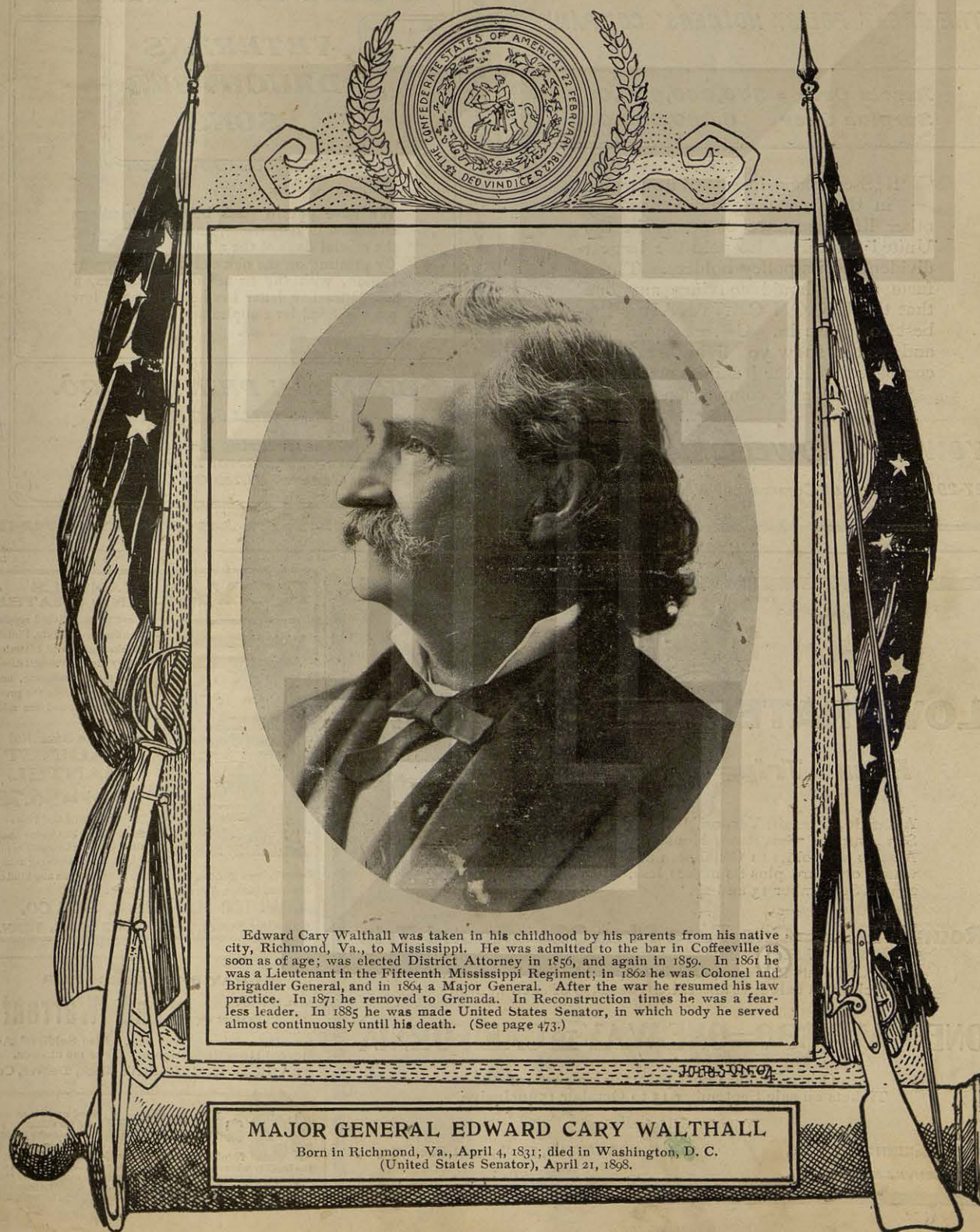


Confederate Veteran



Edward Cary Walthall was taken in his childhood by his parents from his native city, Richmond, Va., to Mississippi. He was admitted to the bar in Coffeeville as soon as of age; was elected District Attorney in 1856, and again in 1859. In 1861 he was a Lieutenant in the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment; in 1862 he was Colonel and Brigadier General, and in 1864 a Major General. After the war he resumed his law practice. In 1871 he removed to Grenada. In Reconstruction times he was a fearless leader. In 1885 he was made United States Senator, in which body he served almost continuously until his death. (See page 473.)

MAJOR GENERAL EDWARD CARY WALTHALL

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(United States Senator), April 21, 1898.

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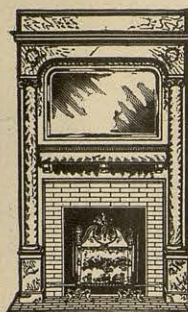
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Hon. Francis P. Fleming, ex-Governor of Florida, writes the author as follows:

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Sept. 16, 1903.
COMER L. PEEK, Esq., Starke, Fla.

DEAR SIR: I have read "Lorna Carswell" with much interest and pleasure. You have been very happy in presenting a true picture of the home life of the Southern planter and his family, and the relations and conditions of master and slave as they existed at the South, which have been so much misrepresented and misunderstood by people of the non-slaveholding section. The political history and conditions which preceded and led to the secession of the States are admirably presented and woven into the story. The war period, depicting as it does the enthusiasm and unanimity of the spirit of the South, the hopes, disappointments, and suffering of her people, as well as the pictures of reconstruction times, in many respects worse than war, are true to history.

I congratulate you upon contributing to literature a valuable historical novel, which should accomplish much toward correcting errors which have distorted the judgment of many as to conditions which existed and the motives of the Southern people.

Very truly yours, FRANCIS P. FLEMING.

"Lorna Carswell" is a splendid life picture of Southern life before and during the Civil War. To read it is like turning back the years as leaves of a book and revealing to us the home life of the true and noble Southern families. One of the strongest features of the book is its truthful rendering of the causes which drove the South to secede from the Union. The pictures of the old-time faithful darkies are drawn true to life. The story is a charming one well told. The book deserves a place in every household as a truthful offset to the many false teachings of the histories which have been written of late years. We feel proud of Colonel Peek as one of our home authors.—Lake Butler Star.

Among the new novels of the day Comer L. Peek's "Lorna Carswell" is of special interest to Southern people in general, and Floridians in particular. He has succeeded in making a notable contribution to the literature of the epoch covered.—Florida Times-Union.

This is a book of tremendous value, interest, and even importance, at this time, when the questions with which it deals are agitating the country from end to end. It will find an unlimited audience. It deserves no less.—Jacksonville Metropolis.

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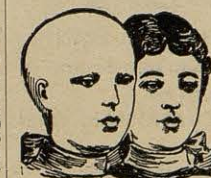
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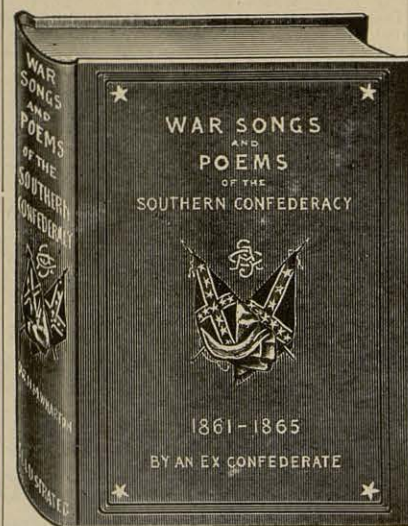
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Confederate Veteran.

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

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

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

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

The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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{ VOL. XII. NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1904.

No. 10. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR.

THE SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MEMORIAL.

BY B. M. HORD, NASHVILLE, TENN.

It is gratifying to every true Confederate soldier that a monument or memorial of some kind is to be erected to the patriotic and noble women of the South, who, from 1861 to 1865, by their devotion, heroic suffering, and sublime faith, did more to sustain the courage of her soldiers and the cause for which they fought than the best-equipped of our armies.

This loving tribute to her memory should have been paid long since—yea, before the first stone was laid for a monument to our dead comrades. But, ever forgetful of self and loyal even unto death, the smoke of battle had scarcely faded from our stricken Southland when she began, with the same old heroic devotion, to gather the bones of her beloved dead, on grounds hallowed by her tears, that she might scatter flowers over their graves and build monuments to their memory.

Building this memorial to the women of the South will be a work of love and reverence to the old veteran, his sons, and daughters; and for this reason, if no other, this work should be conducted in such a way as to leave no room for dissension.

It occurs to me that before any subscriptions to this fund are called for it would be proper for the Memorial Committee to procure a suitable design of the monument or memorial, or whatever they propose to build, get estimates of the cost, and submit suggestions as to the location. All of these matters should come properly before the veterans at their reunion. The Memorial Committee could not, therefore, better employ their time between now and the next meeting of the Veterans than to this end. When these matters are decided, there would be some definite end to work to, and the money necessary to carry out the purposes could be speedily raised. Our unfortunate experience with the "Battle Abbey" fund should teach us a lesson as to the dangers of discord that might arise from gathering a large sum of money without first definitely deciding how, where, and when it shall be expended.

Let us know exactly what this money is to be expended for, how much, and where, and then—call for subscriptions.

The above communication is most timely, and its suggestions should be heeded. The editor of the VETERAN recalls in this connection the spirited expression of Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis when he called upon her to give the pleasing notice that the Southern people intended to erect a monument to her husband. She said, her eyes sparkling as if her soul were stirred for all eternity: "I hope it will be something of constantly recurring benefit to mankind."

Mrs. Davis voiced in that the sentiment of Southern womanhood. They have never encouraged the monument movement except upon such plan. Suppose we had a million dollars, what would we do with it? A structure of granite and bronze might be very handsome, but there would be no end to contention as to location. Why not create a fund in each State to be used for educational and historic purposes? A bronze figure might be agreed upon and duplicated for each Southern State and territory and memorial buildings be erected in each to be managed by the Daughters of the Confederacy and Memorial Associations. Such building might be in proportion as the ability of its people to erect, and the statue be provided for each by the general fund.

The VETERAN is, with all others of the South, in favor of such tribute, but it emphasizes the imperative need of definite plans before satisfactory contributions will ever be made.

Gen. C. I. Walker and the Sons of Veterans are working in the best of faith, and when they see these hindrances removed their purposes will be speedily accomplished.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT LITTLE ROCK.—Recently, while grading a street in Little Rock, Ark., the workmen uncovered a number of graves, which proved to be those of Confederate soldiers who died in April, 1863, in a temporary hospital which was located in that vicinity. Just under the surface a number of headstones were plowed up. Seventeen in all were found. It is said that there are fifty Confederates buried in this burying ground. Boys and others have carried the stones away until but six remain. The inscriptions found are as follows: M. V. Henley, sergeant Company B, Missouri Volunteers; died April 29, 1863. T. Barnett, Company B, Missouri Volunteers; died April 1, 1863. John Hamilton, Company F, Missouri Volunteers; died April 20, 1863. T. Barnett, Caldwell's Regiment, Company B, Missouri Volunteers; died April 1, 1863. G. P. Ashworth, Caldwell's Regiment, Company K; died April 14, 1863. J. T. G. Snuffer, Caldwell's Regiment; died April 22, 1863. J. B. Gregory, Steen's Regiment, Missouri Volunteers; born June 1, 1835; died April 12, 1863. The matter was brought to the attention of the members of Omer R. Weaver Camp, U. C. V., and they at once took steps to have the bones reinterred in the Confederate cemetery.

The date for the annual reunion of the Kentucky Division has not yet been set, as it is desired to dedicate the new building at the time, and that is not yet completed.

1858 1904

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GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

BY COL. J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

John Cabell Breckinridge was born in Lexington, Ky., January 16, 1821. His father, Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, who, at twenty-nine, had been twice Speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives, and was Secretary of State three years before his death, at thirty-five, was the son of John Breckinridge, who, dying at the age of forty-five, had also been twice Speaker, United States Senator, and Attorney-General in the Cabinet of Mr. Jefferson. His mother was the daughter of Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith, President of Princeton College, and through her mother, the wife of Rev. John Witherspoon, President of the same institution and signer of the Declaration of Independence, was a direct descendant from John Knox, the Scotch reformer. After graduating at Center College, Danville, Ky., in 1839, Gen. Breckinridge studied law, and for a time practiced his profession in Burlington, Iowa, but returned to Lexington and soon attained a high position at the bar. In 1847 he became major of the Third Kentucky Volunteers, and served in Mexico until the close of the war. In 1849 he was elected to the Legislature as a Democrat, and rose rapidly into prominence. In 1851 he was elected to Congress from the Ashland district, which had long been a Whig stronghold, and was re-elected in 1853 by an increased majority. At the expiration of his second term he declined a renomination to devote himself to the law, having also declined the mission to Spain. In 1856, without having been an aspirant for the place, he was elected Vice President on the ticket with James Buchanan, being of an age barely eligible, and before the expiration of his term was elected United States Senator, being also in 1860 the candidate of the Southern wing of the Democratic party for President, an accumulation of honors without a parallel. At the close of his service as Vice President he took his seat in the body over which he had presided with such conceded ability, but in a few months his civil career was cut short by the Civil War.

In the fall of 1861, when Kentucky was invaded by the Federal army, in violation of her neutrality, by which it was hoped to arrest the war and lead to the restoration of peace, he went South and, resigning his seat as Senator in a letter addressed to the people of Kentucky, was appointed brigadier general, and assigned by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston to the command of a brigade at Bowling Green, Ky. At the battle of Shiloh he was placed in command of the reserve corps; but at his own request, on the first day, participated in the thickest of the fight. In the critical charge, in which the commander in chief lost his life, Breckinridge was present, animating by his example his untried troops. When the army fell back to Corinth he commanded the rear guard, and successfully covered its retreat, a similar duty being assigned him when that place was evacuated. For his gallantry he was promoted to a major generalship, and was assigned with his division to the defense of Vicksburg, under Gen. Van Dorn, his command comprising three-fourths of the troops who, in July, 1862, resisted the memorable bombardment by the Federal fleet. He again distinguished himself in his attack on Baton Rouge, August 8, which failed of success only from the inability of the Confederate gunboat Arkansas to cooperate in the attack.

Being assigned to the defense of Port Hudson, he was unable to accompany Gen. Bragg in his expedition to Kentucky, as that officer desired, but later started from Knoxville with an improvised division to join him. Before reaching Cumberland Gap he was apprised of his (Gen. Bragg's) retreat

from the State and ordered to Murfreesboro, as the advance guard of the army, to resist Gen. Rosecrans, then concentrating his forces at Nashville. In November the army of Gen. Bragg joined him, and he remained there until the retreat after the battles of Murfreesboro, again distinguishing himself in action and bearing the brunt of the second battle on January 2, 1863, in which his division suffered heavy losses. After wintering near Tullahoma, in May he was sent to the army of Gen. J. E. Johnston, in Mississippi, and participated in the fruitless campaign which ended in Grant's capture of Vicksburg. In September he rejoined Bragg, and commanded a corps in the battle of Chickamauga with renewed distinction in his attack upon the entrenched position of Gen. Thomas. He also participated in the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1862. In January following, while in winter quarters at Dalton, Ga., he was assigned by President Davis to the command of the Department of Southwestern Virginia, a difficult field, in which a number of his predecessors had found discomfiture, but from which he emerged with enhanced distinction. When Gen. Grant, in May, 1864, crossed the Rappahannock in his aggressive campaign against Gen. Lee, Gen. Breckinridge was ordered to Staunton, Va., to resist the advance of Gen. Sigel against that place, and by a rapid march through the mountains met that officer at New Market on May 15 and defeated him with a greatly inferior force in a brilliant engagement, compelling his retirement to the Potomac. He then, under orders from Gen. Lee, rapidly transferred his command to Hanover Junction in time to protect the bridges across the North and South Anna Rivers from Sheridan's raid, and on May 22 was joined there by Gen. Lee, who fell back to that position after the battle of Spottsylvania C. H.

In the battle of Second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, Gen. Breckinridge held the right of the line, which successfully resisted the assault of Hancock's Corps, resulting in the defeat of Gen. Grant and compelling him to relinquish his campaign against Richmond on the north side of the Potomac and his retirement to the south bank of that river. In a few days Gen. Breckinridge was sent by Gen. Lee, with his command, to the Shenandoah Valley to resist the advance of Gen. Hunter; but, not arriving in time, repaired to the defense of Lynchburg, threatened by that officer. Early's Corps arriving there soon after, Gen. Early assumed command, and Hunter was compelled to retreat, closely followed, to Salem, whence he escaped through the mountains to the Ohio through the Kanawha Valley. Early then turned northward, accompanied by Breckinridge, whose command was increased to a corps by the addition of Gordon's Division, and participated in the campaign into Maryland. On July 9 he commanded in person in the battle of Monocacy, when Gen. Lew Wallace's command was defeated and fell back toward Baltimore, Early pressing on toward Washington, in sight of which he arrived two days later before the fortifications at Silver Springs, the residence of F. P. Blair, Sr. The arrival at Washington of Franklin's Corps, hastily detached from Gen. Grant's army, rendered an attack inexpedient, and Gen. Early, having succeeded in his object to divert troops from the Potomac, returned to the Shenandoah Valley. Gen. Breckinridge, in the subsequent campaign, participated in a number of battles, chief of which were the second battle of Kernstown, July 26, where the Federals were again driven across the Potomac, and the battle of Winchester, September 19, after which Gen. Early retired across the Shenandoah at Fisher's Hill.

A few days later Gen. Breckinridge was ordered to return to his department on account of a threatened invasion by Gen.

Burbridge from Kentucky, who was defeated at Saltville and the department relieved of danger. In February, 1865, he was appointed Secretary of War, and was in the discharge of his duties there when Richmond was evacuated, April 3, 1865. He retired with President Davis to North Carolina after the surrender at Appomattox and participated in the conference between Gens. Johnston and Sherman, resulting in what was known as the Sherman-Johnston Treaty. The assassination of President Lincoln led to its rejection at Washington, and on April 25 Gen. Johnston capitulated to Gen. Sherman. Gen. Breckinridge, more fortunate than his chief in the retreat which followed, made his way to the Florida Coast and thence in an open boat to Cuba, from whence he went to England, where he was cordially received. He subsequently went to Canada, remaining there a year or two; but, not being embraced in the amnesty, he returned to England, and during his residence in Europe made a tour of the Holy Land. Finally, in the spring of 1869, there being no inhibition, he returned to Kentucky, and remained there in the quiet pursuit of his profession until his death, in Lexington, May 17, 1875, among a people who idolized him living and still cherish his memory with devotion. In 1883 the Legislature, in pursuance of a bill introduced by Capt. T. J. Bush, an ex-Federal officer, erected a handsome monument to him in Lexington, surmounted by a life-sized statue in bronze.

In early life Gen. Breckinridge was united in marriage with Miss Mary C. Burch, of Scott County, Ky., who shared his trials during the greater part of the war and in his exile, and with four children survives him. The latter are: Maj. J. Cabell Breckinridge, of Arkansas, who served on his father's staff; Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge, ex-member of Congress from Arkansas and ex-Minister to Russia, who also served in the war; Mrs. J. Andrew Steele, of Kentucky; and Mrs. Anson Maltby, of New York.

NOVEL WAY TO RAISE MONUMENT FUNDS.

The Confederate Monument Committee, of Chester, S. C., has adopted a novel way to raise money for a Confederate monument there. The committee was appointed by the Walker-Gaston Camp to assist Chester Chapter Daughters in raising funds for the erection of a monument in the city of Chester for Confederate soldiers and noble women, both living and dead. I. W. Reed, Commander of the U. C. V. Camp at Chester, is chairman of the committee. A circular appeal is issued to let future generations see the push, the thrift, the get-up-and-get spirit which Chester is manifesting in the year 1904. A graduated price list is given. All Churches—name of denomination, officials, and numerical strength—will be inserted without charge; also newspapers of county, with any item of historic interest, and public libraries, name, location, etc.

Pay will be required as follows: County officials, name of each office, with any important data, \$10; city of Chester officials, and anything worthy to be preserved, \$10; machine or woodshop officers, history, etc., \$2.50; railroad depots, each office, naming all employees in each, \$1.50; each secret order, name of officers, and strength of order, under seal if preferred, \$2.50; papers outside of county—weekly, 50 cents, semiweekly, 75 cents, daily, \$2; magazines, periodicals, each, \$2; each hotel, name of proprietor and employees, \$2; drug stores, \$1; boarding houses, names of proprietors, and employees, \$1; boarding houses, 50 cents; business club or lodge, officers and number of members or any item of interest, \$2.50. Various other terms are scheduled.

GEORGIA CAMPAIGN—JONESBORO, UTOY CREEK.

Fayette Hewitt, Frankfort, Ky., Adj. Gen. Orphan Brigade: "On page three hundred and ninety of the VETERAN for August there is an article upon the 'Correct Date of the Battle at Jonesboro.' In this the battle of Utoy Creek is mentioned as having occurred on August 31. That is incorrect. Utoy Creek was fought by the Orphan Brigade on August 6 at a point on the Sandtown road, on the west side of Atlanta, about six or seven miles from the fortification. Jonesboro is twenty-one miles south of Atlanta, and the battle there was brought about by Gen. Sherman's flanking movement, by which our position at Atlanta was lost. The battle at Jonesboro was fought on August 31 and September 1.

"The Orphan Brigade, with other troops, was ordered down to Jonesboro, as they had been on a former occasion, to meet what was regarded as a sort of raid by the enemy, but we found there a very large portion of Gen. Sherman's army. We made an attack on August 31, which was repulsed with considerable loss to us. With a little change of position a line was assumed by the Confederates, which was charged the next day by a heavy force of the enemy, and our line was broken by a defective angle in it, giving the enemy an opportunity to come up close to our line before they were exposed to fire. It was broken in front of Vaughn's Brigade, and the capture of Atlanta followed."

AN ACTIVE WORKING CHAPTER AT BARDSTOWN, KY.—The Crepps Wickliffe Chapter, U. D. C., was organized at Bardstown, Ky., in 1898 by Mrs. Henrietta Morgan Duke, and is fifth, numerically, of the forty-four Chapters in the Kentucky Division.

Its membership comprises some of the most prominent women in the town and county. Its President is Mrs. Edmonia Roberts, widow of the late Charles Roberts, of Oxford, Miss., who faithfully served the Confederacy during the four years' war between the States.



MRS. EDMONIA ROBERTS.

This is a working as well as a growing Chapter. One of their recent undertakings was preparing material and weaving a rag carpet which is now being exhibited and for sale at the St. Louis Fair. Its members take an active interest in all Confederate matters, and the zeal of its President is first for the maintenance of organizations whose purpose is to honor the people of the South in their patriotic undertakings.

ABOUT MORGAN'S OHIO RAID.

In a personal gossip letter, written from his home at Covington, Ky., Theo F. Allen, who fought for the Union and was then wicked enough to kidnap a Southern girl, states that there are quite a number of former members of Gen. John Morgan's Confederate Cavalry who read his contribution to the February number of the VETERAN, describing the Morgan raid through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio. The raid was one of the most picturesque and interesting events of the war, and, without doubt, was witnessed by the greatest number of people who ever saw a military operation in this country or elsewhere, as not less than half a million people must have seen the movement in progress.

He writes: "I was asked by Mr. Helm, President of the First National Bank, to step into his private office. He closed the door and said: 'I have read your contribution in relation to the Morgan raid in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN with the greatest interest, and consider it one of the fairest descriptions of this picturesque event that I have ever seen.'" Mr. Helm was a soldier in Duke's Second Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Division, and was on this raid.

Mr. Allen writes further: "Slapping me heartily on the back, Mr. Helm said, 'You fellows were pretty hot after us up near Pomeroy, Ohio, where my horse was wounded,' and he stated that the Federal forces were so close to him there as to see the color of his hair, and one of them called out, 'Halt, you red-headed son of a sawbuck!' Mr. Helm was red-headed, but his hair is pretty well whitened now.

"I have been invited to deliver an address before the Grand Army Post here, describing the interesting events of the Morgan raid.

"The corresponding secretary of the Daughters of the Confederacy at Franklin, Tenn., has kindly sent me a couple of bullets which she dug up out of her garden last spring when she was setting out her flowers. These she sends me as mementos of the desperate battle of Franklin, in which I was a factor, and in further consideration of my ten-dollar contribution to the fund they are raising for the erection of a monument on the Franklin battlefield."

CONFEDERATE CANNON AT GAINESVILLE, ALA.

Mrs. D. H. Williams writes that the Ladies' Memorial Association of Gainesville, Ala., has succeeded in having removed to their Confederate Cemetery, after many unsuccessful attempts, an old siege gun left there by Gen. Forrest when he surrendered that place, May, 1865. "It was quite an undertaking, as it lay near the river, partly buried in the sand, for so many years. This was the only relic of our great 'war for the Constitution' that we could boast of, and now that we have accomplished the difficult work we feel that our cemetery, where lie buried one hundred and ninety-two brave heroes, is complete with its modest shaft of white marble; and when our old soldiers have answered their last call something will remain to remind our younger generations of the brave deeds of their fathers, those who fought for what they knew was right."

In regard to the old gun's having been left by Gen. Forrest, Charles Bean wrote from Brownwood, Tex.: "I was under Gen. Bedford Forrest and surrendered to Gen. Canby at Gainesville, Ala. The old cannon was left by Gen. Forrest."

SWIFT RETRIBUTION FOR HOUSE-BURNING.

BY W. W. PATTESON, MANTEO, VA.

The vandalism and ruthless destruction of property in the Valley of Virginia by the Federal army was greater perhaps than in any other section of the South. There were, no doubt, many individual incidents that occurred on Sherman's infamous march to the sea that equaled in barbarous cruelty those in Virginia, but certainly none that surpassed them.

On the 20th of August, '64, a part of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry were sent to burn a number of handsome private dwellings in Clark County. It seemed to be providential that on that same day Companies C, D, and E (Forty-Third Battalion of Mosby's Command), under Capt. William H. Chapman (afterwards lieutenant colonel), were marching from Fauquier County over to the west side of the Blue Ridge. As soon as we reached the top of the ridge, we saw the smoke of the burning buildings, and at once took in the situation. We quickened our pace, crossed the Shenandoah at Castleman's Ferry, and went in a gallop in the direction of the fires. We first came to the McCormack property, the fine dwelling now a mass of smoldering ruins. Hurrying on, we soon came in sight of Col. Morgan's residence, and near by the Souer homestead, both burning. The latter had been fired early in the morning as the Yankees were passing, but had been put out by Mrs. Shephard and her little children. Returning, the Yankees again fired it, and when we came up Mrs. Shephard and her little ones were clustered in one corner of the yard, watching the flames consume their house. Orders had been passed back from our officer in front to "wipe them from the face of the earth, neither asking nor giving quarter," and the sight of this helpless woman with her little children surrounded by a set of howling, plundering thieves served to emphasize the order, and we went at them with a yell. It was a sharp, quick, and clean little fight; no prisoners. The Yankees were handicapped with all kinds of plunder. They had pillaged all the houses of every movable article before burning them, but would not allow the owners to remove anything, not even clothing, except such as they had on. In going back over the ground to a place where I had persuaded one of the thieves with a shot through the head to stop early in the chase in order to get his horse and pistols, I found him lying with a lot of papers scattered around that fell from his pockets as he tumbled off of his horse. I got nearly a handful of jewelry of all kinds, tied on to his saddle, which I secured with his horse, also two rolls of goods, including lace curtains, ladies' wearing apparel, blankets, sheets, etc., and two bottles of wine. Our command recrossed the Shenandoah in the evening with quite a number of captured horses. In looking over the dead man's papers that night, I found one evidently from his best girl, asking him to send her some of the things captured (?) from the houses of the Rebels. This was but a sample of the many letters found on the bodies of the house burners that day by members of our command, and this was the kind of warfare waged by Sheridan and Hunter in the fair Valley of Virginia.

ENTERED REGULAR SERVICE AT UNDER FIFTEEN YEARS.—W. D. Peak, of Oliver Springs, Tenn., was born December 22, 1846, and volunteered in the Confederate service in August, 1861, as a member of Company A, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Regiment. If there were any younger soldiers in the army as early as the time of his enlistment, Comrade Peak would like very much to hear from them. Give name, date of birth, and date of enlistment.

GEN. E. C. WALTHALL.

Rev. E. A. Smith, who served in the Twenty-Ninth Mississippi Regiment, has just published "Records of Walthall's Brigade of Mississippians" in an elegantly printed pamphlet of ninety pages. It does not purport to be a history of the brigade. This fact is mentioned to avoid confusion with the history in preparation by Col. E. T. Sykes, who was assistant adjutant general on Walthall's staff. The preface to this publication was written by Hon. Charles B. Howry, now Associate Justice in the United States Court of Claims at Washington, who was a comrade and messmate of the author. Mr. Howry, in this preface, states:

"Walthall was the Prince Rupert of the Army of Tennessee. He was alert and careful, aggressive and cautious, firm and sagacious, wise and just. Obedient to authority himself, he demanded implicit acquiescence in his own orders. Left to himself, he asked no advice and took none. A rigid disciplinarian and intolerant of any deficiencies of conduct, he was beloved by his men. Though he fought them with dash and spirit, it was always with care and skill. His men gave to him their confidence from start to finish, accepted his orders, and fought without reproach or the slightest question of the danger incurred. As a brigade and division commander he proved to be one of the most efficient officers of either army.

No labor was too great in the discharge of his duty which he did not undertake. He was alive to everything. His efficiency and skillful management attracted so much attention that he was seriously considered at one time for the supreme command. As a type of volunteer general, he was one of the best the war produced.

"Sensitive to a fault and imperious to a degree, he brooked but little opposition and no familiarity. With all the jealousy which one of his proud nature had for the things which were his due, he was never arrogant or petty. Looking back to his career as a soldier, I should say his greatest defect was his extreme modesty. He did not trust himself quite enough for exigencies. He never evaded anything nor retreated whenever he thought he could fight; but, in the desire to avoid the sacrifice of life without results, he sometimes balanced the chances a little too long for complete success.

"The dead commander has gone to his final account. His comrades believed he was great, and they knew he was fearless and true. To them he was the knightliest figure of the war, and they feel that his place in the pantheon of fame is secure."

Comrade Smith supplements Mr. Howry's sketch:

"He was a young lawyer in Coffeeville, Miss., when the war broke out, in 1861. He was rising rapidly in the practice of his profession, and, had he not laid aside his pen for the sword, would much sooner have reached the eminent distinction to which he afterwards attained. But he was a 'natural born soldier,' and entered that splendid regiment, the Fifteenth Mississippi, first with the rank of lieutenant, whence he rose to that of captain, then to that of lieutenant colonel. He so distinguished himself in the battle of Fishing Creek that soon afterwards he received a commission from the War Department to organize a regiment. He resigned from the Fifteenth, hurried home, and soon organized the Twenty-Ninth. In the latter part of 1862 he was made brigadier general, and on June 10, 1864, received his commission as major general, to which he was urgently and repeatedly recommended to the War Department by both Gens. Polk and Johnston. This position he held till the close of the war.

"Gen. Walthall was a man of courtly bearing, polished in his manners, and had a magnetism about him that drew

every one to him with an irresistible power. This latter quality was eminently conspicuous in the hour of danger. Whenever he waved his sword, galloped to the front, and called on his men to charge they caught the inspiration of his sublime fearlessness, and with the wild Rebel yell followed him into the very jaws of death. He once said, almost with tears in his eye, that he never knew his troops to face to the rear until he gave the command.

"Chief Justice Lamar said of him: 'Of all the great men Mississippi has produced, Gen. Walthall stands out in boldest relief, in moral purity, strength of mind, heroism of soul, and commanding influence among men.'

"Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, said of him: 'If I were to select the man of all others with whom I have served in the Senate, who seemed to me to be the most perfect example of the quality and character of the American Senator, I think it would be Edward C. Walthall, of Mississippi.'

"He died in the city of Washington, April 21, 1898, and his remains were sent to Holly Springs for interment. His noble, gifted wife (née Miss Mary L. Jones), whom the whole brigade tenderly loved, and of whom they were always proud, followed him on December 10 of the same year.

"The funeral train brought, besides the family, the Congressional delegation of eight Senators, six Congressmen, several judges, and a host of others honored in Mississippi and in the nation. Another train brought three hundred and fifty citizens of Yalobusha County. A vast procession (6,000 in number) followed the hearse. Among them were many of his old brigade, who, with solemn countenances, followed their beloved commander.

"The services were held in Christ Episcopal Church, Holly Springs, and conducted in his own impressive style by Bishop Thompson. He said: 'The great white light that beats upon the throne and blackens every blot had found not one blot upon Gen. Walthall's character. He was open, manly, frank, absolutely sincere, and was ever beyond the reach of fear or flattery.'

COURTESY CHARACTERISTIC OF THE LEES.—L. C. McAllister, of Nashville, Tenn., writes: "Many stories have been told which tend to show how courteous Gen. Robert E. Lee was to his men. The following illustrates that Gen. Stephen D. Lee possessed like characteristics: Just prior to the fall of Vicksburg I was ordered to take command of the dismounted men of Ferguson's Cavalry Brigade and report to Gen. Stephen D. Lee at Jackson, Miss. When I did so, I was greatly surprised at his courteous treatment. A few days after my arrival in Jackson I met a lieutenant of our brigade, who asked me to help him in his duty. I told him I had no objection, but Gen. Lee had ordered me to remain where I was until Gen. Ferguson came in, when I was to report to him. The lieutenant then requested that I go with him to Gen. Lee's headquarters. He explained that his men were overworked guarding the prisoners of our brigade; that he had only ten men to guard about eighty prisoners, and that I had some seventy men of the same brigade (formerly of his Okolona Provost Guard) not engaged. When the lieutenant had finished his story, Stephen D. Lee, Major General Commanding the Department, turned to me and very courteously asked: 'Sergeant, would it be agreeable to you to report to the lieutenant?' I was not even a sergeant."

Comrade McAllister was a corporal in Company E, Fifty-Sixth Alabama Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, and now resides in Nashville.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

The VETERAN regrets failure to secure the picture of Mrs. L. McC. (A. T.) Smythe, President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, for this number. Her modesty prevented response to the first request, and when appeal was made for consistency with her predecessors she was at her summer home, inaccessible to an artist. In a note at end of letter expressing regret in not complying, she says: "Put some more pretty sponsor, and nobody will miss me."

GEORGIANS TAKE ACTION FOR THE VETERAN.

In responding to the editorial in the VETERAN for September, the Georgia Division acted promptly and exactly in the spirit designated. See page 424.

At the conclusion of the reading of the resolutions by the Special Committee on Resolutions, of which Dr. W. B. Burroughs, of Brunswick (Ga.) Camp, was Chairman, he announced that Capt. Park had a special resolution which he desired to offer, but it had not been submitted to the committee, upon which the General Commanding recognized Capt. Park, of R. A. Smith Camp No. 484, Atlanta, who said: "Mr. Commander and Confederate Comrades, I beg to submit the following brief but deserved resolution, which I am quite sure will meet with a cordial response and approval at your hands:

"Resolved by the Georgia Division, U. C. V., in session at Rome, Ga., September 15, 1904, That we most highly commend our official organ, published in Nashville, Tenn., by our comrade, S. A. Cunningham, called the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. We earnestly desire this splendid magazine to be taken by every Confederate soldier and son of a Confederate soldier. It is fully worthy of the high esteem in which it is held as the exponent of the Confederate principles and facts. We urge every Camp Commander to appoint some comrade who will bring the VETERAN to the attention of Confederates and Sons of Confederates of all Camps and at reunions of all brigades, regiments, and companies. R. E. Park, H. L. Middlebrooks, M. J. Cofer, Committee."

The acceptance of the resolution was so manifest that when a motion to adopt it was being offered, Captain Park, the State Treasurer of Georgia, one of the State's first citizens and an ardent Confederate, interrupted the proceedings by saying:

"Allow me to say a few words before you submit to a vote what I have just read. It is proper for me to speak of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, the faithful and accomplished editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, who, I am glad to announce, is present in the convention. I have not mentioned this matter to him, and it will come as great a surprise to him as to any one in this assembly.

"A dozen years ago Mr. Cunningham determined to publish a magazine devoted to Confederate history, and he soon launched the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, at Nashville, Tenn. This with him has been a labor of love, but amidst many difficulties he has achieved the richest and most deserved success. No man within the sound of my voice, and no one, I might say, in the Confederate States, has done more to

perpetuate the heroic actions and glorious memories of the Confederate dead and of Confederate survivors than S. A. Cunningham. No more gentle, generous, courteous, and courtly gentleman, no more devoted and unselfish Confederate than this modest citizen and friend of our lost Confederacy can be found, and I certainly trust that you will adopt this resolution of confidence and approval by a unanimous and rising vote. It will be a tribute worthily bestowed and richly deserved.

"Every Confederate Veteran, every son of a Veteran, and every Daughter of the Confederacy should encourage our gallant friend by becoming a subscriber to his excellent historical magazine, and I hope that you will cordially carry out the purpose of this resolution upon your return to your respective homes.

"When you have taken this vote of approbation and indorsement, I will take great pleasure in introducing Mr. Cunningham to this splendid audience."

The resolution by Capt. Park having been adopted unanimously and enthusiastically, Mr. Cunningham was called to the stand. Instead of discussing the VETERAN, however, he said that he would leave that subject to others; but he would submit his report upon the erection of a memorial to the beloved Charles H. Smith ("Bill Arp"), a movement he inaugurated without the knowledge of the family, and asked if the Georgia veterans approved it. When their approval was cordially expressed, he showed that Georgia, outside of Cartersville, had given but six dollars to the fund, and of that five dollars was from Capt. Park, of Atlanta, for himself, wife, and daughter, and one dollar from T. S. Jones, of Macon. He stated that there were fifteen subscriptions from Tennessee, thirteen each from Texas and Kentucky, twelve each from Louisiana and Alabama, eleven from Arkansas, ten from Florida, seven from Missouri, three each from Mississippi and North and South Carolina, two from Virginia, and one each from West Virginia and New Mexico. This list is to be published in full before the year is out. Won't you honor your name by sending one dollar?

Responding to Mr. Cunningham and Capt. Park, Gen. P. A. S. McGlashen, Major General Commanding the Georgia Division, said: "Comrades, the action of Mr. Cunningham needs no indorsement at our hands. No man in the entire South has done more to familiarize the veterans and reading public with the deeds, heroism, and soldierly qualities of the soldiers of the South. His magazine is a grand vindication of the South and its motives, a perfect mine of information for the historians of the future, and should be in the hands of every veteran and lover of the late Confederacy."

"Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, said previously: 'I am glad indeed that Capt. Park has spoken so warmly and justly about our visiting comrade. It is one good soldier giving well-deserved praise to another. I will say that our cause had no braver soldier in battle than Cunningham and no more earnest and valuable exponent and defender in peace. The flag of the VETERAN, which he has edited and published so many years, has been flying at the front to represent the whole truth and worth and sacredness of our Confederate history. We are indebted to the persistence and the fidelity of its editor, the soldier who is our welcomed guest, for the great good it has done. It has not made him rich, and never will; but it has done better by giving the riches of truth to others, the riches of his comrades' esteem, and the personal satisfaction that his life has been well spent and all spent for one great and sacred purpose.'"

GENERAL OFFICIAL STAFF U. S. C. V.

N. R. Tisdal, Commander in Chief, sends out from general headquarters of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans General Orders No. 2, in which he announces his official staff.

Inspector General: Geo. R. Wyman, Louisville, Ky.
Commissary General: A. Villert, St. Francisville, La.
Judge Advocate General: B. H. Kirk, St. Louis, Mo.
Surgeon General: Dr. R. G. Thurmond, Jr., Tuscumbia, Ala.

Chaplain General: Rev. P. G. Sears, Meridian, Miss.
Assistants Adjutant General: S. Y. T. Knox, Pine Bluff, Ark.; C. S. Welsch, Fort Worth, Tex.; J. M. Ball, Houston, Tex.; R. Lee Zell, Birmingham, Ala.; H. L. DuVal, Charlotte, N. C.; W. W. Old, Norfolk, Va.; W. R. Kivett, Boise, Idaho.

Assistants Inspector General: J. A. Cummins, Bowie, Tex.; L. M. DeSaussure, Memphis, Tenn.; E. Brown Thomas, Richmond, Va.; T. Sydney Frazer, Union Springs, Ala.

Assistants Quartermaster General: Chas. T. Edwards, Stoney Point, Va.; R. T. Simpson, Jr., Florence, Ala.; W. V. Keith, Fort Worth, Tex.

Assistants Commissary General: J. F. Easley, Ardmore, Ind. T.; John M. Adams, Fort Worth, Texas; Chas. P. MacGill, Pulaski, Va.; Col. Ed. G. Caldwell, Jacksonville, Ala.

Assistants Judge Advocate General: C. A. Wright, Brady, Tex.; Blackburn Smith, Berryville, Va.; J. H. Crossland, Montgomery, Ala.; Geo. N. Denton, West, Tex.

Assistants Surgeon General: Dr. Frank H. Hancock, Norfolk, Va.; Dr. J. T. Wiggins, Rusk, Tex.; Dr. Robert J. Hargrove, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Assistants Chaplain General: Rev. Dr. T. P. Epes, Notoway, Va.; Rev. O. J. Goodman, Stockton, Ala.; Rev. J. M. Gross, Durant, Ind. T.

Our Commander desires to see a greater activity among the Sons during the entire year. Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Let every one take an interest in the great work before us and strive to carry out the purposes of the organization.

RENEWING SUBSCRIPTIONS.—Statements were sent to many in arrears with their subscription in July. Answers have usually been kind. Many have not yet answered, but it is sincerely hoped that they will do so soon. Here is an interesting reply: "I am ashamed of the fact that I let my subscription get in arrears. You are doing a grand work, and ought to be sustained by all old Confederate soldiers who are able to do so. It is true I have carried a heavy burden since the war, for I have reared and educated seven daughters and two boys by my own exertions, and in addition worked ten years after the war to pay old debts, owing five dollars where I had one, but I succeeded at last in paying them and accumulating something for old age. My wife, who died four years ago, commenced taking the VETERAN, and I have kept it up in her name, and expect to take it as long as I live. I contributed five dollars in cash toward feeding old Confederates at the reunion at Nashville, and I have seen it stated that the money was not all used. I want mine, if any, turned over to the VETERAN."

In sending his renewal, Prof. J. H. Brunner writes from Sweetwater, Tenn.: "One cannot be a reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN without feeling strengthened in his love of 'Gen. and his race. There is no better race or country than

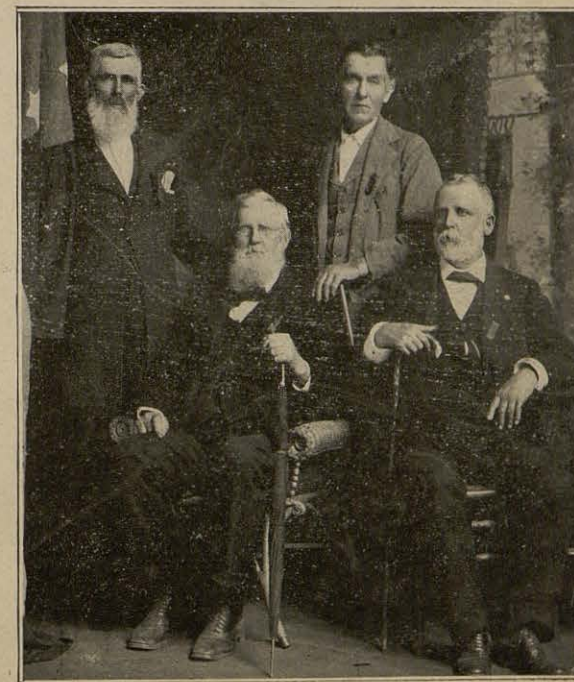
ours. Two men stand out conspicuous as elevators of Southern sentiment; they are R. E. Lee and John B. Gordon. These names the people will cherish the more as the years go by."

THE BETHEL MONUMENT.—At a celebration held last June at Big Bethel, Va., by the Confederate organizations of Elizabeth City, York, and Warwick Counties, and the city of Newport News, to commemorate the battle of Big Bethel, which took place June 10, 1861, which was the first actual engagement of the war between the States, and where fell the first Confederate killed in battle, Chas. E. Wyatt, of North Carolina, the Bethel Monument Association was formed. The object of the Association is to erect a suitable monument on that battlefield in memory of these facts. Various committees from the organizations of Veterans, Daughters, and Sons were appointed for the purpose of raising funds, selecting designs, etc., for the monument, and it was also determined to address a circular letter to all Confederate organizations in the South, inviting them to contribute to the fund.

All contributions should be sent to Mrs. R. S. Hudgins, Treasurer, Hampton, Va. It is the desire of the committee to have the monument ready to unveil at the next annual reunion, June 10, 1905, the forty-fourth anniversary of the battle.

COLOR BEARER AND GUARD AT PERRYVILLE, KY.

In the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, W. H. White was color bearer, and John McConnell, J. C. Biles, H. L. Moffitt, and Jasper Roberts were color guards of the



J. C. BILES, W. H. WHITE, JOHN M'CONNELL, H. L. MOFFITT. Sixteenth Tennessee Regiment, all of whom were wounded. Mr. Roberts mortally.

On May 19, 1904, at the unveiling of the monument above group picture was taken. This was the first time Her comrades had been together since they were at Perryville, Ark.

MONUMENT AT GREENSBORO, ALA.

The good Southern women of Greensboro, Ala., are happy in having completed and dedicated their Confederate monument. The ceremonial part was attended, May 12, at the conclusion of the State Convention United Daughters of the Confederacy in that patriotic town. After the invocation by Rev. Dr. S. M. Hosmer, Hon. E. W. DeGraffenreid, the master of ceremonies, introduced the speakers, giving the order of the programme, etc. A male quartet sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

During the singing of "Bonnie Blue Flag," by Mrs. Thomas E. Knight, a tableau was formed, with Miss Mary Thomas Pickens representing the "South," and young ladies representing each of the States of the Confederacy grouped in the form of a Southern cross. The States were represented by Misses Sadie, Julia, and Kathrine Randolph, Maria Locke, Annie and Amy Seay, Kathleen Waller, Nettie Redus, Mary Campbell Jones, Annie Lawson, Rosalie Tutwiler, Carrie Williams, of Greensboro, and Miss Margaret Johnson, of Selma.

Hon. Thomas E. Knight, in behalf of Mrs. Mary G. Pickens, Chairman of the Monument Committee, then read its report,



MRS. MARY G. PICKENS.

which was addressed to "Madam President of the Alabama Division of the U. D. C., Ladies of the Memorial Association, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Veterans."

"We as a committee appointed several years ago by the President of the Memorial Association, Mrs. J. D. Webb, President also of the U. D. C., now report.

"The work assigned this committee was to raise the money and

have the monument erected, in loving memory of our Confederate soldiers, which for many years has been their earnest desire. With \$125.45 to begin with in money, and all the necessary energy and determination to get up the balance, no work was considered too hard for our Confederate soldiers; and the generous contribution of our men and women and help of the 'Daughters,' and all we have asked, with few exceptions, we have the pride and pleasure of seeing our efforts crowned with success in the unveiling of this monument. We sadly regret the absence of our beloved President, Mrs. James M. Hobson, who has passed over to her reward. She loved this work, and looked forward to being with us to-day. Her gentle spirit and influence is with us, and will ever be with us.

"This monument has been paid for in full to Messrs. Elledge & Norman, of Columbus, Ga., whom we most heartily recommend to any one wishing such work done. We now commend it to the loving care of the Memorial Association, Daughters of the Confederacy, and to the Veterans. It is placed on a spot given for that purpose by the Hale County Commissioners, and we give it into the sacred care and protection of our mayor and town authorities and our community. We sincerely thank all who have helped us.

"Respectfully, Mrs. R. J. Nelson, Miss Martha Young, Miss Mary E. Avery, Mrs. J. C. Pierce, Mrs. Mary G. Pickens."



MRS. SARAH PEARSON HOBSON.



DEDICATION OF CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT GREENSBORO, ALA.

Then "Dixie" was beautifully sung by Miss Mary Thomas Pickens, with the chorus of the thirteen young ladies representing the States of the Confederacy, and the scene of these fair daughters of the South sounding the words of that grand hymn was indeed a beautiful and touching one.

Hon. W. E. W. Yerby, in behalf of the mayor, made a speech, accepting the trust imposed on the city by the ladies of the Memorial Association. A beautiful address was delivered by Mrs. F. S. Woods, the President of the Alabama Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. A song, "Cover Them Over with Beautiful Flowers," was then sung by a quartet composed of Mrs. T. E. Knight, Miss Emma Latimer, Messrs. Richardson and Ward.

Ex-Gov. W. C. Oates's address was one to be long remembered. Abounding in beautiful flights of eloquence, he paid his tribute to the gallantry and heroism of his comrades, the wearers of the gray. The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. R. H. Cobbs, D.D., the pastor of St. Paul's Church, and "taps" was sounded by Bugler Williams.

Then the entire audience adjourned to the front of the courthouse, where stood the monument to be unveiled. Little Miss Rebecca Erwin Jones unveiled the beautiful marble figure of a Confederate soldier standing at parade rest. The monument is a magnificent piece of sculpture and stands clear to the height of thirty feet. It is immediately in front of the courthouse and shows to good advantage to all passers. The names of about five hundred old Confederate soldiers are engraved on the base and sides of the monument. Much praise is given to Mrs. Mary Pickens, the Chairman of the Monument Committee, together with her associates, for their faithful and untiring labors.

It was a pathetically sad fact that Mrs. Hobson did not live to participate in the dedication. She was the President of the Ladies' Memorial Association for several years and an active worker in the Daughters of the Confederacy, whose concentrated efforts brought about this successful achievement. Mrs. Hobson was Sarah Pearson, daughter of Judge Richmond Pearson, for many years Chief Justice of North Carolina, the wife of Judge J. M. Hobson, and the devoted mother of Richmond Pearson Hobson, whose name will be a record of honor while there is a history of the Spanish-American war.

MR. DAVIS'S BIRTHDAY A LEGAL HOLIDAY.

A number of Camps of Confederate veterans in Texas will probably petition the next Legislature to make President Davis's birthday a legal holiday in that State. At a recent meeting at Waco Comrade J. D. Shaw, editor of the *Search Light*, at Waco, spoke as follows on a resolution introduced for this purpose:

"I cannot permit that resolution to be voted on without an expression of my gratitude at having lived to see such a movement advocated in our State. For many years after the war the name of Jefferson Davis was seldom mentioned in public, even in the South. When we first began to hold memorial exercises and meet in Confederate reunions the custom of speakers was to mention Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and other of our military leaders. Whether from fear of Northern criticism or in deference to Northern prejudice, I cannot say; but, seemingly from one or the other, there was a disposition to overlook Mr. Davis. When, several years ago, I commenced to speak for the Confederates I adopted the rule of placing our heroic President above all of our representative men, and I rejoice to see that rule adopted now by nearly all our speakers.

"Gen. Lee and our other military leaders in that mighty con-

flict deserve all the praise they have ever received at our hands; but of all the great men we had, no one so grandly represents the high social character of Southern people and so completely typifies in his own personality the statesmanship, patriotism, and devotion to principle, characteristic of the South, as does Jefferson Davis, who was not only the incarnation of Southern character and civilization, but became also at the close of the war our vicarious substitute as a sufferer at the hands of our enemies, thereby illustrating, in chains even, the heroic fortitude characteristic of Southern manhood. I trust the movement to make his birthday a legal holiday will succeed not only in Texas but in all the Southern States."

MRS. MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

Mary Ashley Townsend (née Van Voorhis; pen name, "Xariffa"), born in 1836 at Lyons, Wayne County, N. Y., was descended from the Van Wickles, of New Jersey, and the Van Voorhis, of Dutchess County, N. Y. In the fifties she married Mr. Gideon Townsend, of Fishkill, N. Y., and in the sixties



MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

they removed to New Orleans, which city became their future home. Three daughters were born of this marriage: Cora A., Adele C., and Daisy B. Townsend. The two last named are living. The genius and scholarly attainments of Mrs. Townsend won for her highest rank among Southern writers, which she maintained until the time of her death, June 7, 1901.

From the date of her residence in New Orleans, Mrs. Townsend was closely connected with the literary life, ventures, and interests of that city. To every notable occasion in its history she contributed the nobility and grace of her thoughts. She was officially appointed poet of the New Orleans Exposition of 1884, and was chosen to write the poem for the opening of its Woman's Department. In compliance with official requests, Mrs. Townsend wrote the poems on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of Tulane University, the opening of Howard Memorial Library, the Convention of the Press Association, the first Confederate reunion of 1892, the meeting of the Southern Educational Association, of the unveiling of the Albert Sidney Johnston monument, of the Stonewall Jackson statue, and of the Confederate Cavalry reunion. She also wrote the ode to the Confederate dead buried in Greenwood Cemetery; the inspiring lines "At Winchester," read July 4, 1896, at the unveiling of the monument to Louisiana's soldier-heroes; "The Merrimac," read before the Franklin Buchanan Camp in Norfolk; and was selected by the New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., to write the poem on the celebration of the birthday of Robert E. Lee. Her last poem, "A Georgia Volunteer," is too well known to readers and lovers of the best poetry to be more than referred to here. That most exalting of love poems, "Creed," which won for Mrs. Townsend instant fame, crossed the Atlantic and has been translated into several languages, as have other of her poems.

Mrs. Townsend was a prolific, though careful, writer. Her works include a novel, "The Brother Clerks" (New York,

1859), "Xariffa's Poems" (Philadelphia, 1870), "Down the Bayou, and Other Poems" (Philadelphia, 1881), which have passed through several editions, the last being a revised one by the author. Her latest volume, one of sonnets, entitled "Distaff and Spindle" (Philadelphia, 1895), in exquisite tenderness, description, nobility of thought, and beauty of language, proves her to be the equal, if not the superior, of Mrs. Browning in the masterly handling of this form of verse.

Besides her poetic writings, Mrs. Townsend wrote enough of essays, short stories, correspondence of general interest, and a work of travel to make, of each, a volume. A new book of her unpublished poems is now in course of preparation by her daughter, Adele Townsend Stanton.

American literature must grant a lasting place of honor to Mary Ashley Townsend, for whom this claim is best recognized in the imperishable beauty, form, and quality of her poetry.

The VETERAN is especially interested in this tribute, its editor having had the pleasure of a cordial friendship with the family and preserved well-written letters from the mother of the gifted author after she was ninety years of age, and a friendship with Capt. W. R. Lyman, a brother, who was prominent in New Orleans and is now a bank president of Ruston, La.

A remarkable coincidence in this family is that, of three daughters of the venerable Mrs. Lyman, two reared two daughters each, and their younger daughters married the sons of the two Secretaries of War. The one living in New Orleans married a son of Edwin M. Stanton, and the other, living in New York, married a son of James A. Seddon, Confederate Secretary of War.

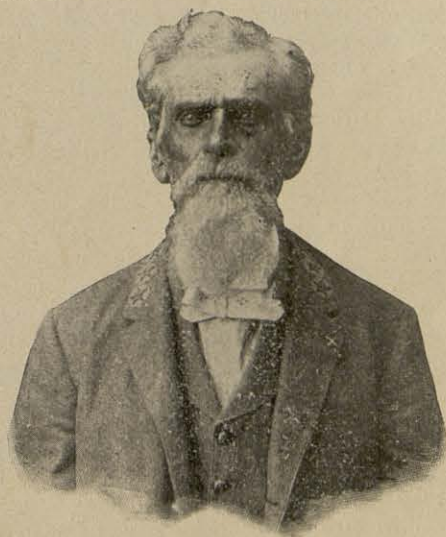
THE TEXAN WHO HELD GEN. R. E. LEE'S HORSE.

Leonard Grace Gee, of Velasco, Tex., sent the following to Judge John N. Henderson, of Bryan, Tex.:

"Dear Sir: The following I distinctly recollect of having transpired just previous to the battle of the Wilderness:

"On May 6, 1864, Gen. R. E. Lee ordered Hood's Brigade to come to the front. When we arrived there, Gen. Lee was on the ground. On meeting us he asked Gen. John Gregg, who commanded Hood's Texas Brigade, what troops we were. Gen.

Gregg replied: 'Hood's Texas Brigade.' Gen. Lee said: 'I sent for them to go and drive out those people, as they would lie on their arms and shoot at us all day.' Then Gen. Gregg said to his brigade: 'Gen. Lee wants us to go and drive those people out. Remember, Hood's Brigade, that Gen. Lee's eyes are on you and his heart is with you. Forward! Guide center! March!' The brigade responded instantly.



L. G. GEE, VELASCO, TEX.

"Gen. Lee did not address the soldiers, but addressed himself to Gen. John Gregg. As soon as the latter gave his order 'Forward!' Gen. Lee, with hat in hand, said, 'I know you will go,' and made the attempt to go also, when I caught his bridle rein and turned his horse back and said to him that we



MISS EULA GEE, DALLAS, TEX.,

Daughter of Comrade L. G. Gee and Sponsor for Camp 592, U. C. V., Velasco.

would go and for him to go back. About that time Capt. Kerr and others came up on horseback and also told Gen. Lee that he must go back. After I turned the horse of Gen. Lee by the bridle I went forward with the brigade into the battle, and was shot, from which wound I still suffer.

"In the year of 1866, at Independence, Tex., I sat for Maj. McArtle to paint my picture while holding the bridle and turning Gen. Lee's horse at the battle of the Wilderness in Virginia, and he sent it to Austin. While it was in the capitol building, to be bought for the State of Texas, the capitol building was burned and the picture with it. I believe Maj. McArtle, who knows the facts, is still alive."

Formal affidavit was made to the foregoing.

SOME WHO DISCONTINUE THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS.—At the end of a year a man in Louisiana writes: "I did not want it only for one year, as I would not pay for it and I will not pay for it." Another, a comrade, writes from Texas: "Circumstances have been against me for two or three years, and I must ask you to discontinue. I send you the names of some comrades who are not taking the VETERAN. . . . Hoping the VETERAN may outlive the editor," etc. Another Texan writes: "I am getting old and blind and am not able to pay for it." A letter from California, inclosing three dollars, states: "I have enjoyed it very much, but, being very busy, don't have time to read much, so please discontinue when time is out." A Georgia letter states: "You are right in presuming that I am a friend to the VETERAN, and it is with regret that I must give it up; but I am unable to take it longer."

ANNUAL REUNION VIRGINIA GRAND CAMP.

The Seventeenth Annual Reunion of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia was held at Lynchburg September 15 and 16. This is said to have been the largest, most successful, and most enjoyable meeting ever held by the veterans in the Old Dominion. Aside from the three or four thousand old soldiers present, there were some eight or ten thousand visitors, making one of the largest gatherings ever assembled in Lynchburg. There were between twelve and fifteen hundred veterans in the parade.

The most interesting feature of the proceedings was the report of Senator John W. Daniel, Chairman of the Historical Committee. He touched upon a theme in which all Confederate soldiers and their sons and daughters are vitally interested when he said: "The Fifty-Seventh Congress provided by law for the full publication of all the muster rolls of all the armies of the United States and the Confederate States alike. So colossal a task has never before been undertaken by a great nation. It deeply concerns us. Having lost our own records, it is only through this agency that we can ever hope to see saved from oblivion the names and numbers of the valiant host we sent forth to battle. No State is so much in need of its self-help as Virginia now. The rolls in possession of the United States are incomplete. The War Department, through the Secretary of War and through the keeper of records, who is not officially known as the 'Military Secretary,' and has the rank of a major general in the army, has called upon us to assist in supplying these deficiencies. In short, the United States provides the means and offers to defend and print our Confederate history, and calls upon us to defend ourselves by helping it to do it. We should spring to our feet to do it with a right royal Rebel yell, and should not let the yell be for ourselves alone; we should put an upper story on it and add three times three and a tiger for Uncle Sam in his present amiable mood toward his old-time so-called 'Rebel' friends."

After Senator Daniel's report Grand Commander George L. Christian introduced Gen. C. I. Walker, of South Carolina, who spoke earnestly and eloquently in behalf of the movement to speedily erect a monument to the women of the Confederacy. He explained how this work had been shifted from the shoulders of the old Veterans of those of the young and stalwart Sons, and, while urging them to push the work forward, at the same time expressed his confidence in their patriotism, ability, and willingness to give as good account of themselves in this work as their fathers, mothers, and sisters had done in their work from 1861 to 1865. "Never let it be forgotten that the South could not have been what it is to-day and what it will be but for the daring, endurance, and suffering of your fathers, and more especially the heroic devotion and sublime faith of your mothers."

A meeting of the Sons was held at the same time as that of the Grand Camp of Veterans, and the election of officers for the ensuing year resulted: E. Lee Trinkle, of Wytheville, Division Commander; A. H. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Commander of the First Brigade; and Edwin H. Courtney, of Richmond, Commander of the Second Brigade. A grand reunion ball was given by the Garland-Rodes Camp of Sons to the sponsors, maids of honor, visiting Sons, and Grand Camp officers.

Two of the most interesting figures in the parade were the distinguished United States Senator John W. Daniel, marching along, assisted by his crutch, in the ranks of the old soldiers, and little Ruth Vest, the charming little ten-year-old daughter of Col. Vest, of Brookneal, who, dressed in a suit

of Confederate gray, marched the entire distance covered by the old soldiers. The same spirit animated the Senator and the child.

"Lord God of hosts, not yet, not yet
Do we forget, do we forget!"

Hon. N. C. Hanson, Jr., welcomed the veterans to Lynchburg and Gen. Thomas T. Munford extended greeting in behalf of Garland-Rodes Camp. The response was by Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, in such an address as could be made by but few men.

COL. STEWART'S RESPONSE TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Gen. Munford: I am commissioned by the Grand Camp to return thanks for the hearty welcome—the love offering of Garland-Rodes Camp.

Love is the tenderest word in the English language. Love is the strongest thing on earth, the highest thing in heaven. It is the power of all that is good; it is the glory of all that is beautiful. Infinite love is the crown of Almighty Power. You have greeted us with hearts overflowing with love, giving us the greatest thing on earth or in heaven. You speak it not only in sweet language, but publish it in the decorations of your hills, your temples, and your homes; declare it in festivities fit for the pure in heart. Such a soul-stirring welcome makes our hearts leap with joy and our feet tread your avenues as sacred ground.

Friends of Lynchburg, God bless you for this royal reception; God give us abundant gratitude to appreciate it. The splendid purple of imperial power could not elevate our pride to such a high degree as this recognition. Here is no glitter of national éclat, no boasting of overpowering success, no exultation over conquered provinces; but the halo of pure goodness from that spiritual power which is balm for the wounded and life for the dead.

Your ladies bear flags with memories—flowers with perfumes to testify to your goodness and to touch our souls with tenderest praise that strikes deepest into our hearts and binds our affections with chains stronger than iron or steel.

TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Our Southern ladies—how strong in tenderness! how powerful in goodness! how sweet in voice! how perfect in pleasantness! how wonderful is the weight of their helpfulness to men!

For eleven years the men of Jamestown struggled, once deserted, often heartbroken to go, ever failed to establish the first permanent English settlement in America until the widow and the maidens came to cheer their hearts and uphold their arms in the battles of the wilderness. Afterwards there was nevermore a thought of desertion, and the hopes of a free land embraced in the arms of the two greatest oceans of the world never waned until puritanical fanaticism chafed the spirit of cavalier into the combat between the sections of our American union.

When the fight was on and the legions of the South met the world in arms our ladies fed hungry soldiers, nursed the sick, wiped away the flowing blood of the wounded, rejoiced with us in our victories, sympathized with us in our defeats, prayed with the dying, and, when the surrender came, their unconquerable spirit braved the storm until life came back to murdered States. Our Southern women do not need the magic name of Robert E. Lee nor of Stonewall Jackson, the fame of Albert Sidney Johnston nor of Jefferson Davis, to make their deeds of love and self-sacrifice shine before the world—a leaderless army without uniform or rank—but with all the graces of temperance, goodness, virtue, courage, charity,

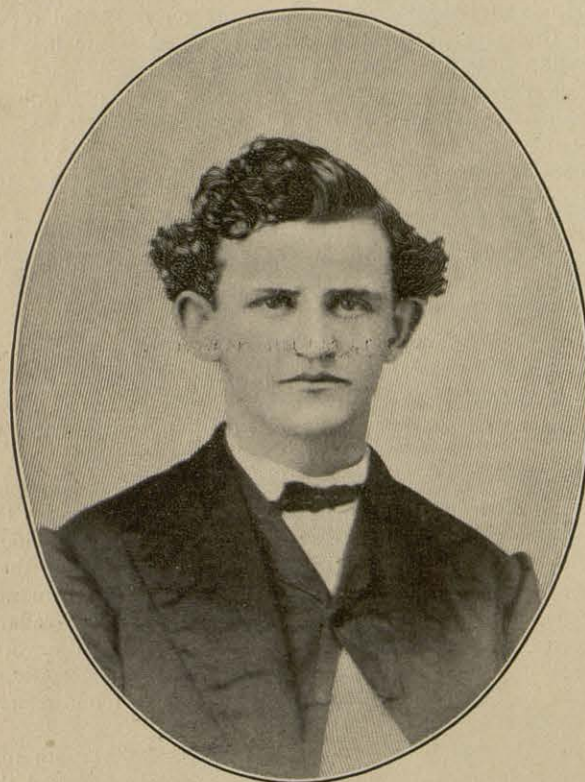
faith, and hope shone through the clouds of Appomattox as a rainbow in its splendid colors of promise.

The new flowers which have sprung through the bloody ashes of war to give indestructible States in an indestructible Union have been trained and cultivated by the peerless nerve of Southern women rather than the industrious behavior of the surrendered Confederate men. Their beautiful virtues and graces have gilded our glorious memories through every generation with unfading splendor. They are amongst the women of the world as the roses are amongst the flowers of our Southern homes. The comeliest and the strongest monument in the land must be dedicated to the Confederate women of 1861-65, that the mothers and daughters of that war may live forever in the memories of men.

ONE OF GEORGIA'S YOUNGEST SOLDIERS.

MATTHEW J. M'DONALD.

Matthew J. McDonald, nicknamed in his regiment "Mollie," enlisted in the summer of 1863 in Company I, First Georgia Cavalry, at the age of fourteen years. He served continuously with this regiment until January, 1865, when he was captured at Robertsville, S. C., and was kept a prisoner at Fort Delaware until about June, 1865. He went to Houston, Tex., in 1866, where he died of yellow fever October 1, 1867. The accompanying picture was taken in Texas a short



MATTHEW J. M'DONALD.

while before he died, at the age of eighteen years. While in Texas he was in the drug business, and gave his life during the fearful epidemic of 1867 to the care of the sick. His life there during the epidemic was like his war record, full of brave deeds and self-sacrifice. "Mollie" McDonald, of the First Georgia Cavalry, was a loving, daring cavalier. His surviving brothers are Mark and Luke McDonald, of Rome, Ga., and John McDonald, of Aberdeen, Miss.

ANOTHER YOUTH WHO WORE THE GRAY.—Dr. M. W. Jewett, Commander of the Ivanhoe Camp, U. C. V., No. 1507, of Ivanhoe, Va., has a fine record as one of the youngest Confederate soldiers regularly enlisted. He entered the service of the Confederacy when he was thirteen years old, enlisting as a private in the Fifty-Ninth Virginia Infantry, and served at Charleston, S. C., in Florida, and

finally at Petersburg, Va. In addition to being Commander of his Camp, he is assistant surgeon on the staff of Gen. James Macgill, Commanding the Second Brigade of the Virginia Division, U. C. V.



THE YOUNGEST ON RECORD.—Comrade G. K. Crump, of Tunica, Miss., writes: "I have seen several claims made as to the youngest Confederate veteran, but I met recently one who, at time of enlistment and amount of actual service rendered, surpasses any record I have yet seen. George S. Lamkin was born at Winona, Miss., November 3, 1850. He joined Stanford's Mississippi Battery, at Grenada, Miss., on August 2, 1861, and at Shiloh, before he was twelve years old, was badly wounded. At Chickamauga he was wounded twice, once quite seriously. Mr. Lamkin was very tall for his age when he entered the service, and is now a man six feet and four inches tall. He lives at 880 Adams Street, Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Lamkin is of a retiring disposition, and was averse to my mentioning this matter, but I think it should be known as a matter of history."

REUNION RATES TO JACKSON, TENN.

Joseph Richardson, Chairman Southeastern Passenger Association, announces excursion rates to Jackson, Tenn., and return on the Frisco System, Illinois Central, Louisville and Nashville, Mobile and Ohio, Nashville and Chattanooga, Southern, and Tennessee Central Railroads. From all points in State of Tennessee, one cent per mile, plus arbitraries, plus twenty-five cents *per capita* for the round trip (minimum rate fifty cents). The twenty-five cents in the rate to be retained by the selling lines.

Tickets are restricted to continuous passage in each direction and will be sold October 11 and 12, with final limit October 14, 1904.

The following rates embraced in this tariff are: From Bristol, \$10.60; Chattanooga, \$5.75; Columbia, \$4.25; Cumberland Gap, \$9.25; Grand Junction, \$1.20; Harriman Junction, \$7.35; Humboldt, 60 cents; Jellico, \$9.20; Knoxville, \$7.95; Martin, \$1.35; McKenzie, \$1.10; Memphis, \$1.95; Milan, 70 cents; Nashville, \$3.30; Paris, \$1.45; Rives, \$1.40; Somerville, \$1.10; Union City, \$1.50.

CONFEDERATE FAMILIES TO BE UNITED.—The engagement and approaching marriage of Gen. James Macgill, of Pulaski, Va., and Miss Lucy Lee Hill, daughter of the famed Confederate chieftain, Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill, is announced. Miss Hill was born in Richmond during the War between the States, but for a number of years has been living in Chicago, where she has been identified with a leading magazine. She is a lady of rare literary attainments and is widely known in social circles throughout the country. She is a favorite among the old veterans, aside from her own charming personality, on account of the glorious record of her famous father. Gen. Macgill is a prominent planter in Pulaski County, and lives the life of a country gentleman, residing in a palatial home.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The report of the Executive Committee of the Confederate Memorial Association to the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association, made at the Nashville reunion, contains the following:

"We secured the amendments to our charter, which were submitted to a meeting of the Board held in the city of Washington February 19, 1904, and as amended it was unanimously adopted. We have done everything in our power to get a trial of the suit against our Association, brought in New York City by the former Secretary and Superintendent (J. C. Underwood), through his assignee, John W. Shaughnessy, but up to this time we have not succeeded, owing to the very crowded condition of the docket of the United States Court in Brooklyn, in which the suit was brought and is pending. The chairman and other members of our committee have made several trips to New York to try to push this matter to successful conclusion. We have been exceedingly anxious to fix the date for laying the corner stone of our 'Battle Abbey,' and to push the building to completion, but have felt we ought to wait on the \$40,000 balance of the Rouss donation, which is hung up by the injunction gotten out by Underwood. Our Treasurer now has in his hands \$105,871.32 in the Virginia Trust Company, and the note of the city of Richmond for \$50,000, which can be at once converted into cash. The Secretary and Superintendent has reliable subscriptions for \$10,000, which can be collected on call, and other subscriptions on which he hopes to realize. So that as soon as we can get the \$40,000 balance from the Rouss estate, which counsel are confident we will do whenever they can get a trial of the Underwood suit, we will have in hand over the \$200,000 necessary to push the great enterprise to a happy conclusion. . . . We again very earnestly urge our friends everywhere to make contributions, large or small, to this great enterprise, which should command the practical sympathy of all true Confederates, and of all who wish to see the Confederate cause, and its adherents, vindicated at the bar of history. By order of the Executive Committee.

"ROBT. WHITE, Chairman."

The Secretary and Superintendent, Dr. J. Wm. Jones, has been doing a great deal of "educational work" during the year—sending out thousands of circulars and personal letters, lecturing and speaking in important centers—and though he has been enabled to turn into the treasury only \$1,442.41 in cash, he has secured a number of reliable subscriptions, and many promises of future help upon which he confidently expects to realize.

It has been a specially unfavorable year for the collection of funds for our object, because there have been so many other similar objects, general and local, which have been pushed for contributions.

The Davis monument fund, now happily nearly complete; the monument to J. E. B. Stuart, the Forrest monument, the monument to Wade Hampton, the Beauvoir Soldiers' Home, the Kentucky and the Missouri Soldiers' Homes, the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Hospital, the Home for Needy Confederate Women, the monument to our late beloved Commander, General John B. Gordon, and many other local monuments—all most worthy objects—have appealed so strongly to our people that it has been hard to get a hearing for this enterprise.

We ought by all means to add largely to the fund we have

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secured for the following reasons: We have, by the terms of the gift of Comrade Rouss, to set aside \$100,000 as a permanent endowment, the annuity on which will maintain and perpetuate our great memorial after we have passed away. We will need funds to establish a complete library of American history, and to collect pamphlets, manuscripts, etc., by which we can give all inquirers the truth concerning our glorious history. We shall need funds for the portrait gallery and "Hall of Fame," in which shall be gathered the portraits and statues of our leaders, of the heroes of the rank and file, and of noble women who did so much to help on our great struggle for constitutional freedom.

We earnestly appeal for help in one of the following ways: Cannot our friends in the several States raise, by private subscription or State appropriation, the funds with which to place a statue of their own selection in our "Hall of Fame?"

The statues of the patriot heroes of 1861-65 may be denied places in the "Hall of Fame" in Washington; but we can put them in our "Battle Abbey," in the old capital of the Southern Confederacy.

Let Camps of Veterans and Sons, Chapters of the Daughters, and Memorial Associations make us donations; let individuals make contributions, large or small, as they may be able. Send the names and addresses of parties able, and probably willing, to help to the Secretary. Arrange for the Secretary to deliver lectures for the benefit of this fund, dividing proceeds with some local object when desired. We cordially congratulate our friends generally that we are at last within reach of the beautiful Memorial which was founded by our lamented comrade, Charles B. Rouss, and we confidently appeal to them to help us make it worthy of our Confederate Cause, our leaders, our self-sacrificing private soldiers, our devoted women, and our Confederate people generally.

We have erected monuments to individuals, and to classes of our heroes; let us make this a monument to them all, as well as a great library and depository, from whence the future historian may draw material with which to tell the true story of our great struggle for constitutional freedom.

All checks should be made payable to the order of George L. Christian, Treasurer C. M. A., and sent to J. Wm. Jones, Secretary and Superintendent, Richmond, Va.

It is proper to add that every dollar now contributed to this fund goes into the treasury without the deduction of a cent for salaries, commissions, or expenses of any kind whatever, these being met out of the interest on our invested funds.

With thanks for the kind consideration so generally shown your Board in the past, we go forth to the future with hope and confidence.

By order of the Board. CLEMENT A. EVANS, President.

TO UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. O. A. Carr, President of the Carr-Burdette College, Sherman, Tex., Chairman Programme Committee, writes:

"Mrs. J. C. Lea, of Dallas, Tex., the 'Ranch Queen of Texas,' assisted by prominent ladies of the great Lone Star State, will entertain the Daughters of the Confederacy at the World's Fair, St. Louis, in the Texas Building, October 7, 1904, from 3 to 5 P.M.

"The United Daughters of the Confederacy are cordially invited to be present at the reception given in their honor. It will be characteristically and ideally Southern."

PARTICULARS OF GEN. JOHN ADAMS'S DEATH.

BY CAPT. THOMAS GIBSON, NASHVILLE.

In your issues of July and August mention is made of the death of Gen. John Adams in a way that, to the casual reader or one not familiar with the facts, is calculated to rob that gallant soldier of a part of the glory he won on the bloody field of Franklin at the cost of his life. Both the notices I refer to are taken from the last book (he wrote two) of Maj. Gen. J. D. Cox, U. S. A., on the battle of Franklin. It says: "In one of the lulls between these attacks, when the smoke was so thick one could see only a very little way in front, the officers of my line discovered a mounted officer in front forming for another attack. Shots were fired, and horse and rider fell. The horse struggled to his feet, dashed for the breastworks, leaped upon them, and fell dead astride of them. The wounded officer was Gen. John Adams. He was brought in, and soon died."

The inference is that Gen. Adams was killed some distance out in front, and that his wounded horse struggled to his feet, dashed for the breastworks, and fell dead across them. Any one writing history should be careful to gather facts. Now, the true and correct statement of Gen. Adams's death is embodied in Gen. Cox's report, made directly after the battle and published in Volume XLV., Part I., page 352, "Official Records War of the Rebellion," in which he says: "On reaching the osage orange hedge in front of Stiles's left, they first endeavored to force their way through it. The tough and thorny shrub foiled them, and they attempted to file around the hedge by flank and under a terribly withering fire from Stiles's and Casement's Brigades and the batteries on the flank. In front of Stiles's right and Casement's left, the obstructions being fewer, the enemy advanced rapidly and in fine order up to the breastworks and made desperate efforts to carry them. Their officers showed the most heroic example and self-sacrifice, riding up to our lines in advance of their men, cheering them on. One general officer (Adams) was shot down upon the parapet itself, his horse falling dead across the breastworks," etc.

In his first book on the battle of Franklin, written a few years after the war, in mentioning the incident, Gen. Cox is evidently guided by his official report, for he says: "Against Casement's line, Walthall's and Loring's Divisions made the assault. . . . Gen. John Adams led his brigade, riding straight at the ditch, leaping it and mounting the parapet, where his horse was killed astride of it."

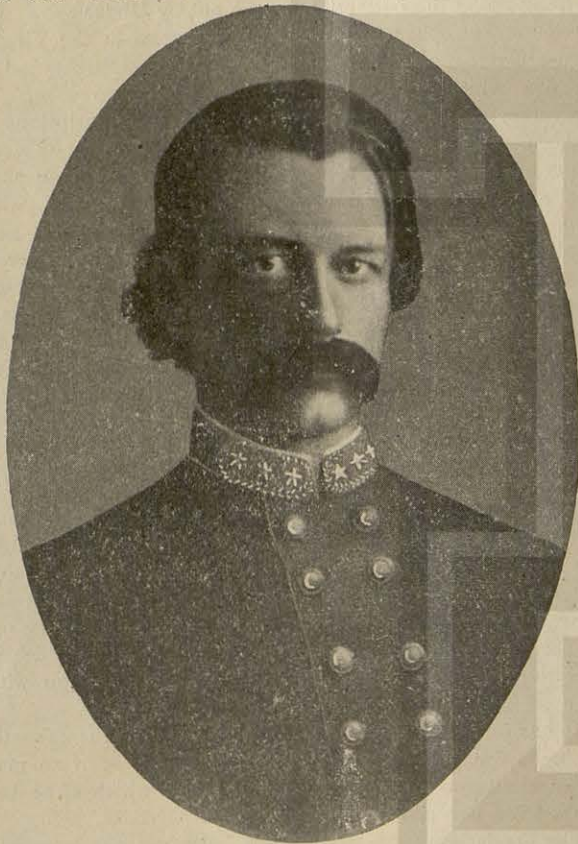
Gen. Casement, U. S. A., above mentioned, wrote to Mrs. Gen. Adams in 1891, saying: "It was my fortune to stand in our line within a foot of where Gen. Adams succeeded in getting his horse's forelegs over our line, and the poor beast died there. . . . There was not a man in my command who witnessed this gallant ride that did not express his admiration of the rider and wish that he might have lived to wear the honors he so gallantly won."

Col. Edwin A. Baker, U. S. A., of Gen. Casement's Brigade, and who received and cared for Gen. Adams on the field, wrote to Mrs. Adams in 1891, and in speaking of the incident of Gen. Adams's death said: "By this time they were within a few paces and received a terrific volley from our guns. They fell by thousands, and their decimated ranks fell back only to re-form and come back again. I doubt if in the history of the world a single instance of such desperate and undaunted valor can be produced. In one of these charges, more desperate than any that followed, Gen. Adams rode up to our works and, cheering his men, made an attempt to leap

his horse over them. The horse fell dead on top of the works, and the General, pierced with bullets, was caught under him. As soon as the charge was repulsed our men sprang upon the works and lifted the horse, while others dragged the General from under him. He was perfectly conscious, realized his condition, and asked for water. One of the men gave him his canteen and another brought some cotton from an old gin-house near by and made him a pillow. The General gallantly thanked the men for their attention and, in answer to our expressions of sorrow for his sad condition, said quietly, 'It is the fate of a soldier to die for his country,' and expired."

Thus it is shown from Maj. Gen. Cox's official report, from his first book (written when the circumstances were fresh in his mind), from the testimony of Gen. Casement (whose forces opposed Gen. Adams), from Col. Baker, U. S. A. (who cared for the dying hero), all of whom witnessed the incident, that Gen. Adams and his horse were both killed on top of the enemy's breastworks and that Gen. Adams did not "fall" out in front, not even "a very little way," as intimated in the extracts taken from Gen. Cox's last book, written thirty years after the occurrence.

There is only one way I can account for Gen. Cox's statement that "horse and rider fell" when his men fired. Old



GEN. JOHN ADAMS.

Charley, Gen. Adams's war horse, had that peculiar habit, noticed in a number of prominent officers' horses during the war, of sometimes squatting close to the ground when under fire. I was adjutant general on Gen. Adams's staff, and have seen the horse do this many times. It might have been that Gen. Cox's informant saw him do it as Gen. Adams was aligning his men for the last desperate charge that old Charley and his heroic rider were ever to lead, and assumed that both horse and rider had fallen.

In a very interesting letter of historical value, written by Col. W. D. Gale, A.A.G., to Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart's staff, dated January 14, 1865, to Mrs. Gale (see VETERAN for January, 1894), he states: "I rode over the field early in the day before the details which I ordered had begun to bury the dead. It was awful! The ditch at the enemy's line, on the right and left of the pike, was literally filled with dead bodies lying across each other in all unseemly deformity of violent death. Gen. Adams rode his horse upon the breastworks, and both horse and rider fell there." Note that Gen. Adams belonged to Gen. Stewart's Corps, hence the value of Col. Gale's testimony fresh from the battlefield.

CRUSHING MCCOOK'S CORPS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

Col. Smith D. Atkins, Commander of the Ninety-Second Illinois Regiment of Mounted Infantry, and who made a desperate but ineffectual attempt to check our troops as they poured through the gap made the first day in the Federal lines by the giving way of King's Brigade, gives an interesting account of how we crushed McCook's Corps, of Gen. Thomas's army. Quoting from the history of the Ninety-Second Illinois, he says (after being repulsed in their effort to check our line): "The regiment sought the left flank of the enemy that had repulsed it, passed around it, and found Wilder's (Federal) Brigade in the rear, where they formed and remained in line of battle all night, while the rest of the brigade was drawn back and formed on the right of McCook's Corps. Shortly after sunrise the next morning a heavy column of Rebel troops was observed passing around the left flank of the Ninety-Second, making no noise, unaccompanied by any mounted officer, and frequently halting as their light skirmish line in front would halt. Information was at once sent to McCook advising him of this movement, but he irritably denied the truthfulness of the information. Little by little, and as silent as darkness, the gray-coated columns crept steadily around toward McCook's left. Lieut. Col. Sheets, of the Ninety-Second, was himself sent to inform McCook of the threatening danger, and was most discourteously received by McCook. So the Ninety-Second could only stand and await developments. They could have made no impression by charging on that dense mass (we understood it was Longstreet's Corps), and they could not have done so without positive disobedience of orders in leaving the position assigned them. Hours passed, and then, with a yell and irresistible force, that quiet, heavy column of Rebels sprang upon McCook's left, and in less than ten minutes it was irretrievably lost; and in a short time that amazed general, who had been twice warned of his danger, looked on helplessly and saw his corps broken into fragments and floating off from the battlefield in detachments and squads like flecks of foam on a stream. The Ninety-Second fell back and joined Wilder's Brigade, that was on the right of McCook's Corps. Wilder could see from the hills that McCook had occupied the heavy columns of the Rebels, and conceived the bold idea of charging through them, taking them in flank, and joining Gen. Thomas on the left. He had five regiments and a splendid battery, and, excepting three or four of his companies, all of his men were armed with Spencer repeating rifles. His idea was to form two regiments in the front line of battle with opening in center for his battery, with a regiment on each flank in column, and with the Ninety-Second in line of battle in rear of the battery. Wilder was just the man to conceive and lead such a desperate charge. The Ninety-Second was just moving into the position assigned it in the charging column when Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, rode up to Wilder, ordered him not

to make the attempt, and to withdraw his command to Chattanooga. Wilder gathered up the artillery McCook's command had abandoned, about a hundred ambulances of his wounded soldiers, and sullenly retreated, followed by Forrest's Cavalry, going into bivouac after dark about five miles south of Chattanooga in the shadows of Lookout Mountain."

WALTHALL'S BRIGADE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY CAPT. J. D. SMITH, HOUSTON, MISS.

About the 12th of September Walthall's Brigade, consisting of the Twenty-Fourth, Twenty-Seventh, Twenty-Ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-Fourth Mississippi Regiments, moved to Lafayette, Ga., where we remained one day. On the 14th Hill's Division, to which we were attached for the purpose, made an effort to capture a large force of the enemy who had incautiously exposed themselves. They, however, were apprised of our movement, and by a rapid movement escaped.

Late in the evening of the 17th we made an attempt to capture Alexander's bridge, which spanned Chickamauga Creek. It was defended on the north side of the creek by Wilder's Brigade, concealed in one of the most impenetrable thickets I ever saw, while we were in open ground. The planks of the bridge had been removed, and, it being impossible to cross, we moved down the creek a short distance, and about sundown waded the stream, the enemy in the meantime having retreated. We moved forward something over a mile and bivouacked for the night.

The next morning (the 18th) at daylight we were formed in line of battle, awaiting orders to bring on the attack. Our position was on the extreme right of our line, our right flank being protected by Forrest's Cavalry. About sunrise Hood's Division, of Longstreet's Corps, passed our line, moving to the left wing of the army.

We were soon ordered forward to engage the enemy, who gave us a very galling fire of musketry and artillery. We returned their fire, raised the Confederate yell, charged, and drove them from their position. Ector's and Liddell's Brigades, successively, had already made an effort to dislodge them, but had failed. Gen. Walthall then went to Gen. Polk and asked him to let him charge them with his brigade, and, after some hesitancy, he consented. Walthall assembled his regimental commanders and told them to withhold their fire until they reached the works, saying that the other two brigades had lost their advantage by stopping to fight. He ordered us to go at a double-quick to a slight depression of ground between the enemies' line and ours, and there drop down and rest until he gave orders to charge. At his command we were to rise and rush, without firing, with all speed to the works. The scheme worked like a charm, and the enemy were swept away by the rapid onslaught. We captured a whole park of artillery, consisting of seventeen splendid cannon, although it was supported by Gen. Baird's Brigade of United States Regulars. Another authority states that it was Van Cleave's Division. This was a grand charge, and it made Walthall a major general, but it cost us the lives of many of our bravest men.

About sundown Cleburne's Division, which had been in reserve, came to our relief, and in another grand charge they drove the enemy still farther to the rear. The writer was senior captain of the Twenty-Fourth Mississippi, and entered the battle acting as major, but before the fight was over the other field officers were wounded, and he had command of the regiment.

On the next day (Sunday) it was nearly ten o'clock before,

a gun was fired, although it was understood that the battle was to begin at daylight. Breckinridge brought on the attack, and, being hard pressed, our brigade was hurried to his support. We soon checked the enemy's advance, and finally drove him rapidly to the rear.

Late in the evening Granger's Division of fresh troops (Federal) made a gallant charge upon our line which we succeeded in checking, though their cannonading was very severe. We were now far to the front, when all at once we noticed that some sort of a stampede had struck the Federals, and they were making a wild, uncontrollable rush for Chattanooga. As our brigade was somewhat along their route, they plunged right through our line in their wild race for safety. Horsemen, footmen, wagons, caissons, cannon—all rushed by us, over and about us, and we were powerless to check their thoroughly terrified men.

This occurred about nightfall. Next morning Gen. Walthall ordered me to take my regiment and go to the front and "hunt for Yankees." I deployed skirmishers, and after advancing about a mile I came across an immense hospital belonging to the Fourteenth Army Corps. I informed the surgeon in charge that he was within our lines and asked him where was his army. He replied: "In Chattanooga."

Thus in brief I have given the part that Walthall's Brigade played in the great and bloody battle of Chickamauga.

LUMSDEN'S BATTERY AT BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

BY JAMES R. MAXWELL, TUSCALOOSA, ALA.

Capt. Charles L. Lumsden was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and at the outbreak of the war was military instructor of the corps of cadets at the University of Alabama. Under authority of the Confederate War Department he organized a battery of light artillery, all the officers and men volunteering from Tuscaloosa County, Ala., and served throughout the war. But it is only of the part this battery played at the battle of Nashville that I write; and be it understood that the writer was only a sergeant who, during most of the fight, was handling the trail of the fourth gun of the battery, aiming it at the enemy, while the cannoners were doing their part loading and firing.

Gen. Hood's line extended from about the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad on the right to a little beyond the Hillsboro Pike on the left, about three and a half miles from Nashville. From the left of Hood's line to the Cumberland River, below Nashville, there were several miles of farming country crossed by the Harding and Charlotte Pikes, which were picketed by Gen. Chalmers's Cavalry, of about one thousand men, and Ector's Skeleton Brigade, seven or eight hundred strong. Gen. Hood had ordered five redoubts to be built to protect his left; three of them at the end just in rear of his intrenched line and the other two about a mile in rear of his extreme left, the troops occupying these latter two being ordered to "hold them at all hazards." These two redoubts were numbered four and five.

About December 9 Lumsden's Battery was ordered to occupy Redoubt No. 4. The battery consisted of four twelve-pound smoothbore Napoleon guns that at six or eight hundred yards could be used with fair accuracy. Arriving at our position, we found that a slight trench, indicating the position of the guns and with a shallow ditch on either side for the infantry that were to support us, was all the fortifications that had been made. The weather was extremely cold from the 9th to the 14th: snow, sleet, and ice, with the ground frozen every morning. With a few old picks, shovels, and axes we succeeded in getting up breastworks in our immediate

front, perhaps some seven feet high, with embrasures for the guns. All the horses, except one or two for courier work, were sent to the rear in charge of Lieut. Caldwell and the drivers, and we were then "ready for action."

There were present for duty Capt. Lumsden, Lieuts. E. H. Hargrove and A. C. Hargrove, Orderly Sergeant Mack Shivers, Sergeants James Jones, John Little, James Cardwell, and J. R. Maxwell in charge of the first, second, third, and fourth pieces, respectively, with a complement of one gunner and nine cannoners to each piece, making a total of forty-eight men, rank and file. One hundred infantry, under Capt. John A. Foster, of the Twenty-Ninth Alabama, was our support, and were in the ditches on each side of the battery. These ditches were about two feet deep.

The sleet and snow had melted by the morning of the 15th and a heavy fog concealed everything. Scattering shots and an occasional wounded man coming from the front told us that the enemy was on the move around Hood's left flank. Gen. Thomas, in command of the Federal army, moved out from his right with the Fifth Division of his Cavalry Corps, Gen. Hatch commanding, with two brigades of four regiments each, supported by Knipe's Division of Cavalry in reserve, while A. J. Smith's Corps was the right wing of his infantry.

Gen. Chalmers's one thousand Confederate cavalry was first struck on Richland Creek by Hatch, who had dismounted six of his eight regiments, and driven back rapidly. Smith's Infantry Corps, pivoting opposite Hood's left, made a left wheel with a thick cloud of skirmishers in front, driving back Ector's Skeleton Brigade, which had been extended until they were nothing more than a thin skirmish line. It was about 11 A.M. when Ector's men passed us in retreat, going on both sides of our battery, leaving the bushy hollow in our front and to our right front full of Federal sharpshooters. Capt. Lumsden called to the officer to rally his men and help us hold our position, stating that we were ordered to hold it at all hazards. "It can't be done, sir; there is a whole army in your front," was the reply, and away they went. About this time our



MISS PATTIE RIGGINS, LAKE LAND, FLA.,
Maid of Honor to Miss Gracy, Sponsor for Florida.

Division. Often our division had to double-quick down the open road to keep pace with Rodes.

When it was evident to Gen. Hill that it was necessary for Rodes to re-form his line of battle, he proposed that he himself relieve him, stating that his division had marched in column while Rodes's must necessarily need re-forming, coming, as they had done, at such rapid speed through the woods. Rodes thanked him, and as brigade after brigade came up they were filed to right or left.

While this was going on, Gen. Jackson rode up accompanied by Capt. Boswell and one or two couriers. Gen. Jackson asked Gen. Hill how long before he would be ready to advance. Gen. Hill answered, "In a few moments," as soon as he could finish relieving Gen. Rodes. He then asked Gen. Hill: "Do you know the road from Chancellorsville to the United States ford?" Gen. Hill replied: "I have not traveled over it for many years." Gen. Jackson turned to Capt. Boswell and said: "Capt. Boswell, report to Gen. Hill. Gen. Hill, when you reach Chancellorsville, allow nothing to stop you; press on to the United States ford." He then rode out in front of us, it seemed as if waiting for us to advance. Gen. Hill sat on his horse in the road and nearly on a line with Lane's men. His staff and escort were in front of the lines which had just relieved Gen. Rodes, when some one cried out, "Yankee Cavalry!" At once the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment of Lane's Brigade, mistaking us for Yankees, opened fire.

The eleven of our staff, including Capt. Boswell, who were in front of this regiment and within a few feet of it, together with their horses, were either killed or wounded, except Capt. Watkins Leigh and myself. Capt. Leigh at that time was the officer in command of the rear guard of Gen. Hill's Division, but was doing staff duty.

Gen. Hill, being on the line with this regiment, escaped the bullets, but Gen. Jackson, being in front, was in the line of fire. My horse fell on me, and I could not move. I heard Gen. Hill's voice as he called to know if any of his staff were alive; when I spoke he sprang from his horse and was assisting me when a courier came up and told him that Gen. Jackson was wounded. Gen. Jackson was at this time about fifty yards from the front of our line, where the courier found us. Gen. Hill then said to me: "Help yourself; I must go to Gen. Jackson; don't tell the troops." A soldier soon helped me from under my horse.

My uncle, Capt. Forbes, of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, was among the mortally wounded.

Capt. Forbes's horse was killed, and he was shot through the body. I secured a litter and had him taken to Melzi Chancellor's house, about two miles from the Chancellorsville house. On the way I met Lieut. Smith, of Gen. Jackson's staff, whom I informed that Gen. Jackson was wounded. This was the first intimation of the fact that he had received.

Returning to the front, I met Gen. Hill, riding with his foot out of the stirrup, with that superb artillery officer, Maj. Wm. Pegram, leading his horse and walking by his side.

With great anxiety I spoke to Gen. Hill, supposing he was wounded and not knowing how seriously. Gen. Hill told me that after leaving me and assisting Gen. Jackson he had been shot in the calf of the leg, that the wound was serious enough to incapacitate him for continuing in command, and that as there was no major general to succeed him he had sent Capt. R. H. T. Adams, his chief signal officer, for Gen.

Stuart. He then said: "I sent Capt. Wilburn, Gen. Jackson's signal officer, who arrived after I reached Gen. Jackson, to inform Gen. Lee that Gen. Jackson was wounded; you must go now and tell him of my misfortune and that I have sent for Gen. Stuart to take command here." He then seemed to realize that I had lost my horse, and, turning to Maj. Pegram, ordered him to supply me with the best horse in his battalion; which Maj. Pegram did, and I finally reached the place where Gen. Lee was resting and reported my instructions to Col. Walter H. Taylor, who was standing near a small camp fire. Gen. Lee had retired to rest, but he said that Gen. Lee must know that Gen. Hill had been wounded and Gen. Stuart sent for.

I was very much exhausted, as I had had no rest for forty-eight hours, and lay down, awaiting Col. Taylor's return. I must have dozed, for suddenly I became conscious of Gen. Lee's presence. Upon attempting to rise he told me not to do so until he had finished his instructions, but to rest as long as I could. He then stated that he deplored the wounding of Gen. Jackson and of Gen. Hill, and that he entirely approved of Gen. Stuart's being sent for to take command. "Tell Gen. Stuart," said he, "that I cannot express my sorrow at the wounding of Gens. Jackson and Hill, but that it is a satisfaction to know that the mantle of these soldiers has fallen on one so worthy. Tell Gen. Stuart at dawn of day to attack and allow nothing to stop his advance; that when he can drive the enemy back sufficiently for me to unite with his right we will try to drive them into the river."

I noticed he held in his hand a small parcel, and as he finished his instructions he said with a smile upon his face: "My friends here think I am always hungry and have wrapped this up for me to eat in the morning; now I know that, besides being very tired, you have had nothing to eat; take this and eat it as you ride. Remember the importance of your reaching Gen. Stuart in time."

I declined his breakfast, saying I had been eating Yankee rations the whole night. I was almost ready to faint from hunger, but I would have as soon taken the food from the Church altar as to take his breakfast, for I felt there would be nothing more to eat for him until after we had cooked Joe Hooker's goose.

As I walked to my horse, Maj. Tom Ballard, of Richmond, who was in charge of one of the reserve wagon trains and who was standing near the camp fire with Col. Taylor when I rode up, followed me, and as I was in the act of mounting, said, "Taylor, I heard you tell Marse Robert that lie, and he knew you were lying; but if you had taken his breakfast, noncombatant as I am, I'd have challenged you. Take this;" and he handed me a canteen of brandy. I have taken in my life all kinds of drinks, but I have no recollection of any as good as that which I drank that night from Maj. Ballard's canteen. He then gave me a handful of sandwiches, and I started on my return.

I reached Gen. Stuart as he was mounting his horse, and delivered to him Gen. Lee's instructions.

Sometime after coming to California it occurred to me that a statement from Capt. Adams as to Gen. Jackson's being wounded and Gen. Hill's sending for Gen. Stuart might establish beyond a doubt how it occurred, as I had heard several people speak to the effect that Gen. Jackson had placed Stuart in command; so I wrote for a statement, feeling assured that it would confirm what I know to be the case.

I have Capt. Adams's letter, in which he states that just

before the fatal volley was fired Gen. Hill sent him with some message to Lane; that as he passed the line of Lane's troops he saw the men raise their guns and fire; that a few steps behind the line he found Gen. Lane and told him his men had fired in the direction of Gens. Jackson and Hill, and that Lane was greatly concerned; that as soon as the firing ceased he rode down the road to where he knew Gen. Jackson had been the moment before; that, going toward him, he overtook Lieut. Morrison, of Gen. Jackson's staff, and about the time they met a Yankee officer stepped into the road, whom they made prisoner, Captain Adams taking his sword and canteen; proceeding a short distance farther, they saw Gen. Jackson supported by Hill, who was bandaging his wound, with only a courier beside him; Gen. Jackson seemed about to faint, when Adams gave him whiskey out of the captured canteen; soon Capt. Wilburn came up and was sent by Gen. Hill to inform Gen. Lee; that after Jackson was sent to the rear Gen. Hill was wounded and asked Adams to go for Stuart, as he was incapacitated for command by his wound; Capt. Adams found Gen. Stuart and delivered the message.

These facts are from his letter written to me in California many years ago.

Gen. Hill has often stated to me that when he reached Gen. Jackson only one or two couriers were with him, his staff being absent on other duties.

Among those wounded on our staff were Col. Wm. H. Palmer, the adjutant general of our division, now president of the City Bank of Richmond. His horse was killed and his shoulder broken. Maj. Conway R. Howard, Gen. Hill's chief engineer, had his horse wounded and it ran with him into the Yankee line, only stopping when he reached Gen. Hooker's headquarters, near the Chancellorsville house, to whom he surrendered. His ride is probably the most remarkable on record, and for several days after the battle we searched for him in the wilderness woods. As his horse bore him down the plank road at Gilpin speed he was the target for every Yankee within range, but escaped with only his bridle rein cut in two and his stirrup leather severed.

The mistake of the North Carolinians was one of those unfortunate ones from which no troops are exempt, mistaking friend for foe; a Virginia brigade did the same thing in the same wilderness, and only a few miles distant, the following year, when they killed Gen. Jenkins and wounded Gen. Longstreet, which mistake resulted in saving Gen. Grant's army from destruction, as the fatal mistake of the North Carolinians saved Hooker and his army that night at Chancellorsville.

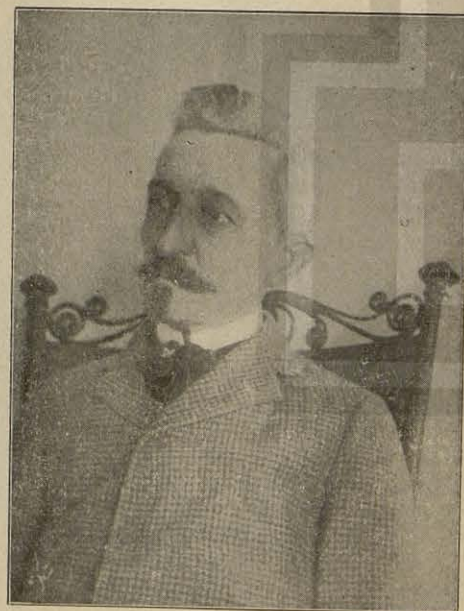
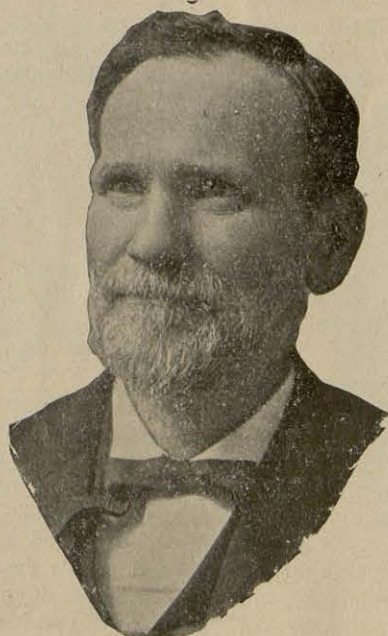
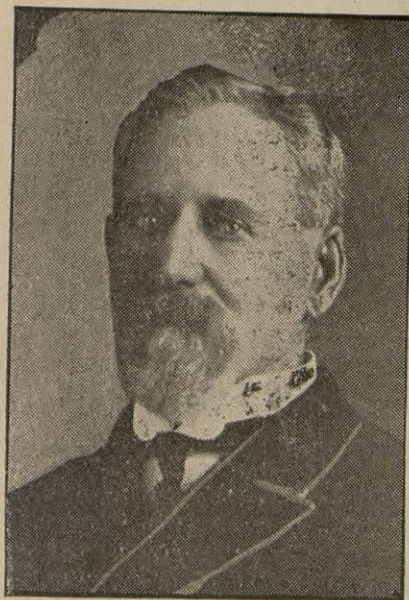
A later letter from Col. Taylor concerning it states:

"You ask if Capt. Boswell was with Gen. Hill or with Gen. Jackson. Gen. Jackson ordered Capt. Boswell to report to Gen. Hill, which he did as he (Gen. Jackson) rode to the front, accompanied by only two or three couriers. Capt. Boswell fell within a few feet of me, and I saw his body on the field before I removed my uncle, Capt. Forbes, who was wounded by the same fatal volley.

"The afternoon of the fight at Chancellorsville, I rode back to the rear, where Gen. Hill was resting in his ambulance, suffering from his wound of the night before. I accompanied him on horseback, he in his ambulance, down the plank road toward the Chancellorsville house. When we reached the spot where his staff had been fired into the night before, the horses that had been killed were lying close together, and as we stopped to examine the ground, we recognized the different horses belonging to our staff and escort. Proceeding about seventy-five or a hundred yards farther, Gen. Hill stopped his ambulance and pointed out to me the place where he had found Gen. Jackson after he was wounded.

"If Capt. Randolph was with Gen. Jackson when he was wounded, he could not have been with Capt. Boswell, who was shot down with others of Gen. Hill's staff."

ALABAMA STATE REUNION.—The VETERAN acknowledges the receipt of an invitation through Comrade A. C. Oxford, adjutant general and chief of staff to Maj. Gen. Harrison, to attend the U. C. V. State reunion for Alabama, to be held in Mobile, November 16 and 17.



SKETCHES OR INFORMATION WANTED IN REGARD TO THE ABOVE.

PERILS OF RECRUITING IN ARKANSAS.

In a sketch of the services of Capt. Pleasant Buchanan in the Confederate war, J. Mont. Wilson, of Springfield, Mo., gives the following:

"Pleasant H. Buchanan was professor of mathematics in Cane Hill College, Washington County, Ark., when the Confederate war began. When the first call for troops by the State was made a company of the college boys and the surrounding country was at once organized, and Pleasant Buchanan was elected captain, the president of the college serving in the company as a private. It was made one of the companies of Col. Gratiot's Third Regiment of Arkansas State Troops. This regiment took a very active part in the battle of Oak Hills, or Wilson Creek, fought on August 10, 1861. Gen. Lyon, the Federal commander, was killed in their front. After the State troops were disbanded, Capt. Buchanan immediately raised another company about September, 1861, and it became Company H, of the Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry. They went into winter quarters at Blake & Black's Mills, near Cross Hollows, Benton County, Ark., with the Third Louisiana and McNair's Regiment from South Arkansas.

"When Gen. Price retreated from Springfield, Mo., before Gens. Curtis and Sigel, his regiment, the Fifteenth Arkansas, was the first to reinforce Gen. Price at Elkhorn Tavern. The battle of Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, was fought a week or two later, early in March, 1862.

Gen. Price fell back to Boston Mountain, where Gen. Ben McCulloch united his forces with him. They advanced north and gave battle to Gens. Curtis and Sigel on Pea Ridge, in Benton County. During the fight of the second day Capt. Buchanan, his first lieutenant, Patent Inks, and some of his men penetrated the Federal lines and were captured. They were sent to prison on Johnson's Island. His regiment was transferred with Price's army to Corinth, Miss. After the siege of Corinth, when Gen. Bragg took command of the army, at Tupelo, Miss., he reorganized it and compelled the different regiments to fill all the vacancies of company commissioned officers. When Capt. Buchanan and Lieut. Inks were exchanged in the summer they found themselves without a command.

"They made their way to Northwest Arkansas and attached themselves to Gen. T. C. Hindman's army. Capt. Buchanan fought as a private in Capt. Earl's (Cane Hill) Company, of the Thirty-Fourth Arkansas Infantry, at Prairie Grove. He was slightly wounded in the side, the ball passing through his canteen before it struck him. This was in December, 1862. Gen. Hindman's army fell back to Little Rock, and spent the balance of the winter there. In the spring Capt. Buchanan received a commission from the War Department to raise a cavalry company of Partisan Rangers. He went to Northwest Arkansas about May, I think, and in sixty days had organized about fifty men. He attached his men with Capt. Buck Brown, of Benton County, with the aim of raising a battalion. He began active operations at once against the Federal forces operating from South Missouri and Fort Gibson and numerous scouting and foraging parties through Northern Arkansas, alone or with Capt. Brown or any other Confederate troops, as the occasion required. The company was constantly on the move that summer, and engaged in many fights and skirmishes. On one occasion part of each of Buchanan's and Brown's companies caught a Federal scout going from Springfield, Mo., to Fort Gibson, Ind. T., killing and wounding a few and capturing the captain of the scout and twenty-two of his men. At another time they charged a Federal scout occupying Fayetteville, losing one man, but

drove them out of town, capturing the commanding officer and some three or four men. In the fall Col. Brooks's Cavalry Brigade made a raid through Northern Arkansas and Southern Missouri. Capts. Brown and Buchanan joined forces with him and did most of the scouting and picketing for his command. This command started to Cassville, Mo., to capture some Federal supplies. On the way they heard of a large force of Federals, with infantry, artillery, and cavalry, camped just below the Missouri line, guarding a supply train. Col. Brooks's plan was to attack about daylight, so he sent Lieut. Inks with a squad from each of Capts. Buchanan's and Brown's companies as an advance guard, with instructions to attack vigorously and he would support him at once. We did so, capturing their pickets and fighting their infantry and artillery for an hour. It got so hot that we had to send to Col. Brooks for the support he had promised, and found his command in line behind a fence a mile in our rear. In answer, he sent Capt. Buchanan and his company as infantry to drive them back. He moved quickly, deployed in line of battle, and drove them back into their camp or the field surrounding it. We quietly drew off, and that ended the fight.

"We moved over on War Eagle and King's River, in Madison and Carroll Counties, and came in contact with the Federal Gen. McNeil, who had followed Gen. Joe Shelby out of Missouri on one of his raids up near Springfield. We fought his command for two days continuously. Capts. Buchanan and Brown were in the rear guard nearly all the time. The next day Col. Brooks decided to go South for the winter. A part of these two companies were scattered through the country scouting, and did not know of this move till after Col. Brooks's command was south of the Arkansas River.

"Capt. Buchanan intended to complete the organization of his company by electing the other officers the first time we were in camp long enough. When we went into camp in Southern Arkansas we found, with the squads left in Northern Arkansas and some others dropping out on a nine days' and nights' march (as we stopped only long enough for our horses to feed and rest), that he was short of the number required to make a full company and elect a full quota of officers.

"The squads and scouts left in Northwest Arkansas not coming South, as expected, Gen. W. L. Cabell, commanding the division, detailed Capt. Buchanan to take eleven picked men and horses from these two companies and go to Northern Arkansas and bring out these men. His instructions were to avoid all towns, Federal posts, or large bodies of Federals, gather up all the squads or individuals, not to do anything to alarm the Federal posts in the country, and avoid any engagement till across the Arkansas River. This was a very hazardous undertaking, as the Arkansas River was fordable at this season of the year at only a few places, and every dugout, canoe, or boat of any kind had been burned by the Federals, except at large towns, where guards were constantly watching the river. There was a chain of posts on the north side of the river, from Little Rock to Van Buren, and one on the south side from Little Rock, by Arkadelphia, Caddo Gap, and Waldron, to Fort Smith. Every mill and village in Northwest Arkansas had a post, and scouts passing daily. The worst feature was the leaves off the trees and no forage at all in the country, and no meat or bread for the women and children.

"It took a level-headed, cool man, and plenty of nerve back of it, to accomplish this, and that was the very reason Gen. Cabell selected Capt. Buchanan for the important undertaking. We had no trouble till we came near Waldron, forty miles south of the Arkansas River, with a post of one thousand men,

and scouts constantly passing between Caddo Gap and Fort Smith. We made a circuit around the town and ran into some outposts that fired on us, but hit no one. We finally struck the Fort Smith road west of Waldron. This all had to be done after night. We aimed to travel till after midnight, and then turn north to the river and cross the first place we could do so without being discovered. We had been riding quietly on this road only two or three hours, when we came on to a Federal scout in a house near the road. They hustled around lively with their guns, and we expected to have hot work in a few seconds; but Capt. Buchanan rode straight up to the house and inquired if it was the military road to Fort Smith, and by his coolness made them believe we were a Federal scout going to Fort Smith. He rode quietly back to us and moved down the road in an ordinary walk till we were out of sight and hearing, when we rode rapidly toward Fort Smith for an hour. An hour or two before daylight we turned off the road and traveled due north by the north star for the river. We reached it, I think, the next night just before daylight. Traveling all that night by the north star, we struck the river nearly opposite the mouth of Big Mulberry. We hid our horses in a deep slough that made into the river, fed and rested them, while some of us slept and others reconnoitered the river for a crossing.

"We decided to try it on a bar just above the mouth of Big Mulberry. Just as the sun went down we rode into the river, and made it without getting into swimming water; thence four miles north to the road from Ozark to Van Buren, through underbrush, brambles, brier thickets, and a very dark night. It did not take long to tear down the telegraph wire and drag it out in the woods in sections. We then took all the roads leading in the direction of Cane Hill, traveling hard to cross the Fayetteville and Van Buren road before daylight, so we could get to Boston Mountain and rest during the day and reach Cane Hill the next night.

"My, how it did rain that day! The drops looked as large as twenty-five-cent pieces. We crossed over the mountain and reached Fola Grays, the first house we dared to approach after crossing the river. We learned that Maj. Wright was in command of a post at Cane Hill, composed of Federal 'Pisi Indians' and negroes. We circled round this place, and all separated, going two and two together to their respective homes, and then began at once to get word to all the scattering men and squads in Benton, Washington, and Madison Counties to be ready to start South on a certain date, our rendezvous to be the Twin Mountains, in Benton County, near the Osage fork of the Illinois River. I went with Capt. Buchanan to his home. His brothers, William and James, were at home on sick leave. They wanted to go South with us, but had no horses, and there were none to be bought in the country, the Federals having taken all.

"We had learned that Maj. Wright's headquarters were at Mr. James Hagood's, and that his horses and some of the other officers' horses were kept in stables about one hundred feet from this house, with a guard near by. The captain decided that we could go down there the night before we started, get their horses, and mount his brothers. So we four went and let the fence down around the lot, but ran onto a guard in the lot; then we had to get away quietly. My sister was at White McClellan's, only a quarter of a mile away, so I went by to tell her good-by, and the captain went with me, as Charlie McClellan was going with us. While there Miss Emma Hagood and Amanda Hinds told me that they had tied Maj. Wright's horse to the fence just in the rear of the dwelling, where we could get it. I asked the captain if he would

allow me to go and get it. So I did, and we all four returned to his mother's and left before daylight, moving out in the barren timber toward Rhea's Mill, and stopped to feed our horses before starting for the Twin Mountains.

"William Rhinehart and Guy Blake, two of the escort, had joined us, and in thirty minutes more we would have been on our way and they would not have been able to come up with us. Our horses all had their bridles off. The captain was lying down on some leaves with a paper over his face. William Buchanan had procured a plug of a horse and James had gotten a mule.

"When I first saw the Federals they were about one hundred yards away, deployed in line. I called to the boys, and each one sprang to his horse. As we did this they began firing and charged us. My horse and the captain's mare stood with their heads near together. As I sprang into my saddle and wheeled my horse, the captain was standing in his stirrup, with his right leg nearly in the saddle. Rhinehart and I ran together, and we had gone about one hundred yards when the captain's mare dashed by us. I was satisfied then that he was shot. Will and Jim Buchanan were shot before mounting. They ran at Jim to shoot him while he was trying to bridle his mule, and he fought one of them with his bridle for fifty yards before he could shoot him.

"I have heard that I was censured as being the cause of their death by taking that horse. It is possible we could have gotten away without their making such an effort to find us, if I had not taken the horse. It was the suggestion of the captain that we get the officers' horses to mount his brothers, William and Jim Buchanan, and we were only prevented by the guard. I did not offer to go for the major's horse till the captain cheerfully gave his consent. I also heard at that time that the negroes had reported to the Federals that we were there and put them on our trail. Maj. Wright's orders to the troop of Federals sent after us were to take no prisoners, as I have learned since.

"I was in Capt. Buchanan's classes in college, was in his infantry company till captured, again was one of the first to join this cavalry company, was in his mess from that day till he was killed, and I never saw a more perfect Christian gentleman. With my intimate and varied association with him I never heard him utter a word that could not have been spoken in the presence of a lady. He was as brave as the bravest, very cool, and never got rattled in a fight. He was a model officer and soldier, and was respected by all of his men. I never saw but one soldier refuse to do anything he told him. In his cool, quiet way he convinced that fellow that he had better do it, and do it quick. He was so modest and unassuming; it was only those who were intimate with him that knew his real worth and merit."

The brutality of the Federals after these men were killed is beyond precedent. In a letter from Mrs. — to Comrade Wilson, author of the foregoing, she states:

"In regard to the death of the Buchanan brothers I will tell you what I remember of the circumstances. It is painful to me, even at this day, to recall that scene. Mrs. Buchanan requested some of us to go and care for the bodies and keep the hogs from getting to them. Mrs. —, of Little Rock, and I volunteered to go for her sake. We had gone about halfway to our old home place—about a mile—when we heard the scouts coming in with the bodies, and we waited for them to come up. The bodies were stripped of all clothing save the undergarments. We asked the captain to take them down to their mother. He would not consent, but said he wanted us to go down with them to Boonsboro.

We got into the ambulance with the dead boys lying in the back part, so powder-burned and blood-stained that we could not recognize them. They drove at full speed all the way, yelling and shouting: 'Hurrah for Capt. Buchanan!'

"After arriving at Boonsboro — and I went to a residence until they had washed the faces of the dead boys, then we recognized each one. They were shot in the face and head, but no other violence that I remember, except that Capt. Buchanan was stabbed in the side three or four times. The Federals then took them back up home to their mother. Two of the old citizens went with us in a separate hack.

"They were dressed in their graduating suits, which Mrs. Braden got from their hiding places in the attic. As far as I know, everything was conducted in order at the burial. I did not go. . . . Never can I forget that moonlight ride with those dear boys thrown in like butchered swine, and the yells of those negroes and Indians!"

The other lady who accompanied them on that sad mission recalls the awful event, and writes of it minutely, even quoting the words of participants. She mentions, for instance, that while an Indian, Redbird, was looking at Jimmie he said: "That was one brave man. I hate to kill him; but I have to, as he kill me."

CONFUSING GENs. LORING AND LOWRY AT FRANKLIN.—Comrade J. L. Boswell, of Plainview, Tex., corrects an error in the VETERAN in regard to Gen. Loring in the battle of Franklin, saying he did not make a speech to his men as reported; that he commanded a division in Stewart's Corps. "Gen. Lowry, a Baptist preacher with whom I was acquainted before the war, commanded a brigade in Cleburne's Division, and it must have been he that made the speech referred to." The editor of the VETERAN has sought for years in vain to know who it was that Gen. Hood approached just after examining the enemy's lines from Winstead Hill, and, riding back, approached an officer also on horse, and said: "General, we will make the fight." The two clasped hands.

SERVICE OF DR. J. C. LEE FOR CONFEDERATES.

In the VETERAN for August appeared an extract from a communication of Dr. J. M. Kellar in reference to the rank and position of Dr. J. C. Lee in the Confederate service. On investigation the VETERAN ascertains from Mrs. J. C. Lee that there was an error in the statement made on the subject in the April VETERAN. Dr. Lee was not the surgeon general on Gen. Hindman's staff, as stated, when he was in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

The following is an extract from a letter received from a gentleman who is a warm friend of Mrs. Lee's: "Dr. J. C. Lee was a close personal friend of Gen. Hindman while he commanded in Arkansas, and when the General was ordered to San Antonio in November, 1864, he sent for Dr. Lee, who was his family physician until July 1, 1865. Their intimate friendship continued after the General went to Mexico, and ceased only with his death, at Helena, Ark., after returning to this country. Dr. Lee never held any official position in the Confederate army, on account of physical disabilities. Being a man of wealth, it was his pride and pleasure to contribute in every possible way to the Confederate cause as an original secessionist. The services of Dr. Lee to the Confederacy were of inestimable value, and the memory of them will always be treasured in the hearts of hundreds of Southern people who were the recipients of his kindly attention and medical skill. He was a tireless worker, often going day and night in

the practice of his profession, and supplying the families and soldiers not only with medicine but food as well. When the first troops went to Louisville, Ark., he turned his own home into a private hospital, and took care of many of Col. W. B. Ochiltree's soldiers and others of Gen. Randall Gibson's Brigade."

He continued the practice of medicine upon a petition of the people of his county, who considered his services invaluable as a physician to the soldiers and their wives and children. In November, 1863, the medicines gave out, and Dr. Lee took a trip to Mobile, Ala., to procure them. He was successful, to the great relief of the soldiers' families, as shown by the following document:

"THE STATE OF ARKANSAS, COUNTY OF LAFAYETTE.

"I, James M. Montgomery, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Lafayette County, in the State of Arkansas, do hereby certify that Dr. John C. Lee, the bearer hereof, is a citizen of said County of Lafayette; is also a practicing physician in good standing, and is, to the best of my knowledge and belief, a good and loyal Southern man. He being desirous to go to the city of Mobile for the purpose of purchasing medicines, this certificate is given him with a hope that it will enable him to pursue his journey unmolested, and insure him the respect and treatment due a true Southern gentleman.

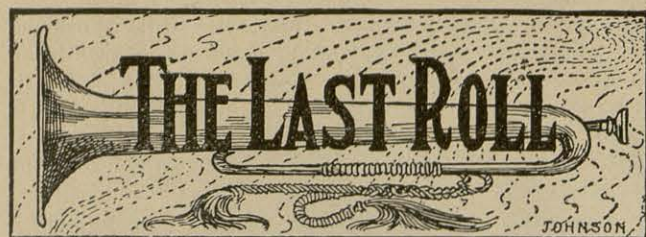
"In testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand and official seal at Lewisville, Ark., this 10th day of November, A.D. 1862.

"J. M. Montgomery, Clerk; Len B. Green, Judge of Circuit Court, Sixth Judicial Circuit, Ark.; James K. Young, Prosecuting Attorney of Sixth Circuit of Arkansas."

The following winter his time was occupied with the arduous duties of his profession among the Confederate people. In March, 1864, Dr. Lee was especially detailed by Lieut. Gen. Kirby Smith for an important commission, as set forth in Special Orders No. 65, from the headquarters of the Trans-Mississippi Department, dated Shreveport, March 17, 1864, as follows: "Dr. J. C. Lee and R. B. Jones have permission to take from Lewisville, Ark., to the Rio Grande twenty-five bales of cotton and five thousand pounds of tobacco for the purpose of procuring medicines, he having given security that the proceeds will be invested in that way. During his trip there and back his wagons, teams, and drivers will be exempted from molestation of any kind." On the Doctor's return he was personally complimented by Gen. Kirby Smith for his energy and integrity in carrying out these orders.

Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Director of Department of Archives and History of Alabama, writes from Montgomery, September 16, 1904: "The publication of the sketch of Mrs. Lee contained two mistakes which she has spoken to me about, and I think no one could regret more than she that any errors could have crept into the sketch. From statements made by her to me Dr. Kellar is correct in his statement. I wish to say, however, that the statements in her sketch as to the Union sentiment in Louisville in the winter of 1860 and 1861 and as to the flag-raising incident are all correct. She has exhibited to me old diaries, letters, and other papers which clearly substantiate these facts, the other error being that the flag-raising occurred after Lincoln's proclamation. It occurred on January 9, 1861, three months before Lincoln's proclamation."

Let this one rule prevail: See to it that the VETERAN is in every Southern home. One dollar a year is a light tax for so much return.



LEONIDAS COLWELL BALCH.

Leonidas C. Balch was born in Panola County, Miss., November 20, 1842; and closed his career at the home of his later years, in Little Rock, Ark., April 18, 1904, beloved by those who were nearest to him and knew him best and respected by the entire community, while his death was regretted by all who knew him.

On May 18, 1861, young Balch entered the Confederate army, joining the Twelfth Mississippi Infantry. He was so severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines that for many months his life hung in the balance, and was saved only by the devotion of those historic women of old Virginia whose names and fame have come down to us with loving praises as an example to other generations of American women. The wound never entirely healed, and to the day of his death was the subject of constant medical attention. Considering such a lifelong burden, it is wonderful that he possessed such an iron will and determination as to enable him to lead so vigorous and useful a life.

Comrade Balch was admitted to the practice of law in 1870, and soon became a leader among the entire bar of North Mississippi. Influenced by friends who had preceded him, with his family he removed to Little Rock in 1881. His practice there was limited, as much of his pleading was in the eastern portion of the State, where he was widely known. Those who came in personal contact with him recognized at once not only an able counsel, but, what is better and rarer, a truly good man, governed in both professional and business life by a clear and singularly well-balanced mind and by a quickened conscience which developed to a remarkable degree uprightness and purity in his personal life.

Three weeks before his death he sent for a friend and calmly gave directions as to the details of his burial and as to his worldly affairs, with all the air of hope, as though about to take a journey. Then, as the end approached, he measured the hours, and on the day of his death he called his family about him and announced that the end was at

hand, and, folding the drapery of his couch about him, he laid him down as if to peaceful sleep.

It was not like a house of mourning. With such a blameless life record, with such a strong but gentle spirit, those around him could not but feel that he had "filled the measure of his days with usefulness" and that he had left to his family and to the world a legacy of honor, the fruit of a well-spent and heroic life, and that in God's providence we should not mourn that he had been released from his long and patient suffering.

Representatives of the bar expressed sympathy with the widow and family in their bereavement in the resolutions passed as a tribute to his memory.

Comrade Balch was an ardent Confederate, boldly vindicating every principle that actuated his people. It will be remembered that he recently commanded the U. C. V. Association of Arkansas, with the rank of Major General.

MRS. ELIZABETH BROWN BURCH.

The VETERAN for September announced the death of Mrs. John C. Burch, of Nashville, the last surviving daughter of Gen. John C. Brown. More than such mention was merited.

Elizabeth Brown Burch was born March 8, 1870; and died August 31, 1904. She was the wife of John C. Burch and daughter of John C. and Elizabeth Childress Brown. Her homes had ever been in Pulaski and Nashville, Tenn., except when, in her childhood, her father was Attorney, Receiver, and President of the Texas and Pacific Railroad. She attended Martin College in Pulaski, the Convent of Visitation at Georgetown, D. C., and Mrs. Reed's School in New York City. She was always ardently devoted to the Confederate cause, and at the time of her death was President of Chapter No. 1, Nashville, not only the first but one of the largest



MRS. "BIRDIE" BROWN BURCH.

Chapters, U. D. C., in the great organization. She was elected Secretary of the Campbell Chapter, D. A. R., but had resigned. Her only child, John C. Brown Burch, was born in May, 1898. (This son will ever have occasion for pride in his ancestors, whose names he bears. His father's father, John C. Burch, was the leading man in the press of Tennessee for many years.



PULASKI CEMETERY—AT GRAVES OF GEN. BROWN AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

He was adviser in all great political issues, and was Secretary of the U. S. Senate at the time of his death. His maternal grandfather, John C. Brown, was an able lawyer. He was promoted from the command of his regiment to major general, and was in command of Cheatham's Division when wounded in the battle of Franklin, near the close of the war. After the war he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, whereby legislation was enacted to overcome certain carpet-bag rules in the State; he was afterwards Governor of the State, and also connected with great railroad enterprises, and at the time of his death was President of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, the largest corporation that had ever been organized in the South.)

Mrs. Burch was a lovely woman, her beautiful face ever beaming with kindness, so expressive of her words in the crisis between life and death when she emphasized her true character in saying: "I love everybody."

MRS. S. H. STOUT.

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

From a beautiful tribute by Mrs. George Langston to the wife of Dr. S. H. Stout, whose death followed so soon that of her distinguished husband, the following notes are taken:

Martha Moore Abernathy was born in Giles County, Tenn., January 19, 1830; and in April of 1848 she united her destiny with that of Samuel H. Stout, to whom she was the truest and tenderest friend through every varying fortune. When the war came on, with its peculiarly trying times, and the husband was giving his care to the wounded and dying in hospital and camp, she too listened to the bugle call of duty. Not alone to her family were her energies devoted. She went beyond this in giving strength to the weak, faith to the unbelieving, and honor to the Southland as wife, mother, and friend. And in the darker days which followed the close of the war, amidst the confusion and bitterness of feeling and unpleasant associations, the universal motherhood of this

noble woman pierced the rift of blackness, and by faith she looked beyond and hoped for better things to come, and so inspired all by the oneness of her love.

Afterwards they became residents of Cisco, Tex., where Dr. Stout was prominently connected with the development of the town, especially in its educational and municipal departments, and here his wife made for herself a place in the hearts of all. In later years their home was at Clarendon; and it was here, on September 18, 1903, that the hands lovingly joined so many years before were unclasped and the husband entered the spirit land; and here, on July 10, 1904, the loving wife followed him whom she had so willingly followed all the days of her life. Faith looks beyond, and we see them united forever, where

"There's perpetual spring, perpetual youth,
No joint-numbing cold nor scorching heat,
Famine nor age have any being there."

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

B. F. SHORT.

A tribute by John A. Miller, Commander of his Camp:

"B. F. Short, of Company F, Fourth Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A., on July 26, 1904, answered the summons of the mystic angel and crossed over the dark river to dwell in the white tents of the silent, there to rest till the reveille of the resurrection morn shall awaken him to life eternal. Comrade Short was buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, Franklin, Tenn., by McEwen Bivouac, of which he was an honored member. He was a soldier true and tried till the surrender, and was esteemed by all who knew him as citizen, neighbor, and friend, and in his family was a model of devotion.

"A few years ago a reunion of the five brothers of this family was held in Franklin, notable for the fact of their having



B. F. SHORT.

been separated thirty-five years before and having passed safely through the dangers of the war, and still living in the enjoyment of good health and happy homes. Of the five broth-

ers, W. A. Short, the elder, enlisted in October, 1862, in Capt. Hobbs's Company, Tenth (Col. Cox) Tennessee Cavalry, served through the war, and surrendered with Gen. Forrest at Gainesville, Ala., never having been wounded or captured. Jno. J. Short was a member of Capt. McEwen's Company, Forty-Fourth Tennessee; was captured in 1862 and sent to Camp Chase, then to Rock Island; was sent to Richmond for exchange and served till the close of the war, surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., with Gen. J. E. Johnston. Jesse A. Short enlisted in May, 1861, in Carter's Company of the Twentieth Tennessee Infantry; was wounded at Murfreesboro, Hoover's Gap, Chickamauga, Resaca, and Jonesboro, Ga.; served through the war. Henry M. Short was also a member of Carter's Company of the Twentieth Tennessee; he was wounded at Shiloh and at Franklin; served through the war, however, and surrendered with Gen. Johnston at Greensboro. B. F. Short served in Pierce's Company of the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry during the war, and was never wounded or captured. He surrendered at Washington, Ga."

DR. H. G. LOGAN.

Dr. H. G. Logan, Adjutant of V. Y. Cook Camp, of New Ark, Ark., died on June 23, 1904. He was born in Cleveland County, N. C., in 1847, and entered the Confederate army in May, 1861, serving to the close of the war as first lieutenant of Company D, Second North Carolina Junior Reserves. Dr. Logan was a practicing physician, and a great part of his time and services was given to those in distress and need. What a beautiful retrospect he has left his family and friends! No one ever appealed to him in vain, though the demands upon him were constant. Since his death his young daughter, Miss Ellen, is acting adjutant of the Camp, an honor worthily bestowed, for to her it is a labor of love, and her official services are promptly and faithfully performed. This Camp has a mortuary fund on the assessment plan, available at the death of a member, and was the first in all the confederation of Camps to advocate an immediate and closer affiliation of the Sons of Veterans with the old soldiers.

EDWARD EDGAR.

Edward Edgar, Lieutenant Commander of Camp Sutton, at Port Lavaca, Tex., died at Santa Rita, N. Mex., May 25. In all his extensive acquaintance none knew him but to love him. Comrade Edgar was educated in the schools of New Orleans, but at the age of twelve went to Calhoun County, Tex. In 1861 he joined Company D, Sixth Texas Infantry, and was sent to Arkansas Post, Ark., where he remained until its fall, when he was sent as a prisoner of war to Springfield, Ill. Later he was exchanged at City Point, Va., and immediately resumed service in the Confederate army, sharing in the

glory of that unflinching band through many battles and vicissitudes until the surrender of Gen. Johnston at Bentonville, N. C. He was married in 1877 to Miss Annie B. O'Neil, of Port Lavaca, who, with two children, survives him. Sutton Camp, C. V., formed a noble squad, and with flag unfurled escorted the body of their comrade to its last resting place.

DR. A. A. MARSTELLER.

A. A. Marsteller was born at the old family homestead in Prince William County, Va., in September, 1844; and died May 17, 1904. He joined the famous Black Horse Cavalry under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and soon won the confidence and esteem of his great leader by his daring and adventurous spirit, and who mentions him in one of his official reports as a lad of "extraordinary daring and individual prowess." Gen. R. E. Lee ordered the report to be sent to President Davis and the Secretary of War, and in forwarding the same added: "As a bold deed, it may interest and please."

Young Marsteller studied medicine, graduating with the highest honors of his class. At the request of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, he located in Stafford County, near Gen. Lee's estate, Wide Water, and became his family physician. He afterwards removed to Washington, D. C., where he built up a large and lucrative practice, from which ill health finally compelled him to retire.

As a soldier, his record was brilliant; as a physician, he was eminently successful; as a surgeon, he was a bold and skillful operator; as a citizen, he was honored and beloved by all who knew him. He was a devoted husband and father, and leaves a wife and two children, a son and a daughter, to mourn their loss.

CAPT. RICHARD CATESBY WIGGS.

Capt. R. C. Wiggs, well known throughout the Chickasaw Nation, died on the 7th of June, 1904. He was a man of the highest and noblest traits of character. He was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1838; and lived in the Chickasaw Nation for about thirty-three years, residing at Oakland since 1874.

At the outbreak of the war he assisted in raising Company C of the Eleventh Texas Cavalry, the first company formed in Grayson County. Two years after its organization he was elected captain and was then made assistant inspector general of cavalry, under John A. Horton. He participated in all the battles of the Army of Tennessee, and was twice wounded. Always found at his post of duty, he loyally defended the cause in which he believed, and was a brave and faithful soldier.

Capt. Wiggs was an intermarried citizen of the Chickasaw Nation, and held office under the Indian government at different times, having been, respectively, sheriff and county clerk of Pickens County, both of which offices he held several terms. He performed the duties of these offices at a time when conditions were quite different from those of today, the Indian courts and government then being the only local institutions of government. In his official position, as in his private life, he had the entire confidence and esteem of the full-blooded Indian, as well as all other citizens, because in his dealings with all he followed the golden rule of conduct. He was truly loyal in all the relations of life—to his family, his friends, and his government.

He leaves a wife and three children.

DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT'S "DIXIE."

The September issue of the VETERAN has aroused animated discussion upon changing the words of "Dixie." A spirited woman writes from far out West:

"Don't you ever let any man or woman change the words of Emmett's 'Dixie.' It would be sacrilege! It's the South's 'Marseillaise.' If the words 'passed muster' nearly half a century, surely they are fit for the rest of time and eternity! Just as well change 'Old Hundred' or 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul!' . . . Then, too, isn't nigger all the style? Don't they write nigger, talk nigger, sing nigger, act nigger, preach nigger? The one being biggest nigger gets most pay, most notoriety, and most gratification!"

"Wasn't it nigger that 'Dixie' inspired the boys in gray to 'walk around' as no boys ever did before or can do again? If I wanted fame, I'd strike at original things, not wait until a poor fellow had passed into the great beyond to meddle with his production and try to share his glory. 'Dixie' is too great for a second fiddle! It makes my heart ache to contemplate."

Miss Beatrice Cunningham, of Cadiz, Ky., writes of the original "Dixie:" "I come with a grievance. I have observed with some wonderment the signs of a possible adoption of new

words to our loved 'Dixie.' It seems a poor tribute to Emmett, just now in the yet present gloom of his passing, to think of such a thing. There is but one 'Dixie.' Let poets trim, and all the prima donnas of the world adopt the new one, still there is only one 'Dixie' to the torn heart of true Southrons—the one of Emmett's. It is the coloring of the old version that makes it so loved and famous. Any change would rob the song of its time-worn and old South prestige. It came from the heart and soul of a man when history was warm in its making."

In connection with the fine old man, the author of "Dixie," Mr. Al G. Field, proprietor of what is doubtless the greatest minstrel show ever organized, on a recent visit to Nashville, paid respect to the VETERAN by a serenade to Dan Emmett's friend. The Nashville Banner said of the circumstance:

"Once again the Al G. Field Greater Minstrels made their presence felt in Nashville, for parade No. 2 was given by that organization this morning. This time the entire company was installed in carriages and two tallyhos, and made a tour of every part of the city."

"The factory districts were visited and concerts were given in front of several manufacturing establishments. The working people were much gratified, and showed their appreciation of the music by enthusiastic applause. Classic and popular airs were played, and withal the music was an excellent tonic during the hours of labor."

"However, the feature of the parade was really the concert given in front of the office of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and a friend of Mr. Field. These gentlemen have been brought very close together through their mutual regard for Daniel Decatur Emmett, the author of 'Dixie.' . . ."

Some reminiscences of "Uncle Dan Emmett" are promised by Mr. Field ere long. Those who best knew this mellow-hearted, courtly old man owe to his memory expressions for the public.

The protests herewith recorded are but of many which have been entered against changing the words of "Dixie."

It is hardly fair to intimate that such change has been contemplated only since the passing of the venerable Dan Emmett. The patriotic lines by Gen. Albert Pike were written when the storm of battle in its fury was over the South, and often since then different compositions have been submitted from time to time as more in accord with what we wished to be our national air. A number of these compositions have been published in the VETERAN, but none have been given with a view to take from the original composer any of the honor which has been accorded him. It is simply wished to secure words which will have a deeper meaning when sung to the air which had the power to quicken the lagging footsteps of every weary soldier and still thrills the hearts of multitudes throughout the length and breadth of this land. Indeed, "Dixie" thrills audiences in every country where it is heard.



PATRON AND FRIEND OF DAN EMMETT, ORIGINATOR OF MINSTRELS.

GEN. S. D. LEE IN REGARD TO BLUE AND GRAY.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee has been so misrepresented in connection with the proposed reunion of the veterans of Union and Confederate armies that he sends copy of his letter in regard to it.

"COLUMBUS, Miss., July 29, 1904.

"Commander D. R. Lowell, Middleton, Conn.

"My Dear Sir and Comrade: I have yours of July 25, with reference to the 'Blue and Gray meeting,' recently held in St. Louis, and inclosing the printed synopsis of the proceedings and resolutions. In compliance with said resolutions, you as chairman of the committee, appointed by the meeting, ask me as Commander of the U. C. V. Federation, to appoint a committee of five Confederate veterans, to cooperate with your committee; to arrange the details of the proposed fraternal convention of the 'Blue and Gray,' to be held in Washington, D. C., May, 1905. A similar request has been made of Gen. Black, Commander of the G. A. R. Organization, as to the appointment of a similar committee.

"Rev. Mr. Byrons, who inspired the movement, has placed me in an anomalous position by the following resolutions: 'Resolved, That whereas letters read at the meeting from Gen. Lee and Gen. Black, respectively, show that each of said commanders is in full accord with the objects of this meeting,' etc. He certainly gave coloring to my views not borne out by any of the letters written him, nor did I send any message to the St. Louis Convention, as you mention in your letter to me.

"I am thoroughly satisfied, both from observation and experience, that the survivors of the great war, on both sides, entertain for each other the highest regard and respect, and when meeting together their intercourse is of the most cordial and pleasant character, feeling that each side performed what they considered a patriotic duty, as they saw it; yet when it is proposed to have a social joint meeting of the two great federations, my opinion is, such a reunion should only be brought about through the appointment of committees by the two commanders of the G. A. R. and U. C. V., after the matter had been presented to, and discussed by, the two bodies, at their annual meetings, and their full approval given. I do not think I would be justified in committing the U. C. V. Federation to such an important step, without their being consulted about it beforehand, and in such a hurried manner.

"I have continuously put myself on record, by resolution, and in all public utterances, as favoring all efforts tending to perfect reconciliation, and obliteration and allaying of all sectional bitterness and estrangement as between the North and South, and, so far as my observation goes, I do not hesitate to say that my views have been generally reflected by the surviving Veterans of the dead Confederacy.

"Unfortunately, though, I have been present at many of these Reunions, when some unwise or inconsiderate person said or did something which marred the occasion, and, in a measure, would destroy the good effects desired. I might recall two notable occasions; one the clash between the Governors of New Hampshire and Tennessee, at the dedication of the Chickamauga Park; another at the unveiling of the McPherson Monument, at Atlanta, when the commander of the G. A. R. (I think) and General Gordon clashed. I might name others.

"It seems to me almost a miracle how the two sections have gradually come together, and in the lifetime of many of the survivors we have been able to see the era of good

feeling, and forgetfulness of the weird and bloody past so universal. It would seem to me, we had best let well enough alone. The proposed reunion is a matter, if made a success, which should not be perfected too hurriedly or inconsiderately. Rev. Mr. Byrons worked most industriously by correspondence and through the public press, yet I learn that not over eighty or one hundred persons (after all his earnest work) were present at the St. Louis meeting, so that gathering could hardly be considered an enthusiastic or representative one on either side.

"I assure you, my dear comrade, nothing would give me more pleasure than to cooperate with you, and especially Gen. Black, whose broad and liberal views I know, in bringing about a better feeling, if possible, between the two sections than already exists; yet I feel we had best consider the matter more maturely before acting in haste, unadvisedly, and possibly injudiciously. Please send the inclosed copy of my letter to Gen. Black.

"With kindest wishes for you, personally, and reciprocating the noble, patriotic motive which inspired you and others who participated in the St. Louis meeting."

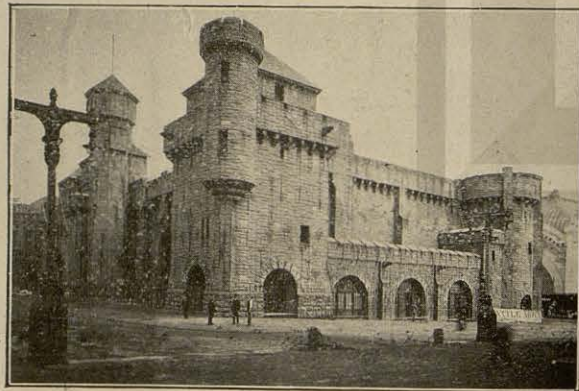
COLLECTING CONFEDERATE LITERATURE.

Mrs. Theresa J. Freeman has been appointed custodian of the display of Confederate literature at the National Convention, U. D. C., to be held in St. Louis, October 4, 1904. Mrs. Freeman has written and published several books, and has now ready for the press the life of "Dorothea Mason," her ancestor of England and the mother of John Rolfe, who married the Princess Pocahontas, of American romance and song. She also has "The Emigrants," a new and thrilling story of Southern life finely illustrated.

Mrs. Freeman has received a number of fine works from Southern authors. She expects to make a fine display of the works of many talented women throughout the Confederacy, and to aid in bringing before the American readers and children in this century, and in centuries yet to come, the portrayal of the true life of the South.

Mrs. Freeman's address is No. 4374 Morgan Street, St. Louis.

With pride and satisfaction announcement is made of the dedication on July 1, at Richmond, Va., of a Home for the Needy Confederate Women. The General Commanding gives his hearty approval of this action of Virginia comrades and urges its imitation in some form throughout our bounds, "thus showing that these angels of mercy have an abiding place in our affections."



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One-way colonist tickets will be sold from Memphis, on September 20, October 4 and 18, to Texas points at rate of \$8.50.

Round-trip homeseekers' tickets from Memphis on September 20 and 27, October 4 and 18 at rate of \$15.

The territory to which above rates apply includes Dallas, Ft. Worth, Waco, Amarillo, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Corpus Christi, and intermediate points. Round-trip tickets permit stop-overs either way, 21 days' return limit.

For full particulars and Texas map, literature, time tables, etc., write to

W. G. ADAMS, T. P. ...,
Cotton Belt, Nashville, Tenn.

TWO OLD JOHNNIES.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Again for us the bugles play,
Again we don our suits of gray—
We're comrades still; the same old lines
Seem moving 'neath the crested pines;
I hear the mad guns' opening roar,
I see the foemen's ranks once more,
I hear the colonel's "Charge!" and then
The onswep of a thousand men.

We meet to-day, old comrade mine,
Not as we met 'neath oak and pine;
Hand clasped in hand, we silent stand,
The remnant of that gallant band.
Some comrades dear are camping ever
Where angels guard Potomac's river,
And some went down the day we stood
In Chickamauga's fire-swept wood.

We meet beneath the skies once more,
We stand together as of yore;
Our eyes are moist, our voices low.
I say: "'Tis Jim!" You cry: "'Tis Joe!"

Ah me, what sacred memories come
From out the past at tap of drum!
And in the bugle's stirring strain
We are not old, but boys again.

O comrade mine, the river flows
Where all are friends and none are foes.

Soon we shall break this earthly spell,
And hear God's sentry: "All is well!"
Each year we spread the sweetest blossoms

Upon the bravest, truest bosoms,
Where sleep the boys who formed the lines
Beneath the cannon-shattered pines.

They look at us and laugh and say:
"Just two old Johnny Rebs in gray!"
But, comrade dear, they cannot know
The sacred ties that bind us so;
They cannot see the graves that lie
Beneath the balmy southern sky,
Nor know how in the past we stood
Where Mars strode through the war-struck wood.

Ere long for us will beat tattoo,
As beats it for the boys in blue;
No hatred in our hearts to-day,
Although we wore the Southland's gray;
And when they bear me to my rest,
The old, torn blouse upon my breast,
May some one's mother sweetly say:
"God rest the one who sleeps in gray!"

James Melvin, of Kossuth, Miss., would like to hear from any surviving members of the Whitworth Sharpshooters, Cleburne's Division.

A VALUABLE WORLD'S FAIR FOLDER—FREE.

If you are going to the World's Fair, St. Louis, write W. L. Danley, G. P. A., N., C., and St. L. Ry., for thirty-two-page illustrated folder, containing bird's-eye view and ground plan of the Exposition, list of hotels, map of the city of St. Louis, and other interesting information regarding the Fair.

The best route to St. Louis is via the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Ry. Very low rates are now in effect.

"A Belle of the Fifties" is the title of the latest Southern novel from the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. The book is the memories of Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, of Alabama, gathered from conversations, letters, and memoranda, and prepared for publication by Ada Sterling. These memories contain much of unpublished history. Many incidents are related that throw light upon facts which, at the time they happened, seemed dark and mysterious. Mrs. Clopton was fortunate in having kept hundreds of letters, some of them having been written by the most prominent men of the period through the administration of Pierce and Buchanan and up to the year after the close of the War between the States. The book is liberally interspersed with anecdotes and incidents of the most interesting men and women of that period.

"Experience of a Confederate Chaplain, 1861-65." By Rev. A. D. Betts, D.D., of the North Carolina Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This is a 5x7 booklet of 100 pages neatly bound in "Rebel Gray," containing elegant half-tone engraving of a group of Confederate chaplains and a present-day portrait of the venerable author. It makes thrilling reading for Confederate veterans. Price, 25 cents, postpaid. Order of Daniel L. Betts, Publisher, Piedmont, S. C., or of the author at Lillington, N. C.

Special attention is called to the advertisement in this number of the book by Mr. Comer L. Peck, of Florida. Under the title of "Lorna Carswell," the author has given a historical romance faithfully drawn from events in that period of our country from 1855 to 1875. It is his sincere desire that these facts should be known widely, and in giving them a romantic garb he has simply made them of more interest to the general reader without in any way perverting the truth. The book is highly commended from high sources.

SOUTHWEST TEXAS, ST. LOUIS, BROWNSVILLE, AND MEXICO RY.

Along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, between Corpus Christi on the north and Brownsville on the south and extending westward up the fertile valley of the Rio Grande for a hundred miles, a magnificent territory has recently been opened to the world by the construction of the St. Louis, Brownsville, and Mexico Railway, and which gives promise of great activity in the development of that section, heretofore left to nature's way.

This section of Texas, entirely divorced heretofore from the commercial and industrial world, and through uncertainty of rainfall and absence of moisture by any other means, stifled every thought of agricultural development.

Brownsville, a little city of a few thousand inhabitants, and situated near the mouth of the Rio Grande, was the center of a prosperous small community for whom the fertile soil under irrigation from the river provided a generous livelihood, but a vast stretch of apparent desert lying to the north and west blocked every move to secure rail communication with the outside world.

During the past few months the entire section has undergone a marvelous transformation. Artesian water in unlimited quantities has been discovered throughout the entire territory, from Corpus Christi to Brownsville, and a new railroad, the St. Louis, Brownsville, and Mexico, recently put in operation, has liberated the section and presents it to civilization.

Much has been done already to demonstrate the remarkable fertility and productivity of the soil under irrigation, and an army of home seekers is taking advantage of its numerous opportunities for scientific and diversified agriculture.

It appears that truck-gardening will be developed first, as early vegetables are always "early" during every month of the year, and thrive at Christmas as in the warmer days of May.

Sugar cane produces forty tons to the acre and rice two cuttings a year, the second of which is sufficient to pay all cost of producing the entire crop. Alfalfa yields from eight to ten crops dur-

ing the twelve months of the farming year, each of which averages more than a ton to the acre. Cotton and corn produce as abundantly, the second-crop yielding two crops a year. Oranges, lemons, and bananas grow rank in the yards of private residences in both Corpus Christi and Brownsville, and will eventually become paying crops.

New towns are springing into existence at various points along the line, and offer attractive inducements for the establishment of various industrial enterprises.

The railroad company, under the direction of Mr. William Doherty, the General Passenger and Ticket Agent—offices at Corpus Christi—is directing its efforts toward a rapid development of its territory by securing lands at low prices for home seekers and in every way lending encouragement to prospective investors.

L. R. Gunn, Waynesboro, Miss.: "I would like to make inquiry for a comrade from whose hand I extracted a Minie ball during the battle of Chickamauga, on September 20, 1863. I was acting adjutant of the Seventeenth Mississippi Regiment in that battle. I have forgotten the name of this comrade; but, if still living, he will doubtless remember the circumstance."

James Archer, Jr., of Pine Ridge, Miss., wants January and March numbers of the VETERAN for 1893. Please write him before sending, stating price asked.

James K. P. Graves, of Independence, Oregon, was a member of Company A, Tenth Missouri Regiment, and would like to hear from some surviving member.

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M Silk Elastic - \$5 00
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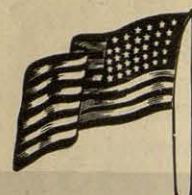


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2 Vestibuled Through Trains Daily
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Mention VETERAN when you write.



JOIN US



IN a mining proposition that will pay you an income for life. *The Confederate Mining Co.* owns outright 180 acres of rich mineral land—rich in copper and gold—located in Maricopa County, Arizona.

We advise you to buy this stock now, so we shall soon have funds enough to carry us to the dividend period. Then the stock will be beyond reach. Write us to-day.

ADDRESS

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THE MULDOON MONUMENT CO.,

322, 324, 326, 328 GREEN STREET, LOUISVILLE, KY.

(OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE HOUSE IN AMERICA.)

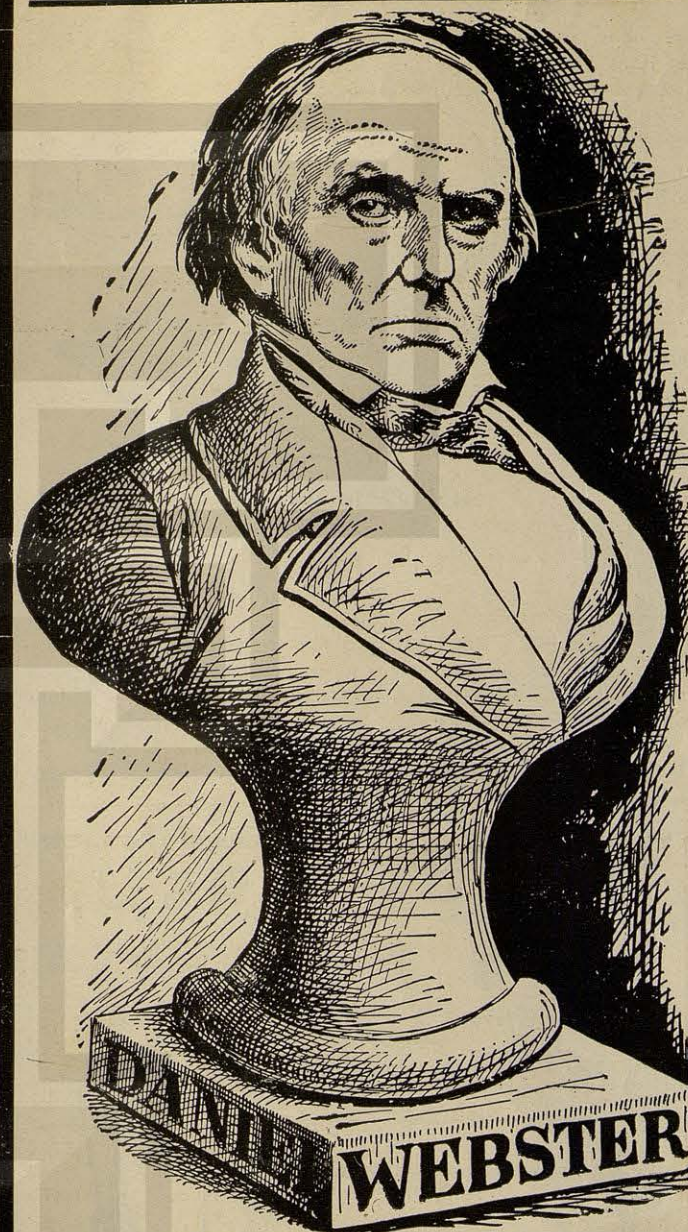
Have erected nine-tenths of the Confederate Monuments in the United States. These monuments cost from five to thirty thousand dollars. The following is a partial list of monuments they have erected. To see these monuments is to appreciate them.

Cynthiana, Ky.
Lexington, Ky.
Louisville, Ky.
Raleigh, N. C.
J. C. Calhoun Sarcophagus,
Charleston, S. C.
Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne,
Helena, Ark.
Helena, Ark.
Macon, Ga.
Columbus, Ga.
Thomasville, Ga.
Sparta, Ga.

Dalton, Ga.
Nashville, Tenn.
Columbia, Tenn.
Shelbyville, Tenn.
Franklin, Tenn.
Kentucky State Monument,
Chickamauga Park, Ga.
Lynchburg, Va.
Tennessee and North Caro-
lina Monuments, Chicka-
mauga Park, Ga.
Winchester, Va.

When needing first-class, plain, or artistic work made from the finest quality of material, write them for designs and prices.

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE



NOT NEW, BUT TRUE

Daniel Webster once said about a certain political proposition: "There are lots of new things about it and lots of true things, but the trouble is that the NEW things are not TRUE and the TRUE things are not NEW."

Thirty days' trial—the proprietors take all the risk—you have nothing to lose. You are to be the judge.

You have seen it before—all of you have. It has appeared in this paper a dozen times a year for a number of years. You have all seen it, even though you may not have answered it. It is not new, but it is all true. You have but to write, to send for it, to direct that it be sent to you—and it is sent to you. No questions, no quibbling, no money. If you want to pay for it, all right. If you don't, you don't have to. Enough are satisfied, enough want to pay, enough do pay to make it pay the advertiser, to make his fame grow from year to year like a green bay tree; and it is because it is all true. The claims for Vitæ-Ore are not new, but they are all true. Your fellow-readers who have sent for a package and tested it have proven this. Its history is an open book that all may read, and all will find it all true.

If you are sick and ailing, no matter what the trouble may be, if you need help, if you want help, here is the help for you. How can you, in justice to yourself and your family, your friends, and those around you, refuse to accept? How can you refuse to be helped to the help you want? Remember, we take all the risk! You are to be the judge. IT IS ALL TRUE!

Sent on 30 Days' Trial—Read This Special Offer

WE WILL SEND to every worthy sick and ailing person who writes us, mentioning the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a full-sized \$1 package of VITÆ-ORE by mail, postpaid, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and doses of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. We give you thirty days' time to try the medicine, thirty days to see results before you need pay us one cent, and you do not pay the one cent unless you do see the results. You are to be the judge! We know that when this month's treatment of VITÆ-ORE has either cured you, or put you on the road to a cure, you will be more than willing to pay. We know Vitæ-Ore, and are willing to take the risk.

What Vitæ-Ore Is: Vitæ-Ore is a natural, hard, adamantine, rocklike substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver in the neighborhood of a once powerful, but now extinct, mineral spring. It requires twenty years for oxidation by exposure to the air, when it slakes down like lime, and is then of medicinal value. It contains free iron, free sulphur, and free magnesium, three properties which are most essential for the retention of health in the human system, and one package—one ounce—of the ORE, when mixed with a quart of water, will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful mineral water drunk fresh from the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which nothing is added and from which nothing is taken. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney, and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. VITÆ-ORE has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescriptions which it is possible to procure.

Vitæ-Ore will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try Vitæ-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving age and ailments, and mention the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

It Was True 12 Years Ago

AND IT IS TRUE NOW

Read What a Michigan Man Says to Prove It

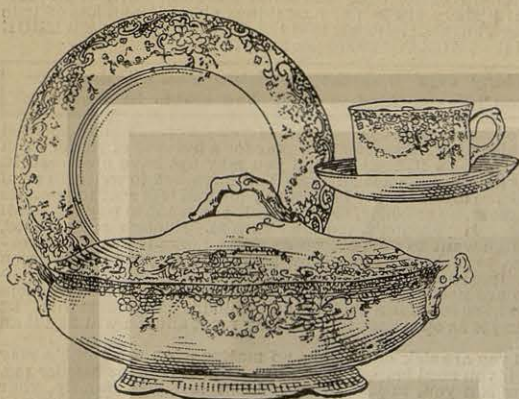
HERMANVILLE, MICH.—I had been pronounced incurable of Bright's Disease by three eminent physicians, when I commenced using Vitæ-Ore. I weighed about 100 pounds, but in three months I weighed 145 pounds and was well and hearty. Have not suffered with my kidneys since, and it is twelve years since I first used the V.-O. I am now 56 years old and believe I am good for thirty years yet if I can have V.-O. W. H. NORCROSS.

Not a Penny Unless You Are Benefited

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by writing to us for a package. Address

THEO. NOEL CO., VETERAN DEPT., VITÆ-ORE BLDG., CHICAGO

Largest Southern Importers



100-Piece Dinner Set

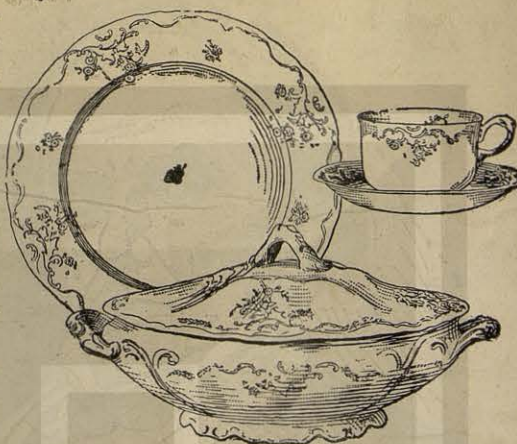
\$12⁵⁰

Best English Porcelain, with traced gold decoration. Thin, dainty China, with decoration of very artistic pattern, something which you will always be proud to have on your table.

WE are one of the five large importers of china in the United States; one of the few firms who can afford buyers who live in Europe, and quickly snap up for us any bargains they see.

It pays to share bargains with your customers.

This is our claim to your preference.



100-Piece Dinner Set

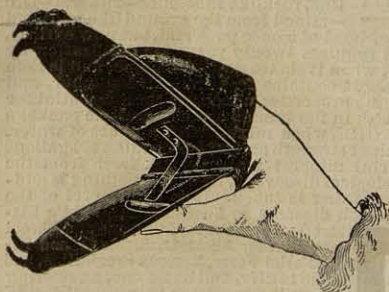
\$6⁷⁵

English print dinner set, standard make, border pattern; colors of decorations, green, blue, and pencil. Fine value for the price. For a family dinner set, this is hard to equal. And so cheap!



TRADE-MARK

If you desire to buy, we will gladly mail individual butter plate of either set to show exact color and pattern



**P. & B.
Coal
Claw**

25c

FITS LIKE A GLOVE We know of nothing which the coal claw for keeping clean hands in winter. For strong, iron fingers hold the coal so it can't possibly fall. Hang it on the side of the coal scuttle. Always in place. Saves dropping coal on the carpets and hearths.



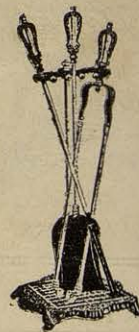
Enterprise Trivet 25c

Almost as good as a little stove. Saves lots of trouble Sunday nights by boiling coffee, toasting bread, heating water, etc.

Brass Fire Sets

\$5⁵⁰

This set includes poker, shovel, tongs, and stand. Every parlor and sitting room ought to have one of these sets. They make the room look artistic.



Brass Fender \$5⁵⁰

A beautiful piece of metal work, which is just the thing for your parlor hearth.

PHILLIPS & BUTTORFF
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House Furnishers

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