be very grateful for."

George B. Lake, Edgefield, S. C., writes: "I am Treasurer of Abner Perrin Camp, and I offered a resolution, which was adopted, making the VETERAN our official organ. I was in the first regiment organized in the war—Gregg's First Regiment, S. C. V. I saw the first gun fired on Fort Sumter, and was continuously in the service. I commanded the company immediately in rear of the four gun battery that was blown up at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864, when myself and my thirty-four men were buried. Thirty-one men were killed by the explosion, and myself and the other three live men were dug out by the enemy after they captured the works. I was sent from there to Fort Delaware, and released first July, 1865, after the war had ended. Gregg's First Regiment, S. C. V. was a six months' regiment. The company I commanded at Petersburg the day of the explosion was of the Twenty-second, S. C. V., Co. B."

Thomas S. Vinson, Gallatin, Tenn.: "This makes fifty subscriptions to the VETERAN that I have sent you. Has any one else done better? If so, let us have his or her name in the VETERAN, and perhaps we can get up a spirit of rivalry that will rapidly enlarge your subscription list." [W. D. Matthews, of Jacksonville, Fla., has the championship so far in having sent more than one hundred at full price, like Mr. Vinson and many others. Mr. C. Washington, of Galveston, Texas, sends fifty at close of November.]

*BURNING A BRIDGE OVER THE RAPPAHANNOCK*

Capt. Samuel D. Buck, of Baltimore, gives a thrilling account of his experience in destroying a bridge over the Rappahannock River. The Sun says:

Captain Buck was then a lieutenant in Company H, "Boomerangs," of Winchester (Va.) Thirteenth Virginia Regiment, at that time in General Pegram's brigade, Army N. Va. He is a native of Warren County, Va., and has since the war resided in Baltimore. He received his commission as captain a short time after the performance of this gallant and dangerous feat. On the 7th of November, 1863, the two armies confronted each other on the Rappahannock River, the Federal being on the north bank and the Confederate on the south, except at the crossing near Rappahannock Station, where a Louisiana brigade occupied a fort on the north bank, communicating with the remainder of the division by a pontoon bridge. On the afternoon of November 7th Sedgwick's Federal corps of 20,000 men was hurled against this Louisiana brigade, and many of them were captured, the remainder escaping by the bridge.

The bridge had been unsuccessfully fired, and matters presented a most serious aspect. This was the situation when night put a temporary stop to hostilities. Captain Buck and thirteen men who volunteered to assist him in the desperate undertaking were complimented by Gen. R. E. Lee in general orders before the Army of Northern Virginia and granted furloughs of thirty days. The event is related by Captain Buck:

After the enemy had been repulsed in his attempt to cross the bridge, everything was for a time quiet. Our batteries on the south side of the river were in a fort well inclosed. General Early rode back a short distance in the field, when suddenly a terrific fire from the enemy's guns was opened on the fort. It was now dark, and the shot and bursting shell came thick and fast, illuminating the heavens as they exploded. As soon as the fire ceased our regiment, the old Thirteenth Virginia, moved forward and down the hill in front of the fort to within about one hundred yards of the river and immediately in front of the pontoon bridge. The ground being light sandy soil, the men soon dug holes and were well protected while awaiting another attack. The voices of the yankees at the north end of the bridge could be plainly heard. We lay here a few minutes, when an officer from the Forty-ninth ("Extra Billy" Smith's old regiment) came down and walked up boldly to the bridge. In a moment a slight blaze sprang up and exposed him to the view of the enemy, and in an instant he was fired upon and fell back in much haste. By 9 o'clock the fire was entirely out, the bridge could be repaired in a few minutes and Sedgwick's corps be upon us.

While on this last flank movement, Gen. John Pegram had taken command of our brigade. The question between Generals Early and Pegram was being discussed as to the destruction of the bridge before we began to fall back. I do not know what passed, but about midnight I heard the adjutant of our regiment, with Captain Wilson, A. A. G. of the brigade, and Major Hale, A. A. G. to General Early, calling for me. Answering at once, they came and we met, when Major Hale spoke to me, saying: "General Early has sent me to you to request that you destroy that bridge. He would not order you to do so." Of

course I felt it a great compliment, as I was the youngest officer in the command. At the same time I was entirely at a loss as to what to do or how to proceed. The request I construed into an order in complimentary disguise. Major Hale would not advise me as to how I should act in the matter. At this moment General Early came to where we were standing, which was a few paces in the rear of the regiment, and in a few words he repeated substantially about what Major Hale had said, except he added, "You can have all the men you need if they will volunteer," but he would not order them.

I then discussed matters with General Pegram, who had also joined us. All seemed to desire that I should decide upon my course of action. I did not confer with anyone else, but while we were talking I had made up my mind what to do—that was, to get volunteers, fight my way to the bridge, then, while my men were firing upon the enemy, I, with a few picked men, would set fire to the bridge. It was understood that as soon as I was fired on General Pegram would have the brigade open fire, and in this way draw the fire from me to some extent.

Having selected thirteen volunteers, I had in the meantime concluded that the burning party should not carry arms, but go for the distinct purpose of firing the bridge, and let the brigade do the shooting. This having been agreed upon, and while every man in the brigade rested in the trenches, with orders to open on the enemy the moment he fired on me, I moved my force of thirteen—bold, game men as ever lived—up to the bridge, or very near to it. I had removed my boots, sword, pistol and coat, so as to be able to go as far on the bridge as possible without attracting attention. I left my worldly effects where I took them off, with but little idea of having any further use for them.

Desiring to give as much protection as possible to my men, and more desirous to be successful, I left them in the position just taken. I got down on my hands and knees and crawled up to the bridge, then got as close as possible to the ground, and snake-like, pulled myself along and on to the flooring. Reaching the first boat, I took out my knife and cut the rope that fastened it to the shore above, and in this way crept from boat to boat, cutting every rope to within a few yards of the enemy's side of the shore. I could hear every word they said and every step their guard took, and imagined they could hear me breathe, or my hair pushing my cap up.

Having done all I could in this direction I retraced, or rather resnaked, my way, and was soon back with my trusty, brave fellows, but all was as still as death. Taking Charley Seevers, of Winchester, of my own company, I went down under the bridge, telling him to conform to my movements. Going down the embankment to the edge of the water, some six feet, I felt my way and examined closely the bridge supports, looking for a good place to be fired. I discovered scarcely a sign of fire, all had gone out as far as I could see. Warning Seevers to keep the men perfectly quiet, not even to whisper, I got under the plank flooring, Seevers almost touching me. I took a long board from the bridge, resting one end on the bank and the other on the first support, some ten feet over the water. Upon this plank I crawled out and found the best point to work on in position, but how to set a plank on fire with a match was a question, and how to coax a fire with splinters under the very muzzles of a regi-

ment of the enemy's muskets was still more of a mystery. I did not fancy this work, but it must be done.

Being unable to get anything to start a fire with, I had Seevers go back and ask General Pegram to form a regiment of men on to my noble thirteen and make a continuous line across the field and pass the hay and anything that would make a quick fire. While this was being done I sat on the board with both feet in the water, wondering best what to do. Death seemed almost inevitable. The first volley from the enemy after starting the fire would probably tumble me into the river. In the meantime Seevers had obeyed orders, and the first installment over my improvised line was a lot of hay and cotton from the artillery. Only a handful at a time came, but soon I had an abundance. I placed it, as it came, in every crevice I could reach, and quite a lot did I get in and around those bridge sleepers. All done and not a suspicion on the part of the enemy of our presence.

So far so well, but how to fire it was the question. My brave fellows could be of no further use to me, so I told Seevers to take them back and tell General Pegram I would wait for him to get his men in position. I shall never forget my feelings when those men left. Not a single word was spoken, and in the awful stillness of that cold, biting November night I gave up almost every hope of ever getting back alive, and can appreciate how a man feels who has been condemned to die, only without the sting of guilt.

Waiting a few moments—indeed longer, as I knew it would take considerable time for the men to get back to the trenches from my line, which extended half a mile—much passed through my mind in those minutes. By the starlight I could see the Yankee pickets on the north bank, not over fifty yards from me, and back of them lay in the trenches a heavy line of battle, while on the south side fifty yards from me lay our line of pickets, all ready for action, and the same distance in the rear the supporting line of battle. Between these lines of battle I stood, the only living creature, and the fire from one as dangerous as the other.

Time being up, I took from my pocket a box of Confederate matches (which were almost as hard to set on fire as the bridge) and drew one across the box, but it did not ignite, so I got down off my board to see if I could get back up the bank from that side, and in doing so concluded to risk the water and the enemy's bullets rather than be under fire from both sides. I decided to set the hay on fire and immediately fall in the water and quietly float down to the dam, exposing only my head, which in the darkness and under the excitement of firing from our side I might make an attempt at escape successful.

This resolution formed, I again started for my board, and in doing so struck a piece of plank that had been on fire, and a live coal fell from the white ashes. This was not noticed by the enemy, and gave me a valuable point. Picking up another piece of board covered with ashes I saw fire was under the ashes, as on the other, so I took it and crawled up the board to the straw and hay. Lifting it up I placed the board under it and stuck a match through the ashes. Immediately a white smoke rose and bid fair to catch, so, instead of falling into the river, as at first intended, I crawled up the bank and went back on "all fours" a short distance, when I arose and made quick time to the line of battle, still in my stocking-feet and shirt sleeves, yet not in the least cold.

I watched with fearful forebodings for the effect of my slow match, not reporting my return. In a few moments I saw the sharp tongue of a blaze flash up from under the bridge, and in a few minutes it was enveloped in a sheet of flame. By the light we could lie in our trenches and see the yankees on the other side. There were only a few shots fired from our side to keep them from attempting to put the fire out, which, however, could not have been done, as it spread with great rapidity. I then found Generals Early and Pegram and reported. General Early had my sword and pistol, General Pegram my coat, and Major Hale had one of my boots in each hand. Very little was said, but great relief was felt. My socks were wet and full of mud, so I pulled them off and put a handkerchief on each foot for socks, pulled on my boots, and joined General Pegram and went down a ditch to the edge of the river, fifty yards below the burning pontoons, where we could in concealment watch the progress of the fire, which soon did its work, and the burning mass floated down the river. What was expected to end in a terrible night fight and loss of life had been accomplished without our shedding a drop of blood. All my scare was over, and we at once began our retreat almost unmolested, as the enemy had to bring up and lay a new bridge before they could cross. A few weeks later occurred the affair at Mine Run, in which the enemy suffered a severe repulse, and again recrossed to the north bank of the Rappahannock.

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A WELL-REMEMBERED CONFEDERATE OFFICER.—In reply to the inquiry as to whether this gentleman participated in organizing troops at Camp Trousdale in 1861, he writes from St. Paul, Minn.: "Yours received. I remember well the splendid regiment of Col. Farguharson, the Forty-first Tennessee, which I mustered into service at Camp Trousdale. I was a young Lieutenant at that time, and had not attained my majority. During the war I was a staff officer of Lieut. Gen. W. J. Hardee, and staid with him until Savannah was abandoned, then joined Gen. W. H. Jackson, and surrendered at Fort Gaines, Ala. After the war I planted in Mississippi and Louisiana until about 1880, when I moved to Fargo, North Dakota, and have been raising wheat in the Red River Valley since, near Wahpleton. I am at present located in this city, but expect to be on the road soon, with headquarters at Chicago. Glad to greet you again—shake.

"Yours truly, THOS. W. HUNT."

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A COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, DARKEY.—There is living near Columbus, Miss., a colored man named Richard Franks, who is well known to many of us. He has been a consistent Democrat ever since he had his freedom. He is the father of thirty-one children, and all living; has been married twice, and his second wife is the mother of twenty children. His thirtieth son is named for Grover Cleveland. He does not look like an old man yet. He farms, and also sells charcoal to many in this place. He will live and die in Dixie.

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D. E. Gludgell, Henderson, Ky.: I am a native Kentuckian, and served four years in the Southern army, and I think if it had pleased God to have prolonged the war and my life until now I should be there yet. I got several wounds and three terms in prison, still I am doing very well, and getting no pension either.

## THE CONFEDERATE NOTE.

[Written by Major S. A. Jonas, of Aberdeen, Miss., and republished  
in the VETERAN along with a reply.]

Representing nothing on God's earth now,  
And naught in the waters below it;  
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,  
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.  
Show it to those who will lend an ear  
To the tale that this paper can tell  
Of liberty born of the patriot's dream,  
Of a storm-eroded nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,  
And too much of a stranger to borrow,  
We issued to-day our promise to pay,  
Hoping to redeem on the morrow.  
But days flew by, weeks became years,  
Our coffers were empty still;  
Coin was so scarce our treasury'd quake  
If a dollar would drop in the till.

We knew it had scarce-ly a value in gold,  
Yet as much the soldiers received it;  
It looked in our eyes a promise to pay,  
And each patriot believed it.  
But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,  
And our poverty well we discerned;  
And then little checks represented the pay  
That our suffering veterans earned.

But our boys thought little of prize or pay,  
Or of bills that were over due;  
We knew if it bought us our bread to-day  
'Twas the best our poor country could do.  
Keep it, it tells our history over  
From the birth of the dream to its last;  
Modest, and born of the angel hope,  
Like our hope of success it passed.

Richmond, Va., June 2, 1865.

## REPLY FROM ACROSS "THE CHASM."

Thanks, worthy friend, most heartfelt thanks,  
Both for the gift so kindly sent  
And for the lesson by it taught  
Of wisdom and content.

Say not it represented naught,  
For, to my mind, its worth  
This day exceeds the fondest hopes  
Of those who sent it forth.

What thoughts of dangers bravely met,  
Of hardships calmly borne,  
Of hopes deferred, with sickened hearts,  
Through winter and through storm,

Come to our minds while yet we gaze  
On "promises to pay,"  
Which ne'er were paid and ne'er shall be  
Until the judgment day.

'Tis ever thus with this world's hopes,  
We plan and work and pray,  
But God knows best and blesses us  
In his own time and way.

His way is best! Could we but feel  
How sure his blessings are,  
Our promises would be far less,  
Our doing would be more.

Like foes we met on hostile fields  
When this money bought you bread;  
Like brothers now we meet again  
Since the demon, war, has fled.

Warned by our sorrows in the past,  
May we like brothers stand  
Shoulder to shoulder in resolve  
To guard our native land.

Invincible we then shall be,  
Armed with truth and right,  
Ready to help each suffering soul  
That seeketh aid or light.

Then say not they are valueless,  
For the lessons they have taught  
May be of value greater far  
Than could with gold be bought.

M. T. Ledbetter, Piedmont, Ala., writes: In thinking of the war this incident comes to my mind: In April, 1862, our command was stationed at Fredericksburg, Va. I had worn my only suit of clothes pretty well to tatters, and in no way did my dress resemble the "dude" of the present day. I had been on guard duty, and was returning to my quarters along one of the streets of the city, when I heard a voice from the upper story of a building by which I was passing, calling to some one. I turned and observed that the voice was that of a lady, and that she was calling to me. She directed me to turn in at a door of the building, pointing to the door, and said she desired to speak to me. I entered the door indicated and found that it entered into a nice parlor, where I was met by the lady who had hailed me, and who presented me with a bundle wrapped neatly in a paper, requesting me not to open it until I reached my quarters. Very naturally I was a little curious to know what the bundle contained, but I obeyed her request, and when I got back to camp the first thing I did was to see what it was, when I found a pair of nice jeans pants. This kind lady, at the time she gave me the bundle, requested me to call late on the next evening and bring one of my friends. I obeyed this request, as a matter of course, and when my friend and I reached the place at the time named we found a nice supper awaiting us, and to say we enjoyed that meal but faintly expresses the fact. The pants given me by the good lady were worn through the "seven days' battles" before Richmond, and when I was shot down with my colors in my hand (Fifth Alabama Battalion), being wounded in the hip, the pants were pierced with the same ball, but were worn continually until I reached home after I was able to travel, although they were still stained with blood spots from that memorable charge at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862. I have often wondered if that lady who gave the ragged soldier the pants in the city of Fredericksburg still lives. If she does, and this should meet her eye, I would be glad to hear from her, either personally or through the columns of the VETERAN; and if I never hear from her I will ever remember with much gratitude her kindness to me as a Confederate soldier in a time of need.

During the time when rations, especially bacon, were scarce in the Army of Northern Virginia, Maj. B. Carter Adams, Commissary of Rodes' Division, who could always get supplies if they were in less than five hundred miles of headquarters, succeeded in getting twelve wagon loads of bacon for his division, and was passing by his regiment (Fifth Alabama), in bivouac. Some friend asked him of the chances for meat rations. He remarked that he had twelve wagon loads coming on behind, which was overheard by a genial, hungry reb. who said, "Major, will you please say those very *g easy* words over one more time, so that I may get a smell and become acclimated before it comes."

## TYPICAL CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

BY G. H. BASKETTE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Nearly thirty-three years have passed since the alarm of war called from their peaceful pursuits the citizens who were to make name and fame as Confederate soldiers. The stirring scenes and the dreadful carnage of a memorable conflict have been removed by the lapse of time into the hazy past, and a new generation, however ready it may be to honor those who fought the battles of the South, is likely to form its idea of their appearance from the conventional military type. The Confederate soldier was not an ordinary soldier, either in appearance or character. With your permission I will undertake to draw a portrait of him as he really appeared in the hard service of privation and danger.

A face browned by exposure and heavily bearded, or for some weeks unshaven, begrimed with dust and sweat, and marked here and there with the darker stains of powder—a face whose stolid and even melancholy composure is easily broken into ripples of good humor or quickly flushed in the fervor and abandon of the charge; a frame tough and sinewy, and trained by hardship to surprising powers of endurance; a form, the shapeliness of which is hidden by its encumberments, suggesting in its careless and unaffected pose a languorous indisposition to exertion, yet a latent, lion-like strength and a terrible energy of action when aroused. Around the upper part of the face is a fringe of unkempt hair, and above this an old wool hat, worn and weather-beaten, the flaccid brim of which falls limp upon the shoulders behind, and is folded back in front against the elongated and crumpled crown. Over a soiled shirt, which is unbuttoned and buttonless at the collar, is a ragged gray jacket that does not reach to the hips, with sleeves some inches too short. Below this trousers of a nondescript color, without form and almost void, are held in place by a leather belt, to which is attached the cartridge box that rests behind the right hip, and the bayonet scabbard which dangles on the left. Just above the ankles each trouser leg is tied closely to the limb—a la Zouave—and beneath reaches of dirty socks disappear in a pair of badly used and curiously contorted shoes. Between the jacket and the waistband of the trousers, or the supporting belt, there appears a puffy display of cotton shirt which works out further with every hitch made by Johnny in his effort to keep his pantaloons in place. Across his body from his left shoulder there is a roll of threadbare blanket, the ends tied together resting on or falling below the right hip. This blanket is Johnny's bed. Whenever he arises he takes up his bed and walks. Within this roll is a shirt, his only extra article of clothing. In action the blanket roll is thrown further back, and the cartridge box is drawn forward, frequently in front of the body. From the right shoulder, across the body, pass two straps, one cloth the other leather, making a cross with blanket roll on breast and back. These straps support respectively a greasy cloth haversack and a flannel-covered canteen, captured from the yankees. Attached to the haversack strap is a tin cup, while in addition to some other odds and ends of camp trumpery, there hangs over his back a frying pan, an invaluable utensil with which the soldier would be loth to part.

With his trusty gun in hand—an Enfield rifle, also

captured from the enemy and substituted for the old flint-lock musket or the shot-gun with which he was originally armed—Johnny Reb, thus imperfectly sketched, stands in his shreds and patches a marvelous ensemble—picturesque, grotesque, unique—the model citizen soldier, the military hero of the nineteenth century. There is none of the tinsel or the trappings of the professional about him. From an esthetic military point of view he must appear a sorry looking soldier. But Johnny is not one of your dress parade soldiers. He doesn't care a copper whether anybody likes his looks or not. He is the most independent soldier that ever belonged to an organized army. He has respect for authority, and he cheerfully submits to discipline, because he sees the necessity of organization to effect the best results, but he maintains his individual autonomy, as it were, and never surrenders his sense of personal pride and responsibility. He is thoroughly tractable if properly officered, and is always ready to obey necessary orders, but he is quick to resent any official incivility, and is a high private who feels, and is, every inch as good as a General. He may appear ludicrous enough on a display occasion of the holiday pomp and splendor of war, but place him where duty calls, in the imminent deadly breach or the perilous charge, and none in all the armies of the earth can claim a higher rank or prouder record. He may be outre and ill-fashioned in dress, but he has sublimated his poverty and rags. The worn and faded gray jacket, glorified by valor and stained with the life blood of its wearer, becomes, in its immortality of association, a more splendid vestment than mail of medieval knight or the rarest robe of royalty. That old, weather-beaten slouched hat, seen as the ages will see it, with its halo of fire, through the smoke of battle, is a kinglier covering than a crown. Half clad, half armed, often half fed, without money and without price, the Confederate soldier fought against the resources of the world. When at last his flag was furled and his arms were grounded in defeat, the cause for which he had struggled was lost, but he had won the fadeless victory of soldiership.

AN OLD C. S. A. SWORD.—Mrs. Annie Grace Burges writes from Fincastle, Tenn.: During a recent sojourn amid the mountains of East Tennessee, I came across an old C. S. A. sword. I give a brief account of it, hoping that it may be restored to its rightful owner. It was found in an old blacksmith shop on the farm of Mr. Wellington Mars, in Campbell County. It was left there by a Confederate soldier during the war. He also left his canteen and horse brush, and on the brush is carved the initials, "J. R." This was a faint clue, which, followed up by diligent inquiry, led me to believe that the original owner was Capt. John Robinson, who raised and mustered in the first (?) company in Tennessee for the Confederate service. His men were from Knox, Union and Campbell Counties, and were mustered at Blaine's Cross Roads. Captain Robinson had done good service in the Mexican war, and was known as a bold and fearless man. He was reported killed in the battle of Bull's Gap, but this report lacks confirmation. If, then, this communication should meet his eye, or that of any member of his command, the history of this old sword may be learned. I prize it very highly as a memento of that awful time, and would not part with it except to restore it to the owner.

## The Confederate Veteran.

Fifty Cents a Year.

B. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

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This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve such publication, and realize its benefits as an organ for associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

### HON. A. S. COLYAR'S ARTICLE CRITICISED.

The letter of Hon. A. S. Colyar in the last VETERAN has provoked a controversy which surprises its editor. True, he was not aware of a correspondence which occurred nearly seventeen years ago in which Mr. Colyar related in a letter to Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, a member of the Hampton Roads Commission, very nearly the same statements that he did to the VETERAN. It is stated that he did not reply to strictures by Mr. Davis and his friend Hon. Ethel Barksdale, of Mississippi.

These refutations are upon the assumption that Mr. Colyar reflects upon Mr. Davis in his letter. Such was not understood by the VETERAN. There was no feature in the article that made it so desirable as the closing paragraph, which Mr. Colyar did not write, but which he cordially approved on seeing the proof.

Mr. Gardner asked him about Mr. Davis, raising the question of his faith in final success, and he replied that MR. DAVIS EVIDENTLY BELIEVED THAT PROVIDENCE WOULD EVENTUALLY OVERRULE FOR THE CONFEDERACY, AS WAS THE RESULT OF WASHINGTON'S STRUGGLE FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Through the favor of Col. John P. Hickman, of Nashville, access has been had to a complete file of these "Annals of the Army of Tennessee," and it is amazing to see how accurately Mr. Colyar repeats his letter to Mr. Hunter so many years ago. Mr. Davis' reply to the article in that publication is characteristic of our honored chief. His instructions, as reproduced by him to the Commission, were as follows:

In conformity with the letters of Mr. Lincoln, of which the foregoing is a copy, you are requested to proceed to Washington City for informal conference with him upon the issues involved in the existing war, and for the purpose of securing peace to the two countries. Your obedient servant, Jefferson Davis."

Mr. Davis states that: "Through all I have suffered and lost, it has been to me an unfailling consolation that I served a people and a cause worthy of any sacrifice which man could make, and I truly regret the recent revelations which have developed obstructions concealed from me and the people, when I was zealously laboring to fulfill the duties of the office with which they had honored me."

It is singular that Mr. Colyar did not learn of this statement by Mr. Davis, and so remember it as not to repeat even from Mr. Stephens that such a condition was required by Mr. Davis. It may be supposed by some, who have manifested special interest in this controversy, that Mr. Colyar was anxious to come before the public in this instance, but such is not the

case. He was pressed to write these things more because of his high tribute to Jefferson Davis than for any other reason. It is even believed that he would not have written the article in time for the November issue but for a wager having been made jocularly by a lady. He did it while on a hurried trip hundreds of miles from Nashville. This statement should not be construed as indicating that Mr. Colyar was ever ashamed of his connection with the cause of the South. He sent two of his sons to the Washington Lee University after the war during Gen. Lee's Presidency of it.

So far as the controversy is concerned the VETERAN takes no part, except in considering its obligation to contributors; but while it will never be a medium for controversies it will emphasize now that from first to last in this discussion there was not manifested the slightest disposition to impugn the motives of any person mentioned. It was gratifying to hear him express to the Grand Army veteran the motives of Mr. Davis as being the highest that can actuate a patriot and a Christian, especially when it is known that they were, before the war, ardent Democrat and Whig. It is fitting to add that while he spoke for Southerners all, he did not say one word in praise of Mr. Lincoln.

Captain Morton's letter, to which these references are made, appeared in the Nashville *American* of Nov. 28-

Here is what the Confederate President said in justification of his persistency in carrying the war to the last extremity:

I do not know how any one could have expected me, under the trust which I held from the people of the Confederate States, to propose to surrender, at discretion, the rights and liberties for which the best and bravest of the land were still gallantly struggling, and for which so many had nobly died. The "matter they had at heart" was to maintain the rights their fathers had left them. My heart sympathized with theirs, feeling that duty and honor alike forbade that I should seek peace on conditions which our army, depleted as it was, would have rejected with disdain.

If, while the army defiantly held its position in the field, the sovereign people and their representatives in the Congress of the Confederate States, under the pressure of war and dread of possible consequences, had wished to abandon the claims in defense of which the war was waged, and that the battle-torn flags should be furled and eased in humiliation, and the arms so long and so valiantly borne should be stacked for surrender, I should have bowed to their will but would never have executed it. In shame and mortification I would have resigned and left the office to be filled by some one fit for such service as has been indicated.

This controversy, though it appears as specifically local, caused much meditation upon the life and character of the South's chosen chief representative from first to last in our great struggle, and it brings him vividly to mind as the greatest hero among us. In that trying period, where so much was at stake, no other man was in like peril in refusing settlement. Any compromise would have been to his personal ad-



vantage, whereas utter exhaustion of the Southern forces without terms threatened the worst results imaginable to him. But his own fate never seemed to have had a thought. The editor of the VETERAN was under Joseph E. Johnston, and was rival among his most ardent devotees, and had his share of prejudice against Mr. Davis in their controversies, but now, in the light of subsequent decades, with his last breath he would declare all praise to the undying patriotism and the fearless courage of the man who, in the last extremity, being sick and in prison, dared to strike the guards ordered to humiliate him with shackles. All this was against the strongest combined physical force on the earth, but in the last extremity he defied them and begged them to kill him. Aye, he knew the combined powers of the world could not then rescue him. While the South's chief glory is her sacrifice for principle, all of her people who suffered may look up to the character of Jefferson Davis and thank the God of battles and of destiny for such a heroic and unselfish leader.

The VETERAN feels called upon to explain an extraordinary event that occurred in Washington City recently. I was there en route to Baltimore and New York, and feeling deep regret at inability to see the many good people who have been diligent since they first saw copies of the VETERAN, expressed the wish that a meeting might be held on my return. My friend favored it, and on the impulse wrote Colonel Seldon, proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel, suggesting that quarters be assigned for such a gathering, and proposed to pay \$25 for refreshments. Afterward this friend telegraphed me in New York for the VETERAN subscription list and stated that the Confederate Veteran Association had taken it in charge. The list was forwarded promptly, and when I returned to Washington I went to the Metropolitan Hotel, where I was greeted cordially by the proprietor and attended by him in person to quarters assigned to me on the parlor floor. He handed me this card:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 21, 1893.

The members of the "Ladies' Aid Society," the members of the "Confederate Veteran Association," and the subscribers to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, of Nashville, Tenn., edited by S. A. Cunningham, Esq., are cordially invited to attend a social gathering at the Metropolitan Hotel Wednesday evening, November 22d, at 7:30 o'clock, Colonel Seldon having generously tendered his parlors and a repast.

Respectfully,

ROBT. W. HUNTER, THOS. W. HUNGERFORD,  
President. Secretary C. V. A.

There was a member of the Association who is unfriendly to the VETERAN, and he well knew that he was not wanted. He stated that he and I were not on good terms. I had erased his name boldly from the list before sending it to Washington, but as a member of the Confederate Veteran Association he was entitled

to the invitation. He was there early and remained through the entertainment. His name is not given, but he will be designated as the agent of Mrs. Frank Leslie, who is republishing war pictures from her husband's old illustrated paper of thirty years ago. She publishes this agent's high-sounding title, and of the "late C. S. A." He had gone there as a guest in this way to a gathering of about 150 as noble men and women as ever assembled in Washington, and he threatened to interfere with the purposes of the meeting by saying he would claim the privilege to read letters of commendation to him by Southerners in the publication of these old war cuts dressed over, with other pictures thrown in. [The pictures of battles put the Confederate reader *behind* the *Federal* lines.]

This unwelcome guest was the first one I saw on arrival, and I thought he would soon retire, but was mistaken. The situation was exasperating, but there was no help for it. At length the guests were invited to a private dining room, where an elegant repast was served. At its conclusion a toast to Colonel and Mrs. Seldon was heartily applauded, but speeches ended there. Returning to the large parlors various impromptu speeches were made, but the name of the guest of the evening was not presented in any way. One of the speakers, General Heth, referred to the VETERAN in terms of honest praise. He seemed not to realize the situation, which was painful to those in charge of the entertainment.

The Washington Post of next morning, under head of "Reunion of Southerners." Gives this account:

There was a reunion of Southerners last night at the Metropolitan Hotel, the occasion being a reception and luncheon tendered the ladies of the Confederate Aid Society and the members of the Confederate Veterans' Association by Colonel Seldon. Speeches were made by Senator Ransom, of North Carolina; Col. H. D. Capers, of Charleston, S. C.; Gen. Harry Heth, Maj. Robert Hunter, and Mr. Magnus Thompson. The Confederate Veterans' Association will hold a number of meetings this winter, and have arranged an enjoyable programme of entertainments, including addresses by prominent speakers.

To Mrs. Leslie is commended the courage of her agent. It did not require the kind of courage exactly that was necessary to stay with brave men at Chickamauga, but he earned a prize.

There is no censure due to any other person. The Hotel proprietor is one of our own Southern men (a brother to Mrs. Gen. Kirby-Smith), and Southerners instinctively feel at home there.

Patrons of the VETERAN will sympathize with the misfortune in my hurrying on from New York, neglecting important business, and the misfortune in loss of opportunity to strengthen the VETERAN. However, aggravating as were the conditions, I met a large proportion of the company, and feel sure of having made new friends.

*SACRIFICE OF FEDERALISTS AT FREDERICKSBURG.*

The eminent journalist, Murat Halstead, has written at length of his observations at the effort of Burnside to go "the short road" to Richmond. When he got to Fredericksburg "he found Lee in his way and there was delay." Burnside seemed not to get on any faster than McClelland. This from his letter:

The dear boys, in their weather-beaten blue, were making the best of a gloomy affair, and could not conceal, or care not to do so, their feeling that there were many chances all would not be well with them. The worst of it was they all doubted the capacity of the commanding General, and they were strangely devoted to McClelland, singing "McClelland is our leader," the last song of the night, with hearty enthusiasm. \* \* \*

The resounding cannonade was almost harmless. It did not take a soldier to tell that there was no business in it, but the expenditure of ammunition. There was so much iron flying that the sound of it rasping through the shivering air could be heard distinctly. The cannon bellowed and the shot hummed low and fiercely. The old town was invisible, but two church steeples pierced the fog. The laying of the pontoons under the fire of the Mississippi riflemen was a sacrifice of brave men. Officers who fell in that service and were carried to the rear were strewn thickly on the grass.

The Confederates paid very little attention to the bombardment. It meant nothing to them but that something was about to take place. Their riflemen in the cellars were well protected, and shot the men at work on the pontoons at their pleasure. It was no trick at all for a marksman to kill a soldier at every shot. Why all of the bridge builders were not shot down I could not understand. \* \* \*

It was not Lee's policy to hold the town. It was a trap. \* \* \* I could not see any show for the Union Army from first to last, and the battle scenes to me were terrible. I saw the celebrated charge of the Irish Brigade as distinctly as I ever saw a play. Joe Hooker rode by with his brilliant face, and Sickles passed with a group of lancers. Burnside was walking in the yard at the Phillips House, his sabre clattering on the gravel. There was suddenly the opening of a battery or two of our field artillery on the Fredericksburg side of the river. The shots were exceedingly rapid, red flashes in the white gloom of a pearly powder cloud, and then the wild charge on the stone wall. It was not war; it was madness. The cloud that had been laced with streams of jagged flame, and writhing and vibrating as if charged with electricity, grew quiet. Then as the blue column moved forward there was the crackle of rifles like a thousand packs of Chinese crackers, and from that ghastly gulf of flame but few of the boys in blue reappeared.

I saw the cloud of battle over Franklin's flanking movement far down the river, where alone there was a rational hope of doing any thing. But the pillar of cloud did not advance, and the rumbling of many guns was not continued. There was a temporary success there, and 200 or 300 North Carolina troops were taken prisoners. It was pathetic to see their homemade outfits, their knapsacks of worn carpets—carpets used as blankets and coverlets and patchwork quilts that had seen some service, the butternut jackets and ragged hats. I had seen North Carolinians before, for

my father's people were of them. I saw in the poor prisoners many things that reminded me of "our folks" in the old times. Those North Carolina boys were lank, yellow, weather-beaten, rough-haired, with bony limbs, and wore ragged jackets. They had plenty of teeth and eyes, and many of them would be called "jays" and "greenhorns," but they were terrible soldiers, and had the hardihood of wild animals, tireless on the march as wolves, and glad to get an ear of corn for a ration, while a hunk of shoat was a luxury, and a chew of tobacco dissipation.

Whisky was a dream of the impossible. One tall fellow with a rubber blanket said, with a slow, sly smile, he "got it at Manassas," which was the name the Confeds. had for Bull Run, but he meant the second Manassas, where some of Pope's trains were captured; and he "hoped to Godamity," he said, "this thing could be fixed up some way." He meant the war. The poor fellow would not have cared much how it was fixed. I asked him what part of his State he was from, and was startled when he named the county in which my father was born. He told me his name, but I forgot that. He is voting the straight ticket somewhere, I am sure, and I think I could give the name of the ticket, but I am not talking politics.

The loss of the Union forces was above 13,000, and this was sustained in apparently small spaces, and in a short time. It would not take long to slaughter 100,000 men as that massacre was conducted. When I think of it I wonder at Appomattox.

The Confederate Army was drawn out the day after the battle on the then sunny hills. The keen flash of their arms was seen, and their bands playing "Dixie" plainly heard. The prospect that the country would ever again be one seemed very dark and remote. If our wonderful armies could be so helplessly slaughtered, what was the use? And the world grew all dark and weary at the thought that the glory of the starry flag was departing and that the Union, that had been like the sun in heaven, was passing away in dishonor.

The slaughter was over, the army decimated and despondent, the soldiers feeling deeply, more acutely than words can tell, that they were dying in vain.

Mr. Halstead puts an awful gloom into the spirit of the soldiers. Here is an illustration from the field hospital:

A Massachusetts officer was on his right side, his left leg roughly amputated close to the body, his eyes wide open in a pale face, and as I looked at him, almost choking with grief he said, noting possibly that the stranger staring at him was compassionate, "Ah! I should not care for this if we had been shown fair play; if we had been put in when we had the least chance. I should not have cared for my leg so much if we'd had a show. It's gone for nothing." And tears came into his eyes, and he repeated, "If we'd only had a show," and "it's gone for nothing."

There never was assembled on earth, in any age or country, a more intelligent body of men than the Army of the Potomac, and the feeling they had "no show" was a pang inexpressible.

I hurried away to Washington, and in the freight car in which I rode to the Potomac there was a pile of boxes containing dead officers, heaped half-way to the roof, and several of them were of those I had supped with in the woods the night before the battle. I could almost hear them sing then and can now.

I hastened to see Salmon P. Chase, and asked him whether he knew what had happened at Fredericksburg, and told him I was just from the army. He knew there had been a "severe check," and that our troops were on the south side of the Rappahannock. I told him there was really no battle. Our men had been shot down, that was all; the town was a trap, and I said, "The thing to pray for is that our army, in the hopeless muddle that it is, shall get safely back to the north side." "Is it so bad as that?" said Chase, agony in his face and voice, and he added in a moment, "Will you see the President?" I said, "No, you tell him."

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*DR. E. L. DRAKE'S TRIBUTE TO A BOY SOLDIER.*

For the benefit of the family and comrades of Wm. Youree, a member of Company K., Second Tennessee Regiment Infantry, C. S. A., who was lost in a skirmish at Peachtree Creek, near Atlanta, July 18, 1864, I write of having discovered his remains, and am able to clear up the mystery that has hung over the fate of this heroic boy for twenty-nine years. After several visits to the locality, and a persevering search, I learn that his remains are in Woods' private graveyard about three miles north of Atlanta. His bones had become exposed in making a county road over twenty years ago, and were removed at the expense of the county and reinterred at the place mentioned. I have marked the place and shown Mr. Thomas Woods the spot, so that his friends will have no difficulty in finding them. I have no doubt about the identification, as he was the only soldier lost out of the company, and we were the only troops engaged at that point. Besides, Mr. Bud Williams, a veteran, who removed him, says he found a black silk handkerchief in the grave, and I have an indistinct recollection that he possessed such an article. At any rate, his brother, Sergeant P. S. Youree, of the same company, if living, or some of his messmates, will have more particular knowledge than myself as to whether he had such a handkerchief.

I would like to pay a brief tribute to the memory of this heroic boy. He was a puny, sallow, undeveloped youth when he came to us at Corinth, seemingly too weak to handle a musket or endure a march, but he never missed a battle, I think, in which we were engaged. Although he was frequently sick he never shirked a duty nor asked a favor. He did his duty like the strongest. Indeed, his death was caused by his dogged persistence in remaining at the front when he was totally unfit for service. When we crossed the Chattahoochee, after the hard and trying Dalton campaign, Billy was so broken down and unfit for service that I ordered him to the hospital. To my surprise he came back to the company in a day or two, and when I remonstrated with him he simply said he "would rather stay with the boys." We were then on the skirmish line at Peachtree Creek, and that day our flank was turned by two brigades of the enemy who emerged from a pine thicket in a few paces to the left of the line. It was a run for life. Being detained by my duties somewhat, I was the last to get started. In a short while I came across the poor fellow in much distress because he was unable to run. I could only bid him do the best he could, and with a bitter pang I passed on, leaving him to his fate. In a few moments I was wounded, but managed to get back to the

main line. We never learned his fate until the war was over and it was ascertained that he had not been a prisoner. Then there could be no doubt with us all but his poor old mother, in the absence of positive knowledge, refused to believe him dead, and to the day of her death clung to the hope that her darling boy would return to her.

Billy Youree was a model character. He had none of the vices of camp. His Bible was his constant companion, and his morals pure; indeed, he shamed us all by his example of patient, uncomplaining fortitude under the most trying circumstances, though he was but a weak, pitiful-looking, undeveloped boy. When at his grave yesterday morning tears burst from my eyes and a fervent "thank God" from my lips that the lost had been found, though it was but the bones of the dear little fellow.

I do not know the address of any of his family, but this publication will meet the eyes of some of his friends, and if they desire to remove his remains to his native soil in Sumner County, Tenn., they can communicate with me here and I will attend to forwarding them home. If I should not be here Mr. Thomas Donaldson, who greatly aided the success of my search, or Mr. Thomas Woods, to whom I pointed out the grave, will freely render any assistance necessary.

In conclusion, I would plead that the comrades of Billy Youree and the citizens of his native county should bear home this precious handful of heroic dust, and erect over it a granite shaft that should tell to the youth of our land that it is not stature nor strength, but the spirit within that makes the man. Address E. L. Drake, 75 Marietta Street, Atlanta, Ga., or Winchester, Tenn.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 13, 1893.

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*MRS. GOV. NORTIEN'S PLEA FOR HISTORY.*

I hope it may never be said of the South that she has ceased to appreciate the sacrifices of her men or the patient endurance of her women in her hour of darkness and need.

I saw the widow yield to her country her eldest born, on whom she leaned to manage her estate; then another and another son in quick succession until her baby boy of sixteen was called.

I saw the wife bid good-bye to the husband, and draw close to her breast the little ones who depended on him for bread, and looking aloft cry, "God pity us."

How fondly do I remember the contending emotions of fervent patriotism, love, and pride in my own heart as I saw my young husband start to the front arrayed in the suit of gray which my willing hands had woven, cut and made. He who was mine, now yielded to God and his country.

Shall the South ever forget these things? Never! Sweep away the dust of time! Let nothing dim their luster! As Rizpah, in sacred writ, stood guard over the bodies of the dead whom she might not bury, and drove away the vultures which would have fed on their bodies, so we will resist and drive away the unholy touch of every harpy who would drag down in the dust the sacred memories of the past. It ennobles us to write of noble deeds. It enkindles in our breasts the sacred flame of heroism, and the hovering spirits of our dead heroes shall inspire us to emulation.

[This is the wife of the Governor of Georgia.—ED.]

## FORT SUMTER AND THE SEIGE OF CHARLESTON.

CORRECTED SKETCH BY R. BARNWELL RHETT.

I highly appreciate the narrative and the excellent likeness of my brother contained in the November VETERAN, but I ask you to allow me to correct a few inaccuracies, which are important.

It was two or three months after the defeat of the iron-clad squadron, on April 7, 1863, that Rear Admiral Dupont was relieved by Rear Admiral Dahlgren, and Major General Hunter, who commanded the land forces on the sea-islands of South Carolina, was relieved by Brigadier General Gilmore. Gilmore proposed to silence Fort Sumter from Morris Island, that Dahlgren with his iron-clad fleet might enter the harbor and capture Charleston.

At its northern point Morris Island is 1,400 yards south of the rear or gorge-wall of Fort Sumter. It extends four miles southward, a narrow strip of sand between the ocean and the marshes of James Island.

It was the 10th of July that Gilmore made lodgment on the south end of Morris Island, upon which event Colonel Rhett remarked, "Gilmore will silence us, but I will fight the fort low down." It was then that the guns and mortars of Sumter opened on his forces and fired night and day for more than six weeks. Of the sixty pieces of ordnance then in the fort, fifteen guns and mortars were thus employed, as circumstances required, especially in firing on the assaulting columns and reserves on the 11th and 18th of July, when Gilmore's forces met with bloody repulses before Battery Wagner, an outpost of the fort. The Federal killed and wounded on the night of the 18th numbered nearly 2,000. During the siege and engineering approach to Battery Wagner, which followed the disastrous attempts to take it by storm, the guns of Sumter were never idle. Gilmore characterized the fire throughout as "accurate and destructive." And, although firing over Battery Wagner, which was 2,700 yards off, no shot or shell ever fell among Confederates.

Gilmore established his breaching batteries not "four hundred," but four thousand yards from the fort. They were eight in number, and their distances from Sumter ranged between 4,290 and 3,428 yards. The guns used were two 80-pounder Whitworths, nine 100-pounder Parrotts, and one 300-pounder Parrott, in all eighteen rifle guns, throwing a ton of metal in the aggregate at each discharge.

It was not "April 17th," but August 17th, when the bombardment began. Within seven days 5,009 shot and shell were hurled against Sumter, and but two guns remained servicable in the fort. These were used for the last time from the crumbling east wall on the night of August 23d, in reply to an attack of six monitors and the frigate "Ironsides," which for five hours fired across upon the western magazine in reserve to blow up the fort. Between the 23d of August and the 2d of September the breaching batteries fired 1,819 more shot and shell against the fort, in all 6,828, which concluded the first bombardment.

An interval of fifty days elapsed before the second.

On the 27th of August General Beauregard, in publishing an order, complimented "Colonel Rhett, his officers, and the men of the First Regiment of South Carolina Regular Artillery," and stated that "In the

annals of war no work ever before encountered as formidable a bombardment as that under which Fort Sumter has been successfully held."

There were earthworks at this time within the walls of Sumter. From the 20th of July, besides the garrison, relays of from 300 to 400 negroes had been working day and night under the engineer, Maj. John Johnson. The upper and lower easements of the sea-port had been filled with bags of sand from the three acre parade. The seventeen rooms, 18 x 18 feet, used for officers' quarters, inside the gorge wall, were filled with bales of compressed cotton, soaked in salt water and packed in layers of sand. An exterior covering of sand bags defended the sally-port. But there was no bombproof, and the protection afforded the garrison was insignificant compared with the bombproofs built afterward, previous to the second bombardment, which commenced on the 26th of October.

When all the guns in Sumter were disabled, except a 32-pounder, kept under cover to fire the morning and evening gun of the post, General Beauregard confidently expected Admiral Dahlgren to come in with his iron-clad fleet and attempt the capture of Charleston. He had, therefore, made great exertions in erecting batteries and mounting guns on the northern shore of James Island, on Castle Pinckney, and on the sea-port of Charleston. Colonel Rhett was placed in command of the interior harbor defences. Sumter was included when the second bombardment began, and he visited the work nightly in a barge. But the expected naval attack on Charleston was never made.

Col. Alfred Rhett's command, the brigade of regulars, used as infantry, with Maj. Burnet Rhett's battalion of field artillery, formed the rear-guard of Hardee's retreat after the evacuation of Charleston. At Averysboro, March 16th, they occupied the first line of defense to check Sherman's forces. The rest of Hardee's army occupied the second and stronger line, which it was intended to hold. Taylor's Creek protected Col. Alfred Rhett's right flank, and he was instructed that a portion of Hampton's cavalry would cover his left flank. After arranging his line of battle at daylight, amid the rain and fog, he rode in front to push forward his skirmish line. His personal staff officer and his adjutant were both sick and he was alone. When near the left flank, within his skirmish line, he descried a few cavalymen covered with waterproofs, and he wore one himself. Supposing they belonged to the promised support, which he expected in that quarter, he halted them, inquired where General Hampton was, and ordered them back to tell him to hurry up, as the Federal troops were in his front in force. The men proved to be of Kilpatrick's command, and in the obscurity of the morning had inadvertently got in behind the Confederate skirmish line. Before he became aware of his mistake they had cocked weapons at his head, compelled his surrender, and led him out to Col. W. D. Hamilton, of the Ninetieth Ohio Cavalry, and General Klipatrick, who was with him on the Bentonville road.

Under Brigadier General Taliaferro, Rhett's brigade held the first line for five hours, repulsing first a portion of Kilpatrick's division of cavalry, then Ward's division of infantry, and finally, being attacked in front and flank by Ward's division and Jackson's division, fell back to the second line of defense, which General Hardee easily maintained. The Confederate loss was about 500, mostly in this brigade. The Fed-

eral loss is stated by Gen. J. E. Johnston at 3,000. For its conduct at Averysboro, and afterward at Bentonville, this brigade was officially complimented by Lieutenant General Hardee for its "iron firmness and measureless gallantry."

General Taliaferro was made a Major General at Charlotte, N. C., receiving the last commission issued by the Confederate government. Col. Alfred Rhett was taken to Fort Delaware, where he remained a prisoner until August, 1865.

A personal note by the author concludes as follows: The work you are doing is grateful to all Confederates and worthy of all commendation, for time is passing, and those who know the history of the Southern cause of 1860-65 are rapidly going into the land of silence.

### THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

A. S. MORTON, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

Freedom's blazing constellation,  
Welcomed by the acclamation  
Of a giant infant nation,  
Rose the Southern Cross.

Aye, to keep it where they found it,  
In the heavens. Ne'er to ground it  
Swore ten thousands madly 'round it—  
'Round the Southern Cross.

Matchless chiefs (a world admiring)  
Wondrous deeds of valor firing,  
'Neath its blazing light inspiring,  
Led the Southern Cross.

And our hopes grew higher, higher,  
For the end seemed drawing nigher,  
When above Manassas' fire  
Waved the Southern Cross.

'Mid the battle's lurid glaring,  
Where the torch of war was flaring,  
Ever where were deeds of daring,  
Gleamed the Southern Cross.

And the Northern heavens paling,  
While the stoutest of them quailing  
Watched in terror unavailing,  
Shone the Southern Cross.

O'er the dead and with the dying,  
In the face of foemen flying,  
"Down for aye with tyrants!" crying,  
Swept the Southern Cross.

Heroes bore it, proud to wave it,  
Glad to give their blood to lave it,  
Trusty swords were bared to save it—  
Save the Southern Cross.

Gallant lads, their faith defending,  
Careless of the fate impending,  
Sank to rest with angels tending  
'Neath the Southern Cross.

But 'twas fruitless immolation;  
Over vandal desecration,  
Over death and desolation,  
Drooped the Southern Cross.

Lost was all for which we'd striven.  
Like a bolt from heaven driven,  
Like the oak by lightning riven,  
Fell the Southern Cross.

Agès hence will tell the story  
How, tho' tattered, torn and gory,  
In a sea of blazing glory,  
Set the Southern Cross.

### WHERE OUR DEAD LIE BURIED.

Notes from Mrs. Alice Truehart Buck, Washington, D. C.: Died in the hospital at Manassas, Va., and buried with the "unknown" under the monument at that place—Wallis Praine, Grimes County, Texas; William H. Thompson, Courtney, Grimes County, Texas; T. Morris, Dr. Garth Broughton.

De Jean, Alabama, died in Manassas, Va., grave not located.

B. F. Ward, died August, 1861. He was from Georgia, and is buried in the front yard at Mr. Frank Lewis's, on Manassas battle-field.

WANTED—Information of D. H. Mason, of Wright's Brigade, Georgia, supposed to have been killed at Manassas.

Of Talbot Patterson Moore, of Williamsport, Penn. He was living in Memphis, Tenn., when the war commenced, engaged in boating on the Mississippi River. He joined the Confederate Army, and was never heard of afterward by his family.

Daniel Sammons, South Carolina Cavalry—probably Hampton's—supposed to have died in one of the hospitals at Richmond, 1863 or 1864.

Of James Jerman Palmer, of Charleston, S. C., supposed to have been killed in the second battle of Manassas. He was private in the Spartan Rifles.

Of Leonard Clark, who joined Capt. Cary's company in Rapides Parish, La., in 1862. When last heard from was a prisoner in Maryland in 1864.

Information concerning the life or death of comrades will be thankfully received and conveyed to their friends, or published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

In Christ Church yard in Alexandria, Va., a small, neat monument marks the resting place of the following named Confederate soldiers who were prisoners of war, and died in hospitals there: Lieut. William Bamberg, 42d Mississippi; Sergt. W. T. White, 3d North Carolina; Corporal Daniel J. Frazier, G. S. Herron, 7th South Carolina; Sergt. Daniel A. Keever, William J. Fralie, H. L. E. Fleming, Henry G. Proctor, Erastus W. Hays, Wm. W. Taylor, Jacob W. Redmon, Chas. Firtich, and Thos. W. Montgomery, 25th South Carolina; Henry A. Storm, 14th South Carolina; David Rogers, 1st South Carolina; Abner M. Burghardt, 11th South Carolina; Gabriel Cox, 1st North Carolina; Wesley W. Skipper, 30th North Carolina; Anderton Brown, 3d North Carolina; Lemuel Cheeney, 44th North Carolina; Asbury Tarpley, 12th Mississippi; John Carter, 10th Florida; James E. Elder, 25th Tennessee; Robert J. Morris, 16th Mississippi; R. Pitman, 60th Georgia; Corporal James M. Stuart, 48th Virginia; Alex. Lyles, Richmond Battery, Virginia; Gustavus W. Portlock, 61st Virginia; John Burnet Davis, Virginia Rangers; James Augustine, James Cox, Thos. T. Royal; a Lieutenant and one private, names unknown.

### THE SHIPP HOTEL, CHATTANOOGA.

They sing of a true and gallant ship,  
And a gallant crew as well,  
But when to this city you take a trip,  
Put up at the Shipp Hotel.

Entrance, East Ninth Street.

J. F. SHIPP.

Rev. A. T. Goodloe, M. D., author of "Some Rebel Relics From the Seat of War," has removed from Chapel Hill, Tenn., to Station Camp, Sumner Co., Tenn., which latter place is now his postoffice.

## LEE AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

## SEVERE DISCIPLINE.

W. T. Gass, Commander of Camp Ben McCulloch, No. 300, U. C. V., Mt. Vernon, Texas, October 26, 1893, writes: In a purely fraternal spirit I desire to reach the truth of an alleged "incident of the battle of the Wilderness," of which I have read three different versions (unless, indeed, there were three separate incidents in the same battle), of which our great chieftain, Gen. R. E. Lee, was the central figure and participant. I refer to a critical period in that battle when he attempted to lead in person a brigade, or division, to recover a portion of his entrenchments, or lost ground in his line, captured by the enemy, and the refusal of the officers and men to charge until he "went to the rear."

I find one version of it in Mrs. Ann E. Snyder's "Civil War from a Southern Standpoint." After a brief description of Gen. Grant's movement against his opponent, and his varying fortunes from May 4th to 12th, the historian tells how a successful assault was made, the fortifications taken, and Gen. Johnston's Division surrounded, and the most of them captured. She states, "It was a critical point. The fate of the Confederacy almost hung in the balance. The Federals seemed now to be on the point of a decisive victory that would throw open the gates of Richmond. Gen. Lee rode forward in front of the lines he had so often led to conquest and success. The scene was dramatic in its subdued intensity. He took position opposite, at the time, to the colors of the Forty-ninth regiment of Pegram's Brigade. Not a word did he say. He simply took off his hat 'as he sat on his charger.' An eye-witness says of him, 'I never saw a man look so noble, or witnessed a spectacle so impressive.' At this interesting moment Gen. Gordon, spurring his foaming charger to the front, seized the reins of Gen. Lee's horse, and turning him around said, "General, these are Virginians. They have never tailed. They never will—will you, boys?" Amid loud cries of "No! no! Gen. Lee to the rear! Go back, go back! Gen. Lee to the rear!" Gen. Gordon gave the command, "Forward! charge!!"

Several years after the war I read a newspaper account of this same incident (or one just like it), with Gen. Lee as the principal figure, and the troops who sent him to the rear before charging and retaking the Confederate works, as being an Alabama brigade. I have also seen another account of it, and for the past quarter century I have understood and believed that Hood's old Texas Brigade (then commanded by the lamented Gen. Gregg) was the real actors in this dramatic scene at the Wilderness, and that to these men belongs the honor of sending "Uncle Bob" to the rear. McCardell's great painting, "Lee and the Texas Brigade at the Battle of the Wilderness," hung for a number of years in our old State Capitol at Austin, and was burned about fourteen years ago. I have also heard old veterans of Hood's Brigade tell of the incident with pardonable pride, and no later than last week I heard ex-Gov. R. B. Hubbard, of Tyler, speaking to the Confederate veterans at the Dallas State Fair, give Hood's old Brigade the credit, and that the hero who turned Gen. Lee's horse to the rear was a private yet living in Central Texas.

Will you please publish this, or its substance, and find out, before all the old boys in gray "cross over the river," the truth about it, whether the incident should be properly credited to Virginia, Alabama, or Texas.

While Joe E. Johnston's army was near Dalton, after the fall of Missionary Ridge, Gen. P. R. Cleburne's division was camped out on the Spring Place road. Pickets from the division were detailed every morning and mounted by Major Dickson, Cleburne's Inspector General. The Major was very exacting. He would order the men to stand at right dress at shoulder arms while he instructed the commissioned and non-commissioned officers. The men would frequently change positions a little for comfort, and whenever he saw any of them do so he would order them out of line and put them on extra duty at headquarters. This severity became an annoyance to all of the division, until it was common for four or five hundred men to go out to see the ridiculous performance. A crisis came one morning when General Cleburne and his Adjutant went out to see the Major's performances. He had his men to right dress at shoulder arms and open ranks, and commenced his instructions to the officers as usual. As soon as this happened Adjutant General Buck left General Cleburne and went to the Major, said something to him, and returned to where General Cleburne was. The Major in the meantime was instructing as usual. General Cleburne then commanded in a loud, clear voice, "Major Dickson, bring the men to order arms while you give those instructions not in the book." The old rebel yell was given with a hearty good will. For a long time after this when Major Dickson would come by the command some one would halloo out, "Who gave the instructions not in the book?" "Major Dickson!" would be the answer in chorus by nearly every one in hearing distance. The last time the writer ever heard it thrown into the Major's face General Cleburne was with him, and the General said, "Boys, I don't believe I would worry him any more, as he is sorry of it."

The above story is told by a veteran who was in Cleburne's old brigade. It is not used to criticise the Inspector General, who may have answered "the last tattoo" ere this, but it vividly illustrates soldier life by the boys in gray. They would suffer any privation when necessary, but resisted useless hardship or indignities. Much as the army loved Joe Johnston they so chafed at his putting men in stocks that there came near being a mutiny in camp at our winter quarters near Dalton.

H. M. Miller, of West Point, Va., demurs to errors in Yeargin's report, elsewhere referred to, and adds: "All the boys who were young once swear by the VETERAN, and we all want it read in every home. Our Camp, John R. Cook, by unanimous vote, has accepted the VETERAN as our organ. The Adjutant now is making arrangements for every member to have a copy. We are trying individually and as a Camp to get our young people interested in the war, the causes that brought it on, and the deeds of our soldiers. To that end our Camp has tendered a medal to the young man and one to the young lady in our schools who, at the end of the session, is the best posted on that subject. Let all the Camps do the same, and it will stir up the young in behalf of our Southern history."

## PICKET DUTY ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Just before the great battle at Chickamauga I was stationed, with a little squad, to watch the movement of the enemy not far away in the valley below. One day a foraging party of the enemy came in sight with thirty or forty wagons and about one regiment of infantry. All of the wagons but seven passed on, when the regiment halted and stacked arms, and the men were soon busily engaged in gathering a field of corn. General M. happened on the mountain that day and gave his consent for us to go down and give them battle. Every available man of our seventeen all told was soon in line, and going down a narrow trail we soon reached the creek below, where we deployed as skirmishers the full length of the field in order to get all under fire at once. At length the order was given, "Fire." You ought to have seen them—drivers dismounted, left their teams, and all rushed pell mell through the corn to where the guns were stacked. Overjoyed at our victory we were soon across the creek busily engaged with the mules and wagons that had been left behind in the stampede. We had captured thirty-five mules and six wagons, one mule having been killed in the fray and one team escaped. The arrangement on leaving the summit was for General M. to act as signal corps. One gun fired indicated fight; two guns, retreat, and every man for himself. All were as busy as bees trying to force the mules across the creek. The bank was steep, and they not inclined to take it, when, to our surprise, the signal to fight was heard. All were in a moment of time ready for battle, waiting breathless for the approach of the enemy. The keen ring of the rifle was again heard from the mountain top. "There, boys, that means run. Kill the mules before you go." They were soon dispatched. Then came the retreat in dead earnest, and every man *was* for himself. Such scrambling to find some safe place among the cliffs and under the laurel bushes. Soon we were in safety high up on the mountain side from where every movement of the enemy below could be plainly seen. The commander, a gallant fellow, mounted and coming to battle in fine style, skirmishers deployed and moving to the front cautiously to locate the position of the attacking party. When within range of our Enfield rifles we opened fire on them again, and continued it. They marched bravely forward until within a few hundred yards of our retreat, halted, then poured one solid volley into the rocky side of old Lookout; faced about seemingly in disgust, and marched away in the direction the train had gone, leaving, as they doubtless thought, thirty-six mules and six wagons to the mercy of the Johnny Rebs. When fully satisfied that they were gone, we crept, one by one, from our hiding places (without the loss of a man), again crossed the creek, re-entered the field, filled the wagons with corn stalks and burned them. Four mules escaped unhurt, which we carried triumphantly to the mountain top. This is my experience as picket on Lookout Mountain.—JOE, Company G., Ninth Tennessee Infantry.

Gen. W. L. Cabell, Dallas, Texas: I am happy to say to you that you are making it a glorious Confederate magazine—a paper, that is wanted at this time to keep the camp fires burning. I shall continue to sing your praises wherever I may go, and hope that your subscription list will grow to many thousands.

## TRIBUTE TO HOOD BY A UNION VETERAN.

Hon. Washington Gardner, of Michigan, an account of whose visit South was reported in November VETERAN, has written of his pleasure in Dr. Henry Fields' "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," which book is a compilation of letters on the South, and comments as follows:

I have read the racy sketches with both pleasure and profit. The chapter on "The Last Years of Lee," and the one on "Stonewall Jackson," have a peculiar charm to Northern as to Southern readers. His "Battle of Franklin" is the most thrilling and at the same time the most instructive account of that desperate struggle it has been my fortune to run across.

By the way, I was somewhat surprised, and may say pained, during my recent trip South, to note the disposition among soldiers of the late Confederate Army to criticise and disparage the merits of Gen. Hood. That he made mistakes no unprejudiced student of the war between the States will deny, but that he was possessed of some of the best qualities that belong to great military commanders is equally indisputable. As between the General and his critics touching the battle of Franklin, my sympathies are entirely with the former; while my admiration for the splendid valor exhibited by his heroic legions on that bloody field is not diminished by the fact that they were Americans all, and that to day the survivors would fight as desperately for the "stars and stripes" as they did on that November day twenty-nine years ago for the "stars and bars." Franklin, from the Confederate standpoint of view, must ever remain one of the saddest tragedies of the civil war; on the other hand, there were in that battle possibilities to the Confederate cause, and that came near being realized, scarcely second to those of any other in the great conflict. Had Hood won—and he came within an ace of it—and reaped the legitimate fruits of his victory, the verdict of history would have been reversed, and William Tecumseh Sherman, who took the flower of his army and with it made an unobstructed march to the sea, leaving but a remnant to contend against a foe that had taxed his every resource from Chattanooga to Atlanta, would have been called at the close as at the beginning of the war, "Crazy Sherman." No individual, not even Hood himself, had so much at stake in the fight at Franklin as the hero of the "march to the sea."

In a more personal note Mr. Gardner states:

You are making a readable paper, interesting to Northern and Southern soldiers alike. Your Northern readers may not, cannot, always agree with you or your contributors, but I am sure that as we know each other better we will like each other more. I am glad you secured Mr. Colyar's contribution. These unwritten chapters of authentic history are of great value.

N. L. Norton, Austin, Texas, recites important facts in rebutting the erroneous memoranda published of Mr. Yeargin. He concludes as follows: "Facts are the raw material in history. Facts alone should enter into the concise record of 'Memorable events,' soon to be posterity's chief reliance for a true story of the great war."

*MANY FLAGS "RECAPTURED" BY THE SURRENDER.*

O. A. Wiggins, Wilmington, N. C., October 11, 1893, writes: In a late number of the *VETERAN*, concerning captured flags by the Union troops from the Confederates, you refer to that of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, by Lieut. O. A. Wiggins, of the Confederate Army, and its recapture by the Federals. I should dislike for my friends to think of my capturing a flag and then surrendering it to its former owners. I gave it into the hands of my superior officers after the battle, May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania. As evidence, the following note from Gen. Lee to Gen. Wilcox:

"Headquarters A. N. Va., Battle-field, May 13, 1864—Maj. Gen. C. M. Wilcox, Commanding Division: Gen. Lee directs me to acknowledge the receipt of the flags captured by Lane's Brigade in its gallant charge of yesterday, and to say that they will be forwarded to the Hon. Secretary of War with the accompanying note, and the names of the brave captors. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, C. S. Venable, A. D. C. Names of captors: First Lieutenant James M. Grimsly, Co. K., 37th N. C. T.; Second Lieutenant O. A. Wiggins, Co. E., 37th N. C. T.; private J. H. Wheeler, Co. E., 18th N. C. T."

The above is a true copy from the original, now in the possession of Gen. James H. Lane, professor in the A. and M. College, Auburn, Ala. It is possible this flag may have fallen into the enemy's hands in Richmond after its fall, but it was never recaptured from me. I delivered it to Maj. Englehard, A. D. C. Wilcox's Division. This note to Gen. Wilcox was read by Gen. Lane himself, standing upon our breastworks about the center of the brigade on the evening of May 13, 1864.

*STORY OF AN OLD BROKEN PISTOL.*

Several years ago a Missouri ex-Confederate soldier named Boatright gave me a story of a broken pistol, which I recite in his own words as I remember them:

"I was with Gen. Dick Taylor, not far from the Mississippi River. News had reached him that a 'cotton thief' was at a certain place buying cotton and shipping it North. I was ordered to go and capture and bring him in. I went alone, and as I was approaching the house where he was reported to be staying, I saw him going from it as fast as his horse could carry him. I gave chase and finally overtook and captured him. He had only a few dollars in money on his person, and in a pair of saddle-bags there were only an old broken pistol and a shirt. I took him to headquarters. What become of him I never learned. My story is about the old pistol, which I appropriated. On examining it I deemed it of no value, and gave it to the children of a female cousin who lived in that section, and whose house I more than once visited. At the close of the war I called there, and seeing the pistol I said to her, I will take this home with me as a trophy of the war. She readily assented, and I put it in my pocket.

"My wife and children were at the home of my father in Franklin County, Mo., about forty miles from St. Louis. On reaching them I gave my children the pistol as a *souvenir* of the war, and it became a plaything for them indoors and out, and was often laying out in the weather. After a few years my father had a sale of his household effects, and the pistol was thrown into a box of old bits of iron, and was

sold with them. A year or so later I was at the house of the purchaser and saw the weapon. A desire to possess it again came upon me. I gave its history and asked for it, and it was given me. I took it to my then home in St. Louis, and again it became a toy for my children. One day one of them came to me with the pistol and a splinter of wood in it, saying, 'There is something in here.' I took the splinter, pressed it in, and discovered there was something soft in the barrel. I called on my wife for a hairpin, formed a sort of screw and succeeded in drawing out a roll of greenback notes. There were six one hundred dollar bills and four ten dollar bills, and the only sign of damage was rust marks from the pistol barrel on the outside of the roll. It then became manifest why the captured cotton buyer carried that old broken pistol in his saddle-bags." J. W. C.

*ON THE DEATH OF ZOLLICOFFER.*

The following beautiful verses on the death of Zollicoffer were written by Harry Flash, of Mobile, while a volunteer aid of Gen. Hardee:

First in the fight and first in the arms  
Of the white-winged angels of glory,  
With the heart of the South at the feet of God,  
And his wounds to tell the story.

The blood which flowed from his hero heart  
On the spot where he nobly perished,  
Was drank by the earth as a sacrament  
In the holy cause he cherished.

In heaven, a home with the brave and blest,  
And for his soul's sustaining  
The Apocalyptic eyes of Christ,  
And nothing on earth remaining

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice,  
A name in song and story,  
And fame to shout, with her trumpet voice,  
Died on the field of glory!

Dr. S. H. Stout, now of Dallas, Texas, but who had lived several years at Cisco in that State previous to a conflagration that destroyed his home, writes that he still has his official papers. He was Medical Director of the Army of Tennessee, and adds: Just before the cyclone I had begun to write my "Reminiscences of the Services of the Medical Officers of the Confederate Army and Department of Tennessee." "The first of the series had appeared in the *St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal* of April last, but owing to the upsetting of all my plans I have had to abstain from continuing the work until the present time." He makes request through the *VETERAN* that all medical officers, hospital stewards, and detailed men who served in the hospitals of the Department of Tennessee, send him their full names and present postoffice address. He wants to communicate with them in their own interest, and "in the interest of authentic history of their self-denying and efficient services." Dr. Stout's address is 489 Live Oak Street, Dallas.

What a luxury to "old vets." in Texas, that they can get hot artesian water in many sections at a trifling cost. Natatoriums are built in Waco, Fort Worth, and perhaps many other places. Inclosed with some subscriptions to the *VETERAN*, from Marlin, is a circular headed, "Take a plunge." This well is 3,350 feet deep, and the temperature of the water is 140° F.



## SECOND-HAND PICTURES FOR SILLY SOUTHERNERS.

It was not my intention to refer ever again to Mrs. Leslie's war journal, but it is a duty to be loyal to fellow Confederate veterans and principles dear to them, and I will do it regardless of consequences.

The freedom of the press is not forgotten, nor that law and liberty will maintain it. There is no patent on the name Confederate that causes complaint, but every subscriber to this VETERAN, and every Camp that has made it their organ, has been insulted by this applicant for Southern patronage in a most shameless way. Mrs. Leslie's enterprise claims that as the appropriation for copies of the "Rebellion Record" is insufficient to supply the demand it has undertaken the work. Such a publication might be consistent enough if it had undertaken to supply all applicants under a fitting name. That apportionment is as good for the South as the North. But for the most persistent partisan press in the United States, persistent in time of peace in its villainous caricatures of Southern people for more than thirty years, to drum up a "General" of the "late C. S. A." to edit it, to send a Republican "associate" into the South and to advertise that the thing is published in Lexington, Ky., as well as New York, and then to print it on *gray* paper and surmount the whole thing with the sacred word "Confederate," is the vilest insult conceivable. Why palm off these old pictures on our people? Any city merchant with a branch store in the country can explain it: He sends his shoddy goods to the country. By the reputation this Leslie Printing Company has given to the South since the first internal troubles of this great nation, it would be ridiculous for them to rehash their old war pictures and sell them to us even at low prices. (The VETERAN, at their schedule, would be \$2 a year.) There can be no good reason for naming it "Confederate," and they don't make any explanation for so calling it. They are too wise in business methods to offer them to their enlightened (!) and discriminating (!) people. Fine scheme indeed! Why don't they say Frank Leslie's "Confederate." These statements are not at random. I have investigated for myself. I have talked with the men who reduce these old war cartoons so as to come in the pages of this "Confederate" (?) war journal. They have been driven to select some of their old cuts to represent Confederate victories. The November issue gives such a cartoon, but it puts the Southern reader *behind* the Federal lines. The Confederates may be imagined in the smoke of battle, but are too far away for their own flags to be seen.

Why should Southern people patronize such a concern? For years after the war it was profitable for Union soldiers to secure settlements of claims, for they got largely the business because they were supposed to possess inside favors. For the same reason

this "late C. S. A." agent may be supposed to possess the key of knowledge because he has been favored with a salary as Southern representative in compiling the Rebellion Record. Whoever heard of a thing done by him that would not have been done by the other side? Did the public ever get the news of a plea by him, or a protest against any record made? What benefit has he ever been to history for the South?

The record of his martyrdom (?) for the cause that thousands died has not yet been published. Why isn't his magnificent (?) career as a soldier more prominent? I have learned this much: He was Lieutenant Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee Regiment, but in its reorganization at Corinth, when brave soldiers were allowed to elect their regimental and company officers, he was left out in the cold. Then he was enterprising enough to secure favor with the chief executive of his State to procure an appointment as Brigadier General, this executive official explaining afterward that he expected him to be put on Post duty. Gen. Cheatham stated in a letter October 2, 1862, that it was understood when his appointment was pressed that "there was no vacancy." Through this appointment he superceded a gallant officer who had three honorable discharges from the United States Army, who was the Senior Colonel in the whole army of Tennessee, and, in the language of Gen. Cheatham, "deserved the promotion."

An interesting and ludicrous sketch of the old Donelson Brigade has been received just at time for going to press, which tells something of his career at Mission Ridge. A faithful veteran writes: "We were marched right along into close contact with the enemy without heed to repeated warnings which were given to our commander. \* \* \* When the Eighth and Sixteenth Tennessee Regiments got well into this part of the road a signal was given on the enemy's left and a volley was poured into our ranks. General ——— quickly turned his horse and gave order, 'Get your men into line, Col. Anderson! I'll go and order up the artillery.' \* \* \* Whether he ever found the artillery he went back to order we never knew. The next we heard of him he was commanding the Post at Atlanta, a post we were willing he should fill, as it gave us a brigade commander."

Now, in addition to these old cuts new ones are being made of general officers and men of influence, so Mrs. Leslie will find certain friends who like to see their pictures in print, but the VETERAN is opposed to compromise, and will make rigid cause with all such.

I would sooner throw a dollar in the sea than give a cent that would inure to its benefit. The press of the South has been appealed to by this "late C. S. A.," and occasionally has given notice without considering the demerit of the application.

In performing this unpleasant duty I must not be misunderstood. I am on record by one of her sex,

and a friend of Mrs. Leslie, as "the most universal worshiper of woman that ever existed," and if she will come South we will all treat her well. but the most sacred term of this world to our people is CONFEDERATE. It means too much to allow it tampered with for lucre.

Her agent of the "late C. S. A." hit on a fine scheme (!) when he induced her after the Southern people had demonstrated their enthusiasm for the VETERAN to name it Confederate. He knew my weakness, and his want of consideration for me had been demonstrated on an occasion when a splendid woman met me on the street in Washington and said she wanted to have a talk with me, that she would dine at his house, and named the hour. I arrived after they had "just gone down to dinner," and had not the opportunity to decline joining the head of the house in a smoke afterward. But I was not a General. I had not commanded a Post.

It is due to add this notice from the Washington *Post*, which was overlooked in notes elsewhere printed:

The members of the Ladies' Southern Aid Society and of the Confederate Veterans' Association met in the parlors of the Metropolitan last night to greet S. A. Cunningham, Esq., of Nashville, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. They gave him a warm reception.

A letter from a Baltimore lady, who has just sent out an \$8 volume under date of December 6th, writes that she has been asked to subscribe for that war journal, but sends for two copies of the VETERAN, and quotes from the other on the "Rebellion" and the "Great Rebellion," "showing the cloven foot of the arch enemy of Confederate and constitutional principles unmistakably in the use of such insulting and, historically, false language."

Capt. D. S. Satterwhite, Adjutant Fifth Regiment, Texas: I belonged to the 7th Georgia Regiment, and was under Longstreet in all his campaigns; was in the Manassas battles, served four years, was wounded twice, and lost my left leg above the knee in front of Richmond October 7, 1864; was in Richmond when it surrendered, was carried to Point Lookout, and stayed until July 7, 1865. I received a request from the war journal to canvass for it, but I threw it in the fire.

Dr. W. M. Yandell, in remitting \$15 to the VETERAN from El Paso, Texas, adds: \* \* \* "How a Confederate General can lend his name to such a fraud I can't see. The war journal is sent to all your list here, I think, but it hasn't a subscriber here, so far as I know.

Since these forms have been ready a more accurate investigation of this Leslie agent in the Confederate service has been made. At Chickamauga, when part of his command had retreated, and he with them, he reported the Eighth and Sixteenth Tennessee Regiments captured. Col. Anderson, to whom he turned over the Brigade command under fire of the enemy at Mission Ridge and ran away, never to be seen again except on Post duty, was so severe in his report that Col. Porter, Adjutant General of Cheatham's Division,

sent for him and suggested that he change the language of the report, as it might bring on a personal difficulty, but this hero, who is a living witness now in Nashville, replied that his report was true, and declined to change it. Has anybody seen that report in the *Rebellion Record*? Ah! think of such a representative to supervise history for the South in a matter of so much consequence!

This entire article has been too mild. The names should have been given all through, and that to which specific reference has been made is Marcus J. Wright. Please repudiate for me any man who will advocate him or his infamous cause, or repudiate the VETERAN and its founder. These issues are far above the personal. I would not amalgamate with such hypocrisy and insolent falsehood for my life. Memory! memory!! memory!!!

JUSTICE TO THE MEMORY OF A BRAVE OFFICER, BY A FRIEND OF GEN. RAINS.—In the VETERAN for May is a communication entitled, "Vivid War Incident." It told of an officer who had apparently tried to commit suicide. This was a mistake. The poor man, with several others, had been attacked by thieves. One was killed and he desperately wounded. His companions escaped and left him. In this pitiable condition he endeavored to move along on his way home to Augusta, Ga., but became completely exhausted and fell by the roadside to die, as he thought. But he was picked up and carried to a place of safety, where he was cared for until able to resume his journey home, which he reached safely in course of time. This officer was a Northerner by birth, but was a gallant and brave soldier of the Confederacy. He was, as the sketch relates, a son-in-law of Gen. Rains. For some time after the war he was engaged in civil engineering in Peru, South America, and died there of yellow fever.

TRUE COURAGE.—While the battle was at its height at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, the Commanding Officer of the Third North Carolina Infantry found one of his men walking up and down behind his company with his rifle on his shoulder, as if on guard duty. Speaking to him, and asking his reason for not being in line and firing, he replied: "I have seen nothing to shoot at, and having but sixty rounds of cartridge I don't propose to throw them away." He was instructed to lie down, like his comrades, and seeing under the smoke the blue breeches, he turned and looked at the officer with a very pleased expression, and went to work. This was a conscript, who had been with the regiment but six weeks, and in the movement to the front he got out of his place. On coming up only after several volleys had been fired, the smoke obstructed his view. That was his first time under fire, and if his name was known, it should be graven on stone. His fate is not known.

W. L. Stephen, Commander J. J. Whitney Camp, U. C. V., No. 22, at Fayette, Miss.: I take great pleasure in saying that the VETERAN is recognized by our Camp as its official organ, and the only organ extant that deserves such recognition. We hope it will be adopted by the State and National Camps at their next annual reunions. Every Confederate ought to subscribe for it.

WHERE THE VETERAN GOES.

The following list includes the subscriptions at places named where there are four or more. There are about 7,000 paid subscriptions, at nearly 1,600 post-offices in 42 States and Territories. There are printed of this edition 11,000 copies.

ALABAMA.					
Athens.....	22	Florence.....	7	Montgomery.....	46
Birmingham.....	39	Greenville.....	19	Moundville.....	5
Camden.....	8	Guntersville.....	4	Piedmont.....	12
Carrollton.....	6	Huntsville.....	22	Scottsboro.....	17
Elkmoot.....	9	Jell.....	5	Snowdoun.....	5
Elmore.....	4	Lowndesboro.....	14	Talladega.....	6
Eutaw.....	4	Lower Peachtree.....	8		
ARKANSAS.					
Arkadelphia.....	7	Fayetteville.....	23	Prescott.....	8
Bentonville.....	11	Hot Springs.....	7	Springdale.....	27
Booneville.....	5	Little Rock.....	48	Van Buren.....	5
Camden.....	7	Morrilton.....	8		
Washington, D. C.....					56
FLORIDA.					
Brooksville.....	30	Monticello.....	18	St. Augustine.....	18
Fernaundina.....	14	Ocala.....	23	Tallahassee.....	4
Jacksonville.....	117	Orlando.....	15	Tampa.....	43
Lakeland.....	8	Palmetto.....	6	Titusville.....	10
Lake Weir.....	6	Pensacola.....	17	Welaka.....	4
Marlana.....	10	Sanford.....	18	Welborn.....	4
GEORGIA.					
Aeworth.....	4	Eagle Cliff.....	4	Madison.....	11
Athens.....	4	Eatonton.....	4	Rome.....	5
Atlanta.....	23	Greensboro.....	8	Savannah.....	31
Augusta.....	9	Hawkinsville.....	25	Union Point.....	14
Canton.....	17	LaGrange.....	8	Washington.....	33
Cartersville.....	4	Macon.....	60		
Chicago, Illinois.....					19
INDIANA.					
Evansville.....	6			Indianapolis.....	1
INDIAN TERRITORY.					
Ardmore.....	4			McAllister.....	9
KANSAS.					
Coffeyville.....	22			Hutchinson.....	4
KENTUCKY.					
Adairville.....	5	Lawrenceburg.....	4	Pine Grove.....	4
Bell.....	8	Lewisburg.....	6	Richmond.....	8
Bowling Green.....	17	Lexington.....	26	Russellville.....	10
Covington.....	4	Louisville.....	54	Shelbyville.....	5
Elizabethtown.....	4	Midway.....	4	Stamping Ground.....	4
Georgetown.....	7	Morganfield.....	8	Sturgis.....	8
Harrodsburg.....	17	Owensboro.....	20	Toler.....	16
Henderson.....	63	Owingsville.....	4	Uniontown.....	5
Hopkinsville.....	5	Paris.....	17	Versailles.....	9
Justice.....	6	Pembroke.....	19	Winchester.....	27
LOUISIANA.					
Berwick.....	10	Lake Providence.....	7	New Orleans.....	21
Jackson.....	11	Mansfield.....	25	Shreveport.....	15
Lake Charles.....	19	Morgan City.....	4		
MARYLAND.					
Baltimore.....	30	Cheltenham.....	4	Cumberland.....	16
St. Paul, Minnesota.....					6
MISSISSIPPI.					
Anding.....	4	Fayette.....	7	Senatobia.....	7
Camden.....	6	Greenwood.....	5	Uteca.....	5
Coldwater.....	8	Jackson.....	4	Walthall.....	5
Columbus.....	11	McComb City.....	5	Woodville.....	19
Crystal Springs.....	11	Meridian.....	11	Yazoo City.....	17
Edwards.....	4	Pass Christian.....	5		
MISSOURI.					
Centralia.....	8	Lexington.....	6	Palmyra.....	12
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Golden City.....	20	Moberly.....	7	Springfield.....	50
Huntsville.....	22	Nevada.....	9	St. Louis.....	25
Independence.....	16				
New York City, New York.....					26
NORTH CAROLINA.					
Asheville.....	10	Salisbury.....	33	Wilmington.....	11
Bryson City.....	5	Waynesville.....	12	Winston.....	9
Raleigh.....	7				
Cincinnati, Ohio.....					12
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Territory.....					21
Norman.....					4
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.....					12
SOUTH CAROLINA.					
Alkin.....	17	Edgefield.....	14	Orangeburg C. H.....	25
Charleston.....	102	Greenwood.....	18	Sally.....	7
Columbia.....	22	Longmires.....	4	Sumter.....	10
Darlington.....	26	Newberry.....	4	Trenton.....	4

TENNESSEE.

Bagdad.....	5	Gainesboro.....	5	Saundersville.....	5
Baker.....	17	Gallatin.....	55	Sewanee.....	6
Bellbuckle.....	4	Goodlettsville.....	33	Sharon.....	6
Bradyville.....	4	Greenfield.....	4	Shelbyville.....	23
Bristol.....	5	Hartsville.....	12	Sherwood.....	4
Burns.....	5	Hendersonville.....	4	Silvertop.....	5
Camden.....	5	Hustburg.....	4	Smyrna.....	7
Castalian Springs.....	8	Jackson.....	45	South Pittsburg.....	9
Cowan.....	4	Knoxville.....	21	Springfield.....	9
Chattanooga.....	10	Lawrenceburg.....	9	Stanton.....	5
Chapel Hill.....	8	Lebanon.....	5	Sweetwater.....	5
Clarksville.....	29	Lewisburg.....	10	Tennessee Ridge.....	5
Columbia.....	33	Lynchburg.....	16	Tiptonville.....	10
Coopertown.....	4	Lynnville.....	9	Tobaccoport.....	5
Cornersville.....	4	Martin.....	9	Tracy City.....	8
Covington.....	4	Memphis.....	53	Trenton.....	15
Cumberland City.....	8	McKenzie.....	21	Tullahoma.....	11
Dickson.....	17	Murfreesboro.....	79	Wartrace.....	8
Dresden.....	13	Nashville.....	547	Waverly.....	9
Dyersburg.....	7	Newbern.....	11	White Bluff.....	4
Eagleville.....	5	Paris.....	17	Winchester.....	16
Edgewood.....	4	Poplin's X Roads.....	5	Woodland Mills.....	4
Erlin.....	41	Pulaski.....	15	Woodworth.....	14
Fayetteville.....	52	Riddleton.....	6	Wrencoth.....	4
Flynn's Lick.....	4	Rockhill.....	4	Yorkville.....	6
Franklin.....	24	Sadlersville.....	5		

TEXAS.

Alvarado.....	5	Ennis.....	6	Marlin.....	6
Aurora.....	5	Floresville.....	6	Memphis.....	6
Austin.....	10	Forestburg.....	7	Mexia.....	20
Athens.....	20	Foreston.....	5	Midford.....	32
Belcher.....	5	Fort Worth.....	39	Paint Rock.....	4
Belton.....	39	Forney.....	7	Paris.....	22
Bonham.....	29	Gainesville.....	33	Ray.....	23
Bryan.....	26	Galveston.....	56	Rockwall.....	11
Caddo Mills.....	10	Gatesville.....	20	South Prairie.....	4
Canadian.....	4	Geozales.....	20	Sulphur Springs.....	8
Canton.....	12	Graham.....	16	Sweetwater.....	4
Center Point.....	7	Grand View.....	13	Tehuacana.....	10
Coefeld.....	4	Greenville.....	5	Terrill.....	21
Commerce.....	4	Groesbeck.....	5	Trent.....	4
Cleburne.....	48	Hamilton.....	13	Tyler.....	10
Coleman.....	22	Hendletta.....	5	Van Alstyne.....	11
Cromanche.....	14	Houston.....	8	Vesca.....	4
Crockett.....	5	Kaufman.....	4	Waco.....	10
Cuero.....	6	Kemp.....	7	Waxahatchie.....	18
Dallas.....	28	Kingston.....	7	Waterford.....	7
Decatur.....	9	La Grange.....	11	Wells' Point.....	20
Denton.....	4	Lampasas.....	22	Wrightsboro.....	14
Eva.....	14	Llano.....	4		
El Paso.....	40	Lubbock.....	4		

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria.....	4	Norfolk.....	10	Strasburg.....	14
Culpeper.....	6	Portsmouth.....	16	West Point.....	22
Fredericksburg.....	6	Richmond.....	87	Williamsburg.....	6
Huntington, West Virginia.....					17

The VETERAN, it may be seen, goes to nearly three times as many postoffices as are named above.

Rev. Dr. E. E. Hoss, editor of the Christian Advocate, general organ of the M. E. Church, South: "Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 6, 1893. My Dear Mr. Cunningham—I must be allowed to congratulate you on the great success that you have achieved with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. From the beginning it has been a most interesting publication. Of high literary character, breathing a noble spirit of patriotism, and without a trace of bitterness, it is worthy of the highest commendation. That you should, in so short a time, have gotten a bona fide subscription list of nearly 7,000 copies in 42 different States, and at 1,590 post-offices is the best testimony to the merit of the VETERAN. I hear that your next issue will be 11,000 copies. Every old Confederate ought to be on your books, as, in fact, ought all others who are interested in the reminiscences of the stirring days from '61 to '65.

At a reunion of the Coyner family in Augusta, Va., the remarkable statement was made that there were ten of the name in one company of the Third Virginia Cavalry. It was commanded by a Coyner. There were seventeen of that family, cousins, in the Fifth Virginia Infantry. Some of those gallant fellows gave their all for their convictions.

## THE DEAD CONFEDERACY.

FANNIE BORLAND.

Pale, stark, and cold she lies in utter silence,  
No more to rise up from that deathly swoon  
To weeping States that whisper in great anguish,  
"Dead, dead so soon."

Ah! mourn for her with tender love and pity,  
Ye men that strove to lengthen out her years,  
A little child, grown old and gray with sorrow,  
Demands your tears.

A little child with blood upon her ringlets,  
A faded banner wrapping her tired arms,  
Bruised feet that faltered in the sweet revealing  
Of freedom's charms.

Hushed into mute and reverent emotion,  
The people pass beneath the heavy skies,  
Knowing not to day, nor yet upon the morrow,  
Will she arise.

Arise to spread her banner in rejoicing,  
To beckon honor from the waiting years.  
Who hints of faults, with every stain upon her  
Washed out in tears?

The faulty idol of a faulty people,  
Who loved her better that her faults were theirs,  
Who see her deaf, blind, dead to all perfection  
The future bears.

As dead as those who fought to be her armour,  
Who held their hearts as shields 'twixt her and death,  
And died to cherish into fuller being  
The infant breath.

Strong hearts that in the rush and roar of battle  
Poured out their noble blood like holy wine,  
Wasting its wealth and richness on a broken  
And blasted shrine.

A blasted shrine, yet even in its blighting  
Crowned with the homage of a million hearts,  
Whose burning tears poured out the last libation  
That love imparts.

A faded hope, yet fairer in its fading  
Than victory's temples reared above the dead,  
And sweeter—blasted, faded, broken—than rich incense  
For conquests shed.

Pale, pale she lies; the autumn cometh gently  
And clasps its crimson fingers round her feet,  
And throws a golden spell upon the forest,  
As is most meet.

It is most meet that one who died in childhood,  
Who smiled upon us from the purple west,  
Should take, amid the crimson and the golden,  
Her final rest.

She lieth cold; the spirit of the winter  
Hushes the careless river at her side.  
'Tis well, we think, that thus should sleep in silence  
A people's pride.

She lieth still; we dare not sing her requiem.  
The western star has faded out of sight,  
Like her who was the idol of our worship,  
Leaving us night.

## HENRY CLAY FAIRMAN'S POEM.

An error occurred in the notice of Mr. Henry Clay Fairman, which appeared in the November VETERAN. It indicated that he was elected to write a poem for the U. C. V. reunion, whereas General Gordon appointed him by special order to read his widely known and popular poem, "The Veterans of the South." The reading will be expected at Birmingham next April. This poem of the South is to be published in book form as a Christmas souvenir. It is being copiously illustrated by W. Otho Beall, a rising young artist of Birmingham, Ala., and will be embellished also with a fine portrait of the author. The paper, printing and binding will be superb, and the retail price will be fifty cents. It will be printed by the Paul V. Carlton Co., Atlanta, Ga.

W. A. Campbell, Adjutant, Columbus, Miss.: We had our annual election last night, and I send you the list of officers elected. The VETERAN was adopted as the official organ of this Camp, Isham Harrison, No. 29.

T. M. Daniel, Commander of the Camp at Forney, Texas: Camp Bee, No. 130, is in fine working order. I would like so much to have some old veteran write something in honor of the fallen General, Bee, who gave Stonewall Jackson his name at Manassas.

L. P. Harding, in sending seven more subscriptions from Hibler, S. C., adds: We have organized a Camp at Edgefield and named it Abner Perrin, and have sixty-odd members. We have adopted the VETERAN as our official organ. All are highly pleased with it.

Just as this VETERAN goes to press John M. Jolly, Marlin Texas, with a remittance, says: Send me sample copies and I will help to get Texas at the head of the list as to subscribers.

C. L. Carter, Milford, Texas, seeks information concerning the treatment of Confederates in Northern prisons. In connection with it he says: "I have no desire to awaken bitter memories, but the truth should be known."

Gen. John W. Webb, while correcting name of Commander of Camp at Paris, Tex., states: The name of the Camp is Albert Sidney Johnston, No. 70, and numbers 418, and is the first Company of the first Regiment of the first Brigade of the first Division of Texas, United Confederate Veterans.

H. E. Jobe, Paris, Tenn., writes: Please send the VETERAN one year to Capt. W. D. Wilson, at Hazel, Ky. He was a member of the old Fifth Tennessee, was shot nine times, and is now carrying an empty sleeve as a result of the struggle before Atlanta.

CONFEDERATE POSTAGE STAMPS.—Do you know that certain kinds of postage stamps used in time of the war will bring high prices? Some stamps that were issued by certain cities, and before the Confederate Government established a stamp, sell at from \$20 to \$40. If you have such, let the VETERAN help you. Some regular stamps of the Confederacy sell for good prices. Address, S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.—W. L. Cabell, Lieutenant General Commanding, has appointed A. T. Watts as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff in place of W. L. Thompson, resigned. He has also appointed Dr. J. M. Kellar, of Hot Springs, Assistant Surgeon General, and Gen. Ben. Elliott, of Missouri, Aid de Camp.

A HUGE PILE OF CONFEDERATE MONEY.

HURRAH FOR TEXAS—THE GREAT ★!!

Eighty million dollars in bills were recently shipped to Atlanta, the mammoth packages of money filling five large dry goods boxes, and making in all more than a dray load. None of the bills are current, however, as they represent "nothing in God's earth now, and naught in the waters below it." This genuine Confederate money was shipped here from Richmond, Va., the former capitol of the Confederacy, and is now the property of Mr. Charles D. Barker, No. 90 S. Forsyth Street, this city. The money is of every denomination issued by the departed nation, and in the big collection are bills of the rarest type. There are bills issued during every year of the war. Thousands of them are very valuable as relics, but the great number of them Mr. Barker has on hand will make them so common as to bring but little on the market. This eighty million of dollars of Confederate money has been all along supposed to have been destroyed. This is undoubtedly the largest lot of Confederate money in the world.—*Atlanta, Ga., Constitution, June 4th.*

Books Supplied by S. A. Cunningham,  
Nashville, Tenn.

"Life and Letters of Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson," by his wife, Mary Anna Jackson. This is an elegant book, being in large, clear type, and printed on very fine paper. \$2.

"Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," by Henry M. Field, D. D. \$1.50. This book comprises a series of letters on the South. Fifty pages are devoted to the battle of Franklin, and the author is especially complimentary to this editor. The closing chapters are on Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee.

"The Civil War from a Southern Standpoint," by Mrs. Ann E. Snyder. \$1.

"Four Years in the Stonewall Brigade," by J. O. Casler. \$2.

"Hancock's Diary, or History of the Second Tennessee Cavalry. A large octavo book, with many portraits and biographic sketches. The frontispiece is a fine steel engraving of Gen. N. B. Forrest. \$2.50.

John Esten Cook's complete works, eleven volumes. \$9.

"Sketch of the Battle of Franklin, and Reminiscences of Camp Douglas," by John M. Copley. \$1.

"Memoirs of Mrs. Sarah Childress Polk, Wife of the Eleventh President of the United States," by Anson and Fanny Nelson. This is an elegant book, and charmingly written. \$1.75.

Messrs. T. H. Hard & Co. have on hand copies of Anson and Fanny Nelson's Memoirs of Mrs. James K. Polk. It

"The Other Side," a thrilling poem of 900 lines, Mr. Davis being her theme. \$1.

"How It Was, or Four Years With the Rebel Army," a thrilling story by Mrs. Irby Morgan, of Nashville. This is a charming book. \$1.

Too late for this issue comes valuable matter from Gen. Cabell and others. Subscriptions are increasing rapidly. To Texas Camps: Please prepare for the VETERAN right away a list of the States from which your members served. Write me of the number in your Camp, how many are from Alabama, Arkansas, and so on. I want to print in January.

Some of the most thrilling stories of the war are being prepared for the January VETERAN.

A revised list of Camps comes from New Orleans too late for the current VETERAN. In it there are twenty-six new Camps.

If the price of the VETERAN should be increased beginning with January, subscriptions will be entered for as long time as the amount will pay.

Please give prompt notice of any failure to receive the VETERAN. The slick surface of cover has caused many failures in delivery.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., November 2, 1893.—I completed a course of book-keeping elsewhere. I have had several years' experience in business in Nashville, and also ten years' experience in business in New York City with one of the largest wholesale musical instrument manufacturers and importers in the United States (C. Bruno & Son). I thought I knew something of book-keeping until I entered Draughon's College. While my previous experience has been some help, I acknowledge that the course given at Draughon's College is far more thorough than I expected. The method of teaching is as near actual business as I think it could be made. The course is simply grand, though hard, and is a little inclined at the first to discourage a person that has not considerable stickability. I find the teachers courteous and competent. I am glad to say a word at any time in favor of Draughon's College. To appreciate the course is to complete it. Considering my previous experience, I think that I am in a position to speak knowingly and emphatically.

E. VAN K. WEED.

[Mr. Weed will, as soon as his course is completed, leave for Chicago, Ill., to take charge of the office work, and become a member of the Messenger Hardwood Lumber Co., of that city. We congratulate the company in securing Mr. Weed's services.]

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Yours truly, (MRS.) RENA BARTON,  
Of Richland, Mo.

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Hon. S. D. McCormick will lecture at the Opera House, Cynthiana, Ky., Tuesday evening, December 19, 1893. His subject, "The Charity of an Epoch," has been pronounced "one of the greatest thoughts on the American platform."

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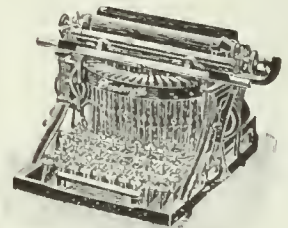
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