

# Confederate Veteran

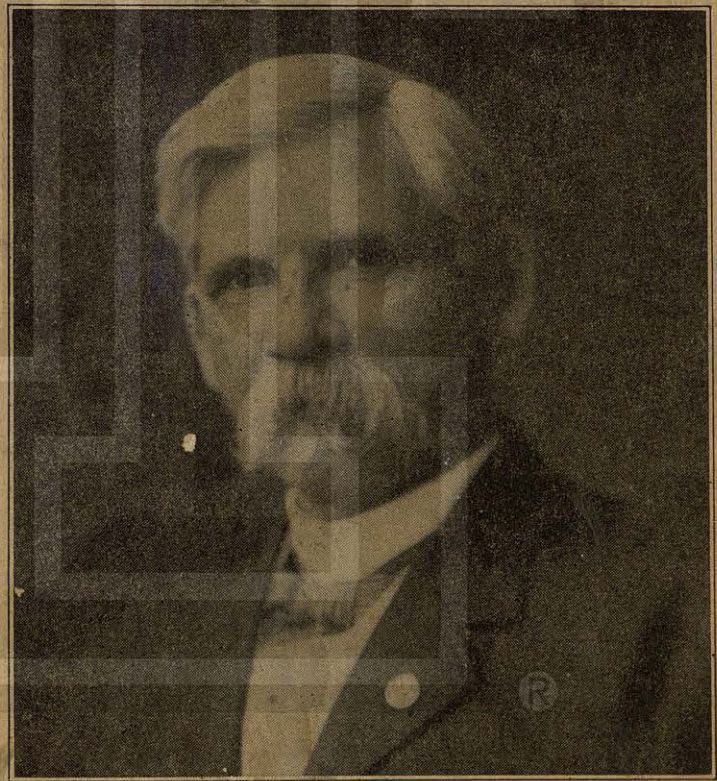
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VOL. XXVII.

MARCH, 1919

NO. 3



GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG  
HONORARY COMMANDER IN CHIEF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS  
BORN MAY 25, 1843; DIED FEBRUARY 23, 1919



## CATALOG 352



shows PETTIBONE'S Uniforms and Supplies for CONFEDERATE VETERANS  
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WELL EARNED.—Miss Eliza Hyde, one of the oldest employees in the government service, recently resigned her position in the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, after fifty-four years of service. She is now eighty-seven years of age. Upon her retirement, John Skelton Williams, Comptroller, presented to Miss Hyde a sunburst of fifty-four pearls, one for each year of her service, on behalf of her fellow workers.—*National Tribune*.

Two old friends had met after many years, and one was recounting the happenings in the old home town, including the births, accidents, and deaths. "And old man Watts died, too, the other day. You know he was ninety-two years old."

"Ninety-two years old? Well, well! What did he die of?"

A bystander chipped in this information: "He didn't die of anything. It was his turn."

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#### KNITTING FOR THE SOLDIERS

Knitting for the soldiers,  
How the needles fly!  
Now with sounds of merriment,  
Now with many a sigh!

Knitting for the soldiers!  
Panoply for feet  
Onward bound to victory,  
Rushing in retreat.

Knitting for the soldiers!  
Wrinkled, aged crone,  
Plying flying needles  
By the ember stone;

Crooning ancient ballads,  
Rocking to and fro,  
In your sage divining  
Where these things shall go.

Jaunty set of stockings,  
Neat from top to toe,  
March they with the victor?  
Lie with vanquished low?

Knitting for the soldiers!  
Matron, merry maid,  
Many and many a blessing,  
Many a prayer is said,

While the glittering needles  
Fly "around, around,"  
Like to Macbeth's witches  
On enchanted ground.

Knitting for the soldiers  
Still another pair;  
And the feet that wear them  
Speed thee onward—where?

To the silent city,  
On their trackless way?  
Homeward, bearing garlands?  
Who of us shall say?

Knitting for the soldiers,  
Heaven bless them all!  
Those who win the battle,  
Those who fighting fall!

Might our benedictions  
Speedily win reply,  
Early would they crown you  
All with victory.

—Mary J. Upshur.

Norfolk, Va., October 8, 1861.

John F. Adams, Secretary of the Emma Sansom Camp U. C. V., of Gadsden, Ala., makes inquiry where he could procure a memorial roll, or scroll, suitable for recording the names of the Camp members as they pass away, with record of service, etc., to be framed and kept in their Veteran's Hall. This inquiry is passed on in the hope that some other Camp may be found to have such a memorial record.

# Confederate Veteran.

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

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

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VOL. XXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1919.

No. 3. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

#### TWO NOTABLE DELIVERANCES ON STATES' RIGHTS.

"Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and to form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable right, a sacred right, which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole of any existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can may revolutionize and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit." (Speech of Abraham Lincoln in United States Congress, January 12, 1848.)

"Statesmanlike wisdom spoke in the contention of Webster that the Constitution had created \* \* \* a single Federal State, complete in itself, enacting legislation which was the supreme law of the land. It may, nevertheless, be doubted whether this was the doctrine upon which the Union was founded. It seems impossible to deny that the argument of Hayne contains much more nearly the sentiment of 1787-89. In seceding in 1860-61 the South resumed most naturally the methods of 1788. \* \* \* As the whole country acted then, so did South Carolina and her companion States act now in the momentous winter of 1860-61. \* \* \* It is impossible to believe that what was done lacked the substantial support of the people. That secession was the project of the leading classes in the South is not to be doubted; but the voting population of the Southern States was in a sense the most political in the world, the least likely to follow blindly because most deeply interested in politics. It could be managed by its leaders only because it was so thoroughly homogeneous, only because it so entirely understood and sympathized with their point of view. If some were moved against their judgment, very few were moved against their principles." (Woodrow Wilson in the volume "Division and Reunion," pages 44, 45, 240, 241, published in 1893 as a volume of "Epochs of American History.")

#### RECONSTRUCTION IN THE SOUTH.

Naked and desolate she stands,  
Her name a byword in all lands,  
Her scepter wrested from her hands,  
She smiles, a queen despite their bands!

#### DISPOSITION OF THE LEE ESTATE.

Miss Mary Custis Lee, last surviving child of Gen. R. E. Lee, who died November 11, 1918, left an estate aggregating \$157,000, of which \$53,000 was devised to various institutions, memorial and otherwise; while \$104,000 was distributed among her surviving relatives. The institutions benefited by her bequests are as follows: R. E. Lee Memorial Church, Lexington, Va., \$10,000; Old Christ Church, Alexandria, \$10,000; for preservation of the Lee monument, Richmond, \$5,000; Needy Confederate Woman's Home, Richmond, \$5,000; Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, \$3,000; Virginia Division, U. D. C., \$3,000; Virginia Historical Society, \$2,000; Washington and Lee University, Lexington, \$10,000; hospital in Alexandria, \$5,000. To Washington and Lee University she also left her share of the family pictures from Mount Vernon and Arlington, and her bequest of \$10,000 to that University is to assist in building a fireproof room in which those pictures could be deposited. Her bequest to the Lee Memorial Church is for the improvement and preservation of the edifice.

#### THE ARLINGTON ESTATE.

The Arlington estate, inherited by George Washington Parke Custis from his father, was willed to his daughter and only child, Mary Ann Randolph Lee, wife of Lieut. Col. Robert E. Lee, and, on her death, to his oldest grandson, George Washington Custis Lee, "to him and his heirs forever." This property was confiscated during the war, and by an executive order of the President of the United States, dated January 6, 1864, the entire tract of eleven hundred acres, more or less, was selected for government use, "for war, military, charitable, and educational purposes." By the same order it was directed that the property be sold to meet the payment of \$92.07, direct taxes due thereon. This was done January 11, 1864, and the property was bid in for the United States for the sum of \$26,800. After his mother's death, in 1878, Gen. G. W. C. Lee, as heir at law, contested the legality of the tax sale, and decision was rendered in his favor. This decision, upon appeal, was affirmed by the United States Supreme Court in 1882, and by an act of March 3, 1883, Congress appropriated the sum of \$150,000 for the purchase of the property; and on March 31, 1883, Gen. G. W. C. Lee conveyed the property to the United States for the sum appropriated.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

## THE PASSING OF THE GRAY.

An active, vigorous, and purposeful life has closed with the death of Gen. Bennett H. Young. Though his health had been frail for years, to the last his days were filled with work and plans, and only when failing strength gave its warning did he seem to realize that age has its limitations. "It is the only time in all my life," he wrote to the *VETERAN* early in February, "that I have ever felt real 'puny'"; and the trip to Florida was made in high hope of restored vigor, but, alas! it was too late. In Jacksonville illness fastened upon him, and at last, feeling that the end was near, he begged to be taken back to Kentucky, that he might die amid the old familiar scenes of his native State. And in Louisville, on Sunday afternoon, February 23, his spirit passed across the river to bivouac with the comrades gone before.

For four years General Young was Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, and he was then made Honorary Commander in Chief for life. He was proud of the honors bestowed upon him by his comrades of the gray, who had taken him through successive offices in the State Association of Confederate Veterans to Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, and then to the head of the entire organization. His service as a Confederate soldier began at the age of eighteen, when he joined Morgan's Cavalry. He was captured in that daring raid into Ohio, but escaped from prison and made his way into Canada, where many others of the Southern Confederacy had sought refuge. With nineteen other Confederate soldiers and volunteers picked up in Canada, this boy lieutenant led the raid from Canada across the boundary to St. Albans, Vt., where a bank's funds were seized for the benefit of the Confederate government. They escaped back into Canada; and had that government given up the young leader, he would doubtless have been executed. The feeling was so bitter against him that President Johnson refused to include his name in his general amnesty proclamation, and for three years he remained in exile. He devoted this time to the study of law and literature at the Queen's University of Ireland, at Dublin, and also took a year's course at the University of Edinburgh, taking his degrees with honor. At last change of sentiment allowed his return to the United States, and he began the practice of law at Louisville, where he became one of the most prominent attorneys of the city and a most public-spirited citizen. By his efforts the public library was saved to the city, and he was made Vice President of the institution, later becoming President of the Library Association. For many years he was Superintendent of the Kentucky Institute for the Education of the Blind. He had a prominent part in the railroad development of the State. By the negroes of Louisville he was considered a benefactor of their race, for as far back as 1879 he had assisted in the establishment of the Negro Orphanage, and for twenty-five years he had been its President. He was always deeply interested in religious work, a member of the Presbyterian Church, and a faithful attendant on its services. For forty continuous years he

served as superintendent of the afternoon Sunday school of his Church in Louisville.

The friendship between the late editor of the *VETERAN* and General Young was very close, and he was made one of the *VETERAN*'s Board of Trust to carry on the publication for the benefit of the Confederate organizations. And it was General Young who started the movement to erect a monument to the *VETERAN*'s founder and editor.

General Young had great literary talent, and he was known as a historian and author. His book on the prehistoric men of Kentucky was written after many years of research. Other productions of his pen are: "The History of the Kentucky Constitution," "Evangelistic Work in Kentucky," "Battle of Blue Licks," "History of Jessamine County," "History of the Division of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky," "The Battle of the Thames," and "Kentucky Eloquence." His latest work was "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle," in which he pays tribute to the gallant leadership of that branch of the Confederate service. He had in contemplation a book on Northern and Southern prisons during the War between the States, with a view of exonerating the South of the charge of cruelty and neglect in the management of her prisons. That task now falls to another, and let us hope that it be not too long delayed.

But it was in connection with the Confederate organizations that he was most widely known and beloved. He became prominent in the counsels of the United Confederate Veterans at the first meeting in Nashville, Tenn., 1897, when he made a speech nominating Louisville as the place for the next reunion. Largely to his efforts was due the organization of the Kentucky Confederate Home. In 1899, when he was Adjutant General of the Kentucky Division U. C. V., he wrote the report which provided for its organization, and he became chairman of the committee to raise funds to purchase the property, in which work he was extraordinarily successful. He wrote all the legislative acts and secured all the statutes connected with the Confederate Home. He was named as the first trustee by Governor Beckham, was later made President of the organization, and from that time to his death was President of the institution. This Confederate Home, which accommodates over two hundred inmates, is considered the most comfortable, homelike, and best managed of soldiers' homes.

Of late years General Young had been most deeply interested in the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview. When the birthplace of Mr. Davis was purchased for memorial purposes, he advanced the money needed to complete the payments. He was made President of the Jefferson Davis Home Association and took the lead in securing a State appropriation of \$7,500 to be used in improving the property. Later on he began the movement to erect the great obelisk as the tribute of the Southern people to the leader of the Southern Confederacy. It needed a man of his persuasive force to carry through such an undertaking successfully, and more than half of the giant shaft had been completed when work was suspended last fall by government order for the period of the war. The work was to be resumed this spring, and General Young was looking forward to its dedication as the crowning event of his labors. Though he will not be here to finish this great work, it will not fail; it is too much a part of our life, our honor, and it will be carried on to glorious completion not only to honor the great leader of the Confederacy, but as a tribute to him who started the movement and worked so faithfully for it to the end.

## "DIVISION AND REUNION."

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

The review by Rev. Dr. McNeilly of Mr. Wilson's "Division and Reunion," which appeared in the *VETERAN* for January, is worthy of cordial, if not unqualified, commendation. The work in question was published in 1893 and forms one of a series relating to the interpretation and explication of American history as contemplated from the standpoint of political development. Mr. Wilson was at the time associated in a professional capacity with Princeton University. The series was presented to the world under the supervision and the sanction of Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of American history in Harvard University, champion and eulogist of Sherman, and within very recent memory arraigned by a congressional committee upon a charge of disloyalty in assuming the rôle of a German propagandist during the war with the empire of the Hohenzollerns. Upon the occasion of a lecture delivered in Richmond, Va., Dr. Hart commended himself to the favorable regard of his audience by proclaiming that "his father had served under Sherman." In one of his comments relating to our national conflict, he assigns a preëminent rank to Sherman as "its most picturesque figure."

During the session of the American Historical Association in Baltimore, December, 1905, in the course of a discussion of which racial conditions in the South formed the essential element, the vital inspiration, Dr. Hart was untempered in his denunciation of all the aims, ideals, aspirations that compose the very heart's blood of our ancient record, as well as the golden dreams wrought into form and incarnated in fadeless verse by the lyric grace of Henry Timrod. Relentless, implacable hatred of the Southern people was, and still is, his supreme aim, dominating motive, inflexible, relentless purpose. Like Dr. Chillingworth in "The Scarlet Letter," our Harvard oracle, who would fain slit the continuity of our "thin-spun historic life," is nurtured by a single force and sustained by a single product. If the South by some mysterious convulsion or cataclysm were annihilated and stricken from the universe, Dr. Hart would by a logical and resistless process pass into a state of effacement and cease to exist, at least, in his present force and character. The specific object of his malignity having "withered in the void," he too must descend into the abysmal deep.

It is with a sense not far removed from keen regret that we read the passage quoted by Dr. McNeilly from Mr. Wilson's "Division and Reunion," page 239. The consciousness of disappointment is in a measure quickened by the remembrance that the father of the President, Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, D.D., was a firm adherent to the cause of the Confederacy, and, more than this, a member of the special committee which, in the historic General Assembly that met at Augusta, Ga., December, 1861, drew up the charter from which the Presbyterian Church in the South still derives its corporate life and its legal existence. The instrument was reduced to form by the chairman of the committee, father of the present writer, one of the foremost jurists of the period preceding our national conflict. This notable episode in the development of ecclesiastical history is portrayed with characteristic graphic faculty by Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer in his "Life of Dr. James H. Thornwell," Chapter XXXIV. It may be regarded as a preëminent act in the drama by which the genius of faith was molded into harmony with the spirit of our newborn nation then rising into light and thrilled with the ideal

tones so recently proclaimed in Timrod's "Ethnogenesis." Woodrow Wilson and Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart were at the time five and seven years of age, respectively, that is, December, 1861.

To the creed of the South Dr. Joseph R. Wilson remained loyal even unto the end. In the epoch-making assembly at Augusta he contended for the autonomy of a people driven to assert the right of self-government or to accept as the inexorable alternative political annihilation and effacement. His son is the protagonist of the world movement, striving in solemn convocation at Paris for the attainment of the same ideal, the realization of the same cherished purpose which, in 1893, he pronounces "a belated principle of government, an outgrown economy, an impossible purpose," when its essential principle, its vital element is concretely applied to the case of his native section struggling merely for the right to avert her own extinction and turn back the oncoming wave destined to take away her place in the calendar of newly risen national aspirants. Yet "the belated principle of government," which in its relation to France and Belgium involves a carnival of blood unprecedented in all records, fails utterly in its application to our stricken and desolate South, traversed by that Northern hero who is, as apprehended by Dr. Hart's "shaping spirit of imagination," the most winsome and picturesque figure developed in the story of American soldiery. I offer no solution or explanation of the hopeless variance of attitude revealed by a comparison of the quotation introduced from "Division and Reunion" and the part sustained by Mr. Wilson in regard to the war with the Hohenzollern empire. The question involves a logical, if not a psychological, impossibility, and silence, rather than discussion, is golden. Let us not endeavor to pluck out the heart of the mystery.

To the apprehension of the writer an incapability or insusceptibility to change is essential to the very conception of a constitutional principle and is implicit in its nature. If the right of self-government was a recognized and vital element of our political development in 1787, such it continued to be in 1830, 1850, 1861, 1919. The physical universe is subject to mutation and vicissitude, but one unchanging purpose runs through the increasing ages that mark the evolution of moral law as revealed in the sphere of political philosophy. Interpretations may vary, or exegeses be modified, but the imperishable truth "is broad based upon the eternal hills, and compassed by the inviolate sea." Above all, the sanctity and the perpetuity of a constitutional principle are in no wise impaired or invalidated by reverses of fortune, military disaster, or the triumphs of material power over logic and reason. It is the baldest of sophisticated hallucinations to assume that Appomattox determined the abstract right of secession or in the smallest degree affected the justice of the principle involved in the doctrine of loyal self-government or the autonomy of States. It was not the inalienable right, but its exercise and application that were trampled under foot by a victorious and vindictive enemy, by Grant, Sheridan, Hunter, and, above all, Dr. Hart's star of American chivalry, Sherman, in his clearly defined crusade against age and infancy, the grave and the sepulcher, women in most critical condition of health driven from their flaming homes illumining the enshrouding darkness to seek refuge in the streets of Columbia. Yet despite this carnival of infamy in which Dr. Hart's supreme hero assumes the foremost rôle, Southern scholars have been revealed who did not hesitate to share in his shame and



mingled their apostasy with his record of changeless, relentless hate. For these recreants, seduced by "the jingling of the guinea," the "one more wrong done to man, one more insult to God" suggested no feeling of compunction and inspired no sentiment of remorse. They became editors or revisers of the libelous series issued under the benignant sponsorship of Dr. Hart. What boots to these fallen spirits the blot on the scutcheon? Like "The Lost Leader" of our psychological poet,

"Just for a handful of silver they left us,  
Just for a ribbon to stick in their coat,  
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
Lost all the others she lets us devote."

We cannot conclude without a renewed expression of grateful appreciation to Dr. McNeilly. May he survive in unabated vigor to the dawn of that golden day when, upon every sacred ceremonial or commemorative occasion, we shall not contemplate the abomination of political desolation standing in our holy places, accompanied by the clearly revealed suggestion that we have met to exult in our own overthrow and solemnize the burial of the ideals, visions, aspirations incarnate in our "Ethnogenesis!"

#### BENJAMIN F. BUTLER AND JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY H. T. OWEN, RICHMOND, VA.

In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for June, 1918, was published a clipping sent by Leslie Armstrong, taken from the San Antonio Express of May 6, 1918. This was a copy of a letter from Gen. Benjamin F. Butler to the Minneapolis Tribune on January 5, 1879, in which he stated that in the Democratic Convention at Charleston, S. C., in 1860, he "voted fifty-seven times for Jefferson Davis for President of the United States." As this contribution to Confederate history was accepted and published by the VETERAN with the remark, "hardly credible," and as I remembered the stormy time of the Charleston Convention and had most of the proceedings of that convention, published each day during its session, I hurriedly wrote a letter to the VETERAN, which appeared in the July, 1918, number, vouching for the fact that Ben Butler voted for Jeff Davis on fifty-seven ballots.

In 1860 there were thirty-three States in the Union, and Butler says thirty-two were represented on the platform committee at Charleston. Seventeen of these agreed upon a majority platform; all the others, except Butler, reported a minority platform, while Butler alone presented and advocated the adoption of the Cincinnati platform of 1856 on which Buchanan had been elected, and upon which, he says in his book, he then knew that Douglas couldn't stand nor be elected. This Cincinnati platform was accepted, and the action of the convention was so surprising and unprecedented that I added to the notice I sent a remark I heard made by a prominent politician, who served on the platform committee with Butler at Chicago in 1884, that "Butler had written every platform for his party from Andrew Jackson to Cleveland."

This was a superfluous and unnecessary addition, as it had nothing whatever to do with the question at issue, which was as to whether Butler voted for Davis. I ought to have known better than to use such stuff, and did know as soon as I received the first criticism and comment on the article, which was a few days after the July copy of the VETERAN

appeared. Much of the comment I received here was so nice and courteous in tone that I replied to it and felt as old Joe Lunt did when he let the fire get away and burn up a part of Major Wood's fence. He went up to explain, and commenced: "All an accident, Major; all an accident." Major Wood answered: "I hope, Joseph, you didn't suppose for a moment that I thought you set fire to my fence intentionally?" "No, sir, I didn't; but whenever I do anything wrong that I am sorry for and come up here to apologize, you treat me so nice you make me glad of it." Then the August VETERAN and others came with some harsh strictures, but none more so possibly than the article deserved, and they made me feel like old Riggs when he found his hired man lighting a lamp about sunset and asked him: "What are you going to do with that lamp?" "I am going courting!" "Well, sir, when I went courting I didn't carry any lamp." "It's a pity you didn't and see what you got by it. Since I came into the family and learned of your misfortune from the cook, I have decided to carry a lamp, and never go courting without one!"

In the *New York World Almanac* for 1912, on page 213, under the heading, "Ballots for Candidates for Presidents," can be found this information: 1860, Democratic National Convention at Charleston, S. C., first ballot, Douglas, Illinois, 145; Hunter, Virginia, 42; Guthrie, Kentucky, 35; Johnson, Georgia, 12; Dickinson, New York, 7; Lane, Oregon, 6; Jefferson Davis, Mississippi, 1; Toucey, Connecticut, 1; Pierce, New Hampshire, 1. Fifty-seventh ballot: Douglas, 151; Guthrie, 65; Hunter, 16; Lane, 14; Dickinson, 4; Davis, 1; no choice."

The convention adjourned to meet at Baltimore, where Douglas was nominated on the second ballot, the vote being Douglas, 181; Breckinridge, 7; Guthrie, 5; Seymour, 1; Bo-coc, 1. The anti-Douglas Democrats nominated Breckinridge, who had 105 votes, without opposition.

The *Philadelphia Weekly Times* of June 7, 1884, under the heading of "Political Contests for the Last Ninety-Six Years," beginning with Washington and coming down to Garfield, says of the Charleston Convention in 1860: "Jeff Davis received one vote on fifty-seven ballots which was 151; Guthrie, 65; Hunter, 16; Lane, 14; Dickinson, 4; Davis, 1; no choice."

#### "THE BOY ON THE BURNING DECK."

BY W. P. M'MINN, HEREFORD, TEX.

I was born in Panola County, in the northern part of Mississippi, and I had been out of the county very few times when I joined the Confederate army at the age of fifteen years. A cavalry company had been made up in our county in September, 1861, and was called the Panola Cavalry. Green Middleton was the captain and Tobe Taylor first lieutenant. They tried to get the boys to join by telling their parents that they would take good care of them. The farmers gave the horses to the company, and it was well mounted, for the horses were good ones. The company marched to Grenada, Miss., and was mustered into service. By this time it numbered about one hundred men.

I did not join the company until November, as I had to stay at home and help to gather our crops. But all the time I was having visions of "the boy on the burning deck." Finally I decided to try my luck as a soldier. I wanted to have one of those horses for my own, whereupon I rolled up my wardrobe, which was no great job, and boarded the train

for Grenada, about thirty miles away. This being my first ride on a train, I thought if the State of Mississippi was as large the other way as it was that way, it was certainly a "whopper." When I reached Grenada I joined the company and was sworn into service.

My horse was a big sorrel about sixteen hands high. I think I weighed about ninety-six pounds. When I got my new saddle and bridle I saddled "Old Balley" and struck out for the drilling ground and began army life in earnest. I looked more like a jay bird on a haystack than "the boy on the burning deck," but I felt larger than the major. We drilled until March, 1862, thinking all the time that the war would be over before we had a chance to try our skill and to show our pluck. We longed for the day when we could get a pop at the bluecoats with our double-barreled shot guns and a whack at them with our shining sabers.

At last the order came for us to move toward the front. This was after the fall of Fort Donelson. We rolled up our tents and blankets and loaded them on the train, also our horses. This took us all day. Later on in the war we would have mounted our horses and gotten well on the way while we were loading the horses and things on the train.

After we got started it was discovered that some of the boys had some "pinetop." They were having a lively time when, just before we reached our old home town, Water Valley, there came a gust of wind and took off the hat of one of the boys. When we reached Water Valley all of our old friends were there to tell us good-by. As the train pulled out the boy who had lost his hat reached out and grabbed the hat of an old man, who began to object and followed us a long way trying to get his hat. We had not begun to capture Yankee hats then, and we thought that was quite an adventure.

We reached Jackson, Tenn., the next morning about sunrise, where we went into camp and stayed for three weeks. At this time General Polk's army was passing Jackson on its way to join Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's army at Corinth, then preparing to meet General Grant. We had to scout the country between Jackson and the Tennessee River. While at Jackson we had the measles, and after the measles came the erysipelas. We lost several of our boys before the disease was checked. Among these were John Vankirk, a Northern man, Lonny Russell, and several others. While I had the measles the battle of Shiloh was fought. We did not lose very many men, but one man, Lewis Griffith, had his horse shot from under him. I thought I would gladly give Old Balley to have been in Griffith's place, so eager was I for adventure. But I took pneumonia after I had the measles and did not get back to service until the battle of Corinth, in October.

We were not in the main battle, but had to do picket and guard duty between Grant's and VanDorn's armies. We could hear the roar of the guns, and an occasional stray bullet served to remind us that the battle was still raging. I wondered what the queer sound was, when a bullet came whizzing over my head, until finally I said: "Well, boys, I thought it was too late for June bugs." Of course that caused a big laugh. We got the worst of the battle, and VanDorn was forced to retreat. We had to cover the retreat, and the Yanks crowded us pretty hard, being encouraged by their victory.

When night came we went into bivouacs. About ten or eleven o'clock Sergeant Perry with sixteen men was sent

back to the crossroads at old Ruckersville to stand guard the rest of the night. At this time there were six McMinns in the command, five brothers and one cousin. Most of them were in the same detail. Our time came at daylight the next morning. There were two roads on which to stand picket. Bob and Jim went on the main road, down which the Yanks had been advancing occasionally the evening before. The Yanks charged our boys, which was very trying on a boy of sixteen, who had never been in a battle. George Patton and I had to go down a dim road in nearly the same direction and but a short distance from the road. The bushes were very thick, and our way led between a truck patch and the road on which Bob and Jim were stationed. It seemed really dangerous to me, who had never done any scout duty and very little service in the army. We went down the road about a quarter or half a mile and relieved the picket. But about this time I began to get scared. I imagined all kinds of things. I thought: "What if the Yankees were to come down on Bob and Jim and run them back to the crossroads. That would cut George and me off between the road and the truck patch." By this time I was pretty nervous and upon seeing George on the ground, I told him he had better get upon his horse; but he only laughed, and said: "Why, Bill!" I was trembling so that my iron stirrups began to rattle.

I had traded my hat for a cap, which had some cloth sewed on for a tail to protect my neck and back from the sun. The tail was about two feet long, I guess. I told George that if the Yanks were to come down and drive Bob and Jim back to the crossroads, then we would be cut off and be taken prisoners, and I told him that I was going to leave that place. About that time I heard the boys yell, "Halt!" and pop went a gun. Without waiting for any order, I lit out as fast as I could go. I was going to get to those crossroads before it was too late. During all of my three years of service this run beat all of it, for I fairly got down to it. When I reached the truck patch, which was in sight of the reserve picket, my cap tail (it was said) was floating to the morning breeze. I never did hear the last of that. Instead of the Yanks charging the boys, as I had thought, they turned their horses and took to their heels; and while I was running one way, they were making tracks in another direction. But be that as it may, I could breathe a whole lot easier with the boys than away from them.

It was sometime before the Yanks came up, and then they were on foot, and it was a skirmish line about two hundred yards long. The boys were driven back to the reserve at the end of the lane, where there was quite a skirmish. We fell back, as they advanced, fighting as we went. The Yanks were firing from behind trees and stumps, while we were in the open. The bullets fairly plowed up the ground and knocked the dust in our eyes, but, strange to say, no one was hurt.

When the bullets began whizzing around my head I thought more of the little negro boy running down the lane than "the boy on the burning deck." I thought the order to retreat would never come, and when it did we lost no time in obeying. I tell you, old comrades, we went at once and were glad of the chance. And when I got through that lane and in line with the command I breathed my first good, long breath, very thankful that I was alive and unhurt. I had had enough of fighting for one day. We fell back without any more fighting and went into bivouac for the night.



When we had fed our horses and eaten our suppers we sat down to talk over our wonderful day's experience with the blue coats. One of the boys spoke up and said: "Well, Bill made a bad stand, but a good run." And, of course, they all laughed. I told them if they had seen a Northern prison as plainly as I did, they would have run too. About that time one of the boys discovered a hole in the tail of my cap, and said: "That boy had a close shave of it then. See where that bullet went through his cap tail." But I told them that it was not any close shave, for the cap tail was a long way from me when it was hit.

When I was in old Mississippi a few years ago I stayed all night with Marvin Magee. We were talking of our ups and downs in the army life, when he asked me if I remembered old Ruckersville. I told him I certainly did, for that was a time never to be forgotten. He laughed, and said: "I could have played marbles on your cap tail when you came around that truck patch." The next day VanDorn and Price fell back to Holly Springs and waited for Grant, who was advancing down the Illinois Central Railroad. At this time we were Company C, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, with Tobe Taylor as captain.

#### A HEROINE UNDER FIRE.

BY A. J. CONE, COMPANY I, 18TH GEORGIA REGIMENT, LONG-STREET'S CORPS, A. N. V.

The following incident is not hearsay, but came under my personal observation. I saw it with my own eyes, and there may be others living who remember the circumstances. I have witnessed many cool acts of heroism, many manifestations of remarkable courage and undaunted bravery in times of the greatest stress and danger to all life, when the missiles of destruction seemed to so fill all space that even a sparrow flitting through the zone of death could not possibly escape with its life.

This incident occurred at Chancellorsville, Va., when Hooker with his great army crossed the Rappahannock River to flank Lee. It was Sunday morning, the second day of May, 1863. By forced marching our army was brought up from Fredericksburg and immediately began the investment of the little place by forming line of battle at right angle to the plank road leading into Fredericksburg, while the enemy had hastily intrenched and posted artillery on the hills surrounding the place, giving them a clear view down the plank road leading toward Fredericksburg, also every approach in their front from which Lee's army was advancing to the attack. Battle line was formed in the woods, and soon we had orders to advance into the open fields. The enemy's guns opened on us with cannon and small arms, the missiles of death seeming to fill the air. Just behind the enemy's line we saw the Chancellor house on fire, and soon we saw the heroine of this incident coming toward us as fast as she could, her six months' old baby nestled in her bosom, leading another by the hand, the third child holding to its mother's dress. I met her on the plank road, and several of the boys stopped a moment and begged her to hurry on to safety. I never saw as cool and undaunted a spirit as she seemed, no fear exhibited by her or the little ones. She said to us: "Go on, my brave boys. They have burned my home and all I had, but my little darlings you see."

The shells of the enemy were tearing up the planks and hurling them in great confusion all about us, and men were falling by the score, but she stood like a statue, unmoved by our earnest pleadings. Several men grasped her by her arms

and forced her to move on to a place of safety. No fear or excitement was manifested, but when she was coerced by force she waved us onward with her hand, laughing the while, and with measured step she resumed her evening stroll down the road with her helpless treasures, while the shell and shot increased in vehemence and quantity. I trust she reached a place of safety with her precious burdens. If she is still on this side of the realm of spirits, I should like to know and hear from her.

#### THROUGH THE PASS.

The last wish of Matthew Fontaine Maury.

"Home, bear me home at last," he said,  
"And lay me where my dead are lying;  
But not while skies are overspread,  
And mournful wintry winds are sighing.

Wait till the royal march of spring  
Carpets the mountain fastness over;  
Till chattering birds are on the wing,  
And buzzing bees are in the clover.

Wait till the laurel bursts its buds,  
And creeping ivy flings its graces  
About the lichened rocks, and floods  
Of sunshine fill the shady places.

Then, when the sky, the air, the grass,  
Sweet nature all is glad and tender,  
Then bear me through 'The Goshen Pass'  
Amid its flush of May-day splendor."

So will we bear him! Human heart  
To the warm earth's drew never nearer,  
And never stooped she to impart  
Lessons to one who held them dearer.

Stars lit new pages for him; seas  
Revealed the depths their waves were screening;  
The ebbs gave up their masteries,  
The tidal flows confessed their meaning.

Of ocean paths the tangled clew  
He taught the nations to unravel,  
And mapped the track where safely through  
The lightning-footed thought might travel.

And yet, unflattered by the store  
Of these supream revelations,  
Who bowed more reverently before  
The lowliest of earth's fair creations?

What sage of all the sages past,  
Ambered in Plutarch's limpid story,  
Upon the age he served has cast  
A radiance touched with truer glory?

His noble living for the ends  
God set him—duty underlying  
Each thought, word, action—naught transcends  
In luster, save his nobler dying.

Do homage, sky, and air, and grass,  
All things he cherished, sweet and tender,  
As through our gorgeous mountain pass  
We bear him—in the May-day splendor!

—Margaret Preston.

#### SOME PRISON EXPERIENCES.

BY E. POLK JOHNSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

No man who rode through the war with Gen. Joseph Wheeler ever thought, until it was too late, of the possibility that he might fall into the hands of the enemy. The General had made so many successful forays behind the enemy's lines, coming back unscathed and with a proud record of battles won, prisoners taken, and enemy property destroyed, that his men grew to believe he and his command were invulnerable to attack, and that when they went out after a wagon train its drivers might as well turn the heads of their mules southward and drive into the outstretched hands of Wheeler's Cavalry, which was sure to get them anyway. But every good rule must have its exception to prove its correctness, and this finally happened to General Wheeler and his young hard-riding, unruly, undisciplined fighting men.

While General Bragg was making his customary retreat from Missionary Ridge, as was the rule with him after every battle, whether won or lost, a portion of General Wheeler's cavalry, as was also customary, covered that retreat upon Tunnel Hill and Dalton, my regiment being among those present and, as was also customary, in the extreme rear nearest to the pursuing enemy. Late in the evening of the first day's march my horse was wounded, and at the same time the man nearest me received his death wound. My mount kept his feet, and under cover of the gathering darkness the regiment was extricated from a very warm current of Hades.

On the next day, at Ringgold Gap, the enemy was checked by a combination of infantry and cavalry, and his pursuit extended no further. During Christmas week, a month later, General Wheeler organized a pleasure excursion, which was quite popular with the men who were selected to accompany him. My wounded horse had not fully recovered, but by using a little military strategy I escaped being selected to remain behind on account of my charger's condition. It required five minutes for me to get ready to accompany General Wheeler, but it was all of fifteen months before some of us returned. When we did get back one of the men who had not gone on the raid remarked to me: "If you had had real good sense, you would have stayed in camp that day when you volunteered to attend the Charleston races, and you would then have got killed by Sherman's army, like all of us were, while you were loafing up North in a military prison." It will be observed that soldiers sometimes use weird phraseology in expressing themselves.

General Wheeler had six hundred picked men when he attacked the forces guarding a wagon train at Charleston, East Tennessee. It developed that we had stirred up a hornet's nest of 4,500 full-grown Western Yankee fighting men, and the proceedings were full of interest for a short time, the entertainment suddenly concluding for me when the enemy's infantry flanked us on the right, marched straight on our front, and charged our left with cavalry. We went away from there—that is, some of us did. I remained, as my horse was again shot and went down, catching one of my legs and pinning me fast to the ground. I was, of course, captured by the enemy, and it is a strange anomaly that, though I have been enabled to describe my sensations as a soldier under many trying circumstances, I have never yet been equal to giving a perfect description of my feelings at finding myself a defenseless prisoner in the hands of the enemy. All that I distinctly remember is that I was mad,

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mad clear through, and was impudent to the Ohio chap who had me in charge; and when he intimated his intention to shoot me, I grew madder and more impudent and called him a d— coward. While he was considering this latter remark the infantry came up, and a big red-faced Hun came at me with his bayoneted rifle at a charge and, after the manner of his kind, remarked to me: "You tamn Secesh, I kills you." I don't know why I did it, but I laughed in that Dutchman's face, and as he passed on with his comrades I turned to my Ohio man to take the medicine which he had prescribed for me. Other prisoners were coming to the rear, and the conversation with the gentleman from Ohio was never resumed. There were about one hundred of our men captured, and among them fourteen of my comrades of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry. Some of us were wounded, myself of the number, and all of us were either mad or dejected or both. We were in the habit of taking prisoners, not of being prisoners, and it hurt our feelings when the tables were turned.

January 1, 1864, was the coldest day ever known in the South, and we, the sad and stricken band of victims of the Charleston affair, spent that day and several succeeding days and nights on a dilapidated edition of an ante-bellum steamboat, which stood open and foursquare to every wind that blew. Clad in the light-weight, pick-up, and hand-me-down dress of the Confederate soldier of that era, without overcoats and some without blankets, there was great suffering. One poor fellow froze to death; many were frostbitten, I among this number, from which suffering is yet my portion.

Reaching Chattanooga, we were marched to a military prison which had been used for a like purpose by the Confederates when in possession of the town. Soon after our arrival the Kentuckians were called into a room to themselves, and the tempter came in with promises of unlimited freedom, food, and free transportation to our homes if we would merely desert our colors and take the oath of allegiance to the United States government. Those who were inclined to accept these terms of dishonor were invited to step three paces to the front. To the everlasting credit of those Kentuckians, not one of them moved from the line.

Capt. Ed Porter Thompson, a gallant Confederate officer, writing of this incident, says: "These Kentuckians were yet but boys, most of them less than twenty years old, too young to have given much thought to forming character on classic models. With the story of Curius rejecting the gold of the Samnites who would have bought his allegiance, of Fabricius scorning the purchase money of the crafty king and looking unblanched upon an unusual danger, of Regulus keeping his word of honor and going back to Carthage, though he knew it meant torture and death—with the blood-stirring story of these men, whose fame will last through time, perhaps no one of them had yet familiarized himself; but their conduct was of like heroic nature and reflects honor upon their names, their regiment, and their native State. They were then suffering misery enough to break the spirit of weak men, and the temptation to get away from it, to fly to home and kindred and comfort, was powerful. Character is not a thing of books, how much soever these may modify it, but the influence of family and community atmosphere acting upon strong inherited tendencies." Of the fourteen Kentuckians thus referred to by Captain Thompson, but one other than myself is living to-day, so far as my knowledge extends.

From Chattanooga the next move was to Nashville and



the east wing of the Tennessee Penitentiary, then used as a military prison and filled, not with convicts, but, what was worse, with the very lowest scum of the Federal army; and those who have been soldiers will know what that means. Happily, the stay here was a short one, the next stop being at Louisville, within a few miles of my home, but, for practical purposes, it might as well have been a thousand miles. A short stay here, long enough for me to become very ill, and then a start to the prison at Rock Island. My comrades advised me to remain behind and go to a hospital, but I refused to be parted from them and went along with them. The officer in command of our guards was a soldier and a fine Kentucky gentleman. Once on the train, he went through each car, hunted out the sick men, finding them seats near the stoves and issuing orders that they were to have those seats until the end of our journey. He frequently came to look after us, showing as much solicitude for our well-being as if we wore the Union uniform instead of the gray jackets of his enemies. Reaching Rock Island at night, he came to me, saying: "Come with me. I am leaving you now, and I have something for you." Of course I went, and he handed me a flask, saying: "You are the sickest of all the boys, and you may have to stand in the cold for a long time. Take a drink." I was a modest boy in those days and took only a small portion of the liquor. The captain looked at me and said: "I asked you to take a drink, but you haven't done it. Here, try it again." I did so, and as I handed the flask back to him his eyes twinkled, and he smilingly said: "Done like a Kentucky gentleman. Good-by, my boy. May you get home safely when this awful war is ended!" I never saw him again; but, living or dead, he has never been other than my friend, and it is impossible to think of him as an enemy.

At Rock Island, Ill., there were, first and last, twelve thousand or more Confederates held as prisoners. Sometime in the autumn of 1864 these men were informed at inspection that any of them who did not wish to be exchanged could indicate that fact by stepping three paces to the front. As an inducement to desert the colors, they were told that they would be permitted to return to their homes at an early date and at the expense of the government. Quite a number took advantage of this offer, most of them being men with families living within the enemy lines; others of weak natures, unfitted for real patriotic service at the front and weary of long imprisonment, also took advantage of the offer.

Now, here arrives the time when those who wished to be exchanged and to return to their commands had the joke on their comrades of the weak backbones, who were grievously disappointed at the failure of the authorities to promptly release them, as promised. About the first of March, 1865, the Kentuckians and Tennesseans who had remained true to the colors were notified to prepare to leave the prison for exchange. There was great joy among the lucky ones and a deep depression among many of those who had elected to desert rather than return to duty. The gallant Kentucky and Tennessee boys left the prison barracks on March 6, arriving at Richmond March 12, where they received a year's pay, furloughs for thirty days, and free transportation on railway lines. All the world knows that the war ended soon after these men reached the South. They were in at the surrender of the armies, and by June most of them were again at their homes. Inquiries for the boys they left behind them in the prison developed the fact that none had returned; that they were still in prison, where many of them remained until July and August had passed. They had missed the honor

of being present at the front when the end came, and not one of them can honestly draw a pension from his State's Pension Bureau by reason of that fact.

When the Kentucky and Tennessee boys quitted the prison inclosure *en route* to the train that was to take them away from that hell on earth, they rendered an excellent production of the famous Rebel yell, awakening the echoes for miles around. The captain commanding our guards was possessed of the idea that a Confederate soldier, especially an unarmed one, had no rights which a Yankee should respect; therefore he ordered the boys to stop cheering under penalty of being fired on by the guards. The lieutenant, who was also to accompany us, happened to be a human being and a gentleman, and he said to the captain: "Let them cheer, Captain. It does not hurt any one, and they are going home. Why not let them cheer?" A big boy from Kentucky raised his tremendous voice, saying: "Once more, boys, for the lieutenant, who is a soldier and a gentleman." And the cheer that followed was as far beyond the first one as the lieutenant was beyond the captain in all that went to make a manly man. The guard did not fire on them, and, furthermore, they cheered from Rock Island to Richmond, with none to disturb or make them afraid.

At a military prison there are two kinds of guards, the kind and the unkind, the latter being in the majority. When the boys started South they were accompanied by men from each of these classes. There was among them one fellow of whom it was said by a fortune teller among the boys that he was going on a long journey from which he would never return. He was a man who made a merit of being mean and who found entertainment in devising ways and means for rendering the lives of the prisoners miserable. The route southward took the train through a mountain range in Pennsylvania on which there were many high bridges or trestles. The guards stood on the platforms at the end of the cars, and while passing through the wildest part of these mountains the guard in question was on duty. While the train was passing over one of the highest trestles, for some reason this guard fell off the car, and as the fall was more than a hundred feet to the rocks below, he must have suffered serious inconvenience. At any rate, he was not seen again by any one on the train. Arriving at Baltimore, one of the favorite guards, a one-eyed Irishman named Walker, who was proud of having served in the Mexican War, in the 1st Mississippi Infantry, commanded by Col. Jefferson Davis, was discussing the absence of the aforesaid guard and casually remarked: "Some one of you d— Rebels knocked that fellow off the car." And the boys were content to let it go at that.

The wild-eyed March has come again,  
With frightened face and flying feet,  
And hands just loosed from winter's chain,  
Outstretched reluctant spring to greet.

From her bleak hills across the lea  
She sweeps, with tresses backward blown,  
And far out on the homeless sea  
The maddened billows hear her moan.

The leaves are whirled in eddying drifts,  
Or hunted down the barren wold,  
Where timidly the crocus lifts  
Her shaken cup of green and gold.

—John Dickson Bruns, M.D.

#### EARLY EFFORTS TO SUPPRESS THE SLAVE TRADE AND ABOLISH SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH.

BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL, U. D. C.

That the colonies, particularly the Southern ones, made early efforts to free themselves from the burden of negro slavery forced upon them by England, the history of that institution gives abundant proof, and almost the first legislation was directed against the evil.

Negro slavery existed in and was recognized in all the colonies before being planted in South Carolina in 1671, but the slave trade of this colony soon became more widely developed than any of the others. As early as 1698 there began to be a fear for the safety of the colony on account of the great numbers of negroes, and an act was passed to encourage importation of white servants. By 1703 South Carolina had begun a series of duty acts, at first levying ten shillings on each African imported, which levy increased continuously up to 1740, when one hundred pounds was imposed upon each African and one hundred and fifty pounds on each colonial negro. By this act they were taxed also according to height—the taller the man, the more the tax.

Although there was opposition to slavery, the historian Hewatt, who was no friend to the system, wrote: "It must be acknowledged that the planters of South Carolina treat their slaves with as much and more tenderness than those of any British colony where slavery exists."

So many and varied were the protests of South Carolina that when Governor Littleton came out in 1756 he brought with him instructions to put a stop to this colonial interference with the legitimate business of English merchants and skip-pers. In 1760 South Carolina, in a formal protest, totally prohibited the slave trade, but the act was disallowed by the Privy Council of England, and the Governor reprimanded. The governors of all the colonies were warned not to indulge in similar legislation.

Although rebuffed, the colony again passed a prohibitive duty of one hundred pounds in 1764, which duty continued until the Revolution. Finally, in 1787, South Carolina passed an act and ordinance prohibiting importation.

Next to South Carolina, the largest slave trade was in Virginia, but the system there was patriarchal in character. Though slavery was introduced in 1619, it was not recognized by any Virginia statutory law till 1661. (Munford's "Virginia's Attitude toward Slavery.") Twenty years prior to this, in 1641, the "Fundamentals" adopted by Massachusetts recognized the lawfulness of negro slavery and approved of the African slave trade. (Cobb on "Slavery.")

Again and again Virginia uttered protests against the system and passed laws restraining the importation of negroes from Africa, but these laws were disallowed. The merchants of London took alarm at the conduct of the Southern colonies, and in 1745 a pamphlet was published in England entitled "The African Slave Trade, the Great Pillar and Support of the British Plantations in America." (McCrady on "Slavery in the Province of South Carolina.")

In 1723 Virginia began a series of acts lasting till the Revolution, all designed to check the slave trade. The efforts of the Old Dominion to free herself from the evil were debated by the king himself in council, and on December 10, 1770, he issued an instruction under his own hand to the Governor commanding him to assent to no law passed by Virginia to prohibit the traffic. (Bancroft.)

In 1772 the House of Burgesses addressed the throne in a

pathetic appeal for "paternal assistance" in their distress over the "horrid traffick" forced upon them by some "who reap emoluments from this sort of traffick," Edmund Pendleton, Richard Henry Lee, and Benjamin Harrison signing the petition. But a paternal veto instead of blessing was the answer to this appeal.

A most important paragraph, written by Jefferson, that was stricken out of the Declaration of Independence, contained the fiercest arraignment of George III. for his veto of Virginia's laws endeavoring to suppress the slave trade, which he had forced upon his defenseless subjects. (Munford, "Virginia's Attitude.")

As early as 1774 mass meetings were held in the various counties, adopting resolutions of protest against the evil, and Fairfax County recorded in plain tones that she "wishes to see an entire stop forever put to such a wicked, cruel, and unnatural trade."

Although her colonial protests were all unheeded, Virginia gave abundant proof of her consistent action regarding the slave trade by her celebrated statute preventing it, one of the earliest laws passed by her General Assembly, when, in October, 1778, she declared: "That from and after the passing of this act no slave or slaves shall hereafter be imported into this commonwealth by sea or land." And thus the legal slave trade into Virginia was definitely stopped before it was an indictable offense in any New England State and thirty years before like action was taken by Great Britain.

Mr. Balogh, in his "History of Slavery," says: "Virginia thus had the honor of being the first political community in the civilized modern world to prohibit the pernicious traffic."

Maryland did not have to face the same problems as Virginia or South Carolina, and consequently viewed the situation with more equanimity, as her trade never reached alarming proportions. By 1717 she imposed a duty of forty shillings upon each negro slave imported, and by 1771 a duty of nine pounds was laid. In 1783 Maryland passed "an act to prohibit the bringing of slaves into this State."

North Carolina was not burdened with many slaves in the early days and did not feel the necessity of positive action. However, she gave evidence of her displeasure concerning the matter, for Governor Dobbs had his instructions from England, as early as 1700, "Not to give assent to or pass any law imposing duties upon negroes imported into our province of North Carolina." In August, 1774, North Carolina resolved in convention, "That we will not import any slave or slaves or purchase any slave or slaves after the first day of November next," which resolution Du Bois says was modeled upon the resolve of Virginia on May 11, 1769.

There were no special restrictions before 1786, when she declared that the importation of slaves within her borders was "productive of evil consequences and highly impolitic," and proceeded to lay a prohibitive duty on them. By 1797 some Quakers in North Carolina manumitted slaves without regard for legal restraints. (Phillips, "American Negro Slavery.")

Georgia laid her foundation stone upon a prohibition of slavery, and her historian, Stevens, says that at one time the law was so rigidly enforced that any negro slave found within her limits, unless speedily claimed, was sold back into Carolina. An increasing number of colonists began to clamor for repeal of the restriction, and by 1749 the trade was thrown open, but a duty was laid and restrictions enforced which required a registry and quarantine of all negroes brought in. In December, 1793, Georgia forbade the importation of slaves from



the West Indies, the Bahamas, and Florida, but the African trade was not closed until 1798.

Thus it will be seen that a faithful effort was made by these colonies to prevent the traffic forced upon them by the supreme power of the mother country. Why each one changed her mind and later upheld a system she formerly tried to suppress is another story.

#### EARLY ABOLITION IN THE SOUTH.

The world conscience did not begin to be much disturbed about the right or wrong of slavery until after the close of the American Revolution. After that event many of the States exercised the powers denied them as colonies. England abolished the slave trade in 1807, and the United States followed in 1808. Slavery still existed, however, and by this time was so firmly entrenched as to present the problem which so long vexed the South.

From the very beginning a high moral sense was evinced toward slavery in Virginia. There were free negroes in that colony as early as 1668, and in 1691 emancipation was legal, provided the emancipated slave was sent out of Virginia within six months, but the slaveholder had to seek the permission of the Council for this privilege. In 1782 the General Assembly of Virginia made a law whereby slaves could be set free by deed or will, and so common were manumissions after the Revolutionary War that by 1790 there were more than thirty-five thousand free persons of color in the South.

In 1790 an Abolition Society was formed in Virginia by the Quakers, and by 1791 it had eighty members, many of them other than Quakers, who in this year sent a petition to the General Assembly against slavery, and at the same time petitioned Congress on the subject. In 1794 both Virginia and Maryland sent representatives to the Convention of Abolition Societies held in Philadelphia, the first to meet in the United States.

North Carolina began to discuss slavery as early as 1758, the Quakers, or Friends, evincing a very tender conscience on the subject, and by 1768 they interpreted a section of their discipline as opposed to the buying and selling of slaves; and in 1776 some Friends, in the yearly meeting, stated their resolution to set their negroes free, and also "earnestly and affectionately advised all who held slaves to cleanse their hands of them as soon as they possibly could."

The marked tendency in Virginia toward emancipation encouraged like action among the Quakers in North Carolina, and in 1779 they appointed a Committee of Visitation, whose duty it was to "visit and labor with those members who declined to emancipate." The law of North Carolina in 1782 gave all slave owners power to emancipate slaves by will after death, or by acknowledging will while still alive, in open court, provided they agreed to support all the aged, infirm, and young persons set free. (See Weeks's "Southern Quakers and Slavery.") In 1801 the yearly meeting decided to call the negroes "black people," and they are referred to in this manner in their reports.

But these Friends were never forcible abolitionists. They depended more upon moral suasion, and always believed that the power over slavery lay in the States and not in the government. However, with their avowed belief in States' rights, these North Carolina Quakers made a marked breach of etiquette when in 1786 they sent a committee to the Assembly of Georgia with a petition "respecting some enlargements to the enslaved negroes." The fact that the petition was ignored gave proof of the extreme sensitiveness of Southern

States regarding their own right of action even at this early date.

The law of South Carolina in 1722 compelled the manumitted slave to leave the province in twelve months or lose his freedom. In 1800, before a slave could be emancipated in this State, proof had to be given of his good character and of his ability to earn his own living, which certainly was a wise provision, and after emancipation the deed of gift must be registered. So the State knew exactly to whom she had given freedom.

In 1799 Thomas Wadsworth, of Charleston, S. C., liberated his slaves, gave them fifty acres of land each, and put them under care of the Bush River Meeting. This old Quaker may have been the originator of the "forty-acres-and-a-mule" theory, which he certainly carried into practice.

The Georgia law of 1801 provided that a slave could be emancipated in case a special application was made to the Legislature for that purpose. The antislavery feeling in this State was fostered in early times by the Methodists, who were considering a Church law requiring members to free their slaves. In April, 1817, Howell Cobb, of Georgia, made his will, and in it emancipated his servant, William Hill, and adds: "It would afford me the greatest pleasure to liberate all my slaves, but such is the present existing state of society that by doing so I might act improperly, and I presume that their present condition under the care and protection of generous and humane masters will be much better for them than a state of freedom."

Before Tennessee had been a State one year an appeal for the abolition of slavery was published in the Knoxville *Gazette*, and a meeting called in Washington County to form a Manumission Society. Many of the pioneers of Tennessee were of Covenantan descent, and the early county records show they were endeavoring to emancipate their slaves before the eighteenth century closed.

One of the early acts of the State was touching emancipation. In October, 1797, the records show that she "confirmed the emancipation of a black man named Jack," and not only gave him his freedom, but bestowed upon him the good American name of John Saunders.

About this time Tennessee was so embarrassed by the number of her citizens of Scotch descent seeking to emancipate their slaves that in 1801 the General Assembly passed an act giving the county courts authority to emancipate slaves upon petitions of their owners, and directing the county court clerks to record such proceedings and to give to each emancipated slave a certificate of his freedom. (Allison, "Dropped Stitches.")

Emancipation societies were now becoming frequent in the South, and one-half of the delegates to the American Abolition Conventions came from this section between 1794 and 1809; after that date none came from beyond Tennessee or North Carolina, but local conventions were held in those States. The earliest American journals advocating emancipation and abolition were published, one by a Southern man and one on Tennessee soil.

The Quaker, Charles Osborn, born in North Carolina, spent his young manhood in Tennessee, and in December, 1814, organized the Manumission Society in that State, which was in close touch and communication with one organized in North Carolina in 1816. In 1816 Charles Osborn removed to Ohio, where in August, 1817, he published the first number of *The Philanthropist*, a journal devoted to the interests of temperance and also to immediate and uncondition-

al emancipation. The publication of this paper began August 29, 1817, and continued till October 8, 1818.

Judge John Allison, of Tennessee, states (in which opinion the biographer of Garrison concurs) that the honor of publishing the first periodical in America of which the one avowed object was opposition to slavery must be accorded to Elihu Embree, who in 1820 was publishing in Jonesboro, Tenn., *The Emancipator*, a small octavo monthly. Before one year's issue was completed, the young editor died. Benjamin Lundy had assisted Charles Osborn with *The Philanthropist* in Ohio and later had begun the publication of his own paper, *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*. When he learned of the death of Elihu Embree, early in 1822, Lundy brought his paper to Tennessee, and for more than two years issued it from Greeneville on the press which had printed Embree's *Emancipator*.

Thus nearly a decade before Elizabeth Heyrick, the Quaker, in England, issued the pamphlet on immediate emancipation the Quakers of North Carolina and East Tennessee were preaching, practicing, and publishing that doctrine, and Garrison was yet but a little lad in New England.

By 1824 the Tennessee Manumission Society had twenty branches, with seven hundred members, and had held nine conventions; and in January of that year, through Mr. Blair, presented a memorial to the House of Representatives praying Congress to adopt measures for the prevention of slavery in future in any State where it was not then allowed by law, and to forbid it in the future in any State yet to be formed.

In 1825 William Swaim was publishing in Greensboro, N. C., *The Patriot*, which contained much antislavery matter.

All of these movements and publications were undertaken in a frank, law-abiding manner, and in 1820 the Rev. John Rankin, a native Tennessean, of Covenantan descent, said it was safer to make abolition speeches in Kentucky or Tennessee than at the North. Mr. Munford, in his book, "Virginia's Attitude toward Slavery," quotes Lunt as saying: "After the years 1820-21, during which time that great struggle which resulted in what is called the Missouri Compromise was most active and came to its conclusion, the States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee were earnestly engaged in practical movements for the gradual emancipation of their slaves. This movement continued until it was arrested by the aggressions of the abolitionists upon their voluntary action."

According to the statistics given by Lundy, in 1827 there were 130 abolition societies in the United States, of which 106 were in the slave States. Virginia had eight of these societies, Tennessee had twenty-five with a membership of one thousand, and North Carolina had fifty with a membership of three thousand; and this membership was not confined to nonslaveholders, as many have asserted, but among them were many earnest Christian masters seeking to solve as best they could an inherited problem and burden.

The Hon. Samuel Rhea, grandson of the first Presbyterian minister to preach in Tennessee (an old Scotch chaplain), liberated his people and sent them to Liberia, but at a later date again became a slaveholder. That eminent divine, Rev. Frederic A. Ross, owner of "Rotherwood," a most beautiful estate, made a similar provision and lived to write the book, "Slavery Ordained of God."

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, speaking in 1911 on "The Scot in America," said: "The antislavery movement which led to our Civil War began among the Scottish and Ulster Scotch immigrants, but not in New England. That is a prevalent

delusion which the brilliant writers of that region have not always discouraged. But the real antislavery movement began in the South and West, largely among the Scottish Covenanters of South Carolina and East Tennessee, twenty to thirty years before there was any organized opposition to slavery elsewhere, even in Massachusetts. The Covenanters, the Methodists, and the Quakers of East Tennessee had eighteen emancipation societies by 1815. A few years later there were five or six in Kentucky. When there were 103 in the South, as yet, so far as known, there was not one in Massachusetts."

Prior to 1831 emancipation was freely discussed in the South, and there was much sentiment in favor of it, but it was not yet strong enough to force laws, and those earnestly endeavoring to free their slaves were hampered by State laws, which, in all but three or four, required that emancipated slaves should leave the State. But even with all the difficulties which beset them, the Southern people were becoming more hostile to the institution and making many efforts to free themselves from a burden which grew heavier each year, and nearly ten per cent of the Southern negroes were free in 1830, which even Mr. Hart concedes was a "tribute to the humanity of Southern people."

That Virginia made great effort to free herself from the burden is shown by the many and sincere discussions in her General Assembly on the subject of gradual emancipation, the problems of which were too great to be lightly undertaken. any one not even a statesman could see that there was more practical philanthropy involved when Virginia excluded the slave trade by her great statute of 1778 than when like measure was taken by Vermont, the census of 1790 showing 293,427 slaves in Virginia and but seventeen in Vermont (Cobb on "Slavery"), scarcely more than the domestic force of a plantation household. And now the problems were greater and the burden heavier; and in these discussions, while "many denied advisability of action, none defended the principles of slavery."

In August, 1831, there occurred the awful uprising at Southampton among the negroes known as the "Nat Turner Rebellion."

At this period also arose the abolitionists of the Garrisonian type, who differed from the emancipationists or antislavery men who existed North and South in that they demanded immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery and attacked not only the system, but the character of every slaveholder, and questioned the morality and denounced the civilization of every section where it existed.

From this period, and on account of this reactionary agitation, dates the rise of proslavery sentiment in the South, which was in a sense self-defense, the human mind being so constituted that it naturally resents interference with its voluntary action in endeavoring to solve a problem upon which it is expending its best ability.

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### THE HOME GUARD.

BY FINLEY PAUL CURTIS, JR., BUTLER, TENN.

(An unwritten chapter in Confederate history.)

It was a lone shapely tree of cherries which, flourishing in all the beauty of sun-kissed maturity along Jubal A. Early's road from Washington in hot, dusty mid-July, 1864, seduced my famished Rebel appetite and, after the manner of the Tempter, rewarded me with a dangerous paroxysmal colic of the stabbing jackknife species. Dread dysentery attacked me, half bent, plowing with Early's tatterdemalions the sun-scorched dust back to Virginia soil. Finally, about the middle of September, after the long, strenuous Washington campaign and several successful encounters with Sheridan in the valley, throughout which my affliction continually harassed me, I was sent to the hospital at Staunton, then to Charlottesville, and at last to Lynchburg; but in none of these sanatoriums did I improve. I was eager to see home. I was obsessed by the conviction that three days of pure North Carolina air and food and water were worth a barrel of ill-tasting medicines. And at length my furlough did come, and I turned my face toward home on the twenty-sixth day of September, 1864.

I was not far amiss in my conviction. A few days of pure home air, fresh sunshine, flavored with a few meals of wholesome food and copious draughts of sparkling mountain water, did work swift wonders upon me, and my furlough was enjoyed in fine health. If there is any "cure-all" remedy for the multitudinous ills of humanity, it is Mother Nature's own magic panacea, not the secret decoctions of mercenary med-casters. So that when my father came to harvest his cane and make his many, many gallons of nectarial molasses or to kill and dress a fatling, I was prepared to help him.

Thus engaged, I could scarcely realize, incongruous as things appeared to me, that far away in the fertile valley and around the beleaguered Confederate capital hundreds of great guns thundered their incessant angry challenges and mighty forces contended for supremacy. But, in truth, even this presumably uninterrupted domestic activity and tranquillity, which wrought within me such a peculiar psychophysical state of inconsistency, was, as we shall soon discover, itself a most frail and ominous structure. A single force sustained it above the underseething chaos. Then indeed it was true that *Mars gravior sub pace latet!*

The single force referred to was none other than the home guard organization which existed in various sections of the Southland, whose primal objects and duties and whose achievements, involving principally the extirpation of a most sinister domestic evil, shall form the body of this article. To give it as "an unwritten chapter" is not only eloquently expressive of the general lack of illumination upon a very important and obscure phase of the war for Southern independence, but, as a matter of historical fact, it speaks a demonstrated truth. It is an unwritten chapter.

To the earnest investigator it is disappointing, as well as unaccountable, that he finds in the hundreds of general, regimental, and personal histories of the war no account and

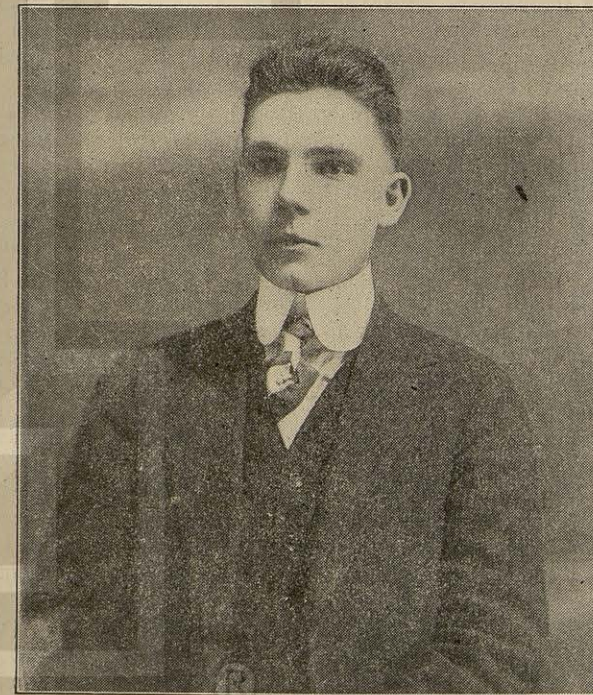
scarcely a mention of the home guard military unit, its *raison d'être*, and its sinister foe, the latter in especial. Search as he may, his efforts are vain. For this page of history is blank. And why? Perhaps the subject has never been considered as important and deserving a chapter in history. But this is only another of the ten thousand illusions of a disordered fancy; for this organization played, as a diligent study of its varied activities must prove, an important rôle—inconspicuous and nobly self-sacrificial as that rôle was—in the mighty drama of the sixties, and mysteriously brought about the perpetuation of Southern domestic equilibrium. Or, dealing as it does with the nefarious operations of the home enemy, have historians considered the subject too delicate, too dangerously implicative for impartial handling? But might they not have used gloves, so that if their shots went home they would have experienced no compunction? \* \* \* At any rate, the subject deserves the title of an unwritten chapter; and while I profess no special fitness or honor for the task, I feel it is a duty incumbent on some one and by all means worthy a legitimate place in the history of the War between the States. I lay no claim to exhaustiveness, for general works of reference do not treat the subject, nor shall I weary the reader with useless apologies. I write the following, therefore, believing that "truth crushed to earth shall rise again," and that, though the truth hurt, yet will it free us.

My furlough home in the fall of '64 afforded me an opportunity to acquaint myself with the home guard and to learn something, by personal contact, of its numerous and never half-appreciated activities. A word of history is appropriate here.

In the beginning of hostilities—and more especially in the bloody years of 1863, '64, '65, after such enormous drainage upon Southern man power—when the loyal young men of our land girt on their crude arms and marched instinctively to the smoky battle fronts, a pitiful dry-eyed remnant of white-haired old men, their sons too young for rough military service, and a few faithful slaves remained at home to protect the hearth and assuage the gurgling bellies of avid Rebels. In 1863 Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation. The negro, acting spontaneously upon this appealing Northern military measure and ecstatically praising "de good Lawd" for his deliverance, forgot the past kindnesses of his master and resigned his lifetime home to the preying talons of vandalism. But to the slave—and I utter the sentiment of all Dixie—who remained true to his good "massa" and to the kingly "land of cotton," and who fought valiantly for the subsistence of domestic safety and peace and honor, unto him the South is forever grateful. \* \* \* So that, as is the case in practically every civil war, the slackers, the deserters, the criminals, the thieves, the robbers, Northern and Southern, and the base-born of all classes armed themselves, lurked in the mountains, and organized to pillage and burn and kill. Early in the war these bands of flagitious parasites became the deadly and most feared enemy of every habitation. Terror and wild outlawry reigned supreme in the mountainous districts. Life was miserable; property was valueless; cabin doors were barred day and night; women risked their lives to fetch a bucket of water from the spring, and were oftentimes subjected to the grossest insults; houses were boldly entered and ransacked from top to bottom at the point of the pistol. What child of this generation has not listened wide-eyed to thrilling grandmother stories of that lawless time? \* \* \* Under such conditions of affairs that movement for home protection, later identified as the

home guard, was inaugurated throughout the defenseless sections of the South. Aided perhaps by disabled soldiers—or, more likely, unaided by any one—the remnant of old men, the young boys, and the few faithful slaves formed into separate bodies, shouldered their long, old-fashioned squirrel rifles, and began to hunt bushwhackers in systematic earnestness. These anti-bushranger organizations waxed magically powerful and efficient. Their members had known the long rifle from infancy, and crucial experience rapidly toughened them, so that extreme youth and old age allied became a most formidable antagonist of murderous brigands. Necessity is often the mother of great movements. The home guard was a petrified instinct of self-preservation, an unquenchable will to live.

What did the home guard accomplish? Why does it deserve, along with other heroic, outstanding Southern war agencies, our consideration and a high place in history? Did it avenge the countless shameful crimes against personal liberty, home honor, and innocent property, and bring the nefarious perpetrators thereof to justice? I answer unhesitatingly, Yes, in so far as possible. Determined at all hazards to defend those things and principles which they held most sacred, these grim old men and beardless boys, of whom strenuous experience had made feared "minutemen," combed the mountain fastness far and wide, often decimated by cowardly ambush, often fighting fierce battles, yet ever returning victorious, undaunted, trophied with the spoils of depredators and captured bushwhackers. Not content to fight the enemy from their own doors and windows, they went forth aggressively to find him. Many, many the night they forsook warm beds in the teeth of vicious winter squalls to



FINLEY PAUL CURTIS, JR.

The author of this article is a very young man, the son of a veteran, and he is making some very interesting and valuable contributions to Confederate history through writing up his father's experiences as a soldier of the sixties. In this article on "The Home Guard" he has touched on a phase of patriotic service which seems to have been altogether neglected. A sequel to this will give some incidents of guerrilla operations after the war.

answer nocturnal cries for help. When did they accept the sweet gift of Morpheus unclothed? When did they forget to bar the door or prime their easily snatched squirrel guns? They policed the sparse settlements, acting the Samaritan to all; they came unperturbed to church, long pistols on their thighs; they attended religious conventions and associations armed and foresworn to kill in defense of peace. Grim and fearless they were, these mountaineers and their strapping sons, not unlike their dear kinsmen at the front, and they loved law and order with a dangerous intensity. That safety and peace which our noble Confederate women enjoyed, frail as of necessity it was, they won and maintained throughout the war. The food supplies which sustained the fighting Rebel were grown and nourished and harvested over the sights, as it were, of their long squirrel guns. The horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, fowls, and granaries which survived the proximity of hungry hostile legions and which finally reached the trenches on Confederate trains—these were only a few of the typical miracles performed by the inconspicuous home guard. But history does not even mention the name of this wonderful body of old men and young boys. Another of the innumerable historic ironies! Another of the tragic travesties on the impartiality of history! Must the humble spring of Confederate sustenance remain always an unilluminated mystery? Must it never be justly located? Would men know in part the magic supporter of heroic Southern stamina? Would they know who filled the sunken bellies of invincible Rebels? Would they know why the star of the Confederacy glittered so long and hopefully on the bosom of liberty? Then let them ponder the wonderful activity of the home guard. The world has ascribed the brilliant victories of Gen. Robert E. Lee entirely to skillful arms, but the world has also constantly forgotten the maxim that "an army fights on its belly." The great world war has demonstrated that a full stomach is worth a dozen rifles.

But the activity of this brave organization was even yet more comprehensive. Aside from accomplishing the drastic extirpation of local guerrilla bands from hundreds of Southern rural districts, the home guard more than once distinguished itself for enduring heroism in battles of national importance. It protected the trains and commissaries of General Breckinridge while that gallant Confederate leader with a mere handful of sturdy veterans and a single battalion of university cadets won a brilliant victory over Sigel in the valley. Had Breckinridge failed, Sigel would shortly have wasted the fertile valley of Virginia. Still more gallantly distinguishing itself, it voluntarily joined Beauregard's scant two thousand men and helped in that gloomy day of threatened destruction to hold against one full Federal army corps until reinforcements arrived, a rampart engirdling Petersburg. Now was the steel of this valiant body untested by one of history's most celebrated defenses. Its hardened components took their places in the trenches beside their kinsmen, and through cold, deprivation, and ever-harrowing cannonade fought with them bitterly to the end. The South can never adequately appreciate the inestimable good wrought by the home guard organization nor the heroic service it rendered, but the South can at least, even in this late day, welcome it unfadingly in memory and assign it its rightful place in the mighty drama of the sixties.

And what, on the other hand, shall we say of the lawless foe of Southern domestic peace and honor and progress? Shall we also count those base thieves and murderers and predacious bushwhackers among the loyal population of the



South? Those traitors to highest human principles, those Union sympathizers who, rather than wage legitimate war for the cause of the North, turned bestially upon their own neighbors and countrymen, and who sought openly and clandestinely to waste defenseless homes by pillage and arson? Shall we class them as one? Shall there be no distinction between baseness and nobility, between lofty principle and savage instinct, between lawful war and first-degree murder? Truthful and honorable generations will condemn and disown them! We disown them! Too cowardly to fight like men, devoid of all principle and a pulsebeat of love for the land of their birth, they evaded military service by ensconcing in the mountains, and often, for paltry bits of the stronger enemy's gold, instigated widespread, wanton destruction of life and property. The South can scarcely estimate just how largely these countless bands of vandals assisted in the defeat of the Confederacy and just how perilously near unprotected Southern homes came to annihilation. Yet this agent is always omitted from the spectacled compiler's long list of "The Causes of the Defeat of the Confederacy." So far as he is concerned, bushwhackers and thieves and deserters never lived. If one can imagine the nonexistence of this strong arm of protection, it is easy to picture the concomitant deplorable wreckage.

The following is an incident from my real life, which may help the reader to appreciate the character of the home guard enemy.

It happened at home on a day, I believe, in October. Peace had been restored, and I was scarcely three months freed from Point Lookout Prison. My father and I were grinding cane in an open plot of ground near the house. Suddenly a lone horseman appeared dashing, noisy and hatless, down the red clay road from the town of Wilkesboro. We recognized him at first glance as a desperate and notorious local bushwhacker. He dashed wildly into the open lot and, jerking his frothing horse almost to its haunches, sprang from the saddle and swaggered up to my father, hand on his hip. We had no arms.

"What do you want?" demanded my father calmly. He was then an old man, but of fear he knew nothing.

"Powder, by God!" exploded the guerrilla profanely. "And the faster you move, old man, the safer! I shot at a d—old Rebel back thar," jerking a gnarled hand in the direction of the little town, "now I want some more—!"

My father stepped very close to him and looked him unflinchingly in the eyes. "Sir," he said in a voice of unmistakable significance, "if I give you any powder, it will be burnt first."

Instantly the swaggering guerrilla realized his mistake. Plainly he was not seeking burnt powder, for he turned scarcely ere the ultimatum had escaped my father's lips and, mounting his horse—not so melodramatic now—dashed away, cursing furiously and swearing that he would "make the d— stingy Rebels pay."

But there was a deeper and darker meaning to this barbarous outlawry, an insidious purpose cached beneath open deeds of arson and robbery. And how cunningly veiled! Why seek solely after the ephemeral rewards of the common crimes when the rich plantations of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, tenanted only by time-worn, white-haired old men, their wives and children, and a pitiful black remnant invited early possession? Guerrilla leaders, born with the malevolent ingenuity and brazenness of a Cataline, conspired against these unguarded habitations and plotted among themselves—

if the North should win the war—to expel by brute force the helpless owners and seize the land for their own. Cicero could have shamed them. Thus were the black-loamed bottoms of the beautiful Yadkin Valley, the fair spot of my youth, signalized with quasi-Catalinian audacity for seizure and distribution among covetous Western North Carolina brigands. This is a demonstrable fact of personal knowledge, and, withal, only one illustration of the pan-Southern scope of such insidious conspiracies. Behold the apparently less criminal aspect of "bushwhackery"! But the home guard organization, and that alone, by its heroic, self-sacrificial courage, its wonderfully acquired efficiency, its stanch determination, and its careless activity, thwarted this colossal and nefarious design, and thus conserved the legal tenure of properties.

It is the avowed business of history to record the truth, but history, for some of the reasons hereinbefore set forth, has neglected to record the truth concerning the Southern home guard organization and the facinorous work of its predatory enemy. Let us erect a monument, if not of stone or bronze, then of everlasting, deserved praise, to that fearless body of old men and smooth-faced boys who, while their kinsmen struggled with the prodigious tide of invasion, crushed a most cankerous species of domestic warfare and saved to their country the precious freedom and honor of Southern homes.

#### THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.

BY WILLIAM M. M'ALLISTER, WARM SPRINGS, VA.

In the January VETERAN, page 38, I notice that Comrade J. H. McCutcheon has, perhaps very naturally, fallen into a common error when he says: "I served in the 25th Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, from 1861 to the twelfth day of May, 1864." This error doubtless grows out of the fact that most of the surviving Confederate soldiers who served under Stonewall Jackson take it for granted that they were members of the Stonewall Brigade. This is not unnatural, but is, nevertheless, an error.

I was among the original members of the Stonewall Brigade and served in that brigade from its organization in 1861 to the close of the war in 1865. The original brigade consisted of five Virginia regiments of infantry—viz., the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 33d—and two batteries of artillery—viz., the Rockbridge Artillery and Carpenter's Battery. The Rockbridge Artillery was attached to the brigade from the time of its organization; Carpenter's Battery was organized as an infantry company and was mustered into service on April 22, 1861, and was Company A of the 27th Virginia Regiment until early in November, 1861, at which time it was converted into an artillery company by a special order issued by Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, and was continued with the brigade throughout the war, the writer being one of its gunners.

The 25th Virginia Regiment of Infantry was well known to the writer as one of the many valiant and efficient Virginia regiments which served along with the old Stonewall Brigade under our great hero-commander, Stonewall Jackson, and deserves as much credit as if it had been one of the regiments of the Stonewall Brigade, but it was never attached officially to the old brigade nor as a unit in it.

The sole object of this writer is to call attention through the VETERAN to the very common error of many of Stonewall Jackson's men in not discriminating between *service* under Stonewall Jackson and *service* in the Stonewall Brigade.

#### RIGHTS UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

BY J. A. RICHARDSON, GAINESVILLE, GA.

While no one has as yet accepted my challenge to discuss the issues which brought on the War between the States and the motives which compelled men on both sides to go to war, I have received a number of letters about it, most of them in kindly vein. But there is one from a Northern veteran, in rather petulant mood, which is the basis for this response. He complains that "no man would wish to discuss at this late day a question that has been fought out on the battle field," thus showing a very wrong conception of my motive. He then quotes from some paper a malicious attack on the South made "at this late day." Is he just? And he charges, "at this late day," that "the spirit of the South is almost identical with that of Germany," specifying that "the South fought to enslave a race, and Germany to enslave the world."

If he were better informed, he would know that the race referred to was already enslaved, and enslaved far more by the North than the South; that all the colonies except Georgia were proslavery from their origin to the Declaration of Independence; and Georgia was antislavery, less than two decades. And did not proslavery States frame a proslavery Constitution? Did not Great Britain and the North bring the slaves from Africa to America? Was not the first American slaver built at Marblehead, Mass., in 1637? Was it not named "The Desire"? Is that name significant or suggestive?

The Constitution provided for the termination of the slave trade in 1808. From 1637 to 1808 is an interval of one hundred and seventy one years. Who can approximately number "The Desires" afloat during all those years? From 1808 to 1860 is another interval of fifty-two years. Did the North abandon the traffic during those years? A consultation of impartial histories will show that Northern slavers were active all the way to 1860, making no less than two hundred and twenty-three years of slave traffic. What section encouraged this traffic for two hundred and twenty-three years? Was it not the North? And what section earnestly protested all that time against the cruel traffic? Was it not the South?

Here is a sample of one of Virginia's many petitions to the king, made in 1772: "We implore your majesty's paternal assistance in arresting a calamity of a most alarming nature. The importation of slaves from Africa hath long been considered a trade of great inhumanity, and, under present encouragements, we have too much fear will endanger the existence of your majesty's American dominions."

In 1827 there were 106 antislave societies in the South to 24 in the North, or more than four to one. The Southern societies had 5,150 members to 920 in the Northern, or more than five to one. (Lundy.) In 1860, according to the United States census, Maryland had only 3,247 less free blacks than slaves. Virginia and North Carolina each also had a very large per cent of free blacks. Were not these three the oldest of all the slave States? Do not these facts teach that the South was gradually freeing her slaves in the best way possible? But, alas! impatient, selfish ambition interposed its bloody hand and thwarted her benign purpose.

Learn next a lesson from the rank and file of the Confederate army. Commence with the peerless Lee, commander in chief. Did he not *free all his slaves* before the war began? Is it not known that Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston *never owned a slave*? Yet he sacrificed his life in the battle of Shiloh for the cause of the South and the Constitution. (Yes, I mean the cause of the one was that of the other.)

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General Brown, a member of the staff of Jefferson Davis, never owned a slave. Stonewall Jackson also opposed slavery, yet fighting in behalf of the constitutional South he received his death wound at Chancellorsville. Other leaders could be named, but what is the use? May I not also inform you that eighty per cent of the Confederate army owned no slaves?

Do these facts teach that the South fought to enslave a race? Permit me just here to inform you that *the secession of the South was due to the inauguration of a sectional and unconstitutional policy hostile to the South and destructive of her peace and safety.*

*Did the South by seceding violate the Constitution?* Had not seventy-three years of history affirmed the right of sovereign States to *secede from a compact* to which they had *acceded*? Did not the Philadelphia Convention, in framing the Constitution, declare the right of secession when it explicitly provided for "nine States" to secede from the former Union, which was declared to be perpetual?

Did not Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island on entering the Union reserve, in express terms, the right to withdraw from the same whenever they deemed it to their interest? Were they not admitted without question? Was not the declared right of these three States the absolute right of all?

In 1844 the admission of Texas was a question. Did not the Legislature of Massachusetts pass the following resolution, "That the project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may drive these States into a dissolution of the Union"? Who then said to the New England States, "You have no such right"?

In 1848 Abraham Lincoln said in the House of Representatives: "Any people anywhere have the right to rise up and throw off the existing government and establish one that suits them better." He did not stop here, but said: "This is a most valuable right, a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world." Nor did he stop here, but added: "Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of the existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can may revolutionize and make their own so much of the territory as they inhabit." Nor did he even stop here, but added: "More than this, a majority of any portion of any people may revolutionize, putting down a minority intermingled with or about them who may oppose their movements." (Congressional Globe.)

Candidly, was not Lincoln the secessionist of the nineteenth century? Was not the Constitution of 1848 the same as that of 1861? If you had uttered these identical words instead of Lincoln, could you, or would you, have deliberately inaugurated that terrible war, costing approximately a million lives and billions upon billions of treasure, to forbid States of the Union to do what you had declared *in such unlimited* terms to be their absolute right, to say nothing of the privations and hardships resulting from the widespread destruction of property and ruined and burnt homes?

But of all the many other witnesses, we shall name now but two others. They are most important and most authoritative. I put now on the stand *the United States Senate*. On the twenty-fourth day of May, 1860, the United States Senate passed a set of resolutions introduced by Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, strongly indorsing the right of secession by a vote of thirty-six to nineteen. Twenty States



voted for the resolutions, one State divided its vote, four voted against it, and eight refused to vote. *The States refusing to vote belonged to the number that had nullified the fugitive slave law.*

We give next a witness which is of supreme and commanding authority. It is no less than the United States government itself. From 1824 to 1842 the Federal government in its own school at West Point taught as a textbook "*Rawle's View of the Constitution*," the author of which was William Rawle, a distinguished jurist of Pennsylvania. In this book are these words: "*It depends on the State itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principles on which all our political systems are founded, which is that the people have, in all cases, a right to determine how they will be governed, a right ingredient in the original composition of the government.*"

Stand in front of these witnesses, look them all in the face, and tell them, if you can, that they were traitors and rebels against the Constitution. Remember when you dare do it that you charge the Federal government itself with rebelling against itself. Know too that it is a universally admitted fact, which all well-informed men know, that an independent sovereign State has both a right to accede to a compact and an equal right to secede from it.

You will search in vain the records of this great republic, from the framing of the Constitution to Lincoln, for a single instance in which one of the States or one of its sections or the government itself ever denied the right of secession. What President but Lincoln ever denied this right? And does he not stand self-contradicted?

Now let me bring to your notice a few witnesses of importance who have testified since the war, only a few of the many. Forty-six years after the war Charles Stowe, son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," addressing a negro university in Nashville, Tenn., said: "*It is certain there was a rebellion, but the Northerners were the rebels, not the Southerners.*"

Forty years after the war "*The American Crisis*" was published. In its preface are these words: "*The Civil War will not be treated as a rebellion, but as the great event in the history of the nation, which after forty years it is now recognized to have been.*"

In the fourth edition of the "*Republic of Republics*" (Little, Brown & Co.) are these words: "*Another event of great historical interest, in which Judge Clifford participated, was 'a solemn consultation' of a small number of the ablest lawyers of the North in Washington, a few months after the war, upon the momentous question as to whether the Federal government should commence a criminal prosecution against Jefferson Davis for participating in the leadership in the war of secession. In this council, which was surrounded with the utmost secrecy, were Attorney-General Speed, Judge Clifford, William Evarts, and perhaps a half dozen others who had been selected from the whole Northern profession for their legal ability and acumen; and the result of their deliberations was the sudden abandonment of the idea of prosecution in view of the insurmountable difficulties in the way of getting a final conviction.*"

Do you not know that Jefferson Davis was then and there acquitted as the result of that "solemn consultation"? You must know that he was never tried. Why not? May it not

have been because the Republican party itself would have been put on trial instead?

Davis was arrested at Irwinville, Ga., on the 10th of May, 1865, incarcerated in Fortress Monroe on the 19th of May, and released on the 15th of February, 1869. He was therefore a prisoner for three years, nine months, and twenty-six days. During that period his case was repeatedly set for trial and as many times postponed. Why all this mockery? Is it not evidence that Chief Justice Chase finally suggested to the counsel of Mr. Davis what motion to make? *That motion was made, and Mr. Davis was released.*

*Jefferson Davis was never tried. That mountain fact lifts its tall testimony to tell the ages that the North waged an unconstitutional war against the constitutional South.*

A few other important facts. In 1857 the Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case, handed down a decision which rendered the Republican party platform unconstitutional. The party rebelled against the decision; and we have the very high authority of "*The Civil War from a Northern Standpoint*," Volume XV., page 83, that "Lincoln's Cooper Institute speech was an effort to put the Republican party on constitutional ground." How most absurd!

*That speech was most widely advertised in advance, most loudly applauded in its delivery, and was lauded far and near by the Republican press as "equal to the best effort of the great Webster."* Does not this look like a conspiracy?

The very facts declare it nothing less than a bold public rebellion against a decision of the Supreme Court, the office of which is to settle questions of dispute. Its decision is so authoritative that it will annul an act of either of the other two departments of government. Talk of rebels! Where can you find truer specimens than these? What meant this great exhibition? Was it not to prepare the masses for an unconstitutional platform to follow?

That party had a score of men far more erudite than Lincoln. Why, then, was Lincoln designated to make that high-court-subverting speech? In his debates with Douglas had he not shown marked irreverence for the Constitution by utterances like this: "*Douglas thinks a decision of the Supreme Court a 'thus saith the Lord'—meaning, but I don't?*"

Hear him in that Cooper Institute speech deriding the Supreme Court's decision as "*a sort of decision*"; "*its friends differ among themselves as to its meaning*"; "*made by a bare majority*" (concealing that the majority was seven to two); "*an obvious mistake*"; adding, "*When the obvious mistake of the judges is brought to their notice is it not reasonable they will withdraw the mistaken statement and reconsider their conclusion?*" Is it any wonder that Lincoln undertook the task assigned him? In all history no specimen of egotism is comparable to it, unless it be this other expression of his found in that same speech: "*But we, on the other hand, deny that any such right has existence in the Constitution even by implication.*" If Lincoln did not know that when the Constitution is silent it means "*powers reserved by the States for the States*," it is certain the Supreme Court did.

That absolutely unconstitutional platform was framed, and on it Lincoln was the nominee for President. He was elected by a minority vote, strictly sectional, of less than thirty-eight and one-half per cent of the entire vote cast.

His election was legal because in accordance with law. But who can say it annulled the decision of the Supreme Court against which Lincoln's party rebelled? Who, therefore, can say it absolved the President elect and Congress from enforcing the Constitution unchanged?

No one can deny that a legal act can be repealed only by a legal act; or, in the words of Ney's legal maxim: "*Everything is dissolved by the same means it is constituted.*" A decision of the Supreme Court is supreme law, or a legal act holding the highest place in law. It, therefore, cannot be repealed except by amendment to the Constitution according to Article 5—that is, proposals must first be made either by two-thirds of both houses of Congress or by two-thirds of the States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the States, become part of the Constitution. How immeasurably different is the constitutional plan from that of the Cooper Institute conspirators! If, therefore, the Constitution was changed, it was not according to the compact, and therefore by revolution. And if done by revolution, "*the Northerners are the true rebels, not the Southerners.*" (Charles Stowe.)

#### AN UNCONSTITUTIONAL ADMINISTRATION.

We have just seen the Supreme Court on the one hand and the "*but we*" on the other hand. We are now to see the United States on the one hand and the "*but we*" on the other hand.

Lincoln's first inaugural address unblushingly reversed the teachings of the government during its entire history. He could not have done this had he not been in possession of the government. He did it either ignorantly or knowingly. Charles Francis Adams, historian and publicist, of Boston, Mass., attributed it to ignorance, perhaps in compassion, saying: "*I must, therefore, affirm without hesitation that in the history of the government down to this hour no experiment so rash has ever been made as that of elevating to the head of affairs a man with so little preparation for the task as Lincoln.*"

Having the machinery of the United States government at his command, he reversed its teachings without quoting a single sustaining clause of the Constitution he had sworn to execute. All defenders of his administration, including himself, appeal to the substitutes of the Constitution, invented either immediately before or during the war or after it. Sixteen of these substitutes are known to the writer, but, in order to abridge, he will content himself now with giving only seven of these.

No. 1. *The minority decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case.* Secure a copy of a United States history by Adams & Trent, turn to page 327, and read as follows: "*The North naturally accepted the views of the minority opinion.*" You surely know a minority opinion is no law at all.

No. 2. *"An unwritten Constitution."* Get a copy of "*The Civil War from a Northern Standpoint*," Volume XV., turn to page 161, and read the definition of this strange substitute for the real instrument, the American Constitution, in these immortal words: "*The state of mind in America that determines the color or conduct of public affairs.*" This mystic document was unknown, not even heard of, till after the war. Yet it is one of the substitutes for the written Constitution of unchanged authority for seventy-three years. To the real Constitution Lincoln and all Federal and State officers swore fidelity, and not one was insane enough to swear to abide by a substitute not in existence.

No. 3. *"The Union is much older than the Constitution."* This substitute sprang from the fertile brain of Lincoln and was used in his first inaugural address. All know that the Constitution was the basis of the Union. That

great document was framed in Philadelphia in 1787. It was ratified by eleven States in 1788, leaving North Carolina and Rhode Island out, as they had not yet ratified it. Later the Union of eleven States became the Union of thirteen States. How much older, therefore, is the Union than the Constitution, the basis of the Union?

No. 4. *"A governmental organic growth supplanted the Constitution"* are words from "*The Civil War from a Northern Standpoint*," Volume XV., page 163. Here is a fundamental law that grew like a child, the wonder of time. It is thus explained: "*The Confederation of 1777 was a league created by the States, and the power that creates is always greater than the power created. Yet all the while that this rather indefinite notion was abroad in the land the United States, as the organic power, was steadily developing. That it was feeble, that its purposes were obscure and its wants were denied, are matters of history; but the fact that a nation, an organism, embodying the will of the people, was in being there can be no doubt.*"

*On the contrary, who believes it? The great American Constitution, rich in the blessings of Washington and all the fathers, is in the way of these rebels.*

No. 5. *The silence of the Constitution.* This is the trump card of Lincoln in both his Cooper Institute speech and his inaugural address. In the latter he asks and answers his own questions thus: "*May Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say.*" Yet the tenth amendment is in these plain words of unmistakable meaning—viz.: "*The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people.*"

The States drew a line about the Federal government, saying to it: "*Inside of this line we have written all the powers you have, and outside of it you dare not go, for there are the unwritten powers which the States have reserved to themselves.*"

No. 6. *A higher law.* If this law is what it claims to be, it is certain it will not sanction an oath pledging fidelity to the plain terms of the real Constitution, only to violate them. What shall we think of the man who, while swearing to abide by the genuine Constitution, reserves the right to violate it at will by obeying an imaginary substitute?

No. 7. *Nationalism.* This very popular substitute is also the child of necessity, born in the North after the war. If all these substitutes had received legal sanction at the time of their invention, they would still be debarred from the arena of justice because too late for all questions that had preceded them. Charles Francis Adams, in his "*Lee's Centennial*," page 12, thus explains this fiction: "*By this is meant the act of transforming a Federal government, defined by Webster as a covenant government between nations, into a consolidated government; a nation of granted powers, and, therefore, of limited powers, into a nation of powers not granted, and, therefore, of powers not limited by States.*" Another substitute born outside of a legislative hall and since the war. When necessity and fiction marry we have a strange, unscrupulous couple. They lay their hands with impunity on all things sacred and profane. And their progeny is of the same character. They usurp the throne of justice and righteousness with a mien that proclaims their undisputed right.

These children of necessity and fiction, and all others of



their progeny, prove that the American Constitution contained not a justifying clause for the war the North waged against the South and the Constitution.

The South loved the Constitution and the Union of States, expressing the American idea that "government rests upon the consent of the governed," not upon force; that it is "the right of the people to alter or abolish governments whenever they become destructive of the ends for which they were established."

The declared purpose of the compact of the States united, from which the eleven Southern States withdrew, was "to establish justice and domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty." When, therefore, in the judgment of these eleven Southern States, the Federal government had fallen into hands hostile to the Constitution, they appealed to the ballot box and asserted a right declared to be "inalienable" by the Declaration of Independence—a right never before disputed during the entire history of the Union.

You say: "The old Confederate soldiers have nothing to boast over." Yet they fought for the pure rule of the unimpaired Constitution of their fathers, while you fought for its many substitutes. Who have the greatest cause to boast, you or they?

If it be true, as you assert, that "the whole civilized world has settled down to the idea that the South was wrong," the fact is due to the false teachings of the North. That war began in falsehood, continued its tactics of falsehood to the end, and now finds its only defense in falsehood. In 1860, when the war was being contemplated, J. L. Motley, writing for the London Times, made these five deliberate misstatements: (1) "The Constitution was not drawn by the States, (2) it was not promulgated in the name of the States, (3) it was not ratified by the States, (4) the States never acceded to it, (5) and have no power to secede from it."

This man was later appointed minister to King James's court by Mr. Lincoln. No comment necessary.

If "the constitutional right was settled at Appomattox," as you say, what have you to say as to the right of its multiplied substitutes? Were you reared in enlightened Iowa and yet do not know that the South is the most patriotic section of the Union? "Teach your young people the love of the bars and stripes and the upholding of the Union." The heroes who won the first and last battles of that great war, who never bent cringing knee to foe, stood erect amid the ruins of their homes, with their wrongs beneath their feet and their faces turned toward the future, the sublimest spectacle of heroic valor. They resolved to put their great wrongs behind them, make the best of conditions, and save what they could of the wreck of the Constitution and of their cherished hopes. Proud of their defense of constitutional liberty and proud of their heroic sacrifices in its behalf, they have no confessions to make. Heroes not only in war, but also in civil life, they have rebuilt a South that is the admiration and wonder of the world. They went down with their patriot arms pressing the Constitution of their fathers close to their warm, pulsing hearts, and now, by right, claim the vindication of the civilized world.

Governor Humphreys, of Mississippi, was deposed by the military power because he was an obstacle to the program of carpetbaggers and pseudo negrophiles, 1868.—Dixie Book of Days.

#### SCOUTING IN THE VALLEY.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

After Early's defeat at Winchester, September 19, 1864, at Fisher's Hill three days later, and at Cedar Creek October 19, Sheridan adopted the German policy of destroying the country and everything in it that drew the breath of life except a few old men and women and children too young to interfere with his operations. Perhaps I should say the Germans adopted his methods in their war on France and mankind, only that Sheridan and Custer were a little more cruel in one respect, in killing all Confederate scouts and those suspected of being scouts when they fell into their hands. Sometimes, however, their captors showed a little mercy in allowing them to run for their lives before shooting them down in cold blood. I have read much of German atrocities in this war, but they differed in some respects from those of Sheridan. Bismarck and the German military authorities were quick to catch on to his advice to make war on their enemies in such a way that they should have nothing left to them but their eyes to weep over their misfortunes. The whole world now stands appalled at this merciless and unnecessary mode of waging war. The writer of this article does not pretend to say that General Sheridan was the author of this policy, but he certainly put it into execution. He hopes whoever was to blame for it repented, if that were possible, before he was called to stand before the Great Judge.

After these defeats, which were brought on the Confederates partly by the overwhelming forces of the enemy and partly by the mismanagement of our commanding general, the remnant of the army, scattered along the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, could do nothing but look on at the smoke of their burning homes rising to heaven and pray that in some way and sometime justice might be meted out to the perpetrators of this crime. After resting here for some time General Early decided to follow the enemy down the valley and see if there was yet an opportunity to strike the enemy a sudden blow, to encourage his soldiers, and to show them that he was still in the field. When he reached the lower valley he found the enemy in large force, well protected by earthworks, unsuspecting as when we routed them at Cedar Creek; but our force was too weak to attack with any hope of success. General Early now slowly withdrew up the valley, keeping the Shenandoah River between him and the open country, the enemy's cavalry having little or no opposition beyond it.

Stopping to rest one day, the colonel of my regiment came from the rear and, passing our company, called to Sergt. W. P. Warn and told him to detail two men from the company for scout duty across the river with Sergeant McLemore and a squad of men who would be along in a few minutes. Warn, always ready for any enterprise, however hazardous, if only it promised an opportunity for plunder or getting a good meal, decided to go himself and detailed me as the other man. McLemore now came up and asked him for the men, and we fell in. The banks of the river at this place were very steep on both sides, but the river was fordable. As soon as we got across McLemore suggested to Warn that he should strike out due west to a forest some distance from the river with his men, while he would go up the river some distance and move out into the country in the same general direction, intending, as I suppose, to meet again somewhere and make up a report of our observations. This was the last I saw of him and his men for months, but more about him later.

We saw no sign of the Yanks anywhere and went to an elevated place in the woods where we could make observations of the open country. To our surprise we saw a farmhouse at no great distance and the smoke from the chimney ascending peacefully. This was an unusual sight in this devastated country, and no doubt the idea of a good breakfast came into "Bill's" mind. He told me to stand behind the body of a large oak and watch while he went up to the house and found out from the folks within about the Yankees. He instructed me to keep a sharp lookout and, if I saw the enemy approaching, to whistle and he would run back to me, and we would defend ourselves as best we could. He went to the yard fence and stepped over. When he appeared at the big, open front door the family, consisting of the old man, his wife, and three grown daughters, took him for a Yankee scout dressed in gray clothes, as they had no idea that there were any Confederates in that part of the country; but he could elicit no information from them. He stood there in the yard gesticulating and seemed to be in earnest conversation with some one in the house whom I could not see, as the house faced to the east and I was to the south. I became restless and was about to abandon my position when he beckoned me to come. When I reached the fence the girls came running to me, saying: "O, he's a Rebel! he's a Rebel!" They were now willing to give us any information they had about the enemy. They told us about the cavalry fight there the day before, and how our man drove them away, and that they had picked up two of the breech-loaders, Spencer rifles, that had been left in their flight. These they had hidden in a patch of briars, and they showed them to us. My comrade, already well armed, wanted to take both of them, but this they objected to and let him have only one. We went back to the house with them, where they gave us something to eat and detained us quite a while, until I told "Bill" that we had not come over the river to eat and have a good time with the girls, but to find the enemy and report. As we started off the girls urged us to come back to dinner. This made little impression on me, but Bill remembered it, and at noon he was willing to turn back from our tramp, in which we saw nothing to report. When we reached the house the whole family was at the door to invite us in to a big dinner on the table awaiting us. Without hesitating a minute Bill walked in, stood his two guns up in the corner of the dining room, and proceeded to divest himself of his accouterments. Taking one more glance in every direction for the enemy before following him, I saw on the hills at a distance on the other side of the river the tattered battle flags of our brigade moving off. I knew these were observed by the enemy's cavalry and that they would advance immediately. Standing outside, I told Bill, who was now seated at the table and helping himself, that we had better go, while the whole family was almost ready to drag me inside to eat with them. I asked him what he meant by his conduct. He said: "I'm going to eat my part of the dinner these folks have prepared for us. You come in here, you fool, and do likewise." Finally, when I saw I could not get him out, I said: "Good-by, old fellow. I never expect to see you any more."

I started in a brisk walk for the wood through which we had come in the morning, but had gone only a short distance when, hearing the rustle of a woman's skirts and footfalls behind me, I looked back and saw one of the girls with a plateful of dinner, who ran up to me and said: "You shall have some of it." I opened my haversack, saying, "Put

it in here quick," and off I started. Before I reached the edge of the wood Bill overtook me in a run, saying: "You were in a mighty hurry." A minute later one of our cavalry scouts, pressed by the enemy, came riding up at full gallop and said: "Hurry up, boys, they are just behind. If you can keep up with me until we get to the river, I will help you across." We thus overtook our command before night.

Months after this McLemore and his men came to us, and I had a desire to know something of his experience. He told me that they took a public road some distance up the river leading out in the valley, but saw nothing of the enemy until late in the afternoon, when he decided to return by the same route. Looking ahead in the dusk, he saw a large body of cavalry going in the same direction. As they did not notice him, he followed on; but, seeing others coming up behind, he and his men broke for the cover of a forest and escaped capture. They remained in hiding long after the army had left the valley and lived upon whatever the good people gave them, hiding in the day and foraging at night.

Sometime after the war, in conversation with my old schoolmate and war comrade, I asked him if he remembered this little incident in our war experience and the beautiful young lady who led us to where the rifles were hidden. He answered in the affirmative and promised to write to her—Miss Sue Miller, then living at Cross Keys, Va., on the site of one of Jackson's battles. A few days after this he showed me a letter in beautiful handwriting from the lady. She told him, among other things, that it was well his comrade on that occasion did not come in, as we were hardly out of sight in the woods when the house was surrounded by Yankee cavalry, who dismounted and ate the fine things prepared for us. Poor Bill! He has long since answered the last call in consequence of a wound received at the first day's battle of the Wilderness. Peace to his ashes! I hope the beautiful and accomplished Miss Sue Miller still survives and that her eyes may fall on these lines.

#### THEIR LAST CHANCE.

BY MARGARET FRAMPTON HARPER, LYNDHURST, S. C.

It was with great sadness that on August 21, 1916, I heard of the death of Capt. Richard H. Milledge, as he and my father, Henry C. Harper, had known and loved each other in their boyhood days. All through their college and army life the same true friendship held them together, and even during the dark days after the cause for which they had fought so gallantly had been lost and the battles of life led them in paths that no longer crossed, that friendship seemed to grow stronger and to brighten the lives of both of them, until the angel of death called them to where they know no parting.

The following incident took place on a bright April day in 1865, after Lee's army had been disbanded, and Captain Milledge and my father were wearily making their way to the Sand Hills, Augusta, Ga.

Father suddenly turned to Captain Milledge and said: "Dick, see those Yanks on that rise beyond that tall pine tree? Let's give them a parting shot."

"All right, Harry," replied Captain Milledge, and then rang out the last shot fired by our boys in gray.

The Yanks evidently took in this little act as byplay, for they cheered with vim: "Hurrah for Johnnie Reb!"

As members of the Rock Brigade these two fast friends had served their country faithfully for four long years under the gallant Henry L. Benning, of Georgia.



## VIRGINIA—A TRIBUTE.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

[An address before the Virginia Society of Nashville, Tenn., December 6, 1912.]

It is sometimes told at the expense of my ancestors, the Scotch people, that a favorite and frequent prayer among them is: "Lord, gie us a gude opeenion o' oursels." The Virginians hardly need that prayer. Then I heard of a man who had such an exalted opinion of himself that at mention of his own name, by himself or another, he always lifted his hat or made a profound bow. The Virginian, even the most modest, feels like doing obeisance to the name of the Old Dominion. The word "Virginia" lingers on his tongue or issues from his lips with an accent of peculiar tenderness; its cadence is sweet to his ear. But, after all, the Virginian has the right to boast of the grand old commonwealth. It is a remark of Josh Billings that he "loves a rooster because he can crow and has spurs to back his crow." So we all love Virginia because she not only can crow, but can back the crow with deeds of splendid achievement.

Virginia has a right to a good opinion from all the world for three reasons, which I shall mention as of special note, although she has many other grounds for boasting. These are: (1) Her place as the first of those pioneers of Anglo-Saxon civilization who planted British institutions with liberty and law on the North American continent; (2) her sacrifices, her wisdom, and courage in maintaining and developing that civilization and upholding the principles of constitutional liberty against all foes; (3) the great leaders whom she has produced, men of light and leading to know what ought to be done in the great crises of our country's history.

1. Virginia was settled by the English-speaking race in 1607, thirteen years and more before the landing of the Pilgrims, or Puritans, at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620. Yet, because New Englanders have written our history, if one were to ask the average boy in our schools who first settled the United States, the answer, at least until a few years ago, would have been, "The Pilgrim Fathers," and the date would have been thirteen years too late. These original colonists of Virginia, landing on Jamestown Island, in James River, on the thirteenth day of May, 1607, were the first permanent settlement of English people in North America and were the vanguard of Protestant civilization on this continent.

It was for a long time the habit of the writers of American history to represent these first settlers as a band of rough, dissolute adventurers who had left England for England's good. Yet among their first works was the building of a church. They were confronted with grave difficulties. In a short while more than half of them died; they were at times in danger of starvation; they were in constant danger of attack by the Indians; there were also internal bickerings; yet the fact remains that they maintained their hold on the country and gradually grew in numbers and strength as additions came to them from the mother country. And they insisted on their rights as Englishmen and were jealous of their liberties, until they obtained the right to elect an assembly and rule themselves. And on the ninth day of August, 1619, at Jamestown, convened the first elective assembly that ever sat on the American continent. This was more than sixteen months before the landing of the Mayflower. And these colonists began at once to assert their rights as freemen who were loyal to the king, but would not submit to taxes imposed without their consent.

2. Through all of history Virginia has been firm in her stand for the great principles which she asserted in the beginning of her life as a colony, and she has made great sacrifices for their maintenance. In 1676 Nathaniel Bacon, a man of culture and ability, led in resistance to the tyranny of the royal governor and stormed and burned the capital and forced him to flight; and it was all for the right of the people to govern themselves—the same principle involved in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

The old commonwealth has always sought for peace if it could be had without sacrificing principle, but when war became a necessity she never hesitated to take her place in the front rank of those who were contending for principles she deemed right. This was notably illustrated in the beginnings of the Revolution and the Civil War. In the Revolution the New England States felt the oppression of the British government, as it interfered with their commerce and diminished their profits. But Virginia did not feel the burdens imposed on the sister colonies, as she was not a commercial community; but she realized the principle involved in the claims of the crown, even though these claims affected her very little, and she determined to resist them as a matter of principle. But before resorting to war she strove most earnestly for several years to secure the repeal of the obnoxious demands of Parliament. By humble petition, by earnest argument, by solemn warning she tried to make the home government see its injustice; but when all failed, then she cast in her lot with her oppressed sisters and fought for liberty. Again, in 1861, when the Southern States withdrew from the Union on account of the election of a sectional President, Virginia tried in every honorable way to avert war. She had come into the Union distinctly and in terms reserving the right to withdraw if she should see fit; but her history in the Union had bound her in heart to it, and she hoped to get concessions from the triumphant, fanatical party which would prevent war and ultimately bring the seceded States back. Her convention pleaded with the leaders of abolition, called a peace congress; but it availed not. Mr. Lincoln called on her for her quota of troops to fight the South. When his call went forth a member of Congress of the dominant party said to one of Virginia's commissioners: "What will you Union men of Virginia do now?" The answer was: "There are no Union men in Virginia now." At once she withdrew and cast in her lot with the South.

Two scenes in the Virginia conventions, at times nearly a hundred years apart, will illustrate her spirit. One was in 1765. The whole country had been agitated by the evident purpose of the British Parliament to tax the colonies against their will. The Stamp Act had been passed, and when the convention met there was a solemn feeling that something ought to be done in protest, yet that nothing radical or revolutionary should be done. No one seemed willing to take the lead, the older members restrained by their loyal devotion to the mother country and her traditions, the younger members held back by modesty and diffidence. At length a young member, not yet thirty years old, a man of plain appearance and manner, tearing a blank leaf from a law book, wrote a series of resolutions practically committing Virginia to resistance; and presenting them, he supported them with such fiery eloquence, such cogency of argument, such splendor of language, such warmth of patriotic devotion to liberty that he swept the majority along with him. The older conservative leaders were not ready for such

action; and when the orator cried out, "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I. had his Cromwell, and George III.—there was a cry, "Treason, treason!" through the hall—and the speaker finished the sentence, "George III. may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it." The speaker was the forest-born Demosthenes, Patrick Henry, who did more than any one man to stir the colonies to resistance. His resolutions were adopted by a small majority, and Edward Pendleton, afterwards a leading spirit in the Revolution, was heard to say: "I would have given a thousand guineas for one vote in opposition." It was the same grand orator who, in St. John's Church in Richmond, afterwards made the speech advocating independence, closing with these memorable words: "Give me liberty, or give me death." Under this leader Virginia did her full share in winning our independence.

The other scene was described to me by one who was present and was himself opposed to the State's withdrawal from the Union. It was in 1861, in the convention in Richmond which was to determine Virginia's attitude in the impending crisis. The majority of the convention opposed secession until every effort had been made to avert war. They were for calling a convention of the States to devise some compromise. They would send commissioners to Mr. Lincoln to ask delay of action and the withdrawal of troops from the South. South Carolina had sent a commissioner to the convention to urge Virginia to join in a Southern Confederacy. The commissioner was Hon. John S. Preston, a splendid orator, almost the equal of his more famous brother, the great senator and statesman, William Campbell Preston. The convention appointed a day to hear Colonel Preston. My informant said the hall was packed, and he got standing room just inside the door. The orator was a man of fine physique, but as he spoke he seemed to grow in the eyes of my friend until, as he expressed it, "Colonel Preston seemed fifteen feet high, his nose a yard long, his ears like saddle skirts, his eyes like globes of fire, his arms like the branches of a tree. His peroration was an imaginary pageant of the States marching forth in order, each under its most noted leader of the past, and in a few words he summed up the record of the State and characterized her leaders. Tennessee was led by General Jackson; Kentucky, by Mr. Clay; Mississippi, by General Quitman; Virginia, by Washington; and so on. The last State in the procession was his own, led by Calhoun. There was behind the speaker's platform in a niche a life-size bust of Mr. Calhoun in pure white marble. The orator kept his person in front of this bust so as to conceal it from the audience, and at the last, invoking South Carolina's great son to lead her forth, he stepped aside, and it seemed as if the great statesman had come from the dead to answer the call. The effect was overwhelming, and one of the most ardent Union men moved that Virginia secede at once in response to Colonel Preston's appeal. But one of the oldest and steadiest members moved that the convention adjourn for a day to recover from the power of the speech.

We all know that all Virginia's efforts for peace were defeated by the fanaticism of the abolitionists; and though she knew that she would be chief sufferer by war, yet she took her place at the head of the Confederacy, gave it such sons as Lee and Jackson and Johnston, and was torn by the plowshares of war until she became a desolate waste. Along with the other States of the Confederacy, Virginia was forced to drink to the dregs the bitter cup of Recon-

struction and to see her places of honor and trust occupied by the ignoble herd of carpetbaggers and scalawags who followed in the wake of war; but from this deep humiliation she has recovered by the inherent vitality of her people, and she stands to-day worthy of the love and respect of all her sister States.

3. The third ground of pride for Virginia is the noble array of great men she has furnished to the service of the country in every crisis of our history. In times of quietness and peace her sons have not appeared as particularly able, but when the occasion arose and the call came for a leader Virginia had the man that was needed.

The peculiarity of her social life was that the leaders were made up from the widely different strains of blood which are usually considered antagonistic, the Cavalier and the Covenanter, or Scotch-Irish. The original settlers were of pure English stock, who occupied the tidewater region, extending from the sea to the mountains. Then, over a hundred years after the landing at Jamestown, the valley of Virginia—the beautiful and fertile valley of the Shenandoah—was occupied by the Scotch-Irish, or Covenanters, a race which has been strangely ignored by historians, and who yet are entitled to as much credit as Cavalier or Puritan for the wonderful progress of our country. They were the descendants of those Scotchmen who suffered persecution for their religion under the Stuart despotism. First escaping to the north of Ireland, they were there so worried that they sought refuge in America, landing first in New York and Philadelphia. They settled largely in Pennsylvania, and from there, moving south, they possessed the valley of Virginia and went on into North and South Carolina. It was a virile race, industrious, hardy, brave, devoted to liberty, strong in intellect. These settlers formed a defense for the tidewater settlements against the Indians. They began coming into the valley in 1730, and there were also among them some of the Huguenots, who were the Covenanters of France. These men were the strongest advocates of resistance to British rule, and the patriots of the tidewater found in them the strongest element in the Revolution.

The motives which influenced these two strains in throwing off the British yoke and fighting for independence were different. With the tidewater men there was love for the mother country. They had not suffered at her hands; they were devoted to liberty and jealous of their rights; and they felt that England was trampling on those rights. On the other hand, the Covenanter had bitter experience of suffering and persecution by the government, and so his love of liberty was mingled with a hatred of England that gave intensity to his resistance.

Now, the great leader who did more than any other to lead the colonies to declare for independence was Patrick Henry, and he belonged to that Covenanter stock. When we note the great men who are prominent in the history of Virginia in the earlier days, we must give credit to both strains, Cavalier and Covenanter. The Cavalier gave George Washington, the Lees, George Mason, Pendleton, Nelson, Page-Harrison; the Covenanters gave Henry, Campbells, Prestons, Breckinridges, George Rogers Clark; while there were many distinguished men combining the blood of both strains, as Madison, Jefferson, Randolph, Monroe. It is no wonder that the Old Dominion boasts of her sons; and since those days, think of her contribution to the South in the Civil War—Stonewall Jackson, the great Covenanter, and Joseph E. Johnston, the Cavalier, and, above all, that man, the Cavalier,



who I believe was the grandest merely human character that ever lived, Robert Edward Lee, the noblest gentleman and greatest English-speaking soldier of all time.

I might speak of the abounding hospitality of Virginia, which made it impossible for a hotel to flourish anywhere in the country. My personal experience gave me a taste of it forty years ago. Invited to address the students of the Theological Seminary at Hampden-Sydney, in Prince Edward County, I received letters from half a dozen professors asking me to stay in their homes; and when I reached the little village on the stage, there were at least that number who stopped us as we drove along and insisted on my getting out and accepting their hospitality. And for the week I was there it was a constant round of dinings, until I felt that I had met everybody in the "Hill," as they called the place.

I might speak of the beautiful home life, quiet, dignified, reverent, loving; of that keen sense of honor "that felt a stain as a wound"; of that unostentatious culture which delighted in the old English classics and was proud of William and Mary College and the University of Virginia and Hampden-Sydney; of that pride of ancestry, so assured, so gracious, that it never felt it necessary to assert itself, but took itself for granted; of that respect for family and family traditions which the servants felt and boasted of. All these were elements in the Virginia character which won respect and love and that justified the Virginians in having "a gude opeenion o' themsel's."

Let me close these rambling remarks with the poem of Francis O. Ticknor, "The Virginians of the Valley":

"The knightliest of the knightly race,  
That, since the days of old,  
Have kept the lamp of chivalry  
Alight in hearts of gold;  
The kindest of the kindly band,  
That, rarely hating ease,  
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,  
And Raleigh round the seas.

Who climbed the blue Virginia hills  
Against embattled foes,  
And planted there, in valleys fair,  
The lily and the rose;  
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,  
Whose beauty stars the earth,  
And lights the hearths of happy homes  
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept, the sons who kept  
The names of noble sires,  
And slumbered while the darkness crept  
Around their vigil fires;  
But, aye, the 'Golden Horseshoe' Knights  
Their Old Dominion keep,  
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,  
But not a knight asleep!"

EMANCIPATION.—The strange and curious race madness of the American republic will be a study for centuries to come. That madness took a child race out of a warm cradle, threw it into the ocean of politics—the stormiest and most treacherous we have known—and bade it swim for its own life and the life of the nation.—*Myrta Lockert Avery.*

#### THE BRAVE YOUNG LIFE OF J. E. B. STUART.

BY MRS. W. B. ROBERTSON, PLASTERCO, VA.

It is to be deplored that so little is ever known of the boyhood of great men. It is only when they become conspicuous in noble, or perchance ignoble, deeds that the world stops to ask, Were they born in hovel or hall, of virtuous or wicked parents?

From all conditions, from every phase of life, the inborn soul of the poet, the painter, the soldier, the statesman will sometime claim its own and give out to humanity the latent spark of divine fire burning within. Many claim that heredity and environment have nothing to do with the building of a great character. "Act well your part; there all the honor lies." Be that as it may, the boy of whom we write was exceptionally fortunate in birth and home training. His very name suggests feudal castles, baronial halls, and princely palaces; but his progenitor in America cared far less for the emblazoned arms of lordly houses than for liberty of religious thought, and, like Governor Dinwiddie, preferred to exchange his proud crest for the American eagle and adopt as his motto, "Where liberty is, there is my country." And so we find, in the year 1716, one Archibald Stuart, who first had taken refuge in Ireland from persecution, sailing the seas and finding his home in the wilds of Western Pennsylvania. Later he moved with his family to Virginia, and as the years rolled on brave men and virtuous women descended from him.

Afar back in the annals of history there lived a Sir Archibald Stuart, of Blackhall, Scotland. It is recorded that "he was a man of consummate ability, a member of the Privy Council both of Charles I. and Charles II." Several centuries later, during the stirring period of nullification, another Archibald Stuart, a Virginian and descendant of the emigrant, served his country with "consummate ability" in the halls of Congress of the great United States of America.

To this Hon. Archibald Stuart and Elizabeth Letcher Pannill, his wife, was born on February 6, 1833, a son—this tiny scion of a noble Scottish tree, who found in the old county of Patrick, Va., a most congenial clime and soil. The boy grew and waxed strong amid surroundings scarcely less romantic than those of his plaided ancestors.

The bonnie braes of Doon or Dee could never surpass in loveliness the flowery banks of Dan when carpeted with the blue-eyed myosotis; the dark crags of Glencoe were no more picturesque than the jagged pinnacles of that river when silhouetted against a gloomy or a golden sky. The broad sweep of the Clyde, bearing on its bosom the innumerable sails of merchant ships, brought to the hearts of Scotland's lads no prouder thrills than to those of Virginia boys who, as Daniel said, heard the horn of the old packet boat reëchoing along the banks of the James, or saw that river catch in her arms the sparkling waves of the Elizabeth and together broaden out into the majestic and historical bay of Hampton Roads.

To all men, we are told, the memories of childhood are dear; but to this one, through his brief and glorious manhood, they were peculiarly cherished—the old-fashioned farmhouse to which his eyes first opened to the light of day, the mountains and meadows, streams and forests surrounding it, his horses and dogs, the quarters with their dusky inmates, and, above all, the flower garden in which he had walked hand in hand with his mother and learned of her the names and fragrance of rose, pink, and lily with which she decorated the pier tables and tall mantels of the old mansion.

In after years, no matter where he was, to catch the odor of these flowers upon the breeze was to transport him, a boy again, to the old garden with his mother and sisters. Many of his finer qualities were transmitted to him from his mother. She was a matron of the highest type, "looking well to the ways of her household and eating not the bread of idleness." She inculcated in her sons, as did their father, the fundamental principles of true knighthood, a reverence for womanhood and a strict and chivalrous sense of duty. These characteristics were exemplified in this son to such a marked degree that he has been called the Sir Galahad of the Confederacy, "whose strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure." The sons of this home were also taught the dangers of the wine cup, and we have it from indisputable authority (from Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart herself) that this one, standing a little fellow by his sister's side as she read to him of some good and great man who never touched spirituous liquors, declared that he would be like him, and never from that hour did a drop of spirits pass his lips (save the wine of holy communion) until at the earnest request of his physician, and in his longing to live to look once again on the faces of his wife and children hurrying to his bed, he took a little brandy. And yet there was never a merrier, happier lad than he. He inherited his father's rare gift of song and went singing on his way through the weary march and through the distant roar of cannon the same songs he had sung at the country churches, or with the banjo pickers on the moonlit sward, or when running with bridle in hand to capture and mount the wild and untamed colts on the laurel hills of his native heath.

Here is a letter written as a little boy and signed with his name, now immortalized, which, in its analysis, shows many of the characteristics which dominated his loving, dauntless spirit:

"To Mrs. Elizabeth L. Stuart, Mount Ivory, Va. Politeness of Uncle Jack.

COBBLERS SPRING, VA., December 6, 1846.

"My Dear Mother: I took it upon myself to borrow a horse and come up here to-day (being Sunday), and here I find Uncle Jack, who expects to start for home to-morrow, and I thought I would take advantage of this opportunity to write to you, though I must confess that my conscience is in opposition with my pen, for I can't see why you don't write to me, for you have no idea how acceptable a letter from home is to any son, but especially to one away off at a boarding school where I never hear from home or anywhere else. I have no doubt that you all have experienced this, and for that reason it appears still more astounding why you do not have mercy upon a poor, little, insignificant whelp away from his mammy. I hope you will not defer writing any longer, but write, write, write.

"I saw Brother Alec in town to-day; he was well.

"I know by this time you are impatient to hear something about Mr. Painter. All I have to say is simply this: It is a first-rate place, but I had rather go to Mr. Buckingham's.

"Tell Vic that I have got an arithmetic for her, and it is a pretty one, and if I had had any idea of Uncle Jack being here, I would have brought it up. Kiss her for me, also Dave. I would also tell you to kiss Black and Dallas, but I know you wouldn't do that. Give my love to papa,

sisters, M. and C., and Vic. Give my best respects to Mr. Ayers when you see him. I wrote a long letter yesterday.

"I ever remain your affectionate son, J. E. B. STUART.

"P. S.—I deemed it unnecessary to say in this I am well, as you know I am never anything else. J. E. B. S."

A few short years, and the little homesick schoolboy is a youth at Emory and Henry. Here his record is fair, and here he hearkened to the still small voice, "Son, give me thine heart," and stayed his faith on the joys of a better world, a faith which never faltered and which, through roar of cannon and hail of musketry, inspired him with the spirit of the noble Roman known to every schoolboy through Macaulay's poem:

"Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The captain of the gate:  
'To every one upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late;  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his gods?'"

After a year at Emory he was appointed to West Point, which he entered in June, 1850, and soon became noted as "the most skillful and daring horseman among his fellows." Having finished his cadetship, he was commissioned a lieutenant in the United States army. He served faithfully and fearlessly in Indian warfare in Southern Texas and was then sent to the Far West to quell mutterings of trouble between Southern and Northern factions. It was there that he met the one woman of his choice, Miss Flora Cooke, daughter of Gen. P. St. George Cooke, of the United States army.

When in Kansas he saw for the first time the fanatical insurrectionist, John Brown, and smilingly recognized him as "Old Ossawatimie Brown" in demanding his surrender at the barricaded door of the house in which he and his sons had taken refuge at Harper's Ferry, Va., October, 1859.

This tragedy widened the breach already broadening between the North and the South, and in less than a year was ushered in the saddest era in American history—an era in which the words of the beloved apostle seem to be verified, ushered in the saddest era in American history, an era in which the sons of the Revolution who had stood shoulder to shoulder, and whose unity was their strength, exchanged their blue coats for gray and rushed madly toward a yawning chasm waiting to engulf them in the land of their forefathers.

Timrod, the sweetest singer of the South at that time, caught in his sensitive ear the jarring sounds of discord. With almost prophetic pen he pictured the opening of spring on Virginia plains:

"O, standing on this desecrated mold,  
Methinks that I behold,  
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,  
Spring kneeling on the sod."

Alas, how true! The white petals of the daisies had just begun to sprinkle the green fields of Manassas when whiter tents were stretched upon them, and a marshaled host in gray awaited an invading foe. Then it was that a body of troopers came riding from the mountains, the valleys, and the sun-kissed plantations of the South, a brilliant pageant in those early sixties and as brave as any of the knights of



old who e'er broke lance for the love of land or lady. Their silken banners, proudly flaunting defiance in the face of the foe, were yet unsullied by the grime of battle, brilliant in the red and white and blue of the stars and bars; their gray coats, heavily trimmed with gold braid and brass buttons, their lances gleaming and flashing, their good swords in burnished scabbards buckled to their sturdy sides, their war chargers scarcely less richly caparisoned than that of their leader, whom they followed eager to be nearest his confidence and his peril that, if need be, their own bodies might be his shield and buckler. And this knightly leader, this flower of all their chivalry, with his sweeping plume and erect form, his lips ever ready to break into smiles, reining in his plunging charger more with the power of his indomitable will than with the strength of his strong arm—who by virtue of his intrepidity of soul and his military training could so inspire men to do and die as J. E. B. Stuart? Alas, those heroic hearts that followed him! Poets, historians, and orators have written and spoken in burning words of their great, heroic deeds. Of Hampton at the head of his legions, of Mosby's dare-devil guerrillas, of the thunder of Pelham's guns, of their charges and onslaughts, their unflagging marches, their cruel sufferings, uncomplainingly borne in field and in prison, inspired by one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of Southern stars. Those who rode closest to him and lived to see that star set on the plains of Yellow Tavern (John Esten Cooke, McClelland, his chief of staff, and Judge Theodore Garnett, who delivered a most eloquent address at the unveiling of the equestrian statue of Stuart, May 30, 1907) were far better fitted than I to tell of his military achievements, nor is it my purpose to attempt it. I could not add one leaf to the laurel wreath of his fame. But, as a daughter of the Southern Confederacy for which he gave his life, I would fain call the attention of the conquered and the conqueror to the spirit of the boy and the soldier that led him on in the path of duty and inspired within his breast that high sense of honor attainable to all who reach out, as he did, to high ideals.

The turn came in the tide of his affairs, the crucial moment when he must halt between two opinions, and, having chosen, he did his part faithfully and honorably to the end.

Little he knew the glorious destiny awaiting him when he penned the boyish letter, given now for the first time to public notice; but in it we see something of the brave, self-reliant, merry, and fun-loving heart of the dashing cavalryman of the Confederacy. Analyze the first sentence in it, "I took it upon myself to borrow a horse." History tells us he often took it upon himself to make reconnoitering expeditions, keeping their extent and purpose entirely to himself. He rode under the black mantle of night, his men following blindly, even to the sound of the enemy's encampment. His song and laughter cheered his weary men, but doubtless it was often stilled and the smiling lips grew stern as he thought he might, perchance, be leading his men to their doom. Sometimes he recklessly rode alone, and once, coming unexpectedly upon forty-six Union soldiers resting in a field on the border line, his quick wit and daring instantly prompted the order: "Throw down your arms." The men, seeing Stuart and thinking his troopers were just behind him, obeyed with alacrity, and he marched the whole squadron into camp.

He professes in his letter that his conscience was in opposition to his writing home when his people were so chary in their letters to him, but history tells us he could write in kindly terms and with Christian moderation and restraint

to one who had made aspersions against him. Quick as a boy to resent any insinuations of shortcomings or unkind thought of him by others, yet he learned as a man and soldier the art of self-control. There is a tenderness in the sentence that brings a tear to the eye when he asks how they can be so neglectful of "an insignificant little whelp so far away from his mammy," and a smile such as must have spread over his own face when he said that he would have his stately mother kiss his little brute playmates, Black and Dallas. His sense of duty kept him from complaining of the school to which his parents thought fit to send him, though he greatly preferred another; and we know of only one instance in which the great heart beating within his breast prompted him to shirk responsibility or duty, and that was to send a boy deserter to his superior officer, saying to the guard: "Take him to General Lee and tell him the circumstances." He loathed disloyalty, but he loved truth, and he saw the stamp of it perhaps on the brow of the pale stripling as he told, in defense of his own act, the story which had doomed him to be hanged on a near-by tree.

His letter shows devotion to home, parents, and a special fondness for a certain sister. He loved the society of pure women. His charm of conversation, his love of music, his dash and daring, and, above all, his cavalier manner, made him the idol of the hour with the fair sex, most of whom adore the military and are hero worshipers.

But enshrined in the inmost core of his being was the vision of one woman, afar from the roar of guns, in her cottage home, bending over his children with a mother's love and, with uplifted heart, praying to the God of battles for the safe return of her hero. But God decreed otherwise; he spared him to turn the tide of many conflicts, and he was spared the Gethsemane of Appomattox; but there came a day in the spring of 1864 when all his prowess was called upon to stay the enemy from his beloved capital city of Richmond. The rushing by of a few blue-coated cavalymen, the pointing of a pistol, a fatal shot, and Spring, kneeling on the plains of Yellow Tavern, fell prostrate among her bloody daisies, gathering the knightliest flower in all Virginia's fields to her bosom. Ah! then she cried with the voice of all her rills, her mountains, and desolated land for resignation to God's will. The voice of mourning was heard near and far; only the stricken warrior murmured not. As his comrades tenderly lifted him he called out to some of his panic-stricken followers dashing past: "Go back, my men, go back and do your duty as I have done mine, and our country will yet be free." And once again, a few hours later, with dying lips: "If God and my countrymen think I have done my duty, I am ready to go." These parting words to the world he was fast leaving were a keynote to the greatness of the man and the passport of the warrior's soul to immortality.

#### SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

All down the hills of Habersham,  
All through the valleys of Hall,  
The rushes cried, Abide, abide,  
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,  
The laving laurel turned my tide,  
The ferns and the fondling grass said, Stay,  
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,  
And the little reeds sighed, Abide, abide,  
Here in the hills of Habersham,  
Here in the valleys of Hall.—Sidney Lanier.

#### THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.

This list of the executive officers and Congressmen of the Confederacy will be of interest. The South sent some of her strongest men to make laws and to meet and solve the momentous questions that confronted her in the effort to establish independence, and the statesmanship displayed proved to the world that the new government had brains as well as bravery. This list was taken from the Reunion edition of the Little Rock Gazette.

#### EXECUTIVE OFFICERS—1861-1865.

##### President.

Jefferson Davis, inaugurated February 18, 1861, and inaugurated as permanent President February 22, 1862.

##### Vice President.

Alexander H. Stephens, February 11, 1861, and February 22, 1862.

##### Secretary of State.

Robert Toombs, February 21, 1861.  
Robert M. T. Hunter, July 25, 1861, to February 17, 1862.  
William M. Browne (*ad interim*).  
Judah P. Benjamin, March 18, 1862.

##### Attorney-General.

Judah P. Benjamin, February 25, 1861.  
Thomas Bragg, November 22, 1861.  
Thomas H. Watts, March 18, 1862.  
(The date when Watts ceased to perform duty as Attorney-General is not definitely fixed by the records. He was inaugurated as Governor of Alabama December 2, 1863.)

Wade Keyes (*ad interim*).  
George Davis, January 2, 1864.

##### Secretary of the Treasury.

Charles G. Memminger, February 21, 1861.  
George A. Trenholm, July 18, 1864.

##### Secretary of the Navy.

Stephen R. Mallory, March 4, 1861.

##### Postmaster-General.

Henry T. Ellet, February 25, 1861 (declined appointment).  
John H. Reagan, March 6, 1861.

##### Secretary of War.

Leroy P. Walker, February 21, 1861, to September 16, 1861.  
Judah P. Benjamin, November 21, 1861 (was also acting from September 17, 1861, to November 21, 1861, and from March 18, 1862, to March 23, 1862).  
Brig. Gen. George W. Randolph, March 18, 1862.  
Maj. Gen. Gustavus W. Smith (assigned temporarily), November 17, 1862.  
James A. Seddon, November 21, 1862.  
Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge, February 6, 1865.

#### THE CONGRESSES—1861-1865.

##### Provisional Congress.

*First Session.*—Organized at Montgomery, Ala., February 4, 1861; adjourned March 16, 1861, to meet second Monday in May.

*Second Session (Called).*—Met at Montgomery, Ala., April 29, 1861; adjourned May 21, 1861.

*Third Session.*—Met at Richmond, Va., July 20, 1861; adjourned August 31, 1861.

*Fourth Session (Called).*—Met at Richmond, Va., September 3, 1861; adjourned same day.

*Fifth Session.*—Met at Richmond, Va., November 18, 1861; adjourned February 17, 1862.

##### First Congress.

*First Session.*—Met at Richmond, Va., February 18, 1862; adjourned April 21, 1862.

*Second Session.*—Met at Richmond, Va., August 18, 1862; adjourned October 13, 1862.

*Third Session.*—Met at Richmond, Va., January 12, 1863; adjourned May 1, 1863.

*Fourth Session.*—Met at Richmond, Va., December 7, 1863; adjourned February 17, 1864.

##### Second Congress.

*First Session.*—Met at Richmond, Va., May 2, 1864; adjourned June 14, 1864.

*Second Session.*—Met at Richmond, Va., November 7, 1864; adjourned March 18, 1865.

#### ALABAMA.

##### Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

Richard Walker, Robert H. Smith, Jabez L. M. Curry, William P. Chilton, Stephen F. Hale, Colin J. McRae, John Gill Shorter.

Thomas Fearn, admitted February 8, 1861; resigned April 29, 1861.

David P. Lewis, admitted February 8, 1861; resigned April 29, 1861.

Nicholas Davis, Jr., admitted April 29, 1861.

H. C. Jones, admitted April 29, 1861.

Cornelius Robinson, admitted November 30, 1861; resigned January 24, 1862.

##### First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

*Senate.*—Clement C. Clay, Jr., admitted February 19, 1862.  
William L. Yancey, admitted March 27, 1862; died July 28, 1863.

Robert Jemison, Jr., admitted December 28, 1863.

*House of Representatives.*—E. S. Dargan, William P. Chilton, James L. Pugh, Jabez L. M. Curry, John P. Ralls, David Clopton, Francis S. Lyon.

Thomas J. Foster, admitted February 19, 1862.

William R. Smith, admitted February 21, 1862.

##### Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

*Senate.*—Robert Jemison, Jr., Richard W. Walker.

*House of Representatives.*—M. H. Cruikshank, William P. Chilton, David Clopton, James L. Pugh, James S. Dickinson.

Francis S. Lyon, admitted May 4, 1864.

Thomas J. Foster, admitted May 6, 1864.

William R. Smith, admitted May 21, 1864.

#### FLORIDA.

##### Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

J. Patton Anderson, resigned May 2, 1861.

James B. Owens.

Jackson Morton, admitted February 6, 1861.

George T. Ward, admitted May 2, 1861; resigned February 5, 1862.

John P. Sanderson, admitted February 5, 1862.



## Confederate Veteran.

## First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

*Senate.*—Augustus E. Maxwell, James M. Baker.  
*House of Representatives.*—James B. Dawkins, resigned December 8, 1862.  
Robert B. Hilton.  
John M. Martin, admitted March 25, 1863.

## Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

*Senate.*—Augustus E. Maxwell, James M. Baker.  
*House of Representatives.*—Robert B. Hilton.  
S. St. George Rogers, admitted May 3, 1864.

## GEORGIA.

## Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

Robert Toombs, Howell Cobb.  
Francis S. Bartow, admitted February 7, 1861; killed at Manassas, Va., July 21, 1861.  
Martin J. Crawford, Eugenius A. Nisbet, Benjamin H. Hill, Augustus R. Wright, Thomas R. R. Cobb, Augustus H. Kenan, Alexander H. Stephens.  
Thomas M. Foreman, admitted August 7, 1861.  
Nathan Bass, admitted January 14, 1862.

## First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

*Senate.*—Benjamin H. Hill.  
John W. Lewis, admitted April 7, 1862. Appointed by the Governor.  
Herschel V. Johnson, admitted January 19, 1863.  
*House of Representatives.*—Augustus H. Kenan.  
Hines Holt, resigned previous to January 12, 1864.  
Augustus R. Wright, Lucius J. Gartrell, William W. Clark, Robert P. Trippe, David W. Lewis, Hardy Strickland.  
Charles J. Munnerlyn, admitted February 22, 1862.  
Julian Hartridge, admitted March 14, 1862.  
Porter Ingram, admitted January 12, 1864; succeeded Hines Holt.

## Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

*Senate.*—Benjamin H. Hill.  
Herschel V. Johnson, admitted May 24, 1864.  
*House of Representatives.*—Julian Hartridge, William E. Smith, Mark H. Blandford, Clifford Anderson, John T. Shewmake, Joseph H. Echols, James M. Smith, George N. Lester, Hiram P. Bell, Warren Akin.

## LOUISIANA.

## Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

John Perkins, Jr., Alexander De Clouet, Duncan F. Kenner, Edward Sparrow, Henry Marshall.  
Charles M. Conrad, admitted February 7, 1861.

## First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

*Senate.*—Edward Sparrow.  
Thomas J. Semmes, admitted February 19, 1862.  
*House of Representatives.*—Duncan F. Kenner, Charles J.

Villere, John Perkins, Jr., Charles M. Conrad, Lucius J. Dupre, Henry Marshall.

## Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

*Senate.*—Thomas J. Semmes, Edward Sparrow.  
*House of Representatives.*—Charles J. Villere, Charles M. Conrad, Lucius J. Dupre, John Perkins, Jr.  
Benjamin L. Hodge, admitted May 25, 1864.  
Duncan F. Kenner, admitted May 25, 1864.  
Henry Gray, admitted December 28, 1864; vice Hodge, deceased.

## MISSISSIPPI.

## Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

Wiley P. Harris, Walter Brooke.  
William B. Wilson, resigned April 29, 1861.  
William S. Barry, James T. Harrison.  
Alexander M. Clayton, admitted February 8, 1861; resigned May 11, 1861.  
J. A. P. Campbell.  
Jehu A. Orr, admitted April 29, 1861.  
Alexander B. Bradford, admitted December 5, 1861.

## First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

*Senate.*—Albert G. Brown.  
James Phelan, admitted February 19, 1862.  
*House of Representatives.*—Ethelbert Barksdale, John J. McRae, J. W. Clapp, Israel Welsh, Otho R. Singleton, Reuben Davis.  
Henry C. Chambers, admitted February 19, 1862.  
William D. Holder, admitted January 21, 1864, vice Reuben Davis, resigned.

## Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

*Senate.*—Albert G. Brown, John W. C. Watson.  
*House of Representatives.*—Jehu A. Orr, Israel Welsh, Henry C. Chambers, Ethelbert Barksdale, John T. Lampkin.  
William D. Holder, admitted May 4, 1864.  
Otho R. Singleton, admitted May 9, 1864.

## TENNESSEE.

## Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

Robert L. Caruthers, admitted August 12, 1861.  
Thomas M. Jones, admitted August 12, 1861.  
J. H. Thomas, admitted August 12, 1861.  
John F. House, admitted August 12, 1861.  
John D. C. Atkins, admitted August 13, 1861.  
David M. Currin, admitted August 16, 1861.  
W. H. DeWitt, admitted August 16, 1861.

## First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

*Senate.*—Landon C. Haynes, Gustavus A. Henry.  
*House of Representatives.*—David M. Currin, Henry S. Foote, Thomas Menees, George W. Jones, William G. Swan, William H. Tibbs, E. L. Gardenhier, John V. Wright, Joseph B. Heiskell.  
John D. C. Atkins, admitted March 8, 1862.  
Meredith P. Gentry, admitted March 17, 1862.

## Confederate Veteran.

## Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

*Senate.*—Landon C. Haynes, Gustavus A. Henry.  
*House of Representatives.*—Joseph B. Heiskell, William G. Swan, Arthur S. Colyar, John P. Murray, Henry S. Foote, Edwin A. Keeble, Thomas Menees, John D. C. Akins.  
John V. Wright, admitted May 25, 1864.  
James McCallum, admitted May 3, 1864.  
Michael W. Cluskey, admitted November 7, 1864.  
David M. Currin, died May 21, 1864.

## TEXAS.

## Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

John Gregg, admitted February 15, 1861.  
Thomas N. Waul, admitted February 19, 1861.  
William B. Ochiltree, admitted February 19, 1861.  
John H. Reagan, admitted March 2, 1861.  
Williamson S. Oldham, admitted March 2, 1861.  
John Hemphill, admitted March 2, 1861; died January 4, 1862.  
Louis T. Wigfall, admitted April 29, 1861.

## First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

*Senate.*—Williamson S. Oldham, Louis T. Wigfall.  
*House of Representatives.*—John A. Wilcox, died February 7, 1864.  
Peter W. Gray, Caleb C. Herbert, William B. Wright, M. D. Graham, Frank B. Sexton.

## Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

*Senate.*—Williamson S. Oldham, Louis T. Wigfall.  
*House of Representatives.*—A. M. Branch, Frank B. Sexton.  
Simpson H. Morgan, admitted May 21, 1864; died January 16, 1865.  
John R. Baylor, admitted May 25, 1864.  
Stephen H. Darden, admitted November 21, 1864.  
Caleb C. Herbert, admitted November 21, 1861.

## ARKANSAS.

## Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

Robert W. Johnson, admitted May 18, 1861.  
Albert Rust, admitted May 18, 1861.  
Hugh F. Thompson, admitted May 18, 1861.  
W. W. Watkins, admitted May 18, 1861.  
Augustus H. Garland, admitted May 18, 1861.

## First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

*Senate.*—Robert W. Johnson, Charles P. Mitchell.  
*House of Representatives.*—Felix I. Batson, Grandison D. Royston, Augustus H. Garland, Thomas B. Hanly.

## Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

*Senate.*—Charles P. Mitchell, died previous to November 8, 1864.  
Robert W. Johnston.  
Augustus H. Garland, admitted November 8, 1864; succeeded Senator Mitchell.

*House of Representatives.*—Augustus H. Garland, elected to Senate November 8, 1864.

Thomas B. Hanly.  
Rufus K. Garland, admitted May 21, 1864.  
Felix I. Batson, admitted November 8, 1864.  
David W. Carroll, admitted January 11, 1865.

## NORTH CAROLINA.

## Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

George Davis, admitted July 20, 1861.  
W. W. Avery, admitted July 20, 1861.  
W. N. H. Smith, admitted July 20, 1861.  
Thomas D. McDowell, admitted July 22, 1861.  
A. W. Venable, admitted July 20, 1861.  
John M. Morehead, admitted July 20, 1861.  
R. C. Puryear, admitted July 20, 1861.  
A. T. Davidson, admitted July 20, 1861.  
Burton Craige, admitted July 23, 1861.  
Thomas Ruffin, admitted July 25, 1861.

## First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

*Senate.*—George Davis, resigned January 22, 1864.  
William T. Dortch.  
Edwin G. Reade, admitted January 22, 1864; appointed by the Governor.  
*House of Representatives.*—Robert R. Bridges, Owen R. Kenan, Thomas D. McDowell, Thomas S. Ashel, J. R. McLean, William Lander, Burgess S. Gaither, A. T. Davidson.  
W. N. H. Smith, admitted February 19, 1862.  
Archibald H. Arrington, admitted February 20, 1862.

## Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

*Senate.*—William T. Dortch, William A. Graham.  
*House of Representatives.*—W. N. H. Smith, James T. Leach, Josiah Turner, Jr., John A. Gilmer, James M. Leach, Burgess G. Gaither, George W. Logan, James G. Ramsay, Thomas C. Fuller.  
Robert R. Bridges, admitted May 24, 1864.

## MISSOURI.

## Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

George G. Vest, admitted December 2, 1861.  
Casper W. Bell, admitted December 2, 1861.  
Aaron H. Conrow, admitted December 2, 1861.  
Thomas A. Harris, admitted December 6, 1861.  
John B. Clark, admitted December 6, 1861.  
Robert L. Y. Peyton, admitted January 22, 1862.

## First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

*Senate.*—John B. Clark.  
Robert L. Y. Peyton, died December, 1863.  
Waldo P. Johnson, admitted December 24, 1863; appointed by the Governor.  
*House of Representatives.*—Casper W. Bell, George G. Vest, Aaron H. Conrow, William M. Cook, Thomas W. Freeman, Thomas A. Harris.

## Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

*Senate.*—Waldo P. Johnson.



George G. Vest, admitted January 12, 1865; appointed by the Governor.

*House of Representatives.*—John B. Clark, admitted June 10, 1864.

Thomas L. Snead, admitted November 7, 1864.

Aaron H. Conrow, admitted November 7, 1864.

George G. Vest, admitted November 7, 1864; appointed senator January 12, 1865.

Robert A. Hatcher, admitted May 4, 1864.

Peter S. Wilkes, admitted November 8, 1864.

N. L. Norton, admitted November 21, 1864.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA.

##### *Provisional Congress.*

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

R. Barnwell Rhett, Sr., Robert W. Barnwell, Lawrence M. Keitt, James Chestnutt, Jr., Christopher G. Memminger, W. Porcher Miles, Thomas J. Withers, William W. Boyce.

James L. Orr, admitted February 17, 1862.

##### *First Congress.*

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

*Senate.*—Robert W. Barnwell, James L. Orr.

*House of Representatives.*—William W. Boyce, William Porcher Miles.

Milledge L. Bonham, resigned January 17, 1863.

John McQueen, James Farrow.

Lewis M. Ayer, admitted March 6, 1862.

William D. Simpson, admitted February 5, 1863.

##### *Second Congress.*

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

*Senate.*—James L. Orr, Robert W. Barnwell.

*House of Representatives.*—William Porcher Miles, William D. Simpson, James Farrow, William W. Boyce, Lewis M. Ayer.

#### VIRGINIA.

##### *Provisional Congress.*

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

John W. Brockenbrough, admitted May 7, 1861.

Walter R. Staples, admitted May 7, 1861.

Robert M. T. Hunter, admitted May 10, 1861.

William C. Rives, admitted May 13, 1861.

James A. Seddon, admitted July 20, 1861.

William B. Preston, admitted July 20, 1861.

W. H. Macfarland, admitted July 20, 1861.

Charles W. Russell, admitted July 20, 1861.

Robert Johnston, admitted July 20, 1861.

Robert E. Scott, admitted July 22, 1861.

Walter Preston, admitted July 22, 1861.

James H. Witherspoon, admitted May 5, 1864.

Thomas S. Bocock, admitted July 23, 1861.

James M. Mason, admitted July 24, 1861.

Roger A. Pryor, admitted July 24, 1861.

Alexander R. Boteler, admitted November 27, 1861.

John Tyler, admitted August 1, 1861; died January 18, 1862.

##### *First Congress.*

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

*Senate.*—Robert M. T. Hunter.

William B. Preston, died January 15, 1863.

Allen T. Caperton, admitted January 26, 1863.

*House of Representatives.*—John R. Chambliss, James Lyons.

Roger A. Pryor, resigned April 5, 1862.

Thomas S. Bocock, John Goode, Jr., Daniel C. De Jarnette.

William Smith, resigned April 6, 1863.

Alexander R. Boteler, Waller R. Staples, Walter Preston.

Albert G. Jenkins, resigned August 5, 1862.

Robert Johnston, Charles W. Russell.

James P. Holcombe, admitted February 20, 1862.

John B. Baldwin, admitted February 27, 1862.

Charles F. Collier, admitted August 18, 1862.

Samuel A. Miller, admitted February 24, 1863.

David Funsten, admitted December 7, 1863.

Muscoe R. H. Garnett, admitted February 21, 1864.

##### *Second Congress.*

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

*Senate.*—Robert M. T. Hunter, Allen T. Caperton.

*House of Representatives.*—Robert L. Montague, Robert H. Whitfield, Thomas S. Gholson, Thomas S. Bocock, John Goode, Jr.

William C. Rives, resigned March 1, 1865.

Daniel C. De Jarnette, John B. Baldwin, Waller R. Staples,

Fayette McMuller, Robert Johnston, Charles W. Russell.

David Funsten, admitted May 3, 1864.

Samuel A. Miller, admitted May 3, 1864.

Frederick W. M. Holliday, admitted May 4, 1864.

William C. Wickham, admitted November 7, 1864.

#### KENTUCKY.

##### *Provisional Congress.*

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

Thomas B. Monroe, admitted December 16, 1861.

Henry C. Burnett, admitted December 16, 1861.

Thomas Johnson, admitted December 18, 1861.

John J. Thomas, admitted December 30, 1861.

Theodore L. Burnett, admitted December 30, 1861.

Daniel P. White, admitted January 2, 1862.

S. H. Ford, admitted January 4, 1862.

George B. Hodge, admitted January 11, 1862.

John M. Elliot, admitted January 15, 1862.

George W. Ewing, admitted February 14, 1862.

##### *First Congress.*

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

*Senate.*—William E. Simms.

Henry C. Burnett, admitted February 26, 1862.

*House of Representatives.*—Willis B. Machen, John W. Crockett, Henry E. Read, George M. Ewing, Horatio W. Bruce, James W. Moore, Robert J. Breckinridge, Jr., John M. Elliott.

Theodore L. Burnett, admitted February 19, 1862.

James S. Chrisman, admitted March 3, 1862.

Ely M. Bruce, admitted March 20, 1862.

George B. Hodge, admitted August 18, 1862.

##### *Second Congress.*

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

*Senate.*—Henry C. Burnett, William E. Simms.

*House of Representatives.*—Willis B. Machen, Henry E. Read, James S. Chrisman, Theodore L. Burnett, Horatio W. Bruce, Humphrey Marshall, Ely M. Bruce, James W. Moore, Benjamin F. Bradley, George W. Triplett.

George W. Ewing, admitted May 24, 1864.

John M. Elliott, admitted May 24, 1864.

#### IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863.

*Battalion of Honor, C. S. A.*—On January 31 General Lee wrote General Kershaw: "Your letter in regard to a Battalion of Honor received. While I think everything should be done to reward the gallantry of our officers and men, there are many difficulties in the plan proposed. The proper selection of officers and men for such a battalion would be exceedingly difficult. The fact is, General, we now have an army of brave men, and while this scheme would reward a few, it would leave many equally brave and faithful unnoticed and with a feeling that an improper distinction had been made between themselves and their comrades." But rather than hurt any one's feelings, he offered to refer the matter to the War Department, and that was Lee all the way through.

*Grapevine.*—On February 25 a Confederate deserter told the Yankees that Longstreet's Corps had gone to Tennessee, and on May 1 that the latter corps was in front of Hooker, when in both instances it was at Suffolk.

On May 8 a Confederate prisoner told Mr. Lincoln that there was not a sound pair of legs left in Richmond, and that the Yankees could have gone in, burned everything, and brought Jeff Davis back with them. This was based on the supposition if Hooker had won.

On May 29 General Milroy heard that Lee had "a pontoon train seven miles long with which to rapidly cross the river and fall on Hooker." Seven miles of pontoons is some pontoons to fall on a man who had been so heavily fallen on a short time previously.

April 16 General Lee said: "If the statements which I see in the papers are true, General Grant is withdrawing from Vicksburg and will hardly return to his former position there this summer." It is surprising that General Lee would listen to any such information.

*Bricks as Weapons.*—Gen. Thomas Greene, C. S. army, says that in the battle of Donelsonville, La., on June 28, "at the ditch a most desperate conflict ensued with the enemy. Our men here used brickbats upon the heads of the enemy, who returned the same. Captain Killough, Lieutenant Land, and others were wounded on the head by bricks thrown by the enemy, which had first been thrown by our men." Which bears out the adage that "people in glass houses should not throw stones."

*Hard to Convince.*—During the siege of Port Hudson, La., the 18th Arkansas, C. S. A., refused (very naturally) to leave the position they had worked hard to fortify to labor on others, which brought forth the following remarks: "Some Arkansas soldiers will have to be shot before they are convinced that they have to obey orders irrespective of feelings." This was signed by a Colonel Steedman, and I wonder if he was of Irish extraction.

*Port Hudson.*—General Gardner, C. S. A., after losing 176 killed and 447 wounded on July 8, surrendered 5,500 officers and men, 20 pieces of heavy and 31 pieces of light artillery, a good supply of projectiles, 44,000 pounds of cannon powder, 5,000 muskets, 150,000 rounds of ammunition for same, and a small quantity of various other stores. General Gardner gives no reasons for surrendering, but his inspector general said: "Our provisions were exhausted, and it was impossible for us to cut our way out on account of the proximity of the enemy's works." Which seems to me a very good cause.

*Small and Early Congregations.*—General Emory, U. S. army, on July 3 willed that "no more than three persons will be allowed to congregate upon the streets of New Orleans, and every citizen must be under cover by 9 p.m." Well, the night air in July was bad for them, anyhow.

*Villa the First.*—General Banks, U. S. army, told Halleck on November 7: "Another revolution occurred to-day in Matamoros, Mexico, which was soon wiped out, as Cobos, the leader, was captured and shot. Villa, one of his followers, was permitted to run the gauntlet and was killed while in flight." And may Villa the Second meet the same fate!

*A Gallant Deed.*—Colonel De Gournay, C. S. army, reported leave to make honorable mention of Lieut. L. A. Scermier for an act of heroic bravery. The flag of the Miles Legion was shot down, and the Lieutenant seized it, fixed it to a light pole, and, jumping on the parapet, planted the flagstaff amid a storm of bullets. Again and again the flag was shot down, and each time the gallant Lieutenant raised it, waved it defiantly, and planted it firmly regardless of the volleys of the enemy's sharpshooters. He escaped unhurt after repeating thrice this gallant feat." Well worthy of honorable mention.

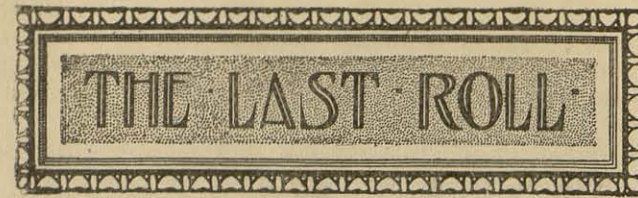
*Mexico.*—General Dana, U. S. army, reported that the Governor of Tamaulipas, Mexico, said: "If Americans do not like the laws of Mexico, they are at liberty to remain from its soil." And he wound up by saying: "Protesting to you the sincerity of my friendship, liberty and reform, Noble Matamoros." Which was pert and to the point. General Banks said: "It was reported from San Luis, Mexico, that the towns which had declared for the French intervention acknowledged their adherence only so long as the French occupied them, and the moment they left the people resumed their allegiance to the Mexican authorities." And they are the same to-day.

*Negro Characteristics.*—General Dwight, U. S. army, wrote General Banks in regard to a mutiny that occurred among some negro troops at Fort Jackson, La.: "The troops at this place are quiet and attentive to duty, but the soldiers show an unwillingness to testify to the occurrence of the mutiny—they refuse to remember when questioned." The same thing happened during the Brownsville inquiry, when Roosevelt was President, and would happen to-day, as "a leopard cannot change its spots."

*Confederate Ordnance at Port Hudson.*—The Confederate chief of ordnance says that during the siege "some of our guns were dismounted and remounted not less than twenty-one times. I soon found the ammunition would be short, and men were detailed to search for bullets and cannon and mortar shells. The bullets were remolded to fit our rifles, the small shells refixed and used by the artillery or for hand grenades, and the larger ones which we could not use in our guns were fixed to light and roll over into the enemy's ranks." The Yanks must have poured it in profusely, as our people had quite a supply on hand when the end came.

*Rebs Is Comin'!*—Colonel Irwin, U. S. army, says: "While I was at the landing this afternoon the contrabands, seeing Lieutenant Sayle and about twenty men coming from the same direction as yesterday's raiders, raising a wild cry of 'Rebels!' rushed in a frantic, terror-stricken mass of men, women, and children, with loud cries, toward the river. At the bluff they were stopped by the bayonets of the 16th New Hampshire, but two negroes rushed into the river and were drowned." "The wicked flee where no man pursueth."





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

#### ROBERT ROSS ZELL.

At his home, in Birmingham, Ala., on November 11, 1918, Robert Ross Zell, gallant Confederate soldier, Christian gentleman, and loyal citizen, answered the last roll call and passed into the beyond. His body was sent to Baltimore, Md., his boyhood home, and there interred in Loudon Park Cemetery.

At the time of his death Comrade Zell was commanding officer of the 4th Alabama Brigade, U. C. V., and one of the most active workers for the survivors of the Confederate cause in the State. He was a valued member of Camp Wilcox, U. C. V., of Birmingham, and his loss is keenly felt by the comrades of the Camp as well as by other veterans of the city. As Brigadier General of the 4th Alabama Brigade, U. C. V., he attended the Reunion at Tulsa, Okla., and in returning he went to Claymore Springs, Ark., hoping that the hot baths would benefit him, as his health had not been good. Later on, while visiting at Manhattan, Kans., he learned of the death of his granddaughter, Beatrice Zell, who had accompanied him to the Reunion and who fell a victim to influenza on her return home. The death of this beloved grandchild was a shock from which he never recovered, and on his return to Birmingham his health steadily declined until the final summons came. In his death the city lost a tried and true citizen, his family a fond and devoted parent, and the Presbyterian Church, to which he belonged, a useful and consistent member. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and four daughters.

Robert Ross Zell was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1849, and lived in that city until about fifteen years ago, when he went to Birmingham, and there followed his profession as a mechanical engineer with marked success until his retirement some years ago.

#### J. W. RAST.

A faithful and zealous friend of the Confederate cause was lost in the death of J. W. Rast, of Lowndesboro, Ala. He was a native of Alabama, but was educated in Pennsylvania. He enlisted for the South at Lowndesboro, Ala., with the Lowndesboro Beauregards, was wounded at Gettysburg, and was captured in the retreat. He was furloughed home and stayed six months, then rejoined his regiment and served until the surrender at Appomattox. He was ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought. He was commander of Camp T. G. Bullock, U. C. V., from 1900 until his death, in June, 1918. He had been flag bearer for the Camp so long and was so attached to the old flag that it was buried with him.

The U. D. C. Chapter at Lowndesboro, through Mrs. R. B. Haygood and Mrs. A. W. Meadows, committee, passed reso-

lutions that in the death of Mr. Rast "each member of our Chapter feels a personal loss. He was ever ready to assist with his time and means any organization of the Confederacy, and he was untiring in his efforts to assist his old comrades and make their declining years happier; that we shall ever remember him for his hospitality, his loyalty to his friends, and his devotion to the cause for which he made so many sacrifices."

#### REV. T. L. HAMAN, D.D.

Rev. T. L. Haman was born December 7, 1846, in Hinds County, Miss., near where Learned has since been located, son of Stratford Haman (native of North Carolina) and Mary E. Haman (native Mississippian). He died at Vaiden, Miss., November 3, 1918, aged nearly seventy-two years.

He received his primary education in elementary schools near his native home, his college education at Oxford, Miss., 1866-70, and his seminary course at Columbia, S. C., 1870-73.

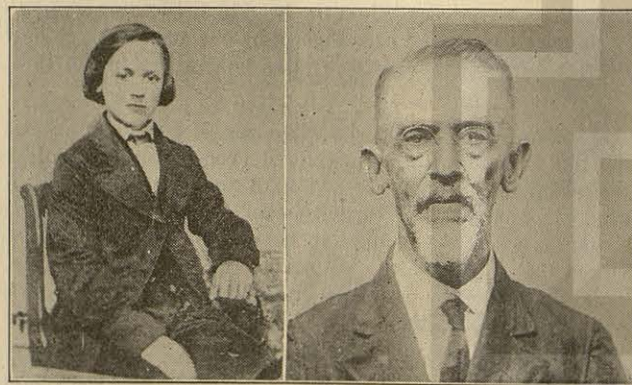
He was led to trust the sinner's Saviour and united with the Presbyterians because he "felt he could live better in that connection."

About the close of his seminary course, September 2, 1873, he was united in marriage to an accomplished young woman, Mary Adelaide Blanding, daughter of Col. J. D. Blanding, of Sumter, S. C., who, with three sons, four daughters, and eleven grandchildren, survives him.

He entered the pastorate in October, 1873, at Greenwood, Miss. (home mission work), spent about two years as pastor at Yazoo City, and on account of ill health changed to Vaiden, Miss., in 1877. This and near-by Churches he served for nearly forty-one years.

He was afflicted with ill health nearly or quite all of his life, but, being a man of great determination, energy, and will power, and having a people who were faithful to him, he accomplished much work and became very popular among the masses. His people fairly worshiped him.

He gave about two years of his youthful life to the Confederate cause as one of Harvey's Scouts under that fearless cavalry leader, Captain Harvey. He believed firmly in the cause as long as he lived, but harbored no malice for his enemies of that period.



REV. T. L. HAMAN AT AGES OF ABOUT 14 AND 72 YEARS.

His children are educated and occupy prominent and responsible positions in Church and social circles, to his credit.

A self-sacrificing Christian patriot and philanthropist has fallen. The Lord bless the bereaved!

[A brother in the flesh, P. A. H.]

#### J. ADDISON HAYES.

Joel Addison Hayes, son-in-law of President Davis, died in Los Angeles, Cal., on January 26, after a long illness. He was the son of a prominent attorney of Nashville, Tenn., and was born in Holly Springs, Miss., March 4, 1848. His mother was the daughter of William Banner Taylor, a physician of international fame.

Though only thirteen years old when the war broke out in 1861, young Hayes acted as messenger for the army of the Confederacy and carried packages, drugs, and letters through the Federal lines during the first years of the war, facing certain death if captured. In the last year of the war he shouldered a gun and served on the firing line.

Mr. Hayes had long been identified with banking interests. He entered the employ of a bank at Memphis, Tenn., in 1867, and later became cashier of the State National Bank in that city, which position he held for fifteen years. During the cholera epidemic in Memphis in 1877-78 he was the only banker to stick to his post, and worked untiringly to relieve the sufferers. This sacrifice so undermined his health that he went to Colorado Springs in 1884 and became President of the First National Bank there. He was one of the first to invest in the Cripple Creek gold mines and was also interested in other investments. He was a director of the First National Bank of Denver, the International Trust Company, and was the organizer and State President of the State Bankers' Association. His home had been in Colorado Springs for many years.

In 1876 Mr. Hayes was married to Miss Margaret Howell Davis, who died in 1909. He is survived by four children, two sons and two daughters, also by three sisters and a brother.

#### BENJAMIN B. ATWILL.

After an illness of several months Benjamin B. Atwill, aged seventy-four, died at his home, Elba, near Kinsale, Va., on December 18, 1918, and in his passing the community loses a good man and a useful citizen. Imbued with the spirit animating the Southern youth, he enlisted in the Confederate army in the early days of the war, joining Company C, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and gallantly followed through the trying days of that mighty conflict the leadership of Stuart and Hampton and the Lees till the last gun was fired at Appomattox. Returning to his home when the war ended, he began the battle of industrial life and fought its difficulties with the same bravery and energy and determination displayed in the years of war, and won for himself an honest and comfortable living with the respect and confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens. He was twice married and leaves three sons and two daughters as the issue of his first marriage, his second wife also surviving him.

Ben Atwill, as he was familiarly known to his comrades and associates, was of bright and happy disposition, kind, genial, generous, and warm-hearted, considerate of everybody, and universally beloved. He made his home a happy one, and his life was that of an exemplary Christian gentleman. He was intensely Southern and loyal to the cause for which he fought, loved his comrades and everything connected with his war experiences and life, and attended every Confederate Reunion when possible, and no veteran enjoyed these reunions more. The Westmoreland Camp had no more zealous or ardent member, and he served the Camp for several years as its commander. Life's fitful fever is over, he is at rest, and, wrapped in his uniform of Confederate gray, is sleeping in the hallowed ground of Old Yeocomico.

#### JOHN R. BIRD.

John R. Bird was a member of Company H, 3d Georgia Regiment, known as the "Young Guard," which was the first company from Newton County to be mustered into the Confederate army.

John R. Bird was with this command in active service at Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, Chancellorsville, battle of the Wilderness, Bloody Angle, and Petersburg, surrendering with his command at Appomattox.

After the war he took up the duties of a civilian and made a true citizen from that time until his death, at his home near Oxford, Ga., January 16, 1919.

The writer of this sketch was a member of his company and regiment and can truthfully speak of his merits as a comrade, soldier, and civilian. He was a good, law-abiding citizen, a true friend, and a brave and patriotic soldier of the beloved Southland.

He is survived by four sons and three daughters: Summerfield Bird, Davis, Okla.; J. T. Bird, Oxford, Ga.; Homer Bird, Camak, Ga.; Robert Bird, Oxford, Ga.; Mrs. R. A. Teagle and Mrs. R. S. Hall, Buckhead, Ga.; and Mrs. M. W. Parks, Logansville, Ga. Two brothers and one sister also survive him: W. M. Bird, of Oxford, Ga.; Scott Bird, of Logansville, Ga.; and Mrs. W. A. Ellington, of Oxford, Ga.

[A. C. McCalla, Company H, 3d Georgia Regiment.]

#### WILLIAM FLETCHER BUCHANAN.

After a year of failing health William Fletcher Buchanan died at Shelbyville, Tenn., at the age of seventy years. He was one of the most prominent and widely known farmers of Bedford County, owning a fine farm near Pleasant Grove. In years past the home was noted for its hospitality. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Kercheval, of Lewisburg. To them were born thirteen children, nine of whom survive him. He is also survived by his second wife. His father was a prominent merchant of Shelbyville before and after the war.

As a mere youth Fletcher Buchanan served in the Confederate army as a member of Forrest's escort. He was a cousin of the late editor of the VETERAN. He was a man of pleasant address, genial and affable to all with whom he came in contact, a generous neighbor, and a kind and obliging friend. Of his immediate family, a brother, Robert Buchanan, of Franklin, and Mrs. J. H. Woods, of Shelbyville, are left.

Prior to the union of the Presbyterian and Cumberland Presbyterian Churches he was a faithful and leading member of the latter Church.

#### SAMUEL R. LEONARD.

Samuel Robert Leonard, a member of J. J. A. Barker Camp, No. 1555, U. C. V., died suddenly at his country home near Jacksonville, Tex., on January 12. He was a Missourian and followed the fortunes of his State with the Confederacy. He served in Company A, 3d Missouri Cavalry, and was with Gen. Sterling Price in his raid into Missouri in 1864, which proved so disastrous to Southern arms. The comrades of his camp gave him burial and are erecting a neat tombstone at his grave, which is near a public highway. His grave being isolated, his comrades thought proper to mark and care for it, thus testifying to the younger generation that there are ties still existing between old Confederate soldiers that cannot be severed.

[J. A. Templeton, Adjutant Camp No. 1555, U. C. V.]



## WILLIAM LAWRENCE DEWOODY.

William L. DeWoody, born December 30, 1847, at Athens, Ala., died June 30, 1918, at Pine Bluff, Ark., of which city he was a prominent business man and honored citizen for nearly fifty years. At the time of his death he was Dean of Arkansas Pharmacists, Honorary President of the American Pharmaceutical Association, and, besides, had many commercial interests. He was a member of the J. Ed Murray Camp, U. C. V. He enlisted at the age of sixteen years in John J. Akers's Company, Simonton's Regiment, Mississippi State Militia. After this command disbanded he served as a guide and courier for Henderson's Scouts under General Forrest.

In May, 1870, Mr. DeWoody embarked in the drug business in Pine Bluff, Ark., in which he continued until his death. He was the son of Samuel DeWoody and Louisa Ann Comon and a grandson of William DeWoody and Hannah Alexander, of Pennsylvania. On the maternal line he was descended from Col. Thomas Wade, a Revolutionary soldier from Anson County, N. C.

Mr. DeWoody was married in May, 1875, to Miss Mary M. Sorrells, of Warren, Ark., daughter of the late Judge T. F. Sorrells.

There was no man more loyal in his citizenship, more worthy the regard of his personal friends, or more deserving the high esteem of his fellow citizens at large than William Lawrence DeWoody.

## MAJ. HUGH DUNLAP.

The committee composed of W. D. Payne, Commander, S. A. Miller, Adjutant, P. P. Pullen, and W. P. Erwin, of Joe Kendall Camp, U. C. V., Paris, Tenn., prepared resolutions in honor of Maj. Hugh Dunlap, from which the following is taken:

"Major Dunlap was born in Paris, Tenn., in the year 1843. He enlisted in the 5th Tennessee Regiment as sergeant, and was then transferred to the 154th Regiment, then to the 10th Kentucky Cavalry as lieutenant, commanding Company H in Morgan's raid in Ohio. He was captured at Cheshire, Ohio, in 1863 and confined in prison at Johnston's Island, from which he was taken with six hundred other officers and placed on an island in Charleston Harbor and exposed to the fire of the Federal fleet and the Confederate batteries. He was later taken back to Chicago and kept several months after the close of the war before being released. Comrade Dunlap was true in all that it takes to make a valiant soldier. He died at Dover, Tenn., but was taken to Paris for burial. Joe Kendall Camp thus loses one of its best members."

## DR. JOHN D. MASENGILL.

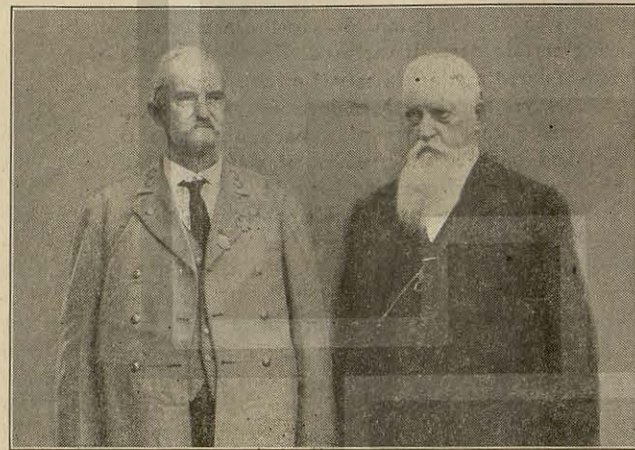
Dr. John D. Masengill, who died on January 8 at Blountville, Tenn., was born in Sullivan County, Tenn., May 11, 1844. He served the entire four years as a Confederate soldier, having volunteered at the age of sixteen, and enrolled as a private in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, Company B. The first two years of the war he was under General Forrest, and in the last two under General Wheeler. During this time he participated in nearly all of the important battles in which the Western Army engaged, including Perryville, Shiloh, Missionary Ridge, and Chickamauga.

After the war he reentered school and later took up the study of medicine, graduating at the Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1874. Since that time he had been engaged in practicing medicine and farming near Blountville. In October, 1868, he married Miss Josephine Evans, daughter of Maj. Samuel Evans. He joined the Methodist

Church, South, in 1866, and remained a consistent member. Dr. Masengill is survived by his wife and two sons, the latter of Bristol, Tenn.

## CORNELIUS WINN BARKER.

Cornelius Winn Barker was born April 5, 1845, in Carroll County, Tenn., the son of James Barker, of Caswell County, N. C., and Mariah G. Simpson, of Fairfax County, Va. He fought through the war in the Confederate



CORNELIUS W. BARKER AND DAVID E. BARKER.

army under Capt. Jonas Webb, in the cavalry. He was captured and kept in prison at Rock Island about twelve months. After his release from prison he was detailed to do special work as a miller in Drew County, Ark., where he met the young lady, Miss Albinia Georgette Jones, who later became his wife. They were married in February, 1866, and settled in Drew County. Seven children were born to them, four of whom survive him. In 1907 he removed to Homeland, Fla., but after five years he returned to Arkansas and made his home in Pine Bluff.

Comrade Barker was always an active and enthusiastic working member of the Pine Bluff Camp of Confederate veterans and never missed a reunion. He became ill while attending the reunion of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., at Little Rock in November, and lived only a few weeks. His children laid him to rest beside their mother on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1918, at the old family burying place in Drew County. His funeral was directed by the Masons of his old home and community.

Comrade Barker was a thorough Christian, living up to his convictions of right and wrong. He was a member of the Baptist Church and served it faithfully as deacon.

His brother, David Edward Barker, born July 8, 1836, also fought through the war as a Confederate soldier. He was severely wounded in the second day's fight at Gettysburg and was taken from the field hospital to Staunton, Va. He was frequently honored by the people of his county by being chosen to represent them both in the House and Senate of the General Assembly of his State, Arkansas. He was never married, and died in December, 1914.

"The spring will dress his narrow bed  
With all the wild flowers that he loved,  
And round his rest a fragrance shed  
Pure as that virtue he approved."

## JOHN W. MADDOX.

John W. Maddox, Company A, 4th Kentucky Infantry, died January 7, 1919, aged seventy-seven years.

He was born and reared in Ohio County, Ky., and enlisted December 8, 1861, at Bowling Green, under Captain Nuckols, serving the Confederacy until the end of the war. His command was in many of the great battles in Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina.

He was wounded in the right arm in the battle of Shiloh, lost a finger of the left hand in the battle of Chickamauga, and was severely shocked and knocked down by a shell in the battle of Murfreesboro. In the battle of Missionary Ridge the tip of a thumb was cut off by a bullet. Among other battles he took part in those of Vicksburg, Atlanta, Nashville, and Franklin.

When Johnston's army surrendered near Greensboro, N. C., the brigade of which Comrade Maddox's company was a part, known as the Orphan Brigade, of Kentucky, was near Georgetown, S. C., serving as mounted infantry. It was moved west through South Carolina via Augusta to Washington, Ga., and there paroled.

Being doubtful about going back to his own State, and hearing of Maddoxes in Putnam County, Ga., he came here hoping to find relatives. Here he met and married Miss Sarah Pearman, daughter of James Pearman, a highly esteemed citizen. Here he had lived ever since, except three years in Carroll County, Ga. He was an active member of R. T. Davis Camp, No. 759, U. C. V., for thirty years.

He leaves sons and daughters and grandchildren who share the honor of being descendants of a member of the famous Orphan Brigade. The history of that brigade is in print, and it bears the name of every member. His burial at Wesley Chapel, near his Putnam County, Ga., home, was attended by Confederate soldiers, and from among them Lieut. Com. J. H. Webster stepped forward at the close of the services and placed a Confederate flag at the head of the grave.

[Robert Young, Adjutant.]

## PERRY HAMILTON TISON.

Perry Hamilton Tison was born in old Beaufort District, S. C., May 2, 1839, and died in Allendale, Barnwell County, S. C., November 18, 1918. He entered the Confederate army thoroughly equipped, having been educated at the State Military Academy at Charleston, but on account of physical disability he was forced to take an honorable discharge soon after going into the service. He served as major in the 12th Regiment, South Carolina State Troops, under his brother, Col. John A. Tison, who commanded the regiment.

In his death is recognized the loss of a devoted and affectionate husband and father, an exemplary citizen of the old type, and a loyal friend. No truer heart ever beat for the cause of the Southern Confederacy, and through the long years of his life he adhered to his allegiance. He was always true to a principle, and his name and honesty were synonymous.

It is comforting to his friends and loved ones to know that he is free from the physical suffering he endured so many years and is now in communion with those that have gone before in an eternal reunion.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Sallie E. Allen, of Allendale, S. C., and by three daughters and one son—namely: Mrs. Lucy A. Tison, Mrs. J. Gaillard Stoney, Miss M. Agnes Tison, and Dr. Hugh R. Tison, all of Allendale, S. C., the county seat of the new county of Allendale.

[W. R. Darlington, Sr.]

## DANIEL SARTOR JOHNSON.

On the 16th of January, 1919, the gentle spirit of Comrade Daniel S. Johnson passed from earth. He had reached the advanced age of eighty-seven years. He was a Confederate soldier, having served from April, 1864, to May, 1865, as a member of Company E, 8th Mississippi Cavalry, Stark's Brigade, Ricker's (later Chalmer's) Division, Forrest's Corps. He was captured by Wilson's troops at the fall of Selma, Ala. A month or so later he was paroled and returned to his home, in Chickasaw County, Miss., and resumed his occupation as a farmer. As an ante-bellum slave owner he was such a kind and indulgent master that most of his slaves continued on the plantation of "Mars Dan" many years after being freed.

Comrade Johnson was so highly esteemed by his community that he was elected Supervisor for two or more terms. Then for 1890 he was chosen as a delegate to Mississippi's great Constitutional Convention. It was at this convention that statutory laws were changed and new ones enacted to conform to the then existing conditions brought about by misrule of carpetbaggers, scalawags, and negroes from 1870 to 1876. He was a member of Houston Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and was for many years a member of the Chickasaw County Board of Education. He was a steward of the Methodist Church, South, for more than fifty years and was superintendent of his Sunday school for thirty-five years before his death. His wife, who was Miss Cornelia Tucker, died many years ago, and of their six children five survive him. One son, Dr. Daniel S. Johnson, is now in the Medical Reserve, A. E. F., in Germany.

Our comrade truly lived a life of sacrifice for his country and his family. A good man has gone to his reward.

[William H. Griffin, Commander Chickasaw Camp, No. 1700, U. C. V., Houlka, Miss.]

## EDWARD OWEN.

Mr. Edward Owen, Confederate veteran, retired cotton broker, one-time Commissioner of Accounts of New York City, died at his home, in that city, January 18, 1919.

He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1838, the son of Allison and Caroline Miller Owen. He was educated in the public and private schools of Ohio, and at the outbreak of the War between the States enlisted in the first company, Washington Artillery, of the Confederate army at New Orleans. He served through nearly forty battles, exclusive of the siege of Petersburg, was twice wounded severely, and was a prisoner for several months in the old Capitol Prison in Washington. He was commended for bravery and efficiency in action by Generals Longstreet and Beauregard.

At the close of the war Mr. Owen engaged in the cotton business in New Orleans, and later went to New York and was elected a member of the Cotton Exchange. He was appointed to a position in the office of the Commissioner of Accounts by Mayor Grace in 1885, and later became chief clerk. He was appointed Commissioner in 1893 and in 1898, and was continued as such by Mayor Low in 1901.

Mr. Owen was active many years in Democratic politics and was instrumental in the founding of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, of which he was commander for some years. He was married to Miss Hattie Bryan in New Orleans in 1866. His second wife was Mrs. Adelaide B. Dick, whom he married in New York in 1874. Miss Mary Miller Owen, a daughter, survives him.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*  
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOREE, Shreveport, La. .... *First Vice President General*  
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark. .... *Second Vice President General*  
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va. .... *Third Vice President General*  
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. .... *Recording Secretary General*  
MRS. LUTIE HALEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla. .... *Cor. Secretary General*  
MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C. .... *Treasurer General*  
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn. .... *Histogian General*  
MRS. CHARLES L. TRABERT, Berkeley, Cal. .... *Registrar General*  
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. .... *Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va. .... *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Preparations for the Twenty-Fifth Annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy must engage the attention of all officers, Divisions, and Chapters during the month of March. This message will be the last one to you before we meet (D. V.) in Louisville, April 1-5. The minutes of the Executive Board meeting held in place of the regular Convention last November were mailed to our membership by February 10. The credentials for the Louisville Convention in April, together with the proposed amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws, were mailed by February 1 to all Division Presidents. These papers should be read, and the information and instructions therein contained should be applied at once to Chapter affairs so as to make this April meeting of value to all U. D. C. interests. The Registrar General, Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, Berkeley, Cal., should receive all 1918 records from State Registrars at once, so that no time may be lost in this department. All State Registrars are urged to communicate with Mrs. Trabert on the subject of registration.

Mrs. Ella N. Trader, whose welfare has been on the minds of so many U. D. C.'s and who has been constantly helped by Chapters and Divisions in the past, was called to her eternal rest on January 20 at her home, in Washington, D. C. The press of the country made announcement of the sad event, and Miss Mary Trader, her faithful daughter, has the sympathy of their U. D. C. friends. Mrs. Trader's life history has been published under the title "The Florence Nightingale of the Southern Army." This neat little book of one hundred pages can be purchased from Miss Trader, and the proceeds may help to lift her financial burden. Besides, any Confederate library would be the richer for owning this little characteristically Southern and feminine volume. We should secure and preserve such unusual publications for the student of American history in the future.

The Historian General, Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, has issued her annual circular in regard to the historical prizes offered in her department. There are seven prizes this year open for competition. The newest one, the soldier's prize, I commend especially to the attention of all individual U. D. C.'s. Ask your State Historian about it. In connection with this work let your President General urge upon you the importance of looking after the records of descendants of Confederate veterans enlisted in the A. E. F. We are collecting these records as a part of our War Relief Work, and we must watch the daily press to keep ourselves informed. For history, and Confederate history in this respect, is in the making every day. How many of you know the names of the regiments in the 30th Division, A. E. F., who were the first

Americans to break through the famous Hindenburg line? How many of you noted that in the announcement of the award by Congress of forty-one medals of honor to our boys in khaki on February 4 (only three having been previously given in this war), ten names were from the Southern States—namely, two from Kentucky, one from Tennessee, one from Texas, and six from the little State of South Carolina—California coming next with five awards. Would it not be worth while for the U. D. C. of these States to look up these boys' records and see if they have Confederate ancestry? These records which we are keeping are to prove that one does not gather "figs from thistles."

Again Mrs. Hyde's circular announces that our monthly historical programs will be printed in the VETERAN. This is another incentive to subscribe to the VETERAN. Will not all Division Presidents and Historians make a great drive among their membership for subscriptions to the VETERAN during March? The May VETERAN will have an account of the Louisville Convention, which will tell all the latest news of our great war work as U. D. C.'s. Besides, it is our U. D. C. duty to stand behind those who are publishing the VETERAN. "Subscriptions for the VETERAN in March" should be the motto of every U. D. C. Chapter.

War Relief Work still looms large and important in any U. D. C. report. Under advice from Mrs. Bacon, in February I notified you to reëndow your hospital beds at Neuilly for 1919. Since then many changes have taken place, and the following letter from Mrs. Bacon explains the changes I am announcing:

"My Dear Miss Poppenheim: After seeing the surgeon-general for the express purpose of learning what I could of the future plans of the American Military Hospital No. 1, at Neuilly, and having been told by him that the hospital would be needed for at least another year, I had a cable saying that they had been ordered to evacuate the patients as soon as they were able to be moved, and that the hospital might be closed as early as April or certainly by June. On the strength of this information I called a special meeting, and it was decided that we should accept no further contributions, and that I should make a statement for the newspapers to that effect, that being the quickest way to reach our many generous supporters all over the country. This I have done, and I herewith inclose a copy of this statement. We believe that we have not only sufficient funds to carry on the work until the very end, but also to give to the American Hospital, which was our sponsor in the early days, a testimonial in the name of the American ambulance which will perpetuate its memory forever. This small hospital for Americans in Paris holds itself responsible not only for the success of the American Ambulance Hospital, but also for the American Ambulance Field

Service, which started with us; and if we can show our gratitude by establishing a ward or a fund, we believe it would be a fitting ending to a glorious career. The United Daughters of the Confederacy have, more than any other organization, made it possible for the hospital to carry on its magnificent work, and I feel any thanks or show of appreciation that I, as Chairman of the American Committee, could send you would be a very inadequate expression of the gratitude that has been felt abroad for your remarkable service. The famous names that have marked your beds and the wonderful sympathy that the Southern States have shown the many heroic men whom they have cared for will always remain indelibly impressed on the memories of every one who has watched over the hospital with such tender care through these four and a half long and painful years.

"Your indefatigable efforts in behalf of the American Military Hospital No. 1, at Neuilly, have called forth the greatest admiration from every one, but I hope you feel with us a just pride in having the Daughters of the Confederacy connected with an organization that has made such a marvelous name for itself during this war and that has shown throughout these years of suffering such a noble spirit of sacrifice and of deep devotion.

"Very sincerely and gratefully yours, MARTHA BACON."

The tribute Mrs. Bacon pays our work is a great one and, coming from so wise and distinguished an American woman, one whose judgment must bear weight, we should feel that our efforts to place our war work beside that of other great American patriotic societies have been rewarded.

In connection with this idea let me impress upon Chapters the importance of not rushing into print to answer any foolish criticisms of the U. D. C. by uninformed persons which might appear in the public press. When you see such criticisms cut them out and forward them to your Historian General or your President General, who will gladly look into the matter, and, with the wider view of the U. D. C. efforts which the opportunity of their office gives them, they will be better able to inform our would-be critics of the true efforts and aims of our Association and the results of our endeavors for the highest ideals of patriotism.

To return to our Hospital Bed Fund. Divisions now have various sums invested which were raised for these beds and thus for the benefit of our boys in the A. E. F. Hold this money as separate funds, ready to hear the advice of your War Relief Committee on their disposal. Many appeals from outsiders will come to you, but let me remind you that to make our work as U. D. C. work count, it must be a united and combined effort. We must not fritter our strength away on many attractive efforts. Your Executive Committee has recommended, and many prominent U. D. C.'s have already expressed their approval of the recommendation, that our fifty-thousand-dollar Endowment Fund shall be named "Our 1917-18 Hero Fund," to honor the men of the South who served their reunited country wherever needed in 1917-18.

This fund will be a great memorial and at the same time a great piece of reconstruction work after the war. Bear its needs in mind when you receive the Educational Committee's circular in March; it is now in preparation. Give generously to this fund and see if we may not mark the April, 1919, Convention of the U. D. C. by the completion of this fund. We can do it if we try. We can raise our monument to our men first, and it will be one which will recall their sacrifice, their courage, and their accomplishments yearly to generations yet unborn. *In secula seculorum.*

The fifth liberty loan will be asked for in April. It will be a victory loan. Let the U. D. C. unite their strength, raise their 1917-18 Hero Fund at Louisville, and invest it in this victory loan. Could we close our efforts for patriotism in a more appropriate way? Our five-pointed star leads us on "to think, dare, love, live, and pray."

Faithfully yours,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

## THE EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENT FUND.

Contributions to the General Division Endowment Fund for Loan Scholarships come in slowly. The Executive Board has recommended that this fifty-thousand-dollar fund be a memorial to "the men of the South who served their reunited country wherever needed in 1917-18." Some of these very men are seeking means of continuing their education and need the loans from this fund to help them. Let us have a large enough sum ready before the Louisville Convention to invest in the victory liberty loan, that its interest might educate many of the South's young heroes.

Previously acknowledged in this fund.....\$791 35  
Contributed in January:

Mrs. F. C. Rolfe (personal) Hampton, Va. .... 2 16  
Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, Denver, Colo. .... 10 00  
Lafayette Strait Chapter, Richburg, S. C. .... 2 00

Total, February 1, 1919.....\$805 51

ARMIDA MOSES,

Vice Chairman Educational Committee, U. D. C.

## DIVISION NOTES.

The celebrations honoring the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and in many instances a tribute was paid to Miss Mary Custis Lee, his last surviving child who died in November, were State-wide in Georgia, and the practical features of the observances made them in some Chapters notable. Sharon of Upson Chapter, of Thomson, planted pecan trees on the campus of the R. E. Lee Institute in memory of the Upson men who gave their lives in the great world war.

In Tennille, in the little park where several years ago the patriotic women erected a memorial fountain to the soldiers of the Confederacy, the Chapter planted trees to perpetuate in living green the memory of the four young men of Tennille who gave their lives for America, each one the son or grandson of a Confederate soldier.

The Kennesaw Chapter, of Marietta, by unanimous vote sent twenty-five dollars—the first money paid into the committee—for the proposed memorial hospital to be erected by the town in grateful appreciation of the Cobb County men who died on French soil during the great war.

The Savannah Chapter has gone on record as leading the South in the movement seeking the protection of women throughout the world by international laws adopted at the Peace Conference at Versailles.

For the conference to discuss the League of Nations, to be held in Atlanta February 28-March 1, under the auspices of the Society to Enforce Peace, of which Ex-President W. H. Taft is President, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, President General U. D. C., appointed as delegates to represent the Daughters of the Confederacy Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Alabama, and Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Tennessee.

The Washington Division held its tenth Annual Convention



at the Washington Hotel, in Seattle, on January 21. Mrs. Mary Avery Wilkins, President of Robert E. Lee Chapter, Seattle, presided at the opening exercises, when a memorial service to Gen. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson was held, the address being delivered by Dr. W. R. Inge Dalton, of the Confederate navy. Mrs. C. P. Gammon read "Birthdays of Lee and Jackson," and Miss Florence Fletcher, of Tacoma, read an account of the funeral of Miss Mary Custis Lee.

The afternoon session of the Convention was devoted entirely to the business of the Division. The Chapter reports showed that all have been most enthusiastic in war relief work, their greatest effort being the raising of six hundred dollars for the American Hospital at Neuilly, France. Through the efforts of Miss Julia Fletcher, Division President, a register has been secured, as far as possible, of every man in the State of Washington who has offered his services to his country, who is the lineal descendant of a Confederate soldier. This record will be presented to the State Historical Society to honor these men.

The Washington Division indorsed two movements: First, the Americanization of foreign-born women living in the United States; second, the Hoke Smith bill pending in Congress for an appropriation to educate the illiterates of the country.

The invitation of the Dixie Chapter to hold the convention in Tacoma next October was accepted.

\* \* \*

The members of the Dixie Chapter, of Kansas City, Mo., are all interested in war relief work and have sent liberal supplies of oranges to the influenza patients of the Army Motor School.

Maj. William J. Bland, of the 356th Infantry, was killed in action September 12 in the battle of St. Mihiel. Major Bland was the son of the Historian of the Dixie Chapter, Mrs. Meigs Bland. His grandfather, Judge John J. Allen, was captain of the 57th Regulars, Virginia Volunteers, C. S. A., and was severely wounded at the battle of Malvern Hill, necessitating the amputation of his right arm. On recovery he was assigned to duty as quartermaster with the rank of major.

Major Bland's grandfather, John J. Allen, Sr., in 1860 introduced a preamble and resolutions on the state of the country, which produced a profound impression on the public mind, as a condensed and powerful statement of the doctrine of secession and a justification of its exercise by his native State, both because of its calm and judicial utterance and the deep conviction of its eminent author. (He was presiding judge of the Virginia Court of Appeals.) He was honored later in the period of the Confederate struggle with a place in the Advisory Council of Governor Letcher.

Major Bland's grandfather, Dr. William J. Bland, went to Richmond, Va., in 1861 and became surgeon of the 31st Virginia Infantry. He was afterwards transferred to General Lomax's Division and made chief surgeon of Gen. William L. Jackson's Cavalry Brigade, which position he filled until the close of the war.

\* \* \*

On January 11, at the Hotel Astor, Mrs. James Henry Parker gave her annual reception. This, the most brilliant of the many given by her, was complimentary to the New York Chapter. In the receiving line next to Mrs. Parker was her mother, Mrs. Augustus Jones; then Mrs. Alfred W. Cochran, Honorary President of the Chapter; Mrs. R. W. Jones, President of the New York Division; and Mrs. J. D. Beale, Honorary President of the Division.

The rose room was wonderfully decorated with flags of the Allies. Back of the receiving party was the large, beautiful Confederate flag presented to the Chapter fifteen years ago by Mrs. Parker, and a United States flag of the same size.

By special arrangements made by Mrs. Parker, fifty or more invalided soldiers from one of the hospitals attended, and they received marked attention from the distinguished men and women present. The dear wounded boys in khaki were so young and so happy! Many were from Mrs. Parker's home State, South Carolina. Most of them were from the South. An orchestra furnished sweet music, and the national airs and many loved songs were sung by all present, led by Mr. English Cody, a leader of the War Camp Community singing.

The New York Chapter has two hundred men associate members who attend the social gatherings. At the October Convention Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Beale were elected Honorary Presidents of the New York Division.

\* \* \*

Although quite ill with influenza, Mrs. Quin, President of the Mississippi Division, has succeeded in having the Division keep up its war work. *Our Heritage*, published at Meridian, keeps the Chapters well informed with its monthly visit.

The Mississippi Division will elect a new President at the Convention in May, and a prominent candidate for this important office is Mrs. Nettie Story Miller, of Forest, former editor of *Our Heritage*, who has been urged to stand for election by many of the most prominent women of the Division.

\* \* \*

On January 30 Mrs. Amos Norris, of Tampa, President of the Florida Division, left on a round of visits to the Florida Chapters, beginning with the Chapter at Key West and going northward to Jacksonville—a good plan for every State President. Mrs. Norris's visits covered more than a month. The State Board meeting was called for February 21, 22, in Gainesville.

Under the direction of Mrs. J. W. Tench, the J. J. Finley Chapter, of Gainesville, Fla., held very interesting memorial exercises in the Lyric Theatre on the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

\* \* \*

On account of the general epidemic of influenza this fall the Annual Convention of the Arkansas Division, to have been held at Clarksville, Ark., was indefinitely postponed. However, as soon as the quarantine was lifted (November 21) a one day's session was held in Little Rock at the Marion Hotel. The President, Mrs. J. T. Beale, called for a meeting of the officers, chairmen of committees, and representatives of Chapters to transact the needed business and elect officers. Some fifty ladies responded, and a most pleasant day was spent. Mrs. Beale entertained the Executive Board, and the three Little Rock Chapters entertained the visiting ladies with luncheon in the dining room of the hotel, so nothing was lost by a lengthy intermission at noon. Every officer gave her report, and all Chapter reports will be published in full in the minutes which have been prepared by the Recording Secretary and are now in the hands of the printer.

While the unusual conditions which have prevailed, due to war work, and the later epidemic, the work of the Division was somewhat hampered, but through the never-failing

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

### FOREWORD FOR MARCH, 1919.

*Dear Daughters of the Confederacy:* Beginning in this number of the *VETERAN* is a practical study of the earnest and consistent effort of the South to free herself from the burden of slavery before the system became so firmly entrenched, and the problems involved so great, as to render any plan other than gradual emancipation almost beyond the power of man to work out. The questions are made out from an article in the main body of the magazine, which the editor kindly prints as a whole, so that it may be used for reference. A careful review of the books quoted as authorities will well repay you for the time spent upon them, and all are readily available in large libraries.

I am, with great interest in your work and appreciation of what has been accomplished, ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

### QUESTIONS FOR U. D. C. ON SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE SOUTH.

#### MARCH.

1. How did slavery come to exist in the Southern colonies?
2. How early did South Carolina begin a series of duty acts regarding the slave trade?
3. What formal protest was made by this colony in 1760?
4. What was the character of the system of slavery in Virginia?
5. Why did the merchants of London become alarmed at the attitude of the Southern colonies toward slavery?

### C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1919.

#### DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS.

The love and devotion of the Confederate soldier for the land of his birth was a marked characteristic, and many of the young soldiers who were poets voiced this affection in lines that will live as long as literature lasts. Notable among them was a war lyric written by one of the sons of the South in exile, for it was in Canada that Daniel Bedinger Lucas wrote "The Land Where We Were Dreaming," a poem full of love and loyalty to the South.

Daniel Bedinger Lucas was born in Charlestown, Va., March 16, 1836, and died at his paternal home, "Rion Hall," in 1909. In his seventeenth year he went to the University of Virginia and was graduated in four years as valedictorian of the Jefferson Society. When the War between the States was declared he offered his services at once, and in June, 1861, joined the staff of Gen. Henry A. Wise and served under him in the Kanawha Valley. Owing to a physical infirmity, he was not able to remain in active field service throughout the war.

Almost at the close of the war he learned that a college friend of his youth, Capt. John Yates Beall, had been tried and convicted as a spy and guerrilla at Governor's Island, New York, and sentenced to death. In order to try to save his friend, young Lucas ran the blockade on January 1, 1865, having crossed the Potomac where it was nine miles wide and

[Continued on page 113.]

energy of the President, Mrs. J. T. Beale, an increase in all lines is shown by the yearly reports, despite the difficulty under which we have labored. The war work has received perhaps the greatest stress, and the Chairman, Mrs. Frank Tillar, of Little Rock, has done splendidly. Arkansas stands near the head of her sisters in completing the amount required for the French Hospital and enjoys an individual gift from her President of one hundred dollars for this purpose.

The work in Arkansas has been carried on by districts, and the four District Presidents form an Extension Committee. Several new chairmen have been added to the official staff of Arkansas officers.

Mrs. Beale was unanimously elected President of the Arkansas Division for the third term; Mrs. M. L. Hildebrand, Prairie Grove, Second Vice President; Mrs. H. King Wade, Fayetteville, Treasurer; Mrs. J. F. Weinman, Little Rock, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. L. C. Hall, Dardanelle, Custodian of Flags; and Mrs. H. E. Cureton, Conway, Recorder of Crosses.

\* \* \*

After an indefinite postponement, owing to the epidemic of influenza in the State, the Ohio Division held its Annual Convention at the Sinton Hotel, Cincinnati, December 3-5, as the guests of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter. All Chapters in the State were represented, most encouraging reports coming from every Chapter, as well as from the two Children's Chapters. War activities have predominated in the year's work, and a splendid showing has been made along all lines. The Convention welcomed a new Chapter, recently chartered, into the fold, the Southern States' Chapter, of Columbus.

A very impressive memorial service was held for three members of the Ohio Division who have passed to the great beyond: Mrs. Alice Leah Martin, of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter; Mrs. Kennedy, of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter; and Mrs. Ada Butler Abbott, of the Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, of Cleveland. This Chapter has placed two bedside tables in the infirmary of the Home for Needy Confederate Women at Richmond, Va., in loving memory of Mrs. Abbott.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Columbus, in the last year helped to care for a needy veteran living at Newark, Ohio. Recently he has answered the last muster call. This Chapter and the Dixie Chapter, Columbus, and outside friends buried him with Confederate honors. The Ohio Division will place a marker to his memory.

The Cleveland and Dayton Chapters sent Christmas boxes to the Home for Needy Confederate Women, Richmond, Va.

At a "patriotic evening" held during the Convention a magnificent service flag was presented to the Ohio Division through the courtesy of the Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, of Cleveland, "bearing fifty-three blue stars, two silver ones, but, thank God, no gold ones." Two Crosses of Honor were presented to two members of the Ohio Division. The presentation was made by the Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Sells. Ohio has chosen as her special day for the presentation of Crosses of Honor the first day of the State Convention. The following officers were elected for a two-year term: President, Mrs. James Burton Doan, Cincinnati; Second Vice President, Mrs. Marcus Wade Crocker, Columbus; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Philip Williams, Cincinnati; Registrar, Mrs. H. V. Dutrow, Dayton; Historian Custodian, Mrs. Dempsey, Columbus.



## Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*  
Seale, Ala.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7999 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*  
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.  
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Past Laureate General*  
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



### VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilson  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer  
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

### CONFERENCE OF OFFICERS, C. S. M. A.

All National Officers and each State Vice President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association are urgently requested to meet in Atlanta, Ga., May 15, for a two days' conference. Plans for revision of Constitution and By-Laws to be presented at the coming Convention, and plans to meet the necessarily changing conditions following the world war, are to be made. Entertainment will be provided for all guests, and it is hoped that every member will plan to be present.

Faithfully yours,

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson,  
*President General C. S. M. A.*

### ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY MRS. LOLLIE B. WYLIE, ATLANTA, GA.

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A., has originated a beautiful idea, which is to gather the names of all the Confederate mothers and honor them in some sweet way by a special recognition. So a call is made to all readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to look up the names and addresses of those women now living who had sons in the Confederate army and to send them to her at 436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

The Confederate mothers will naturally be past the meridian of life, and it will be a precious gift to them to feel that after all the years that have elapsed since the War between the States they are still remembered.

At Athens, Ga., there is a Confederate mother who is one hundred and two years old. She is Mrs. Hemphill, mother of the late Col. William Hemphill and Mr. Robert Hemphill, of Atlanta. It is a very interesting feature of the proposed plan of Mrs. Wilson to lead off the list of Confederate mothers with the name of Sarah A. Hemphill. Robert Hemphill, her youngest son, is a man still in the prime of life and has the record of having run away from home to join the Confederate army at the immature age of sixteen. Mrs. Hemphill is the widow of William Hemphill, who served also in the army during the time his eldest son, William H., lay ill and wounded in a Southern hospital.

\* \* \*

Mrs. B. D. Gray, of College Park, Ga., sends the following message to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, of which organization she is a member:

"When the war cloud of the sixties burst upon the South, it enveloped the most prosperous, cultivated, and chivalrous land upon the American continent. After four years of horror and desolation unspeakable, this land emerged into the

clear daylight of history and civilization wrecked, her fortunes were wasted, and many of her noble sons had been slain by the intruder; but her imperishable honor was sustained and her imperishable principles established forever.

"Do not these same principles rule the world to-day? Alexander Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, said: 'Truth being based upon fact, our conviction of truth depends upon our understanding of the facts.' We who are conversant with the facts of the War between the States in the sixties know that the South was justified in defending her rights as they then existed under the Constitution of the United States.

"What did our mothers do when war swept the land? They had faith and confidence in their men. They sent them out to the battle field with a smile on their lips. They spun and wove cloth, nursed the sick, and gave such ministrations as only a woman's hand can give. From 1861 to 1865 they worked with courage undaunted by the perils in their path, they endured, and they prayed. When ruin and defeat came, they met them with dignity and resignation.

"Do we of this generation owe nothing to these patriots? Yes, by keeping alive their memories and perpetuating their work. It is unthinkable that Southern women could ever cease to memorialize their heroes. When the conference of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association convenes in Atlanta, May 15, 1919, let us hope that our newly elected President General will be greeted by a band of enthusiastic delegates who with one voice will acclaim concerning the memorial work: 'It shall not pass from our hearts and lives.'

"Our heritage is eternal. We will keep it inviolate. Let the fresh blood of the Southern youth slain upon the shell-torn bosom of France cement anew our pledge of fidelity to keep guard forever over the noble, immortal heroes of the Southern Confederacy."

\* \* \*

At a meeting of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Atlanta, Ga., a vigorous protest was made against the unwarranted and malicious attack on the domestic life of the South's great hero, General Lee, which appeared in a book edited by Susan B. Anthony and others and circulated as a history of woman's suffrage. Many U. D. C. Chapters have also passed resolutions against the malicious publication, and every patriotic organization should make a protest against the wrong done the memory of a man, a hero, and a gentleman.

\* \* \*

Mr. Robert A. Hemphill, of Atlanta, has recently been appointed Lieutenant Colonel on the staff of General Van-Zandt, Commander in Chief U. C. V. He was also on the staff of General Harrison and has the distinction of being not only a veteran, but also the son of a veteran.

### A TRIBUTE TO CAPT. GEORGE Y. WILLIAMS.

[In loving memory of Capt. George Y. Williams, of the 50th Tennessee Regiment, who was killed at Chickamauga September 19, 1863, this sketch is written.]

Captain Williams enlisted in the Confederate service at the very beginning of the war and organized one of the first companies in the State. Having made a diligent study of "Hardee's Tactics," he met often with the company and drilled it carefully before it was called out. He was mustered into service as a private along with the boys, but was soon made captain of the company. When Fort Donelson was taken he was made prisoner and sent to Camp Chase, where he remained seven months. It was told by one of his company that before, or during, the engagement Captain Williams promised the company that, no matter how the battle went, they would all stand together and share the same fate. This promise he kept, even when he had an opportunity to make his escape after the fort surrendered. It was a crucial test, but he was not a man to go back on his friends or to regard his word lightly.

His subsequent life was one of devotion to the cause he had espoused and marked by many acts of self-forgetfulness in camp among his fellow soldiers and of dauntless courage in the hour of danger. The night before the battle of Chickamauga he seemed to have a presentiment that he would be killed and asked an old friend of his boyhood, who was also an officer in his regiment, to sleep in his tent with him, that he had many things to say to him before they went into battle. He took off his watch and gave it to his comrade, requesting him to send it with his sword to his mother, but more than that is not known of the last sad words between the two friends. The battle began on the 19th of September and was one of the most memorable of the war. "Lookout" from every gorge and peak echoed the rumble of artillery and the roar of musketry, yet Captain Williams, in the face of that premonition of death, led his company into the thick of the fight and was one of the first to lay down his life. Seeing him fall, some of the men halted to pick him up, but, waving his hand to them, he said, "Press on, my brave men; don't stop for me," and with those words of encouragement on his lips his spirit went home to God.

Captain Williams was the finest man I ever knew; his life was unimpeachable—gentle as a woman, courteous to all, possessing a sunny nature that made him a favorite in camp and social circles. No braver soldier ever followed the flag, and at the time of his death he was fast winning his way to high military distinction. His body was removed from Chickamauga soon after the war and buried at Clarksville, Tenn. Unknown in history and with only a simple marble slab to mark his last resting place—the place where valor sleeps—yet he lives in the hearts of the few remaining members of the old 50th Tennessee Regiment.

Inquiry has been made as to the planting of a Union flag on the intrenchments at Fort Hill (3d Louisiana Redan, Vicksburg), at Fort Pemberton, at Fort Beauregard, or at any fort or salient to the south of the 3d Louisiana Redan; and what became of such a flag? Also, what of the flag found in the ditch at Fort Pemberton? What regimental flag was it? and where is it now? This incident is said to have been connected with Grant's charge at Vicksburg on May 22, 1863. Address all communications to B. O. Hanby, Mount Vernon, Ind.

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS.

(Continued from page 111.)

full of ice; but in spite of all his efforts he was unable to save his friend, and Captain Beall was executed February 24, 1865. Mr. Lucas was now unable to return South, but went to Canada, where he remained till the war was over. Here, in June, 1865, he wrote the exquisite verses, "In the Land Where We Were Dreaming," which for tenderness is excelled by none of our war lyrics. He returned South to find that even his birthplace was now in another State, for West Virginia had been cut off from the Old Dominion. He became the famous man of which his youth gave promise, and as judge, senator, and orator was a credit to his State; but will long be remembered for his poems, which were all collected and published by his daughter.

### A NOBLE GEORGIA WOMAN.

Miss Mary A. H. Gay, who died on November 21, 1918, at Milledgeville, Ga., was a fine type of the woman of the Old South. She was bright and high-minded and ever active in good works. She was the author of several books, one of which, "The Pastor's Story and Others," went into eleven editions. Her "Life in Dixie During the War" gave her intimate connection with the stirring events of the war period.

Miss Gay was over ninety years of age at the time of her death and had spent the greater part of her long life in Decatur, Ga. Capt. William L. Ritter, of Reisterstown, Md., writes of having met her in 1863 when in camp at Decatur, and their friendship had extended through the many years since. Her mother's home gave its hospitality to all the boys in gray. She often talked to him of her experiences during the war, and he advised her to put them in a book; but it was some twenty years or more later that she gave to the world her war story. The family was quite wealthy before the war, but its devotion to the cause of the Confederacy and to the comfort and care of the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers drained its resources.

The tablet on the gate to the Confederate cemetery at Franklin, Tenn., gives the name of Miss Gay and what she did for that hallowed spot. Her brother, an officer, was killed at the battle of Franklin, and when she visited his grave after the war she noticed the need of a good fence about the inclosure and markers at the graves. She was then without funds herself; but she immediately undertook the raising of a fund for this cemetery work, and that she succeeded is attested by the tribute to her on this tablet at Franklin.

It is said that Miss Gay was unusually brave and fearless and that during the battles around Atlanta she stood on the veranda of her home, which was between the opposing lines, and watched the fierce conflict, awaiting the opportunity to give aid. When Sherman left Atlanta the people were without the necessities of life, and Miss Gay secured an old army horse and wagon and made forty-mile trips through the country, purchasing supplies for the destitute women and children. On her fourth trip her horse fell dead in the road some miles from Decatur. All of this was at her own expense. Captain Ritter says: "Many thrilling events could be related of which this brave and noble Georgia woman was the heroine."



## A STRIKING COINCIDENCE.

[The following story was contributed to the VETERAN some years ago, and the author's name is not known.]

Once in a while strange coincidences happen with us which are sometimes amusing and sometimes very striking. People widely separated, strangers to each other, after meeting often find that some event in their lives reaching back many years is incidentally referred to. It forms the subject of a pleasant hour, and we say "the world is not so wide after all." Such an accident happened to the writer once which called up men and incidents on both sides of the great struggle of the sixties.

In 1883 my family was spending the summer at Stribbling Springs, Va., one of those old ante-bellum resorts for the summer gathering of the beauty and chivalry of the old South. There was at these springs a guest who had occupied a high position in the medical corps of the Confederate army, Dr. John Ancrum, of Charleston, S. C. At the beginning of the war he was sent with Messrs. Mason and Slidell to Europe and was in that "unpleasantness." My youngest daughter was taken ill with scarlet fever, and as there were many children there, they quarantined us on top of a mountain in an old building once used as a card-and-billiard room, with probably at intervals a poker game, and Dr. Ancrum consented to attend her. One brilliant moonlight night we were looking out of the upper window at old North Mountain when the Doctor said: "Right over there on the north side of that mountain I had run my medical supplies, horses, and camp equipage to escape a raid of General Sheridan, never dreaming that he would get them; but as he was in the habit of doing just what one would least suspect, he came there and gobbled up all my outfit, and I was left for the rest of the war to get along with what I could buy, beg, or steal. When the war closed, I was stationed at Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs without money, as the paymaster had not been there lately. My clothes were ragged, and I had only one suit at that. I could get no transportation, so I started to walk the long distance to Charleston, S. C., and I did it. It was home under any conditions. The last I had heard of my wife was that she had been seen one night sitting on a pile of furniture in a street of Columbia, with the child I had never seen and a basket of silver, while the city was burning; and that she had been assisted by two kind-hearted officers to a house in the suburbs. After starting on my long tramp, I bethought me how I could cross Tar River, in North Carolina. The farther I walked the more worried and anxious I became. I crossed a little stream on some stepping stones, and after walking about four miles farther on, met an old darky, whom I asked if he could tell me how far it was to Tar River. 'Why, God bless you, Massa,' he said, 'you done crossed Tar River 'bout four miles back.' Since then I have learned not to worry over troubles ahead. I reached home at last to find my child dead, but my wife safe."

Some ten years after this talk with Dr. Ancrum, I was on a hunting trip in the Rocky Mountains with two Federal officers, General Gibbon and Major Freeman, both of whom had been conspicuous on the Federal side. Gibbon was the commander of Hancock's Corps at Gettysburg and afterwards was one of the officers who drew up the articles of capitulation of Lee's army; Freeman, now a retired brigadier general, was a captain in the 18th United States Infantry. While sitting around a roaring camp fire one night, Major Freeman related the following incident:

"I had the ill luck to be captured in one of the fights of the Eastern army. I succeeded in escaping five times, but the Confederates always succeeded in getting me again and finally sent me to the prison pen at Columbia, S. C., and planted me in one of the 'dugouts', but I was to get away again. One day we heard the rumbling of heavy artillery, and I was sure it was General Sherman on his raid, of which the grapevine had told us. There was a one-story building in the pen used for a hospital. The guards were busy routing out the prisoners from their gopher holes to hurry them further south. Another prisoner, a colonel, and I stepped into the hospital, which seemed to be empty, and we noticed an open door communicating with the attic. We at once climbed to the loft and lay there across the joists until after night, when we discovered that the city was on fire and the fence of the inclosure was burning. We waited until an opening in the fence was burned out, and then we got into the street. Near there we saw a lady sitting on some furniture with a child in her arms and a basket; she was crying bitterly. We took her to the suburbs and got her into a house. When we crossed the river, we were challenged by a sentinel whose voice was familiar: 'Come in, Johnnies, or I'll shoot.' We told him we would come in without any shooting. We were taken to the Colonel's headquarters and found ourselves among friends; it was my old regiment."

I then related what Dr. Ancrum had told me and afterwards wrote to the Doctor about Major Freeman's statement, but he answered that it could not be the same officers, for it was Confederates who had helped his wife. Upon being told this, Major Freeman said: "Why, yes, we had on Confederate uniforms, which we had found on the floor of the hospital!"

## IN DIXIE.

BY SUSAN ARNOLD M'CAUSLAND.

Land of sunshine, land of joy,  
'Twas here I roved a carefree boy,  
In Dixie.  
My country, fairest in the world,  
Here truth's white banner's never furled,  
In Dixie.

Then here's to the tattered coat of gray,  
To what it means we rev'rence pay,  
In Dixie.  
Here's to the old, the sacred past,  
We'll not forget while life shall last  
In Dixie.

The time must come when grasses high  
Will kiss the stone where we shall lie  
In Dixie.  
Let others who stand o'er our dust  
Still honor what we leave in trust  
To Dixie.

We'll leave behind us truth and right  
Strong to withstand all power of might  
'Gainst Dixie;  
While we sleep on, content to lie  
At rest 'neath sod and sunny sky  
Of Dixie.

## THE UNSEEN ARMY.

BY ROXANA BYRD WHITE.

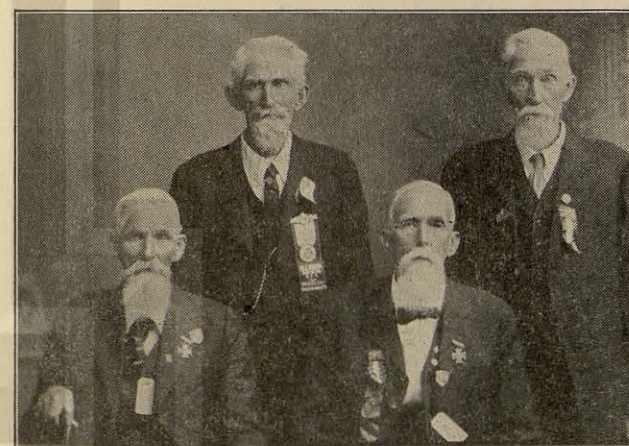
When Southland's lads in olive drab  
Marched out from Southland States  
O'er sea and land,  
Bravely to stand  
Defending Freedom's gates—  
Dim ghosts of days long past marched too,  
Pale ghosts in pale gray clad.

To hold the battle line in France  
The red blood of the South did flow  
When Dixie's sons  
Faced flaming guns  
To charge upon the foe—  
Dim wraiths of times long past charged too,  
Pale wraiths in tattered gray.

And when the South's own valiant men  
Fell on the fields of death,  
And fighting nobly to the last,  
Their courage high, their heartbeats fast,  
Drew their faint dying breath—  
Dim ghosts of times long past died too,  
Pale ghosts whose shrouds were gray.

## FOUR VETERAN BROTHERS.

An interesting group of veterans at the Tulsa Reunion was the four Witcher brothers, natives of Virginia, who were together for the first time in twenty-four years. The oldest of the brothers is seventy-nine, while the youngest is seventy-two years old. All of them served in the Confederate



army, as did an older brother, now dead. These four brothers are: J. C. Witcher, of Sherman, Tex., who was with the 11th Texas Cavalry under Joe Wheeler; A. M. Witcher, Liberty Hill, Tex., of the 16th Texas Cavalry, under General Walker; W. C. Witcher, Bells, Tex., and R. E. Witcher, Childress, Tex., who were with Bourland's Regiment in the Texas frontier service. Two of the brothers served throughout the war, the others being in service two and a half and one year, respectively; two of them escaped from prison. Their father was William Witcher, of Pittsylvania County, Va.

## POLITICAL PRISONERS.

Publication of the list of prisoners at Fort Warren, Mass. (1861-62), in the VETERAN for February, has brought a very interesting letter from Hon. Joseph B. Seth, of Easton, Md., who says: "The list, as far as published, is very interesting to me. The prisoners at Fort Warren at the time Colonel Sowell obtained his album were an interesting group to the people of this State. In a newspaper article recently I referred to some of the strong men who were there, particularly Seavern Teackle Wallace, who afterwards became the leading lawyer in this State and died in 1897. Ross Wynans was a man who attained considerable notoriety, and so was Henry M. Warfield, whose son is a leading business man in Baltimore, with his father's name; Dr. McGill, of Hagerstown, was a strong man, and so was William G. Harrison; Thomas I. Hall was a brilliant scholar and a fine writer and man of letters; in fact, all of the names from Maryland were of men of decided prominence. The entire Legislature was arrested, a member of Congress from Baltimore City, George P. Kane, Marshal of Police, and the three police commissioners; and a little later on Hon. Richard B. Carmichael, Judge of the Circuit Court for Talbot County, and Isaac C. W. Powell, States Attorney at the time, were also arrested and sent to prison. So there are many descendants and connections of these several gentlemen, all of whom were very prominent in the State, who yet feel something of the injustice of having them arrested without any charge and discharged without ever having had a hearing after more than a year's imprisonment."

A part of the article referred to is herewith given:

"The session of the Maryland Legislature in 1860 was marked by a spirited contest against the seating of the delegation from Baltimore City on the ground of fraud and violence at the polls on the day of election, November 2, 1859. The last act of the Legislature at that session was to unseat the entire Baltimore City delegation. On the 19th of April, 1861, the citizens of Baltimore undertook by force and violence to prevent the passage of the Federal troops through the streets of Baltimore on their way to the South, and the State militia turned out and burned the railroad bridges across the rivers. The military company at Easton, under command of Capt. Henry Stromburg, boarded the steamer Champion at Miles River Ferry and went to Baltimore. Governor Hicks, finding himself in a position of embarrassment and wanting counsel, issued a proclamation calling for an extra session of the Legislature to meet at Frederick City on April 26, and a special election was held at Baltimore on the 24th for delegates to represent the city at that session. Among the delegates elected were some of the strongest men in the city, S. Teackle Wallace being at the head of the delegation, with such men as Ross Wynans, Henry M. Warfield, and others. The Legislature was called to meet at Frederick City because General Butler was occupying the city of Annapolis with the 9th Brooklyn Regiment of Federal troops. This Legislature remained in session a few days and adjourned to meet on the 10th of May, and after a two days' session again adjourned to meet on June 4 at the same place.

"On the day of adjournment Ross Wynans was arrested by order of Gen. B. F. Butler; and later on, by order of Gen. John A. Dix, commander of Fort McHenry, the Mayor of the city, George William Brown, subsequently Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Baltimore City, Marshal Kane, the three police commissioners of the city, Hon. Henry May, member of Congress, and all the members of the Legisla-



ture. They were taken to Fort McHenry and a day or two after were sent to Fortress Monroe and two weeks later to Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor, and in November following were again removed to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, where they spent more than a year before they were released.

"The incidents occurring in Maryland in April and May, 1861, were very notable and exciting."

#### THE POPE AS A MEDIATOR.

John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., says: "The following communication, addressed to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, goes to show that the appeal for peace by the Pope to the President of our united country during the late war in Europe has its precedent; and, by the way, I believe that Pius IX. was the first and only pontiff to receive a representative from the Confederacy:

"*Illustrious and Honorable Sir:* Health! We have received with all fitting kindness the gentleman sent by your excellency to deliver us your letters. We certainly experienced no small pleasure when we learned with what emotions of joy and gratitude toward us you were affected when you were first acquainted with our letters to those reverend brethren, John, Archbishop of New York, and John, Archbishop of New Orleans, in which we again and again urged and exhorted them that, as behooved their distinguished piety and their episcopal charge, they should most zealously use every effort in our name also to bring to an end the fatal civil war that has arisen in those regions, and that those people of America might at length attain mutual peace and concord and be united in mutual charity.

"And very grateful was it to us, illustrious and honorable sir, to perceive that you and those people were animated with the same feelings of peace and tranquillity which we so earnestly inculcated in the letters mentioned. And would that other people also of those regions and their rulers seriously consider how grievous and mournful a thing is intestine war, would be pleased with tranquil minds to embrace and enter upon counsels of peace!

"And the most merciful Lord of compassion himself, we likewise pray that he may illumine your excellency with the light of his grace, and may conjoin you in perfect love with ourself.

"Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, December 3, in the year 1863, and of our Pontificate the eighteenth.

Pius P. P. IX."

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.—Announcement has been made by the Battle of Shiloh Association of the annual excursion to that battle field April 6, 7. All members and friends, with their families, are invited to make the trip from St. Louis, a boat leaving there on the 2d of April with ample accommodations. The fare for the round trip is twenty dollars. Reservations can be made by addressing John E. Massengale, foot of Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo. A special invitation is extended Confederate veterans to attend this meeting at Shiloh.

Mrs. W. L. Kellam, Center Point, Tex.: "The VETERAN should be in every home in our grand old Southland, with its store of true history pertaining to our Confederacy and the sacrifices of our heroes who gave all for the cause of right."

#### LONGSTREET AT GETTYSBURG.

Capt. H. Clay Michie writes from Charlottesville, Va.: "The VETERAN for February contains an article written by B. W. Green, of Little Rock, Ark., which charges my grand old corps commander, James Longstreet, with disobedience of General Lee's orders at the battle of Gettysburg. He states that General Lee ordered Longstreet to attack the enemy at sunrise on the 2d of July; that this order was repeated three additional times during the night of the 1st; and says he can prove this by General Lee's reports and the reports of General Lee's chief of staff. I suppose he means Col. Walter H. Taylor. I have read General Lee's reports and Colonel Taylor's book and cannot find where any such orders were issued. These charges against a gallant Confederate, long since passed to his reward, are a serious matter, and I shall expect Mr. Green to give the proof or make amends for a great wrong done one of the bravest men I ever saw on the field of battle. I was captain of Company H, 56th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps; am now brigadier general, commanding the 4th Virginia Brigade, U. C. V."

#### THE MOORMAN MONUMENT.

J. A. Harral, President of Camp No. 9, U. C. V., and of the Moorman Memorial Association, has sent out the following:

"Pursuant to resolutions adopted by the Veteran Cavalry Camp No. 9, U. C. V., in regular meeting, February 3, and exchange of letters and telegrams with General K. M. VanZandt, Commander in Chief U. C. V., we are undertaking to raise the sum of \$250 to pay the Metairie Cemetery Association for a contract to care for the Moorman Monument in perpetuity. General VanZandt heads the list with twenty-five dollars and commends the undertaking to Department and Division Commanders U. C. V. for their effort and influence to raise the amount, any funds collected to be remitted to Col. J. A. Harral, 126 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, La.

"In the published minutes of the twenty-first Annual Reunion, U. C. V., held at Little Rock, Ark., May, 1911, in the report of the Historical Committee, will be found a complete history of the Moorman Monument."

#### MONUMENT TO COLONEL MOSBY.

An appeal for contributions toward placing a stone at the grave of the leader of the "Partisan Rangers" is made in the following:

"A monument to Col. John S. Mosby should be erected. He was one of Virginia's bravest, most gallant heroes, of whom the South was justly proud. He now lies in the Warrenton Cemetery without a stone to mark his grave.

"We ask you for help toward erecting one, and will be grateful for even a small contribution. To leave unmarked the grave of one who did so much for our beloved cause is a reflection upon our loyalty. Our grand old hero must not be forgotten—no, not by our children's children.

"Contributions may be sent to the undersigned, who will receive and account for the same.

"Address Mrs. Edward Carter, Carter Hall, Warrenton, Va."

#### YOUNG MUNITION WORKERS.

[The following was taken from a special edition of the Selma (Ala.) Times, having been contributed to that paper in response to a request for an account of the work done by the women and children of Selma in the Confederate arsenal there. The article is signed "Nellie V. Baker."]

Mary and I were employees of the Confederate government at the age of about nine and seven years. It must have been at the very last of the war that hands were so badly needed that many ladies volunteered and worked there regularly. Finally Miss Mary Jones closed her school and took us all to the arsenal to work making cartridges and cylinders. These last were made of little squares of thick brown paper, two or three inches across, rolled on a short stick the size of a man's finger, folded down tight over the stick at one end. We grew very expert at making the cylinders, making hundreds of them at home, and finally we were promoted to cartridge-making, each having a seat and a little table. Each cartridge was made of white tissue paper and had a cylinder inclosed with a bullet, or perhaps a minie ball, in the end and was tied with a white string, cut loose by a little knife set in the edge of the table. These cartridges were set in boxes and sent to another department for rigid inspection and finish, and each Saturday we were paid off, the money being donated to the use of our hospital at the head of Alabama Street. Captain W. D. Cross was in charge of that part of the arsenal in which we were employed. He wore a military cap made of palmetto, braided and sewed by his wife, and a black ribbon band around it held several stars, also made of palmetto. I suppose these stars were a sign of rank. Besides Miss Mary Jones, I can remember among the ladies who were employed only Mrs. Fahs, whose husband, Dr. Fahs, was an army surgeon or, perhaps, in the navy, and Mrs. Dawson, though I have no doubt there are many of these patriotic women still living in Selma who will readily recall this arsenal work.

It happened soon after the surrender that we were in the Centennial Hotel in Philadelphia. The elevator was full, and a gentlemen entering, I jumped up and gave him my seat, which he took and at the same time lifted me onto his knee and asked my name and where I lived. When I gave the information, he laughed and said: "Then you are a little Rebel." "Yes, I am, and I've worked in the arsenal and made cartridges, and I would have killed some Yankees, but most all of my cartridges were rejected." Elevators ran slowly in those days. I can still hear the laughter that went up at my answer. The gentleman gave me a little squeeze as he laughed too and said: "It's all over now, little Reb."

We had reached our floor, and as we got out with our nurse a gentleman said: "Tell your mother, little Reb, you were sitting in General Grant's lap." "She'll feel mighty bad when I tell her," I answered, and I heard another hearty laugh. Of course I could not understand it then, but later I could fully appreciate the roar of laughter which greeted my report to father of the little episode, for I fully expected a reprimand for being "sassy," but it really must have been a poser for the General, don't you think?

J. J. Robertson, Crystal Fall, Tex.: "I was in the Confederate army for four years, did my best, and have never regretted the part I took. I have been a subscriber for many years and enjoy the VETERAN so much; often read it over and over. Long may it live!"

#### NEGLECTING OUR OWN.

A letter from an interested patron of the VETERAN makes inquiry as to why the Southern people have failed to teach in their schools anything on the life and character of Jefferson Davis, one of the great men of our country. While admitting that some of the schools of Texas (her State) have as a supplementary work some volume pertaining to the official acts of President Davis and the causes leading to the War between the States, there is nothing that gives light on the character of the man, his life from childhood, his deeds of courage, and his acts as President of the Southern Confederacy. "I have been astonished beyond measure many times," she writes, "by this question coming from the boys and girls of the high school here: 'If President Davis was a great statesman and was in the right, why have his praises remained unsung in the schools and colleges of the South, while the name of President Lincoln is lauded and extolled to the nation as being blameless and faultless and always in the right during his term as President of the United States?' By our silence we are condemned. We, as Southern men and women, have slept on our rights by failing to see that our children are properly taught as to the causes of the War between the States, the high ideals for which the Southern soldiers fought, and the character of the leaders who directed the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy."

By their success or failure are men judged. Had the Southern Confederacy been established permanently, President Davis would have been the great man of that historic period, with his name next to that of Washington in the hearts of his countrymen. But fate decreed otherwise, and he was made the sufferer for his people, imprisonment and exile his portion, the victim as well of his own people's harsh criticism. Through it all he murmured not, and time has brought a larger understanding of the man, his real greatness, and we who know this will be recreant to our duty if we fail to teach all this to the younger generations.

Many teachers of the South are Northern-born or have been educated in the North, and their view is biased by their training. It seems to be the universal idea to extol Lincoln as the greatest American. Recently, here in Nashville, a leading educator of the South, in making an address on General Lee, placed him next to Lincoln as the greatest American! Surely we might be allowed to observe the Lee anniversary without having to listen to praise of Lincoln. But we are to blame for accepting such teaching instead of demanding justice for our own.

KIND WORDS ARE HELPFUL.—A friend at Columbia, S. C., gives the VETERAN this encouragement: "I read every line almost of the VETERAN with interest and frequently with profit. If anything, I think it better conducted than during the closing years of the devoted Cunningham, and I hope Dr. McNeilly and Dr. Shepherd will continue to write valuable articles as long as they both live. I inclose my check for four dollars, for which please renew my subscription after this year is out for the next four years. I have been in newspaper offices and have visited book-publishing houses for the last thirty years, off and on, and I don't see how you possibly can give so much, and so much that is good, for one dollar. The Old South owes you an everlasting debt of gratitude for continuing Cunningham's work."



## LETTERS AND INQUIRIES.

From Thomas H. Neilson, New York City: "The VETERAN deserves and should receive the support of every loyal man and woman of the South, who can never repay the debt due it. There are some one hundred and sixty-eight thousand descendants of the men who followed Lee and Jackson and our other loved leaders now wearing Uncle Sam's khaki, and every one of them should be a subscriber to fill the places in the thin gray line, now nearly blotted out. I say, like Joffre at the Marne, 'It shall not pass' out of existence. \* \* \* I am thankful that our boys of to-day did not have to suffer the hardships that we old veterans did—half starved, half naked, shoeless at times, camping in snow and storm without tents, etc. Many's the night I have slept on five or six fence rails to keep me out of the water, with cartridge box for pillow and blanket over my head to keep the rain from beating in my face, and not a dry thread on me. Quite a contrast to feather pillow, hair-and-spring mattresses, luxurious meals, and every comfort furnished to those sojourning in our city, etc.! I would be thankful if I could enjoy half as good to-day."

W. B. Riley, of Harrold, Tex., writes: "I cannot do without my VETERAN, not only for my own satisfaction, but for my children's benefit. I lost my father, Sergt. Thomas J. Riley, of Mobile, Ala., Company G, 38th Alabama Regiment, at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, and I had some experience in fighting during the last year of the war. In Alabama, our home State, my mother, Mrs. S. B. Riley, who was Sophie Bibb Smedley, of Autaugaville and Montgomery, Ala., is alive and in good health. We would be pleased to hear from any relatives of my mother or father or from any of my old comrades."

E. S. Larmer, of Morristown, Tenn., noting the sketch of the Inglis brothers, who served in the 25th Virginia Cavalry, in the December VETERAN, writes: "I served under Capt. S. P. Larmer, Company B, until the surrender. He long since passed into the beyond. I have another brother in Albany, Mo., James A. Larmer, who was a captain in the same command. I would love to see or hear from those with whom we passed through the conflict. I am a Virginia veteran, now past my seventy-third year, reasonably strong. Can't do without the VETERAN; also send it to my son."

W. H. Smith, Sarles, N. Dak., writes: "I am sending draft for renewal of the VETERAN for 1919. Among all my papers and periodicals there is none which gives me greater pleasure than the VETERAN. It is a clean, pure, truthful, and interesting monthly visitor, whose coming is welcomed with joy. One who never had experience in the Civil War will get a better understanding of army life, fighting, marching, and camping—all the details of soldier life—than from any war history, no matter how well written."

Gen. John H. Dye, commanding Arkansas Division U. C. V., writes: "By common consent the Tulsa Reunion was great. That progressive and prosperous city and its hospitality and hustling citizenship easily went 'over the top.' General Harrison's illness and absence were regretted. The election of Generals VanZandt and Cook gave universal satisfaction. Success to the VETERAN!"

Col. W. R. Lyman, Ruston, La., sends his renewal to January, 1920, and says: "Have subscribed every year since first number. Last two years better than ever. Congratulations! Am now eighty and one-half, but active and vigorous."

George G. Wells, of Mason, Okla.: "I went through the war with the 15th Tennessee Cavalry from Brownsville, Tenn., under Col. Bill Dawson, of Dyersburg. I am seventy-three years of age, well and hearty. Have been taking the VETERAN for a number of years and couldn't do without it. I think it the only true history of the war. \* \* \* Would be glad to hear from some of my old comrades."

E. B. Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., wishes to know who made revolvers for the C. S. A. at Atlanta, Ga., and carbines at Tallahassee, Ala., and he wishes any one who knows about the Grant Factory Guards and the Muskogee Factory Guards, Georgia Local Defense Troops, to write him.

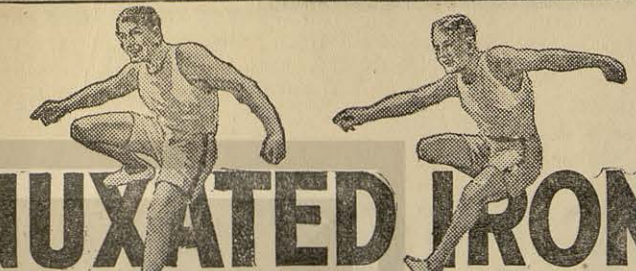
Mrs. Mary B. Clark, of 215 West Baltimore Street, Jackson, Tenn., would like to get in communication with some comrade of her husband, who was Maj. E. A. Clark, of the 51st Tennessee Regiment, and was captured at Fort Donelson. She has been an invalid for some years and wants to apply for a pension.

T. H. Thompson writes from Blue Springs, Miss., in renewing his subscription for three years: "I cannot do without it. Everything is set aside when I get the VETERAN, until its pages are read. May it still live long after all of the old vets have crossed over the river! Yours for the right."

Inquiry is made by B. F. Quarles, Sr., of Meridian, Miss., for information on the number of foreigners enlisted in the Confederate service; also as to the number of foreigners in the Federal army and the amount that has been paid to them in pensions annually by the United States government.

ECHOES FROM DIXIE.—Don't fail to get a copy of this song collection; it will suit every taste, with its songs of sentiment, patriotism, and religion. Every Southern home should have it, and all Confederate organizations would find its selections most suitable for their musical programs. It was compiled by the leader of U. C. V. Choir No. 1 and revised by Matthew Page Andrews. Send to Lloyd Adams Noble, 31 West 15th Street, New York City, for a copy; 60 cents, postpaid, or two copies for one dollar.

ERRORS AND THEN SOME!—Some errors can be accounted for typographically, but how a man's name could be changed from Thomas to Frank in the simple transfer to cold type is a puzzle which we won't try to solve. However, this is to correct the name of the author of the article on page 44 of the February VETERAN, which should have been Thomas B. Bond, and in the third line from the end of the article the word "crises" should have been canvass.



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W. H. Hall, of Louisville, Ky., renews five years and says: "I could give up other journals entering my home, but not the VETERAN."

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### THE SOLDIER'S CHANCES.

Great as the danger and large as the losses in the aggregate, the individual soldier has plenty of chances of coming out of the war unscathed, or at least not badly injured.

Based on the mortality statistics of the allied armies, a soldier's chances are as follows:

Twenty-nine chances of coming home to one chance of being killed.

Forty-nine chances of recovering from wounds to one chance of dying from them.

One chance in five hundred of losing a limb.

Will live five years longer because of physical training, is freer from disease in the army than in civil life, and has better medical care at the front than at home.

In other wars from ten to fifteen men died from disease to one from bullets; in this war one man dies from disease to every ten from bullets.

For those of our fighting men who do not escape scatheless the government, under the soldier-and-sailor insurance law, gives protection to the wounded and their dependents and to the families and dependents of those who make the supreme sacrifice for their country.

PREVIOUS PRIVATE ENTERPRISE.—A Southern mountaineer in the war confided to his lieutenant after they had reached France and were deep in the business of fighting: "I like this war. It's the first public war I've ever been in."—Buffalo Commercial.

### SOCIAL HYGIENE WORKERS WANTED.

Open competitive examinations before the United States Civil Service Commission are announced for March 25 and 26, for vacancies in the Inter-departmental Social Hygiene Board for duty in the field. One position is that of Supervisor Social Hygiene at \$2,000 to \$2,500 a year, open to women college graduates over twenty-five years of age who have had at least three years professional experience in social, civic, or other work requiring knowledge of the problems underlying delinquency. An assistant special agent (female) at from \$600 to \$1,000 a year is also needed. This examination will be on March 25. The examination on March 26 will be for Special Agent of Social Hygiene at \$1,200 to \$1,800 a year. Application for examination forms should be made to the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or to any secretary of the United States Civil Service Board.

It is a sort of financial cowardice to hesitate to put your money in United States government securities, and to deliberate over the wisdom and patriotism of the investment is to hesitate in supporting our soldiers.

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