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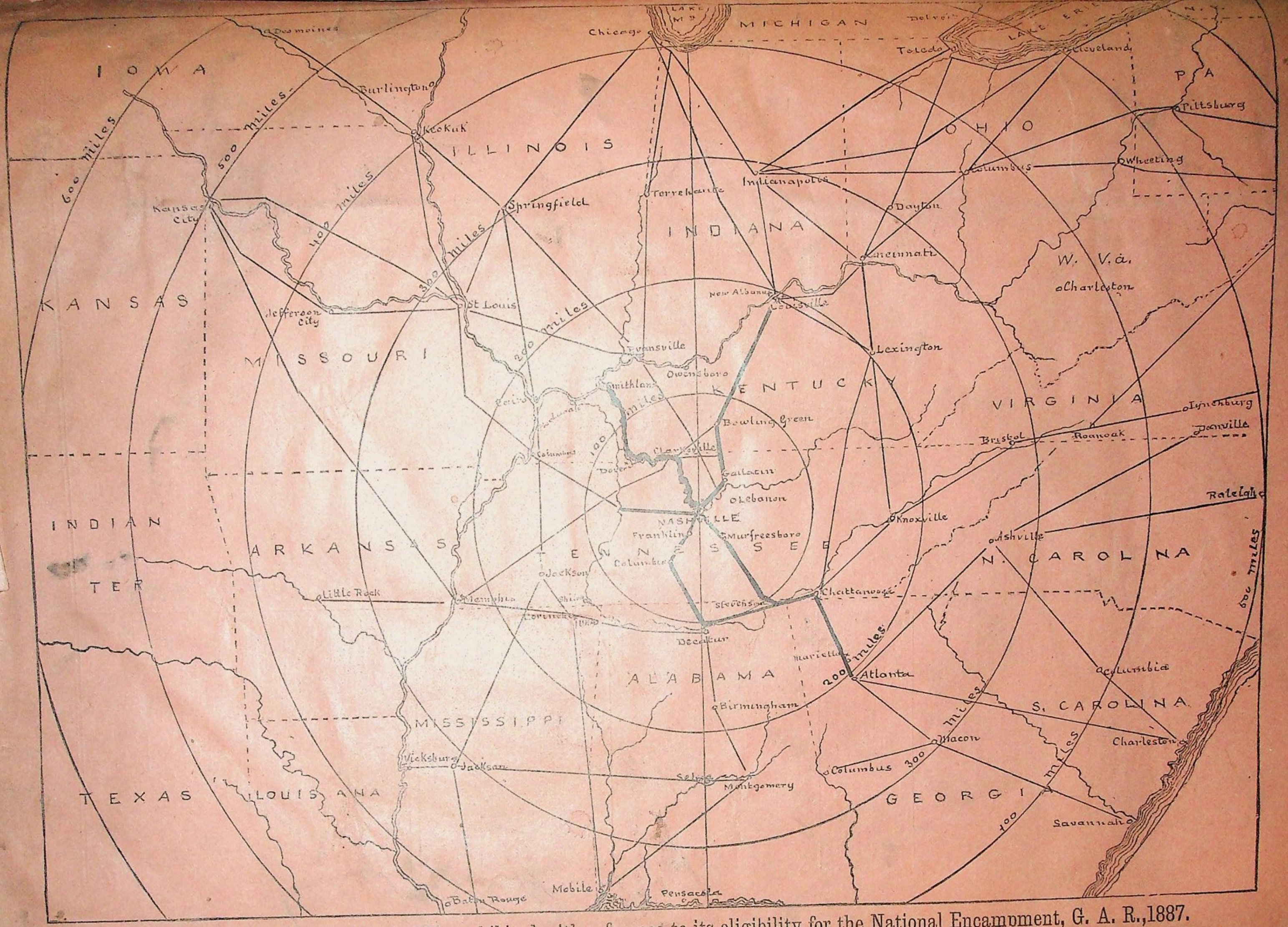
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The Centrality of NASHVILLE, TENN., exhibited with reference to its eligibility for the National Encampment, G. A. R., 1887.

Easthan, Henry, lost sight of (dead).
Flynn, Henry, died since the war.
Fletcher, John (Capt.), was killed at Buckton in 1862.
Fletcher, Joshua C. (Second Sergt.), was badly hurt in a charge in November, 1864.
Fletcher, Clinton, killed at Greenland Gap (West Virginia Rail).
Foster, Wm., still living; was a captain in Mosby's Battalion at the close of the war.
Francis, George W., living in Moundsville, Va.
Foley, Oswald, killed at Kelley's Island, 1861.
Gelman, Jess C. (Ord. Sergt.), lives at Bloomfield, Va.
Gibson, Gurley, still living in Alabama.
Glasscock, Robt., died since the war.
Grigsby, Bushrod, died since the war.
Glasscock, Samuel, died since the war.
Glasscock, Alfred (Third Lieut.), died since the war.
Glasscock, Thomas, still living at Paris, Va.
Garrison, Bushrod, lost a foot in threshing machine, and died since the war.
Garrison, Tip, died since the war; was wounded at Kelley's Island.
Grigsby, Nat, wounded at Upperville, Va., June 27, 1863, and died.
Gilmore, Howard, lost sight of as joined other commands.
Gilmore, Harry, lost sight of as joined other commands.
Gilmore, Dick, lost sight of as joined other commands.
Holmes, Chas., killed at Greenland Gap, W. Va.
Hitt, blacksmith for the company, lost sight of (dead).
Harman, Dr., died since the war at Hamilton, Va.
Harrison, Daniel B., wounded several times, but still living near Marshall (dead now).
Hawks, from Texas, killed accidentally by W. Hoffman.
Hathaway, H. C., died during war.
Horner, Dick, lost sight of (dead).
Hoffman, Wesley, died since war at Linden, Va.
Hughs, Chas., lost sight of him.
Hatcher, D. C. (Capt.), was badly wounded, but is still living.
Hatcher, Harry (Sergt. Maj.), was wounded many times; died since the war.
Hatcher, Wm., was badly wounded, but is still living (dead).
Hawbaw, George, lost sight of him (still living).
Herndon, John, living, Hamilton, Va.
Jacobs, L. T., living, Hamilton, Va.
Jones, Scott, killed at Bolivar Heights in 1861.
Jones, Henry, living.
Jones, Phillip, living.
Jeffries, James A., living.
Keys, wounded in hand at Buckton, 1862.
Kincheloe, John W., living at Rectortown, Va.
Kidwell, Evan, died since the war.
Ladd, John A., badly wounded at Kelley's Island and lost sight of.
Leslie, Thomas, died since the war.
Long, Pendleton, died since the war.
Lawler, Robert, died since the war.
Lake, F. Marion, living in Missouri.
Lake, Bladen, died with typhoid fever in 1862.
Larkin, Richard, living in Prince William.
Marlow, Richard, lost sight of him.
Marlow, John, lost sight of him.
Massey, Edward, died since the war.
McClenigan, S. B., died since the war.
Marshall, R. C., wounded at Trevillian's Depot.
McArthur, Hickerson, living in Texas.
Marshall, Tom, joined Twelfth Regiment.
Marshall, Polk, joined Twelfth Regiment.
Marshall, James, lost sight of him.
Martin, Gibson, died since the war.
Middleton, John, died since the war.
Middleton, Campbell, living at Plains, Va.
Mitler, Proff, lost sight of; I think he is dead.
Mitchell, James, killed in the Wilderness.
Mitchell, John H., living at Plains (died in 1902).
Maddox, Webster, living at Oak Hill, Va. (died in 1905).
Maddox, Weadon, killed at Salem, now Marshall.
Owens, Morgan, died since the war.
O'Forton, Dr., killed at Kelley's Island.
Price, John H., living at Hillsboro, Va.
Price, James Polk, died since the war.
Potterfield, W. H. T., killed near Brandy Station, Va.
Potterfield, Thos. L. (Orderly Sergt., lives at Lovettsville, Va.

Known as the "Payne Legion":

Payne, Thos. H. (Orderly Sergt.), died

HONORED ON FIELD.

Men Who Were Especially Mentioned for Acts of Bravery.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In a recent issue of The Times-Dispatch, in Confederate Column, Thomas D. Jeffress, in an article, among other things, says:

"I never saw or heard of a medal or a ribbon being pinned on a man's jacket, or even so much as a man's name being read out publicly in orders, for gallantry in battle."

I wish to reply to the last clause quoted above. In 1863, on a raid or scout in Fairfax county, Sergeant Paul C. Landrum of Company D, First Virginia Cavalry met, single-handed and alone, some five Yankee cavalrymen, and unhorsed and put to flight the whole crowd. After returning to camp Sergeant Landrum was complimented in general orders read on on regimental parade. In the famous raid of Stuart around McClellan's army Private T. M. Clapp, of the same company, for gallant conduct on that raid was complimented also in general orders read out on dress parade. Sergeant Landrum has passed over the river, but his surviving comrades revere his memory and recall with pleasure his gallantry on the field of battle and his long and useful life after the close of the war. Private Clapp is still living near Abingdon. Both he and Sergeant Landrum were severely wounded during the war.

L. T. COSBY,
Company D, First Virginia Cavalry.
Abingdon, Va., 1906.

Virginia's Answer to Lincoln's Call.

Washington, June 26, 1906.

Editor Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In the official issue from the Adjutant-General's office of the United States Army, which is entitled "Statement of men called for by the President of the United States and number furnished by each State and Territory and the District of Columbia, from April 15, 1861, to close of the war," no troops are credited from the States of Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia, as serving in the United States Army.

In a publication made by the War Department previous to the above-named announcement, entitled "Official army register of the volunteer force of the United States Army for the years 1861-2-3-4-5," I find the following:

FIRST INDEPENDENT COMPANY LOYAL.

This company was organized at Cobb's Island, Virginia, June 30, 1864, to serve three years. It was mustered out of service December 1, 1865, in accordance with orders from the War Department.

Captain—Fred. Martin, 22d Dec., 1863 brevet major, April 9, 1865.

First Lieutenant—Oliver G. Thomas, June 30, 1864.

Casualties—Deserted, Second Lieutenant James F. Throckmorton, May 18, 1865.

I send this, as it may be of service to Major R. W. Hunter, the efficient agent of the State, in his important work in getting the history of Virginia troops in the war 1861-5, and, as a matter of fact, information to readers of The Times-Dispatch.

Very truly,
MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

Sir Percy Wyndham Again.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Sir Percy Wyndham commanded a regiment of United States cavalry from the State of New Jersey. He was captured, after he had been knocked off of a corduroy road in the mud, by Joshua C. Fletcher, Company A, Seventh Virginia

LONDON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

UPON the very day when the re-election of General GRANT to the Presidential chair was proclaimed to the civilised world there also occurred the death of a soldier by whom the most decisive victory of the American war was unquestionably gained. Whenever some imitator or successor of Sir EDWARD CREASY shall write the history of the battle which sounded the death-knell of slavery and re-established the Union in its integrity, it needs no prophet to foretell that "Gettysburg" will be the word inscribed at the head of his page. He will relate how, for two years and three months, the contending forces of the Northern and Southern sections of the great Republic waged no unequal strife, until, in an ill-advised hour, General LEE led the victors of Fredericsburg and Chancellorsville across the Potomac into Pennsylvania. During the first three days of July, in 1863, the Confederate invaders and the Federal defenders of the Keystone State met in mortal conflict upon the heights of Gettysburg. Like Waterloo, Leipsic, and many others of history's decisive battles, the field which conferred immortality upon General MEADE was not conspicuous for the display of great strategical or tactical ability by either of the commanding generals. In speaking of Waterloo, immediately after it was fought, the Iron Duke described it as "a hard-pounding match, in which we pounded the hardest;" and similar words might have been employed by the American Commander in regard to the great battle with which his memory will be inseparably associated. Upon that evening of July the 1st, "accident," as some are heedlessly wont to designate it, played no insignificant part in detaining MEADE and the forces which he commanded upon the horse-shoe range of hills in front of Gettysburg. Next day the Confederate attack, which was expected by MEADE at daybreak, was not delivered until far in the afternoon; and two hours before its commencement the Federal leader had been joined by the rest of his army. To this hour there are many among the most distinguished officers of "the lost cause" who maintain that, but for the tardiness and lethargy of General LONGSTREET upon the second dawn of Gettysburg, the great Republic would not to-day be one and indivisible. If, instead of delaying their onslaught till the afternoon, the rebels had essayed to storm the heights of Cemetery-hill and the Round-top in the early morning, General MEADE has often been heard to confess that he should not have attempted to fight them upon that ground. But the addition to his strength, at two in the afternoon, of the force of General HOOKER, gave MEADE a great numerical advantage over his assailants, and enabled him, that evening and upon the following noon, to break the strength of the rebellion. True it is that for one-and-twenty months afterwards General LEE and his Southerners bore up with unflinching tenacity against the tide of Federals which flooded Virginia and Georgia. But as the story of the American war recedes farther into the distance it becomes more and more evident that the battle of Gettysburg was the culminating point of the Great Rebellion; and that General MEADE, as having been in command upon that successful and crowning occasion, is entitled to the same reputation which, for little merit of their own, Albuera has conferred upon BERESFORD, and "red" BAROSSA upon "dauntless GRÆME."

It has often been remarked that in war, as in politics, some one lucky and heretofore inconspicuous individual becomes identified with a military or civil victory which is never afterwards mentioned without recalling his name. As the "victor of Gettysburg," MEADE's memory will live in the United States for all recorded time, just as the repeal of the Navigation Laws must for ever rescue the late Mr. LABOUCHERE, afterwards Lord TAUNTON, from oblivion among his countrymen. The victor who peacefully expired at Philadelphia upon

Wednesday last lacked the ambition or the capacity which carry men to the front in civil or military life. He was a modest, brave, and loyal soldier, who shrank from the prominence thrust upon him by that one great achievement of his career. Nothing would tempt him to permit himself to be made use of as a political fugleman, nor did he ever affect to conceal his disgust at the wholesale corruption of those unscrupulous "carpet-baggers" to whom the defeated Southern States have been too much abandoned as a legitimate prey. "I think a great deal of that fine fellow, MEADE," said ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who long resisted the clamour which demanded the appointment of General GRANT, MEADE'S junior by eight years, to the supreme command of the Federal armies. But MEADE would himself have been the first to confess that, shaken though the rebellion had been by his own victory at Gettysburg, he was not the man to force LEE and his Generals to submit to an unconditional surrender. It needed the dogged persistency and the indifference to bloodshed which GRANT manifested in 1864, to quench the still unextinguished fires of the most formidable insurrection that the world ever saw. An American essayist has lately pointed out that no other rebellion was ever stamped out and subdued which for four years maintained the field as a belligerent against the utmost power of the Government whose supremacy it was resisting. The United Provinces of Holland took eighty years to win their independence; but they won it at last. The American Revolution against Great Britain ended in the surrender, not of WASHINGTON, but of CORNWALLIS. *En revanche*, it asked no less than two years to crush and annihilate that Indian Mutiny, which, if able to maintain itself for four years, might have driven the British flag out of Hindoostan. The Americans are unquestionably entitled to the commendation bestowed upon them in 1865 by Mr. GLADSTONE, when he confessed, in the House of Commons, that no other nation and no other Government ever triumphed over a rebellion so stupendous in its proportions and so heroic in its elements. The day which witnessed the death of General MEADE and the re-election of President GRANT will carry the minds of their compatriots vividly back to the stormy hour when Gettysburg, Vicksburg, the Wilderness, and Appomattox Court-house became historic symbols. To the honoured names of THOMAS, STANTON, and SEWARD, all lovers of the resuscitated Union will now add that of GEORGE GORDON MEADE; nor can it be denied that the Stars and Stripes were never upheld by a braver, gentler, and more modest soldier than the man who has just passed away.

But the death at such a moment of a Northern General who, although instrumental in dealing a terrible blow to the rebellion, was actuated by no vindictive hatred against those whom, after its suppression, he still regarded as his Southern brethren, is full of instruction. It whispers a lesson to the successful soldier who has just entered upon his second term of office as chief magistrate of a mighty and seemingly undivided nation. It is impossible for any Englishman who has calmly watched American politics to be blind to the dangerous features with which the recent struggle between GRANT and GREELEY has been marked. Seven and a half years have passed since the restoration of peace, but within that period little has been done by the victorious Government to win back the hearts of the humbled and defeated rebels. Supported by troops who receive their orders from Washington, many of the most needy and worthless among the Northerners have swarmed, like locusts, into the gardens of the South, and made the name of "carpet-bagger" a sound of reproach and shame throughout the civilised world. The corruption and peculation of American officials, which were sufficiently notorious before the great Civil War, have risen within the last septennium to such dimensions that State after State is repudiating its obligations by reason of alleged inability to pay the dishonest taxation imposed by alien Governors and State Legislators, whom the negro vote has elevated to supreme power. In the remaining four years of office which are awarded him, President GRANT will have no temptation to administer the Southern States with a view to his own re-election. If he desires to make the mighty nation of which he is the most conspicuous figure harmonious and homogeneous, he has of a surety no time to lose. Four years more of such rule as has prevailed to the south of Mason's and Dixon's line between 1868 and 1872 will but serve to widen the breach which still divides the North and South. The political campaign which has just ended by triumphantly reinstating the conqueror of LEE in the Presidential chair, has been marked by a natural but unwise disposition to fan anew the smouldering embers and dying fires of war. It is a soldier—and a victorious and irresistible soldier—who in President GRANT has been reinvested with powers which it is high time that he should now endeavour to employ as a statesman. There never was a wiser saying than the aphorism which, Lord MACAULAY tells us, was always on Sir CHARLES METCALFE'S lips, and which is happily the guide of those statesmen and warriors to whom England commits the guardianship of her mighty dependency in Hindoostan. "No man," said Sir CHARLES, "is competent to understand, and still less to govern, those whom he hates." There is a widespread impression in the Southern States that the men who took prominent part in the late rebellion are still unforgiven by President GRANT. It remains for him to prove, by the policy of his next four years, whether this impression rests upon substantial or unsubstantial grounds.

WHAT THE SOUTH DID

General Evans to Discuss Her Contributions to the Union's Greatness.

NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT'S REUNION

The Annual Meeting of the Association Army of Northern Virginia to Be One of Unusual Interest—The Organization and Its Officers.

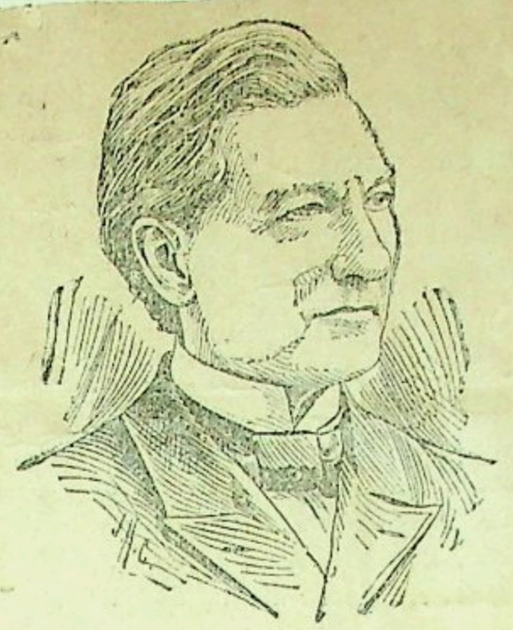
The twenty-fifth annual reunion of the Virginia Division of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia will be held in the hall of the House of Delegates next Thursday night, the 10th instant, at 8 o'clock.

This meeting promises to be one of unusual interest, as General Clement A. Evans, of Atlanta, Ga., who is to deliver the annual address, is as gifted as an orator as he was distinguished as a soldier. He will speak on the "Contributions of the South to the Greatness of the American Union." After the business session, in which officers will be elected, there will be a banquet at Murphy's.

General Evans will arrive in the city on Wednesday, and will be the guest of Hon. George L. Christian, president of the association. A number of prominent Confederates are expected to attend the meeting, among them Generals Hunton, Payne, Taliaferro, Maury, and Prosses, and Senator Daniel.

WAS THE FIRST FORMED.

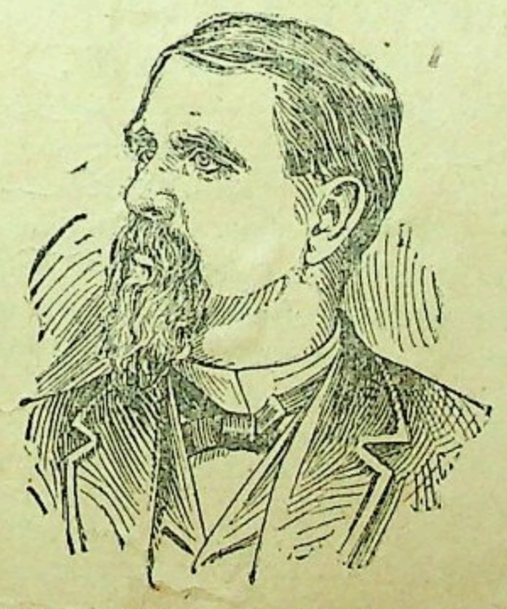
The Association of the Army of Northern Virginia was the first distinctive Confederate organization which is known to have been effected in the South,



GENERAL CLEMENT A. EVANS.

and from it have emanated those influences which it is believed have done more to keep alive the memories of our heroic struggle than from any other one source. It was the pioneer, if not the progenitor, of all those splendid Confederate camps and other kindred organizations, which not only exist in every Southern State, but in many Northern States and Territories. These organizations, besides keeping our people "true to themselves" and their "heroic past," have done a great deal of the noblest and best charity-work, and thus been enabled to smooth the pathway of life of many an old Confederate hero and of those dearer to him than life itself.

The Virginia association was organized at the great meeting of Confederates held in this city shortly after the death of General Lee, and called to pay a tribute to his memory. This meeting was presided over by President Davis. He, General Early, General Gordon, General Wise, and several other distinguished southerners, delivered addresses, and it was pronounced by all who attended it the grandest gathering of real heroes that ever assembled in the South. General Early was chosen as the first president of the organization for the whole South, and General Fitzhugh Lee, of the "Virginia Division," the present body. The successors of General Fitz. Lee have been General G. E. Pickett, General William W. H. F. Lee, General William B. Taliaferro, General William H. Payne, and Judge George L. Christian, the present incumbent, who is now serving his third term, and, it is safe



PRESIDENT GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN.

to predict that, if he will consent to do so, he will be his own successor. The present officers of the association are as follows: Judge George L. Christian, president; Judge Theodore S. Garnett, Colonel Charles S. Venable, Colonel Thomas Lewis, vice-presidents; Captain Thomas Ellett, secretary; Sergeant Robert S. Bosher, treasurer. Executive Committee—Colonel Wilfred E. Cutshaw (chairman), Captain W. Gordon McCabe, Captain John Cussens, Captain E. P. Reeve, Private James T. Gray.

SKETCH OF THE ORATOR.

General Evans, who delivers the address before the association this year, is a native Georgian, and a descendant of a line of strictly southern men. His ancestry came to America from North of Ireland and Wales, and settled in North Carolina, where they participated in the patriotic side in the Revolutionary war, his great-grandfather being a colonel of a North Carolina regiment. Since

of Second Cold Harbor.

After General Lee repulsed General Grant at the North Anna river, near Hanover Junction, on May 23d, 186[4], General Grant continued his "slide" to his left (our right) on his trip to Richmond, via Cold Harbor, where he made his final desperate effort to take Richmond by assault, and having failed, he continued his "slide," and began his siege of ten long months via Petersburg. While General Grant was going to his left we were going to our right to meet him. Just before reaching Cold Harbor one fine afternoon, our brigade (General M. D. Corse's, of Pickett's Division) was ordered to the front, and formed in line in an open field immediately in rear of Robertson's Texas brigade, who had light breastworks bayonet and thrown up [a] dug up as we had no spades and pickaxes. [Wh]ile General Corse (or "Grandpa," as the boys called him) was getting his line in position, General Robertson remarked to him, "What are you going to do?" General Corse replied, "I am ordered to stay and feel the enemy in your front, General." "All right, General Corse; I will stand at your back until your belly is well beat." Our boys could not see the use of marching us over the heads of these brave Texas boys; but we went in and in an open field deployed as skirmishers. Leaving myself and my colguard in a group, one of my guard, John Ayers, of Hampton, remarked to me, "What are we to do?" I said, "Stay here and be shot at, and if our boys fall back, for them to rally on." Our line charged the piece of woods and drove the Yanks out, which was only a picket line. We returned, and General Corse remarked to General Robertson, "All right, General, take your rest; there is nothing in your front now." General Robertson said, "Thank you, General." We then continued down the line toward Cold Harbor, and threw up more works until daybreak, and moved to the house and the corner of an angle to the right where, a day or so after, we were exposed to a terrible enfilading fire. We halted here, and, as usual, began to throw up new works, for we had seen enough to know the value of them in battle. General Corse remarked, "Our boys, lie down and rest, for you will need it before night, as General Grant is sliding to his left." Well, we had nothing to do but to obey orders; and I think it was early in the afternoon when our pickets began firing and coming back to our line; and then you could see the dust fly to complete our entrenchments.

At this time Col. John W. Fairfax came up at full speed, followed by two pieces of artillery—whose battery I don't know, although I tried to find out from Colonel Fairfax for Major Robert Stiles, an active artillery officer, who died in Richmond not long ago. At a house on the corner of our line he wheeled to a section about, and in less time than it can tell it the guns were unlimbered, and they opened on the enemy with grape and canister, and something else that I don't know, and drove them back in a big hurry. I can see the brave cannoneers at their post, and the drivers holding their horses lying on the ground now, and the courageous and brave chief of Longstreet's staff, Col. John W. Fairfax, on his horse, riding about giving orders to the battery, and ordering our men to keep their heads down, and his hat with his beard fanned by the flying missiles of death, directing the fight. The house just in his rear was literally riddled with shot, shell and minie balls. After the repulse he rode off with a proud smile to tell General Lee that we had touched General Grant up a little. Colonel Fairfax is yet living. He is a Neabsco Mill, and is the father of Hon. Henry Fairfax, formerly of the Virginia Senate.

J. T. PARHAM,
Battlefield Guide.

Petersburg, Va., Dec., 1906.



SECRETARY THOMAS ELLETT.

that time his people have taken part in all the wars of the United States. General Evans, after his literary education was completed, graduated from the law School of William Tracy Gould, at the age of 18, and practiced his profession successfully until he entered the Confederate army in 1861. He entered public life early, being made judge of his county court at the age of 22, and elected senator in his State Legislature when 26. In politics a Democrat, he was one of the electors on the Breckinridge Democratic ticket in 1860, at the age of 27, and on the opening of the Confederate war at once volunteered in a company which he assisted to raise. He was promoted major of the Thirty-first Georgia Regiment, then colonel, and then brigadier-general, and finally was assigned to the command of a division. With the exception of a brief service around the coast of Georgia, his military career was in Virginia, under Jackson, Ewell, Early, and Gordon. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, in the battles around Richmond; also at Gettysburg, and in the battles of the Wilderness; but his severest wound was at Monocacy, in Maryland, when he was shot through the body.

COMMANDED GORDON'S BRIGADE.

General Evans's Brigade was the famous Gordon Brigade, composed of seven fine Georgia regiments, and his division was composed of Terry's Virginia Brigade, York's Louisiana Brigade, and his own brigade of Georgians. Terry's Brigade contained the gallant remnant of the old Stonewall Brigade. General Evans participated in nearly all the battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, and led his division in the last charge at Appomattox. After the surrender he returned to Georgia, and, entering the ministry of the Methodist Church, served twenty-five years, at Athens, Rome, Augusta, and Atlanta, and then voluntarily relieved himself from all pastoral charge. He has been engaged in several important business enterprises, and has always taken a public part in the political, industrial, and educational affairs of his State. His present residence is Atlanta.

General Evans is a most attractive speaker. His speech at Birmingham, at the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans last year, was pronounced by those who heard it a perfect "gem," and carried the convention as if by storm. His theme here, too, is one of unusual interest to the people of the South, since at no time during our history have the memories and deeds of the southern people taken such hold on the hearts and sympathies of both this and foreign countries, as at present. After the address and the election of officers for the ensuing year a supper will be given to General Evans at Murphy's Hotel, to which a limited number of tickets can be obtained by applying to Captain Thomas Ellett, the secretary, at his office, No. 602 east Main street, before 12 o'clock M., on Thursday, the 10th, the day of the meeting.

PRESIDENT CHRISTIAN.

The president of the Virginia Association, Judge George L. Christian, is one of Richmond's best-known and most esteemed citizens. He has spent nearly all of his life here, having come to this city in 1860 from his native county, Charles City. He entered the Richmond Howitzers at the beginning of the war, rose to the rank of sergeant, and was with his company in every battle in which it was engaged until he was so severely wounded near the "Bloody Angle," at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864, that he was rendered unfit for further military duty. He had one foot entirely and the heel on the other foot shot off by a cannon-ball, which wounds have, of course, maimed him for life. With a man of less spirit and determination than Judge Christian, these wounds would, perhaps, have resulted fatally. He was also in the Capitol disaster, and his life was saved by the bodies of two other men who were killed. As soon as Judge Christian was able to walk after being wounded, he went to the University of Virginia and studied law, and is now senior member of the firm of Christian & Christian, which enjoys a fine practice. He was at one time Judge of the Hustings Court and made a fine record as an able, fearless, and impartial jurist. Judge Christian has served as President of the Common Council, was for some time president of the Chamber of Commerce, in which he has always taken a deep interest; is president of the National Bank of Virginia, and director in many other important institutions; is a man of great public spirit, and of wonderful energy and physical endurance. There were no braver soldiers, and there are no truer or more useful citizens. There is hardly any undertaking of a public nature in which he does not take the deepest interest, and to which his time and talents are not, to some extent at least, cheerfully given.

SECRETARY ELLETT.

Captain Thomas Ellett, the efficient secretary of the association, is a son of the late Loftin N. Ellett, who was born and reared in this city, where he has resided all of his life. He was educated in the private schools of the city, and at an early age entered the Clerk's office of Henrico County Court, of which his father was Clerk, where he remained for five years. He was then engaged as clerk in the forwarding and commission-house of Messrs Crenshaw & Co., where he remained eighteen months, after which he was employed as clerk in the tobacco factories of Messrs. James H. Grant and W. H. Grant. He then commenced business for himself. He went with Company F, to Harper's Ferry, in 1859, after John Brown, and was afterwards present at the execution of the latter. Captain Ellett continued in business until 1861, when he entered the Confederate army as a private. In 1862 he was made orderly sergeant of the Crenshaw Battery. He then sold out his business, and continued in the active service of the Confederate army with his battery, which he afterwards commanded. At the close of the war he came back to this city, where he has since resided.

Oldest So Far.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I see you are making inquiry for the oldest and youngest soldiers in the Confederate Army. My father, C. M. Colley, who was born on the 12th day of November, 1813, is yet living. He was wagon master of the Forty-fifth Virginia Infantry, under General John B. Floyd, in the State Line service, until it was taken from the State service and mustered into the regular Confederate service, from that time until the end of the war he was purchasing agent for the Confederate government. He bought horses and mules in Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee, and had some thrilling adventures in Tennessee among the "truly loyal," dodging the "bushwhackers," etc.

I was born on the 30th day of November, 1837, and volunteered on the 7th day of April, 1861, in the Washington Mounted Rifles, under Captain W. E. Jones, afterwards General W. E. Jones. We were attached to the First Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, about the 1st June, 1861, at Winchester, Va. General J. E. B. Stuart, the prince of cavalrymen, was our first colonel. I served with this regiment until I was wounded at Haw's Shop, on the 28th of May, 1864, losing my left foot.

My brother, W. L. Colley, was born in the year 1839. He entered the service in 1861. He was with my father in the State Line service until the spring of 1862, when he came to Company D, First Virginia Cavalry, and served to the end of the war. He was twice wounded.

We are all three still in the land of the living.

Respectfully,

THOS. W. COLLEY,

Late Corporal Company D, First Virginia Cavalry.

More of the Brave Old Boys Yet Being Heard From, and Some of the Young Ones Still in the Land of the Living.

Below are a few more letters from claimants of the jeweled iron crosses to be made from the material of the first iron clad ship the Confederate gunboat Virginia, or, as it was called by many, the "Merrimac."

Heard From Old Friends.

Editor Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Since my letter to you appeared in your issue of Sunday before last, I have received a score or more of letters from my old comrades bearing their hopes that I may secure the jeweled cross offered by you, and as circumstances prevent giving each of these well beloved old friends an immediate personal answer, I beg to be permitted, through your columns, to acknowledge receipt of these letters and to express the heartfelt gratitude awakened in me by these kind and loving messages from those from whom I have been so long separated.

May the kind Providence that led us through so many dangers in the dark and turbulent days of our civil strife smooth their pathway now as they approach the river that separates us from the beloved ones who have crossed over before us, and who await our coming, which at best cannot be long.

Nearly every week we hear of some old comrade answering the last roll call, and in a few more years the last one of us will have passed away. How short the line is growing! Only a few now remain.

But, as to the cross, Mr. Editor. I said in my previous letter that I would rejoice to receive it, but I would have it understood that I would not touch it unless it came without the shade of a shadow of a doubt clinging to my title to it.

I have no claim upon it if there were in the service of the Confederacy upon the rolls, taking regular turns upon duty, subject to the same rules, regulations and orders of other enlisted men and drawing the same pay with them—a boy under the age of fourteen years seven and one-half months—and that can bring indisputable evidence to prove his claim, for if there were such a boy he comes under my age at the time of my enlistment, and I want him to have the cross.

Quite a number of boys of tender years were to be found hanging on around the army at times, but they had no legal (if I may so call it) connection with any organization. They could come and go at will.

Indeed, my own brother, David W. Arnold, who now lives in Montgomery county, Md., passed through the whole Gettysburg fight, and was but little more than twelve years old.

He had been sent by my father to bring me a fresh horse and expected to find me at Winchester or near there; but finding we had moved northward, he followed and only overlook us at Gettysburg during the hottest part of the first afternoon's fight.

Some time I will tell the readers of The Times-Dispatch the story of how this youngster served his country in that fight and several times afterward.

In conclusion, allow me to express once more the hope that the men who are entitled to the crosses may get them and may they live long to enjoy the honor of wearing them.

With best wishes,

A. A. ARNOLD.

Fisherville, Va., October 18th.

One of the Baby Boys.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I noticed in your paper that you would like to know the youngest soldier in the Confederate Army. I entered the service in April, 1861, when I was only thirteen years old, Company B, Twelfth Regiment, North Carolina Infantry. I was absent from my command but one time in four years. Wounded at Cold Harbor, near Richmond, I surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH L. PHIPPS.

Chatham Hill Smyth county, Va., 1906.

Another Aged Veteran.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I wish to present for your consideration, the name of one of the old soldiers, if not the oldest in our county:

Lemly Shumate, born April 30,, 1820, volunteered in April, 1862, Captain L. A. Vawter's Artillery Company, afterward became Company C, Thirtieth Virginia Battalion Sharpshooters,, commanded by J. Lyle Clark, Wharton's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, Early's Corps. Served through the war, and has lived in this county ever since until the last month, when he left on a visit to Twawnee, Okla. He has been a member of the Baptist Church for over sixty years, and one of its best workers.

Respectfully,

WM. ADAIR,

Lurich, Va., October, 1906.

Has Passed Four Score.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Noticing in your paper the offer of a jewelled cross to oldest and youngest Confederate soldier now living, I write in behalf of a friend, Benjamin Hibbs. He was born in Loudoun county, Va., October 21, 1819, consequently was eighty-seven years old the past Sunday. He mustered in service in Eighth Virginia Regiment at the outbreak of the Civil War, where he served until 1862 (the time when the march to Maryland began) when he was discharged on account of ill health. He is now living at Daysville, Loudoun county, Va., and can still get about very well.

Very truly,

A READER OF THE TIMES-DISPATH.

Daysville, Va.

Huzzy, of Ohio. It seems there was no trial or good excuse for this cowardly deed. Friends to these men have erected a monument to them near New Market, Va.

In 1859-'60 I was at Lecompton, Kan., and knew a young man very intimately by the name of George W. Summers, and after Lincoln was elected President I left and returned to my home in Lee county, Va., and I understood this young man returned to his home somewhere in the Valley and was in the cavalry service, but I never met him or heard of him till I saw this notice. He had an uncle, General Stringfellow, a lawyer, at Lecompton also. I am very anxious to know if this is the same Geo. W. Summers I knew there, and would be very much obliged if you can get this information for me. A number of us, including young Summers, went out on the plains on a buffalo hunting trip just before we started home. I do not know if any of the family of Captain Summers are yet living. Yours truly,

E. S. BISHOP.

Gentlemanly Americans.

The Americans are gentlemanly in their sports, and they love fair play above all things else. In proof of this are offered the following remarks addressed to various individuals during the progress of a baseball game by the crowd in the "bleachers."

"Aw, you mutton-head! That wasn't no strike."

"Go chase yourself!"

"Take an eye-opener."

"Robber!"

"Thief!"

"You lobster, you! You ought to be boiled in dago red."

"Say, you red-headed, freckled-faced shrimp, you; earn your salary."

"Have another drink and come out of it."

"Take him out. He's rotten. He was out boozin' all night."

"That's it; smash him. Soak him."

"Hand him a bunch of fives, the thief."

"Release him and get a good fielder."

The Fight Near Farmville.

We were now about a quarter of a mile from Farmville, and we marched about a mile farther on the road to Appomattox. I now saw a section of artillery—that is, two guns of the Second Rockbridge Battery—on a hill in action, and which apeared to be a small brigade of infantry supporting them. A spirited skirmish was going on. I never saw men work guns better or more efficiently than did that section of that artillery. The infantry receded at one time behind the battery, where they were formed, and, advancing in fine trim, they charged and drove the enemy. It seemed to consist of infantry and artillery. I did not see any cavalry.

The result of this action was the capture of some seven hundred Federal prisoners, and the enemy were thrown back and defeated. I do not know what command the Confederate infantry belonged to.

We remained in this position the afternoon of Friday. The Yankee prisoners were collected under a hill, and the skirmishing, mostly with artillery, continued until about dark. The missiles from the Yankee artillery swept over the top of the hill behind which the Yankee prisoners were lying dawn, and struck into the hill behind them. The prisoners naturally stuck pretty close to the ground, and some of them said "they were damn-fool Yankees shooting those guns," for they were very dangerous to their own men.

At nightfall we resumed our march towards Appomattox. During Saturday we were on the march, without incident of importance. In the evening we heard the guns of a skirmish near Appomattox. We halted about nightfall, about a mile before reaching Appomattox, and for the first time during the retreat the harness was taken off of the horses that carried Colonel Haskell's guns.

Thin Gray Line at Appomattox.

On the morning of April 9th, the day of surrender, we were early in arms—that is, those who had them. My ten men had none, and Haskell's battalion marched in the rear of Field's division to Appomattox Courthouse. Passing through the village, Colonel Haskell's guns were placed in position in the line of battle formed on the western side of the courthouse. I cannot say at what point Field's division was put in position. As my ten men had no guns to serve, nor small arms to use as infantry, I kept them near the courthouse. There I met a lieutenant of Ramsey's battery. We walked out of the village, where we could see the Confederate line, and I remarked to the lieutenant how slender it looked, and how many openings there were in it, covered by their infantry or artillery. Most of our artillery were in the hollows behind the infantry, and it was evident that the army, as one of the generals said, "had been worn to a frazzle." We turned after surveying the scene to rejoin our men in the village, when we heard the guns of a skirmish in the direction of the Lynchburg front. Soon after that, a Yankee gun, the brass Napoleon of Company M, United States Regular Artillery, and the caisson also, each hauled by six horses, were brought into the village by a Confederate cavalry escort on horseback, the Yankee detachments going along with the guns, and the Yankee drivers being in the saddle. A Federal lieutenant of artillery rode along with them. A little later I met General Alexander, chief of artillery of Longstreet's corps, in the village. He said to me, after our greetings: "I am sorry, Lieutenant, you have not your guns with you, for I am putting the guns in position now to meet the enemy."

General Lee Appears.

"I am sorry," I said, "but I have got ten men here who can serve a gun, and I saw a Yankee gun just now coming into the village, and I would like to have that, for my men can handle it." "Very well," said he," come with me and I will turn it over to you." So we went together and found the gun with the Yankee company, which had been captured, and some of the cavalry that had it in charge, and I took possession of it with my ten men and got ready to carry it into position as soon as General Alexander should tell me where to place it.

Before any further orders came fr General Alexander, I saw General Lee ride up into the village with two Federal officers, one riding on each side of him. He came from the Lynchburg side of his army. I knew from seeing these officers with General Lee that the whole thing was about up. Soon after this the news came that the army had surrendered. Before we heard what the terms of surrender were, a group of us, consisting of my men, myself, Colonel Haskell, and a number of officers, agreed together that we would not go to prison, would cut our way through the lines some way or other, but we would not surrender to be captured and carried off. Then came the farther news, circulated from lip to lip, that we would be paroled under the terms of surrender that had been agreed upon.

When my men took charge of the captured Napoleon gun, the men of the company were turned over to the Confederate provost-marshal, but as soon as the surrender was over the Federal lieutenant who commanded it and many of his men returned to where I was. He was as hot as pepper about having lost his gun that morning, but he greeted me kindly, though at first he did seem in a humor for talk. In a little while his temper improved, and when I turned the gun over to him, he had it, and the caisson hitched up, put his men in charge of it and drove off. Before he left us he said he had been deceived that morning, having been told that the way was open to him. No sooner had he got in the brush than the Confederate cavalry swooped down on him and got all around him, and he didn't have a chance to fire a shot, but he and his gun were captured. We had taken the Yankee horses for the most part, that brought out the gun and caisson and swapped them off to cavalrymen or officers, whoever wanted them, and had put in their place the worn and haggard Confederate horses that they had ridden down. When the lieutenant looked at the new horses we had provided for him, he evidently knew what had happened, but he never said a word about it.

FLETCHER T. MASSIE.
Second Lieutenant, Lampkin's Battery.

Who Can Tell?

Editor Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I see in "The Confederate Veteran" of September an account of the shooting of Captain George W. Summers and Lieutenant Koontz, near New Market, Va., on June 27, 1865, by order of Colonel

The Record.

COUNTY COURT OF GOOCHLAND COUNTY, VA., March 31, 1864.—On motion of Walter [illegible]. Leake, Esq., the following preamble and resolution offered by him were unanimously adopted by the court, and ordered to be spread upon its minute:

by him, were unanimously adopted by

Whereas, in this savage war of invasion waged against us by our implacable Northern foe the defense of our wives and children, our homes and firesides, depends upon the patriotism of our citizen soldiers, and the country ought to hold in sacred remembrance the deeds of heroism and bravery of the privates in the ranks: therefore,

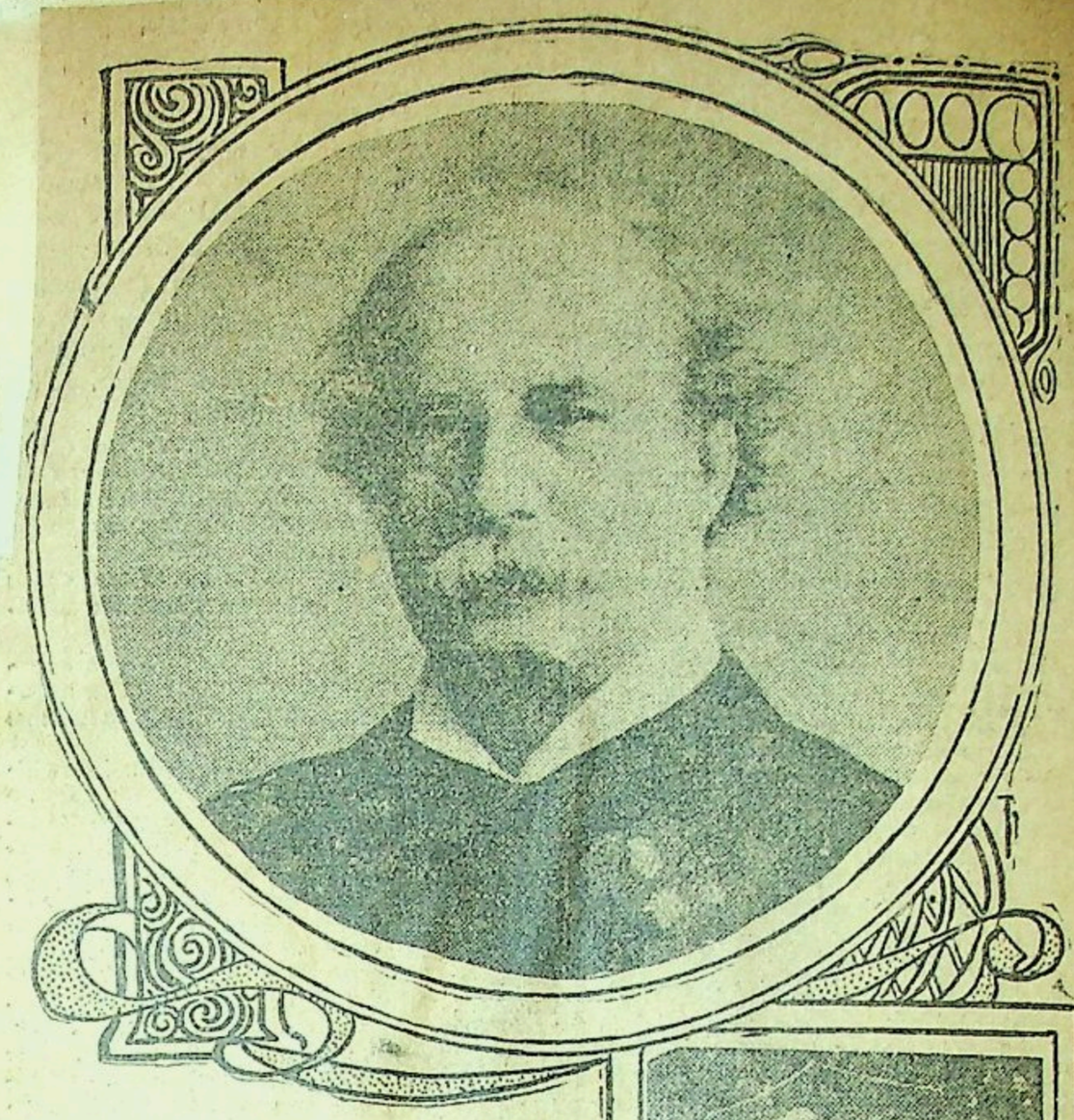
Resolved, That the cool bravery and the patriotic ardor of Private James Pleasants, of the Goochland Calvary, in killing one of the enemy, capturing thirteen others and sixteen horses in the recent raid of Dalgren in our county, were in keeping with the character which this young soldier has won in the army, and the court orders these proceedings to be put upon the records of this court as a memorial of its appreciation of genuine courage and unshrinking patriotism.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be transmitted by the clerk of this court to Private James Pleasants, of the Goochland Cavalry, and also to the editors of the Richmond newspapers, with a request that they publish the same in their respective papers.

(County Court Order Book, page 62, Court held 21st March, 1864.)

Respectfully,

M. L. BROOKING.



HON. GEORGE SHEA.

Invaluable Original Documents Presented by Miss Shea to Confederate Museum.

TEXT OF SOME OF THEM

Memorial to President in Hand-Writing of Horace Greeley. Bail Bond and Parole.

In the presence of a notable assemblage Miss Mary Ritter Shea, of New York, in the Solid South room of the Confederate Museum, on last Monday, presented to the library of the museum a number of exceedingly valuable papers relating to the trial and bail-bond of Jefferson Davis; a Bible used by Mr. Davis when in prison and given by him to Mr. Shea, and a Confederate flag in which the other relics were wrapped.

The papers, the Bible and the flag came into possession of Miss Shea's father during the period between 1865 and 1867, when, as Mr. Davis's counsel, in association with Charles O'Conor, he visited him in prison, and wrote to him and to others in regard to his case and his bail-bond.

These papers, after many years, have come back to the Confederate White House, the home of Mr. Davis during the time he lived in Richmond. They were bequeathed by Mr. Shea to his daughter, and through her thoughtful and graceful generosity, the library of the museum has been enriched by a contribution to Confederate history that is altogether priceless.

Impressive Occasion.

As the museum on last Monday Miss Shea was received, in the absence of Mrs. Joseph Bryan, president of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, by Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee, and regent of the Virginia room in the museum; Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, president of Hollywood Memorial Association, and vice-regent of the Virginia room; Miss Minnie Baughman, vice-regent of the Solid South room, and chairman of the library committee; Mrs. James R. Werth, vice-president of the society; Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, recording secretary; Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel, corresponding secretary; Miss Isabel Maury, house regent; Mrs. C. O'B. Cowardin, vice-regent of the Maryland room; Mrs. William Ruffin Cox, vice-regent of the South Carolina room; Miss Katherine Stiles, vice-regent of the Georigia room; Mrs. James H. Drake, vice-regent of the Alabama room; Mrs. Maria Abert Cary, vice-regent of the Mississippi room; Miss Emma Scott, vice-regent of the Louisiana room; Mrs. William A. Harris, vice-regent of the Texas room; Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, vice-regent of the Tennessee room; Mrs. May C. Axtell, vice-regent of the Arkansas room, and the vice-regent's alternate for the North Carolina room.



Added to these were the chairmen of different standing committees and other officers and members of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society and the Hollywood Memorial Association.

The presentation of the papers and relics was made by Archdeacon William M. Jefferis, D. D., introduced by Lieutenant-Governor J. Taylor Ellyson. The Rev. Dr. James P. Smith, as the chaplain of the museum and the representative of the Memorial Literary Society, received them and thanked Miss Shea most warmly. She responded in a few happy sentences and in a most graceful manner. The occasion was filled with impressiveness and is accounted one of the most interesting in the history of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society and its time-honored home.

What Papers Contain.

Yesterday morning the library committee met with Miss Baughman to open the envelopes left by Miss Shea, and examine into the valuable nature of their contents. Through the courtesy of the vice-regent of the Solid South room, of the vice-regents of the other rooms and of the huse regent, the following brief outline and extracts have been obtained.

In order of date the first paper filed is a letter, dated Richmond, July 2, 1866, written from Mr. Davis to Mr. Lincoln in regard "to the execution of the cartel of exchange heretofore agreed on by the belligerents," and states that "the commissioners for the exchange of prisoners have been unable to adjust their differences." Mr. Davis calls attention to the fact that war is being carried on, not only between combatants, but that the Union forces do not hesitate to attack

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

THE CHARGE OF GEN. PICKETT'S MEN

Story of Deeds of Daring at Gettysburg, Told By a Participant.

JUST FORTY-TWO YEARS AGO

The Oft-Told Story Will Be Read Over and Over Again.

To-day is the anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg. The story of the famous charge of Pickett's men has often been told but it will bear retelling, especially the anniversary of the wonderful fight. Here is the story told by a participant:

On the 1st of July, 1863, Pickett's Division of Virginians was the rear guard the "Army of Northern Virginia," and night was bivouacked near Chambersburg, Pa., about twenty miles from Gettysburg.

The division was composed of three brigades, commanded by Armistead, Garnett and Kemper; the first two being formely United States army officers. General George E. Pickett was also, at one time, an officer in the United States army, and had gained much notoriety previous to the Civil War, as the officer commanding the United States troops which were ordered to take possession of the Island of San Juan, when a dispute occurred with Great Britain as to who had the right to occupy it. As I have said before, Pickett's Division was lying in Chambersburg, on the night of the 1st of July, and had no intimation that it would be called on to take part in the battle which was going on at Gettysburg.

The men were quietly sleeping after a most fatiguing march, and many, no doubt, dreaming of their homes along the Atlantic and Chesapeake, and others of their mountains and beautiful valleys, and in their dreams, perhaps, felt the warm kiss of their loved ones. All at once the long rool was sounded, and those sweet visions vanished as they woke and realized that grim war was still rampant.

The division was ordered about 1 A. M. to "pack up," and, while doing so, it was rumored that in the engagement at Gettysburg, on the 1st, Hood's Division of Texans, which we considered one of the very best in our army, and, in fact, a crack division, had been repulsed in charging Cemetery Heights, with frightful loss, and that it was the intention of General Lee to hurl his Virginia Division against this terrible position, as a forlorn hope.

The division moved about 3 A. M. July 2nd, and marched as rapidly as circumstances would permit, but as the roads were blocked with wagons, artillery, and the wounded of both armies, it frequently had to leave them, and enter the woods or fields of ripening grain. It arrived within two miles of Gettysburg, about 2 P. M., and immediately went into camp, and as we were doing so, a courier rode up and informed us that McLaw's Division of Georgians had just made a charge on Cemetery Heights, and had been repulsed with terrible loss, as Hood's Texans had been the day before. The above divisions, with Pickett's, formed Longstreet's Corps d'armee, and it seemed that each of his divisions was to have the honor of making the assault, but, so far, the skill of Hancock, and the bravery of his men, had frustrated each attempt. We were now informed that General Pickett had orders to hurl his division against this position next day, unless the artillery succeeded in dislodging them. The following day we took position in battle, with the command to lie down, as in a short time one of the most terrible artillery duels, which had ever been witnessed, would be fought. General Lee had massed in front of the division, about one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery, and they were to open on Cemetery Heights and endeavor, if possible, to dislodge the enemy. This cannonading commenced about noon, and as our pieces opened, the enemy replied by a fire from about one hundred pieces. If mortal has ever witnessed a more terrific fire than occurred about noon on the 3rd of July, 1863, then history has not recorded it. The earth was shaken by its roar, such as probably the younger Pliny mentioned in his description of the eruption of Vesuvius, when Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed. The sky was black with smoke, and livid with the flame belching from the mouths of these horrible engines of war. Under all this terrific cannonading, Pickett's Division was lying, awaiting it to cease. Round shot whistled through the trees, cutting limbs from them, which fell upon us. Shells burst over our heads, and scattering fell among us dealing destruction within our ranks. Our artillery, which was about one hundred yards in front, were firing with almost the rapidity of musketry, and the enemy, who seemed to have a most deadly aim, threw shells amongst us, apparently, at every shot, blowing up caissons and killing horses and men. When the shells flew over the artillery, they almost invariably exploded within the ranks of the division, which seemed doomed to destruction without even the opportunity of firing a gun. Whilst this shelling was going on, General Armistead, our brigade commander, passed in front of his command, and informed his men that, unless the artillery succeeded in dislodging the enemy from Cemetery Hill, we were to charge the position.

The division knew the thing was most desperate, for they had been told that two attempts had been made, one by McLaw's Division, and the other by Hood's, and both had been repulsed, with heavy loss—although the men knew this, apparently there was no dread upon the face of any man. They seemed determined to win for Virginia and the Confederate States, a name which would be handed down to posterity in honor, and which would be spoken of with pride, not only by Virginia, but by all America. And they succeeded, for not only have their foes accorded them the crown of laurel but England herself, spoke words of praise for these men, whose Anglo-Saxon blood nerved them to such a brave deed. But to return to the scene of action. The artillery, after throwing round-shot and shell into each other for an hour, suddenly ceased on the part of the Confederates. The enemy also discontinued firing, and the stillness of death succeeded a noise and tumult which must have been equal to that with which the gods assailed the Titans.

The Virginians were soon made aware that the artillery had not succeeded in driving the enemy from their strong and seemingly impregnable position, for word came down the line from the right, that they were to charge. All were on their feet in a moment, and ready; not a sound was heard; not a shot was fired from any part of the field. The command "forward" was given, and in five minutes they had left the woods, which had concealed them during the artillery fight. As we emerged from cover and passed through our artillery, which was immediately on the verge of the woods, the latter raised their hats and cheered us on our way. As soon as as the artillery on Cemetery Hill discovered the line advancing, they opened fire. They were, when first seen, about a mile immediately in front, with nothing between us but fences.

The division advanced steadily, in quick time. A band on the extreme right playing in the same manner that it would had the division been passing in review. They continued to march forward, and the band continued to play.

The shells flew far over us, at first, but this lasted but a moment. They soon obtained the range, and then Death commenced his work of destruction. All the division had been quite near him before, but on this occasion he seemed to be pressing on them so steadily and closely it was enough to make the bravest quail under his ghastly appearance. But they went on without flinching; now they have passed half the distance up the hill, and the enemy pour grape and canister into the ranks, causing such wide gaps, the division has to be halted and dressed to the right; obliquing and filling up the spaces, they continue to push forward. The infantry now pour their fire into them from behind a stone wall, and their ranks begin to melt away; men are falling in every direction; but still they press on, with the wild yell peculiar to Confederate soldiers. We do not hear the band now; it is drowned in the fearful uproar. Round shot, shell, canister and rifle balls are poured into them at close range from the front, and a battery on Round Top rakes the line from the right. General Armistead is in front of his brigade with his hat on his sword, and holding it up as a guide. As we came within two hundred yards of the batteries a yell is given and a dash made for them. The artillery leave their pieces, and the whole line of thirty-two guns is carried at the point of the bayonet. General Armistead falling dead—shot, with his hand on one of the guns. Cemetery Hill is won, and all honor is due to Pickett's Virginians. They did all that was expected, and this charge will be remembered by future Americans, as the English remember that of the Light Brigade, and the French that of the Old Guard.

JAMES H. WALKER,
Captain Virginia Volunteers (retired.)
Formerly First Sergeant, Company K, Ninth Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade.

(The above sketch by Sergeant Walker, who is now at the Soldiers' Home, in this city, was published in the "Blue and Gray," in 1892.

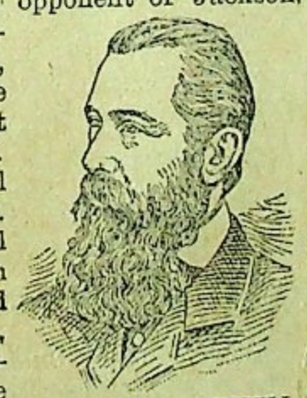
THE SIXTH CORPS' IDOL.

A FITTING TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A GALLANT SOLDIER.

General D. A. Russell Lost His Life at Winchester, and Now a Monument Perpetuates His Fame in the Valley of Virginia.

The historic valley of Virginia, where the murderous cannon of Sheridan, Stonewall Jackson and Jubal Early thundered in the fierce contests of a generation ago, now and then experiences a thrill of excitement over the incursions of throngs of strangers, whose errand in these "piping times of peace" is to revive old war memories, albeit in a spirit of good will and friendliness to former antagonists. Not long ago the upper regions of the valley were stirred by the notes of the drum, the eloquence of orators and poets, and the hum of 10,000 voices in applause around the monument to Stonewall Jackson at Lexington.

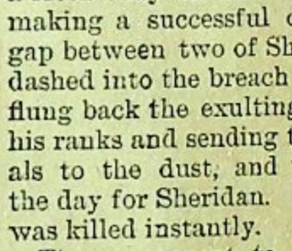
On Sept. 19, at the other extremity of the valley, music, oratory and applause will blend in doing honor to another dead soldier, an opponent of Jackson, and a most gallant one at that, who lost his life in a charge at Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864, General D. A. Russell. General Russell was a hero, an idol, in the old Sixth corps, Army of the Potomac, which he joined in 1862, at the head of the Seventh Massachusetts regiment. He was then a trained soldier, who had passed through West Point and won honor as a fighter at Cerro Gordo, in the Mexican war.



GENERAL D. A. RUSSELL

After leading his regiment through the campaigns of McClellan from March to November, 1862, Russell succeeded General John Newton as commander of the Third brigade, First division, Sixth corps. In this command he won great personal popularity with the men, and was spoken of throughout the brigade as "Dad" Russell. He led this body of troops gallantly in both of the battles at Fredericksburg and also at Gettysburg. At Gettysburg he won a brevet in the regular army. On the way back from Gettysburg to the Rapidan, Russell commanded the First division, and at Rappahannock heights, Nov. 7, the division stormed the Confederate earthworks with their arms at a trail, going over the parapets at a bound and capturing 1,600 men with their battle flags, eight in number, and a pontoon bridge train which they had under protection. Russell was wounded, but he went to Washington and presented the captured flags in person to the war department as trophies.

In the Wilderness campaign of 1864, the division, with Russell still at its head, did gallant service, especially in the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania and at Cold Harbor, and after reaching Petersburg in June was called to the defense of Washington during the scare of Early's raid. Subsequently the entire Sixth corps was sent to help Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley, and in the first important action of that memorable campaign, known as Opequon or Winchester, Russell met his death. At a critical moment in the battle, when Sheridan's lines were disarranged in the center and a fresh body of Confederate troops was making a successful charge through a gap between two of Sheridan's corps, he dashed into the breach with his division, flung back the exulting enemy, routing his ranks and sending two of his generals to the dust, and virtually winning the day for Sheridan. In this action he was killed instantly.



THE MONUMENT.

The monument to the brave soldier has been erected by the Sedgwick Memorial association, which in May, 1887, placed a monument to the beloved chief of the Sixth corps, "Uncle" John Sedgwich, near the scene of his death on the battlefield of Spottsylvania. The dedication of the Russell shaft takes place on the twenty-seventh anniversary of the battle of Winchester. The location of the memorial is in the National cemetery, rather than on the spot where the general fell, because the changes and obliterations of old landmarks on the field render it difficult to determine with exactness the scene of his noble death.

The funds for the Russell memorial, like those for the Sedgwick monument, have been contributed by the survivors of the Sixth corps. The exercises of dedication will be under the auspices of the association.

The excursionists will leave Philadelphia at an early hour on the 17th of September, and will reach Winchester in time to go over the battlefield of Sept. 19, 1864. In the evening there will be a camp fire in the court house at Winchester. On the 18th the party will repeat Sheridan's celebrated ride, with some variations, of course.

From Winchester, twenty miles away, to the battlefield of Cedar creek, where disaster was happily turned to victory and Early put to final rout, Oct. 19, 1864, just one month after the Winchester fight. On Saturday, Sept. 19, the Russell monument will be unveiled with the usual ceremonies of orations, music and reminiscences from former companions in arms of the gallant dead.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

BRECKINRIDGE.

prominent part in the debates on the Kansas and Nebraska bills, and became involved in a personal controversy with the Hon. Francis B. Cutting, of New York. Some aspersions fell from Mr. Cutting in an eloquent invective against Breckinridge, which were promptly recked in such terms that no alternative was left, as Mr. Cutting conceived, but a demand for reparation. A note was sent by Col. Monroe, of New York, and Gen. Shields, which was construed as a challenge. It was accepted by Breckinridge, and rifles, at sixty spaces, named as the weapons. The friends of Mr. Cutting claimed that they were entitled to the choice of arms, as the note was not intended as a challenge. It was withdrawn, and a satisfactory adjustment effected. The affair created great excitement at the time, and rendered Breckinridge very popular with some on account of the high spirit he had displayed, and with others because he manifested great prudence and moderation in the adjustment.

Mr. Breckinridge was strongly opposed in principle to dueling, and afterwards declared to his confidential friends that instantly he accepted the challenge, and his determination never to engage in an affair of honor. The matter now is of no importance, further than to show his opinion upon a custom formerly tolerated or admired.

Before retiring from Congress, Breckinridge was tendered the mission to [illegible] but declined. Neither the battle of Manassas tempt him into exultation or alter his conduct. He stood silent and alone. All parties were anxious to secure him, because his popularity was equivalent to the alliance of a State or the support of an army. He was admired by the Northern Democracy. Power, the Presidency, and a dazzling future were on the one side, and exile, danger, and honor on the other. At that time scarcely a man in the Southern States could be found who would deign to accept office from the Government of the United States. The Administration eagerly received the adhesion of obscure men, and the submission or friendship of Breckinridge would have been an era in its history. But, guided only oy his lofty integrity, he avoided the temptation, and won alike the respect of friends and enemies. He pursued the path of honor, and, true to the principles of his life, did not swerve from the way. In that memorable session of the Senate, Breckinridge displayed the most intrepid qualities of his soul. Every word seemed weighed in the balance. He engaged in no idle debate. No weak complaints fell from his grave lips, and no apologies were made for the principles of his life, but he pursued his theme without heeding the storm that howled along the sky. Even adversaries paid him involuntary admiration. Baker, of Oregon, an eloquent orator and brave man, who afterward fell in battle, charged him with uttering words [illegible] ately. Breckinridge told me warrants were out for the arrest of himself and and some of his friends, and detachments of troops were ordered. It was then sunset, and he told me he would leave at dusk. After a short consultation, his venerable mother came to bid him farewell. Her countenance was calm, but full of sorrow. No words of complaint fell from her pale lips. A few earnest and tenderly whispered words, a long embrace, and the widow parted from her only son forever. The glow of honor and patriotism was on his brow and the pallor of resignation in the face of the mother. Alas! how many mothers have thus yielded their sons to their country, to behold them no more! How many monuments, cemented with their tears, are the pale witnessess of the unforgotten dead.

Breckinridge published an address at Bowling Green, in which he bade farewell to the United States, and exchanged the robe of a Senator for the musket of a soldier. This paper terminated his connection with the Government forever.

At that time Breckinridge was forty-

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—At the request of Miss M. L. Brooking, of Balham, Va., who sent you a copy of the Goochland county court order in reference to the capture of fourteen of Dahigren's men by James Pleasants, I send you a statement of the facts as I know them in connection with his Goochland exploit, giving his age, etc.

James Pleasants was born October 4, 1844, in Goochland county, Va. His father was Joseph R. Pleasants, who married Martha Bowles. When three days old, his mother died and he was brought up by his maternal grandmother to the age of six years.

About this time his grandmother died, and he was taken into the family of his uncle, James H. Bowles, where he remained till the beginning of the Civil War. His uncle was a member of the Goochland Troop, but left the company in May, 1861, when it was mustered into service. Young Pleasants, who was then about sixteen and a half years of age, begged his uncle to let him go out with the Goochland Troop. His uncle finally consented and furnished him a horse, giving him his own uniform, which was two or three sizes too large for the youth.

I know very little of his army life. He came to his home, at his uncle's, occasionally during the war, on furlough, generally to get a fresh horse. It was on one of these occasions that Dahlgren's men passed the home of Pleasants. On the morning of March 4, 1864, about daybreak, Dahlgren reached his home, which is on a road leading from the Three-Chopped Road to the River Road, and is about half-way between these roads.

Young Pleasants, when the Yankees reached his home, was asleep in a room in the second story of the house. His aunt, Mrs. Bowles, knowing the reputation he had in the army for fearlessness, went up to his room and locked the door so that he could not get out. The Federals, being in a great hurry, did not come into the Bowles residence at all, so Pleasants did not know of their being in the neighborhood till breakfast time, when he was told what had happened. He did not seem to be at all disconcerted, and ate his breakfast as usual, though the Yankees were still passing along in occasional groups. When told the Yankees had taken away all the horses on the place, including his two, he seemed to be troubled. He then asked his aunt if she had about the house a blue sack coat he had brought home on a previous occasion, having taken the same from some Federal soldier. She produced the coat, which he put on. Taking a short carbine in his hand, he said he was going down the road the way the Yankees were going to see if he could get his horse. When he left the house there were no Yankees in sight, but he said that several groups passed him on the road, and that one man in passing said to the other: "There is one of our men afoot. I guess he has lost his horse." He had gone about three miles before he reached Dover farm, and, as the road then led through the large open field, he concluded to hide in the bushes on the bank of a branch, alongside of which at this point the road ran.

He stated that he had not been long in this position, when a Yankee came along riding one horse and leading another, to surrender, as Pleasants had the drop on him. He readily did so. Pleasants then had two horses and the arms he had taken from this Yankee, and as he was then out in open field and exposed, he told the Yankee to go ahead and overtake his command. Pleasants then started back towards his home, and had just gotten out of the field into the large body of woods belonging to the Dover farm, when he met a group of Yankees—exactly how many he did not say. When told to surrender they did so, just dropping their arms in the road, as Pleasants, of course, could not handle them. With this batch of prisoners, all on horseback, he followed the road in the direction of his home, till he met another group of Yankees. They, too, surrendered, leaving their arms in the road. He stated that he did not meet any more of the enemy till he had reached a point on the road about 150 yards from his home, when he met the third group. These surrendered as the others had done, and he then had twelve prisoners with their horses. At this time, one of the twelve prisoners saw, in the distance, two Yankees at

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years of age, and in the full splendor of his manhood. His features were expressive, and, when lighted up by any emotion, strikingly handsome. His figure was compact, graceful and active, and he had a noble and commanding presence. His mind was better suited to the eloquence of the Senate than the subtle arguments of the bar. He sought to convince rather than to persuade, and employed no false or affected ornaments of speech. He studied with care the events of the day, and his ideas were always appropriate to the occasion and the audience. Breckinridge considered that oratory should be used to protect rights, reform abuses and control men rather than as an elegant ar[illegible] yield refined enjoyment to culti[illegible]

In the c[illegible] there was a [illegible] ity. There [illegible] contented c[illegible] he never [illegible] combinatio[illegible]

When v[illegible] vices of [illegible] so intell[illegible] tives an[illegible] sary cor[illegible] pensabl[illegible] the life [illegible] subjec[illegible] acter [illegible] tucky [illegible] the S[illegible] of b[illegible] alre[illegible] exa[illegible] def[illegible] ch[illegible] d[illegible] e[illegible]

[illegible] ging or urging its masterly evacuation, ending in the removal of Halleck from command; at Chickamauga, in the bloody assaults on the lines of Rosecranz; at Jackson in the repulse of the attack on his lines and at Lookout Mountains and Missionary Ridge, meeting the mighty hosts of Grant, and covering with stubborn courage the retreat of Bragg.

After the transfer of Breckinridge from the Army of the West, his reputation increased. In the West he served under Bragg; in Virginia under Lee. For awhile he had a small independent command in Western Virginia. General Sigel attempted to force the Valley of the Shenandoah. Breckinridge, with a handful of men, dashed upon him. By a brilliant tactical movement he routed his troops and captured his artillery. Sigel was removed from command.

Breckinridge afterwards advanced, with Early, on the City of Washington, and signally defeated General Wallace at the battle of Monocacy. He encamped at Silver Spring, the seat of Francis P. Blair, his kinsman, within sight of the city. Serving through many campaigns he afterwards commanded with distinction a division under Lee at the battle of Cold Harbor.

The military abilities, sterling qualities, and faithful patriotism of Breckinridge were tested in these battles and campaigns. A rapid enumeration confuses the mind, so that it can not comprehend their magnitude. Bunker Hill, Princeton, Tippecanoe, the Battle of New Orleans, and Bueua Vista are mere skirmishes compared with Shiloh, Stone river, and Chickamauga. In each of these great battles the Confederates lost more men than our armies lost in all the other battles mentioned. At Waterloo, the English, under the Duke of Wellington, out of a force of about 45,000 lost about 9,000 men, and Johnston at Shiloh, from a force of about 35,000 combatants, lost more than 13,000 men. The victory at Chickamauga was still bloodier, and the loss at Stone river nearty as great as at Shiloh.

These were the fields in which the courage and conduct of John C. Breckinridge were tested, and in this theater he shone with greater luster than in the Senate.

His character and talents were so remarkable, that in the last hours of the Confederacy he was appointed Secretary of War. The resources of the country were exhausted. Lee stood with his thin but heroic lines, in front of the enormous masses of Grant. The dreadful battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor occurred. Breckin[illegible] great ability and energy, en[illegible] his supreme [illegible] himself [illegible]

[illegible] in Europe. He visited the Holy Land and the chief nations of Western Europe until a milder policy prevailed in the United States. He then returned to Kentucky, a powerless but honored man. He resumed his profession and lived quietly and simply, respected and beloved by friends and adversaries. Many spoke of once more bestowing upon him the highest honors of the State, but he quietly suppressed all such suggestions. He was a proscribed man. He uttered no complaints and asked no pardon; but strong in great virtue and a patient soul, stood still and waited for happier days.

Breckinridge died an alien to his State and country, and lies in a proscribed grave. I desire to awaken no bitter feelings, but it will be remembered that the Senate of the United Stares passed a resolution unanimously *"that the traitor, Breckinridge, be expelled."* It is proper to say that Breckinridge had resigned, and but just to the dead that noth in can more fully demonstrate the injustice of the Senate than the passage of that resolution. But it was passed, and still violates the records of that powerful body. The resolution is in spirit a bill of attainder. It is the only one ever passed by that body, and shows the reckless fury of the party when it passed.

The bill of the attainder was the most fearful engine of feudal tyranny ever invented by the malevolence of man. It differed from an indictment, trial and judgment. It merely, by parliamentary resolution, declared a man a traitor, or attainted. It specified no crime, because it was often used to destroy the innocent; it required no appearance, because it allowed no defence; it permitted no evidence, because the victim was foredoomed. Itwas the highest and most infamcus stretch of parliamentary power, and an odious relic of aristocratic barbarity under the common law. Its effect was to confiscate the property of the unhappy wretch, to set a mark of infamy on his blood, to place him beyond the protection of the law, and to rob and murder the victim without inquiry.

When our fathers framed the Constitution of the United States they remembered the merciless confiscation and bloody crimes committed by English parliaments through bills of attainder, and declared no bill of attainder or ex post facto law should be passed. They also declared that no person should be convicted of treason, unless on the testimony of two persons to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.

In defiance of these provisions, Breckinridge was declared a traitor by the records of the Senate, and has passed to [illegible] under the stain of treason. [illegible]ation is a nullity. A voice [illegible] than that of the Senate [illegible]h in the land, declaring [illegible]all be peace. THE PEO[illegible] DECREED.

[illegible] not come suddenly upon [illegible] but advanced by slow ap[illegible] He did not perish in the [illegible]he battle, but gently and [illegible]h the tranquility of home. [illegible]lated with his usual firmness [illegible]emn truths that can affect [illegible]elations to God. The priva[illegible] hamber of death is sacred; [illegible]ieved that the great truths of [illegible] the unpolluted temple of his [illegible]urned it by degrees to the [illegible]ice till all became immortal.

[illegible] honors like these are not [illegible]pous ceremonies, but the rec[illegible]f virtue. It is an attribute of [illegible] to pay homage to departed [illegible] Nature gives no stronger evi[illegible] the immortality of the sou[illegible] tribute of the living to the [illegible] of the dead, for it is the last [illegible] of mortaity to immortality. Un[illegible] solemn motives we desire t[illegible] norate a citizen beloved in peace [illegible]r renowned in war, and a states[illegible]ho never deserted a principle. [illegible] is spirit that we, THE PEOPLE O[illegible]CKY, now offer this tribute to th[illegible] ry of John Cabell Breckinridge [illegible]CE TO HIS DUST AND HONO[illegible] MORE."

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well on the roadside near the house[illegible] wishing to notify them that twelv[illegible] kees had surrendered to one man an[illegible] prepare them for the coming of Pleas[illegible] s, escaped from him and reached th[illegible] ll ahead of him and his prisoners.

[illegible]t the well, which was a covered on[illegible] t open on the four sides, one Ya[illegible] e was sitting on his horse and holdin[illegible] e horse of the other Yankee, who ha[illegible] smounted to draw water from the hors[illegible] ough, from which the two horses wer[illegible] rinking. When Pleasants reached a poi[illegible] bout ten feet from these Yankees, he de[illegible] nanded their surrender; whereupon on[illegible] f the Yankees, the one sitting on th[illegible] horse, exclaimed: "Surrender, hell, yo[illegible] say"; and began to shoot at Pleasant[illegible] The Yankee standing on the well als[illegible] shot at him. Those who witnessed th[illegible] scene are undecided whether four or fi[illegible] shots were fired at him. He, howeve[illegible] reserved his shot till very near the Ya[illegible] kee on the horse, who, when Pleasan[illegible] fired, sprang up in the saddle and cried: "I am killed." Then the Yankee on the well dropped his pistol, and the work of Pleasants was complete.

There being no other Yankee in sight, Pleasants, accompanied by his uncle and Dr. Quintus A. Snead, who came on the scene soon after the shooting, took the prisoners across the river at Michaux Ferry, and spent the night at Beaumont, the residence of Mr. W. W. Michaux, in Powhatan county. The prisoners were then taken to Powhatan Courthouse and put in jail.

Soon after Pleasants left with the prisoners, other groups of Yankees passed and inquired why or how this man had been killed. Mrs. Bowles, the only grown person, excepting the negroes, on the place, then present, told them that there had been an engagement with Stuart's men and that that man had been killed. Fourteen of the horses with the equipments, arms, etc., were turned over to the Confederate government.

Pleasants, with two other men, captured a good many Yankees near Elk Hill, in Goochland county. These Yankees did not belong, of course, to the Dahlgren raid, but were sent out from Columbia by General Stoneman.

Pleasants died in 1872, when about twenty-eight years old. He was a man who seldom spoke of his career in the army. In fact, he seemed to dislike talking about his deeds. Strange to say, he was wounded only twice—once severely, being shot through the right breast near Front Royal, and once slightly, on the leg, while the army was retreating to Appomattox.

The Goochland Camp of Confederate Veterans, named the "Jim Pleasants Camp" in honor of James Pleasants, Mr. Frederick N. Fleming, now dead, frequently said he would write a short biography of James Pleasants, but died without doing so, and as some record should be made of this daring young soldier's short career for the benefit of future generations, I hope you may be able to publish such an article as may be fit to be published in the records of the Virginia Historical Society.

I am yours, etc.,

J. C. BOWLES.

PRIVATE ALLEN'S TITLE

Prouder of Fighting in the Ranks than of Coming to Congress.

TALKING TO EX-CONFEDERATES

Southern Men in New York City—Tammany the Friend of the South—Addresses by Senator Berry, Col. Dickinson, and Mr. Breckinridge.

The Washington ex-Confederate Association met at Union Hall last night, the president, Maj. E. W. Anderson, presiding. Representatives John M. Allen, of Mississippi, and Clifton R. Breckinridge, of Arkansas; Senator Berry, of Arkansas, and Col. Dickinson, of New York, made addresses.

The president in calling the meeting to order said the regular business would be dispensed with, and Hon. John M. Allen, an old Confederate, would make an address. Mr. Allen said: "I am not an old Confederate. I am one of the youngest alive. In fact, I was asked to come here to meet old Confederates and make a little talk. I don't mind talking, and it is a pleasure to meet you. I will not pursue the regular order I usually do in speaking to ex-Confederates. It is customary to devote most of a speech to explaining why the war was fought. What I take pride in is how we fought. I never stopped to think why I went in. I had no grievance, no negroes to lose, but when the Northerners came down and started after us I found a disposition among my people to resist and went with them.

"I don't know that I can improve very much on a little speech I made in Congress on this subject. Of course you have all read it. I take some little pride in referring to that speech. It was made on the pension bill. That tells the story briefly of how we fought. So far as I am concerned I wouldn't swop the record of having been a private Confederate soldier for any pension the Government might give. I don't fear that some one will suspect me of having fought well. I have no apology to make for the little part I took in that war. If they want to write me down as a traitor, then I am one of the traitors who followed Lee. No man who ever walked God's green earth was possessed of nobler attributes than Robert E. Lee; no man ever had more of the attributes of true greatness. What better vindication could we have than that we marched in the columns of Stonewall Jackson?

"Some men make a racket about such meetings as these. Those men don't rise to the dignity of my contempt. They can't make me mad. He's got to be a man of more dignity to make me mad. These meetings mean nothing to harm any one. We take a pride in them, and no power on earth can rob us of that pride.

"As I am a representative of that class, I want to say a word about the private soldier. No one will detract from the officers of the war, but they double and treble their pay over the man who endured the cold, stood in the sleet and rain to guard the colonels and the generals. I say this for Federals as well as Confederates, that no man can claim honor over the private. The man who snatches up the flag when his dead comrade has dropped it wins as much glory as any one. I can't see why they make a distinction. We have all held offices. I am an office-holder now; just a plain every-day Member of Congress, but the best office I ever held was that of a private Confederate soldier. I have declined hundreds of chances of promotion since the war, but they can't rob me of my title. Some wanted to call me 'colonel,' but I repudiated it.

"I went into the war when I was a few months over fourteen years old. I was sorry I had to be 'put down.' I was sorry at times that I went in, too. Lots of times I was scared nearly to death. When the battle was over and I got out all right, I was glad I was there. I have often sympathized with some of our soldiers. I have often thought about the fellow who was getting off the field. An officer stopped him and asked him why he was running away. 'Just because I can't fly,' he replied. I have often heard the boys say when we were in a close place, 'If I was that bird up in that three and had his wings I'd fly away to the Mississippi bottom.' I never expected to get any money out of the war, didn't expect to win any prominence, and treason doesn't grow that way. Men don't do mean things for nothing.

"I started up to this city once from Richmond. I got up as far as what they call Second Manassas. My shoes were worn out. They had holes in them, and the gravel got in and hurt my feet, and I straggled. I didn't have anything to eat, either; they didn't issue rations to stragglers. I wandered out in the country and got to a house just as they were sitting down to dinner. I went in and I was awful hungry. I laid in enough rations to last three days. Going on down the road, I met some ladies with baskets of provisions for the soldiers of the hospitals. I thought I'd better lay in another supply, so I went up with a pitiful story and said I hadn't had anything to eat in three days. I was a weavel-eaten looking boy, and the good women thought it wouldn't do to let me starve. They opened the basket and took out four pitchers of gruel. Well, I was fed on gruel when I was a boy, and if there was anything I did hate it was gruel. But I was in for it, and had to take my medicine. They gave it to me with a spoon. I felt like every dose would make me lose my dinner. Finally I told the ladies I hated to deprive the poor, sick soldiers of their food, and wouldn't take any more of it. That broke me of telling stories. I have often thought of it. It was fortunate that it happened early in my life. I haven't told a story since."

Mr. Allen went on to praise the private soldier, who was always jolly and full of fun, cheerful, and ready for anything—to kill a beef or steal a pig. These were the men who kept up our spirits. He owed more to the privates than any one. He would like to talk two or three hours, but Senator Berry wanted a chance. "In order to get him out to hear me I had to agree to divide time. I am glad to see you whether you be a Confederate or not. I have no prejudice against any man who opposed me, no feeling against a man who fought on the other side. Confederates deserve much credit for what they have done since the war. They have supported their families and helped to pay the war debt. A gentleman to-day told me that there were 35,000 ex-Confederates in the State of New York. It is fashionable just now to abuse New York in politics. I want to commend it for one thing. In the great city of New York it is no drawback to any man to have been a Confederate soldier and if they did nothing else but that they do recognize our people as worthy of confidence and support. I repeat, if there was nothing else, I should always feel kindly toward New York and that grand organization which dominates it. I didn't come here to make a speech for Tammany, but I just thought about this matter today. It is no discredit in New York to be an ex-Confederate soldier."

Mr. Allen's speech was full of humor blent with pathos, and was frequently interrupted with applause. At its conclusion he was made an honorary member and received a vote of thanks.

Senator Berry was called for, and said he did not come to make a speech but to listen. Mr. Allen had stolen a speech he made in Virginia in 1886. He was gratified to meet them, and glad such an organization existed in Washington. He had urged such organizations in his State, not for strife, but to perpetuate the memory of men who had fought in the war. Friends in the North had never fully appreciated the Southern people. History did not tell of such valor as was shown by them. They made a gallant fight, and fell with faces to the foe. He hoped the ex-Confederate association would be kept up.

Col. Dickinson, a member of Maj. Magruder's staff, said that until recently he had been president of the Confederate veteran camp of New York. This camp had 175 members, all veterans, and did much good in helping sick and disabled Confederates. No old soldier was allowed to suffer. The people of New York were always ready to assist in anything the camp needed. Mr. Allen's remarks were true in reference to the Confederate soldiers in New York city and also as to Tammany. Every Southern man who held office in New York held it through the influence of Tammany.

Representative Clifton R. Breckinridge had never before addressed a Confederate association. There was no doubt as to the position the South would occupy in history. The 2,250,000 men of the North could not look with contempt upon the 600,000 scattered soldiers of the South. It was well to look after the old Confederates now. None of them were objects of charity. He thought the demoralization of character growing out of the pension system the worst feature of it.

A vote of thanks was returned to all

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

THE WILDERNESS.

Another Round from Comrade Graham, of Rice's Brigade.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: One of your contributors, in an excellently-written article, gave an account of the capture by the Confederates on the 6th of May, 1864, of a portion of the Union works at the intersection of the Brock and the plank roads in the Wilderness. In his article the writer gave the credit for the recapture of the works to Carroll's Brigade. While this was an error, your correspondent, in my opinion, was quite innocent of intentional misrepresentation. The error probably arose from the fact that the enemy penetrated our line in two places, viz. on that portion occupied by Stevenson's Division, of the Ninth Corps, and also the works lying south of the Orange plank road. From the first of these places the enemy was promptly expelled by the gallantry of Carroll's Brigade; from the position gained on the left they were unceremoniously driven by Rice's Brigade, of Wadsworth's Division, Fifth Corps. Gen. Hancock very properly commended Carroll's Brigade for their splendid service, but unjustly failed to mention the equally-meritorious conduct of Rice's Brigade. The real facts in the case having, so far as I know, never been made public, I wrote what I believed to be a truthful account of the Federal and Confederate operations on the left, in the hope that credit might be given where credit was due. For the details of the Confederate movements I am indebted to Gen. E. M. Law, a prominent officer in Lee's army, who commanded a portion of the troops that captured the Ninth Corps works. As to the Federal operations, I was an eye-witness, and drew on my imagination for none of my facts.

Comrade Joseph Carter, of the 3d Md., takes exception to my statement in an article that would be very funny if it were not for his evident distress. The sympathy which his anguish excites is, however, considerably modified by the temper he displays. His charge that the Second Corps was lacking in martial courage is highly absurd, and will pass for little with those who remember its splendid achievements at Gettysburg and Spottsylvania, and on many other fields. His complaint that I made "unfair charges" against his brigade, "added insult to injury," "slandered it," etc., rests on no basis of fact. I made no mention of Leasure's Brigade for the very good reason that I did not see it at all.

While the Second Corps and Wadsworth's Division, of the Fifth, were fighting Hill and Longstreet from early dawn until 10 o'clock a. m., Leasure's Brigade, according to Comrade Carter, was lying comfortably at the Brock road, a mile and a half in the rear. At 2 p. m. it left this safe position and "swept" the entire front of the Second Corps, which must have carried it far north of the Orange plank road. As he makes no mention of sweeping back again, his brigade was evidently not at the intersection of the two roads at 4 p. m., and his claim that it repulsed Field's attack fails by his own testimony.

Let us see what his brigade did do. Says Comrade Carter: "At 2 p. m. we were ordered to sweep the front of the Second Corps of any enemy that might be lurking in the brush. This was done by advancing to the front as far as possible, without losing sight of the breastworks, and then making a right wheel we marched along his (Hancock's) entire front. During that march the left of the brigade struck Longstreet's Corps, which had exposed its flank, forced it back and took some prisoners, which were sent to Gen. Hancock."

From these prisoners, he states, Hancock learned that Longstreet was on the field. This narrative is altogether singular. The news of Longstreet's arrival must have been somewhat stale after 2 p. m., for he left his bivouac at 1 a. m., and was at Parker's Store at 6 in the morning, in ample time to check Hill's hasty retreat and Hancock's pursuit. After fighting Longstreet during the whole forenoon, Hancock probably knew he was there.

The bulk of the Second Corps was posted along the Brock road, north of the Orange plank road, the line having been strengthened by concentrating toward the right in anticipation of Longstreet's attack, and the Ninth Corps had been thrown into the gap between Hancock's right and Warren's left. Comrade Carter's Brigade, having traversed "the entire front" of the Second Corps, must therefore have found itself in the company of the Ninth Corps, perhaps of Stevenson's Division. It really looks as if it might have formed a "supporting line" for Stevenson instead of the Second Corps.

In "advancing to the front as far as possible without losing sight of the breastworks," Carter's Brigade may have advanced 100 feet into the Wilderness, possibly in some places 100 yards. At this perilous distance from the Union line, the left regiment of the three composing Leasure's Brigade "struck Longstreet's Corps and forced it back!" If Grant had only taken the two other regiments and sent one against Hill's and the other against Ewell's those corps also might have been "forced back," and the battle would have terminated in a decisive victory without the aid of other troops. There is nothing small about Comrade Carter's claim. Its sublime audacity is equaled only by that of Capt. Robert E. Park, of Macon, who with only 40 men held Hooker's Corps in check at South Mountain for three hours, according to his own report.

Never in word or thought have I accused any troops of disgraceful conduct, nor have I "insulted, injured or slandered" Comrade Carter or his brigade. He must remember that the man who claims the earth will probably find a contestant. The expression which incensed him was, perhaps, ill-chosen. Instead of saying "the supporting line took to their heels," I might have said they made a premature retreat, or they charged to the rear. Whether such euphemism would have been better we cannot tell. It might have been less painful to Comrade Carter's sensitive feelings, but it would have lacked a good deal in vigor and precision. But the comrade need not take our language so to heart. He has proven his brigade was not there at all. It had advanced (keeping in sight the breastworks), "wheeled to the right," "swept the entire front," "driven back Longstreet's Corps," and without doubt performed many other wonderful things.

With reference to Carroll's Brigade, their honors were well merited. When Field captured the works south of the plank road at 4 o'clock, Rice's Brigade was there to expel him. At the same hour Law's Alabama Brigade and Perry's Florida Brigade, supported by Heth's Division, assaulted the Ninth Corps, "driving Burnside's men beyond the line of breastworks." Then it was that Carroll's men drove the audacious rebels out. The enemy had captured parts of the works at two points a mile or more apart, and Carter claims for his brigade the honor of repulsing the rebels in both places at once.

"Insatiate archer! would not one suffice?"

One of the officers of my old brigade, Capt. Geo. Hugunin, 147th N. Y., kindly gave a view of the matter, intended to quiet Comrade Carter and myself, closing with the words, "Gen. Wadsworth was killed right there." For his benevolent efforts in behalf of peace, I make due acknowledgment, but the gallant Captain will recollect that Gen. Wadsworth was killed a mile west of the Brock road, at 10 a. m. I was speaking of an occurrence six hours subsequent.

Comrade Walley's account will be perfect if he will change one word. His brigade must have been north not south of the plank road. Comrade Walley says "the enemy did not capture the works of his brigade." But they did capture the works south of the Orange plank road. He speaks of a "battery of brass Napoleons" on his left. These were the guns I mentioned, and were on the plank road.

Rice's Brigade, which drove the enemy from the works at this point, was a portion of the old First Corps. They left their dead on every important field in Virginia, from Bull Run to Appomattox. It is not my intention to compare their prowess with that of other troops. No such comparison can be made, nor is it necessary. While Gettysburg is remembered they cannot be forgotten, and until Seminary Ridge is leveled with the plain their fame will never need a monument.—E. R. GRAHAM, Grand Pass, Mo.

The Washington correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch says: It seems to be settled now that there is absolutely no hope for the passage of any so-called "southern war claims," involving the "loyalty" to the Union during the war of the claimants. Speaker Reed, who controls the House as firmly and arbitrarily as a teacher does a class of small children, has set his face against all claims of this class, and under no circumstances will he allow one of them to be considered.

Shoulder Arms of the Confederate Army

by

R. L. Dowling

SHOULDER ARMS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY

By R. L. DOWLING

In January 1942 Mr. Dowling considered the Springfield rifle, the weapon chiefly used in the Civil War. The average opinion, he says, is that both Federal and Confederate soldiers were armed with about the same weapons. A closer study of the subject, however, uncovers some interesting facts, which he presents here.

AT THE OUTBREAK of the Civil War, the South had few qualified armorers and was not equipped to make firearms on any large scale. The entire system of manufacture had to be built from the ground up during the conflict—a situation which reflects great credit on the skill and resourcefulness of those in charge.

At the outset the Confederate forces depended for their weapons mainly on muskets and rifles captured at Federal arsenals in Charleston, Augusta, Fayetteville, Baton Rouge, and Mount Vernon, Alabama. Among the captured weapons were U. S. flintlock muskets, models 1808 and 1812; these have been found with *C. S. A.* stamped on the lock plate over the original *U. S.* A number of the scarce government rifle model 1804, resembling a half stocked Kentucky rifle in general appearance, have also been found with the *C. S. A.* stamp, as have the U. S. Springfield musket model 1822 converted to percussion and the U. S. model 1842 percussion musket, both cal. .69, smooth bore. A few of the latter were rifled to take the famous "Minnie" bullet (see ANTIQUES for November 1940). Also included among the captured arms were Federal rifles of the model 1841, cal. .54, which became known during the conflict as Mississippi rifles.

Blockade-running steamers supplied the Confederate forces with arms imported from Europe, mainly England. These included the British Enfield rifle, cal. .577, and the English Brunswick rifle, which had only two rifle grooves and fired the round "belted ball." Many smooth bore percussion lock English Tower muskets (model 1842, cal. .69) were imported as well. All of these have been found with the stamp *C. S. A.*, or the name of some southern state, proving that they were used by the Confederate army.

At Richmond there was a small private plant known as "The Virginia Manufactory Armory," dating back to 1802. Machinery and tools were taken there from the Harper's Ferry arsenal that was destroyed at the beginning of hostilities, and were used in the manufacture and repair of Confederate weapons. The Richmond plant made the model 1858 U. S. musket, which had the Maynard Primer mechanism contained in an enlargement of the lock plate in front of the hammer. The die for making this plate was captured but not the tools for shaping the cavity and mechanism. The Richmond lock plates were therefore made in the rough, without the Maynard attachment. The misshapen plate was mounted on the rifles and stamped *Richmond, Va. C.S.A.*, just forward of the hammer.

Similar necessary alterations were made in the manufacture of other models. In Confederate workshops not equipped to make the breech block, the breech-loading Hall Rifle was altered to a muzzle-loader, using the barrel and parts of the lock.

The best attempt to produce standard arms in the South was a copy of the Colt revolver. The workmanship was good, but the materials were below the standards of the Colt company. These revolvers, marked with the names of various Southern armories, are prized collectors' items today.

Among the most noted breech-loading carbines manufactured by the Confederates were the Perry (cal. .52, with a brass breech block similar to the Burnside) and the so-called Confederate Sharps, a copy of the U. S. Sharps model 1863. Both of these were made at Richmond, and are so marked on the lock plate. Cook and Brother at Athens, Georgia, manufactured a muzzle-loading carbine similar to the British Enfield of the period. The workmanship and material of all these weapons was not up to Federal standards.

Because of the destruction of government records at the fall of Richmond, it is impossible to obtain complete lists of the small arms used in the Confederate service. Both arms collectors and students of history are taking an interest in this subject today. Nearly a century after the outbreak of hostilities, the old Confederate arms are valuable both as antiques and as documents.

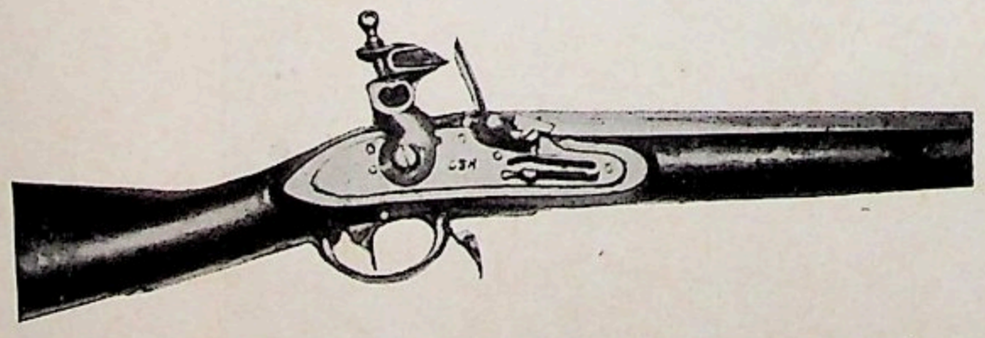


FIG. 1—U. S. MODEL 1822 smooth-bore musket cal. .69. *C. S. A.* on lock plate over eagle.

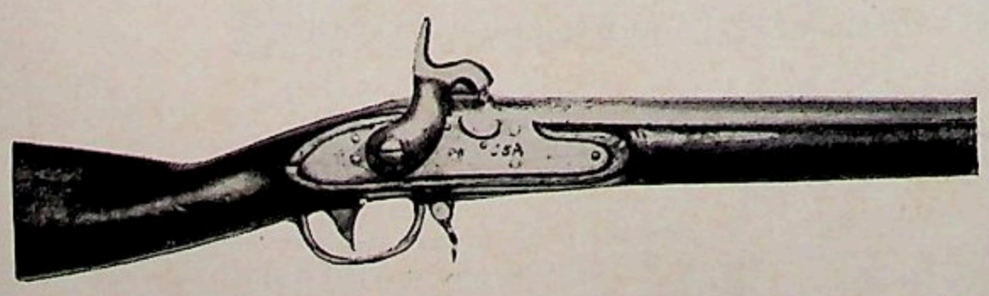


FIG. 2—U. S. MODEL 1822 musket altered to percussion. *C. S. A.* under pan blank.

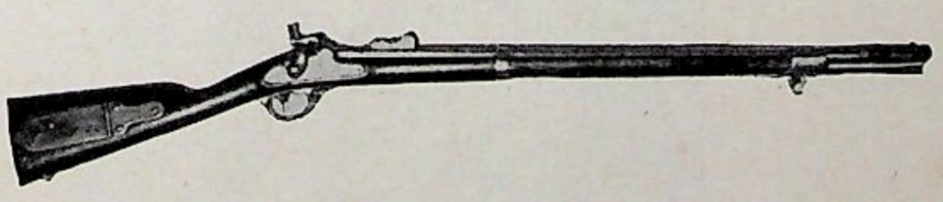


FIG. 3—U. S. MODEL 1841 RIFLE. Lock marked *C. S.* Stock marked *23rd Reg. So. Carolina.*

All illustrations from author's collection. Photographs by John Dowling.

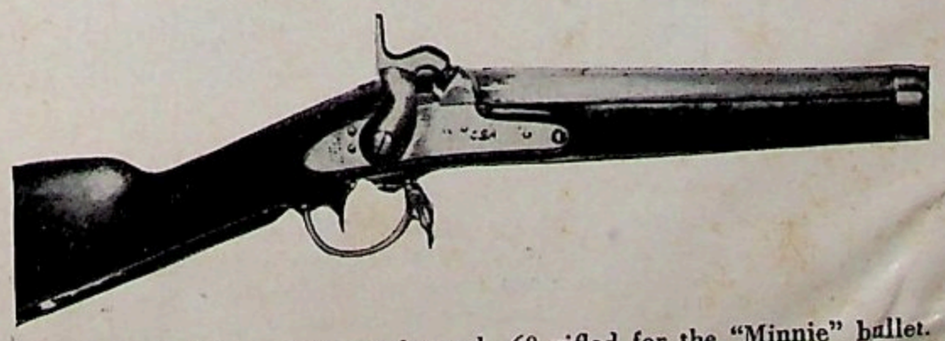
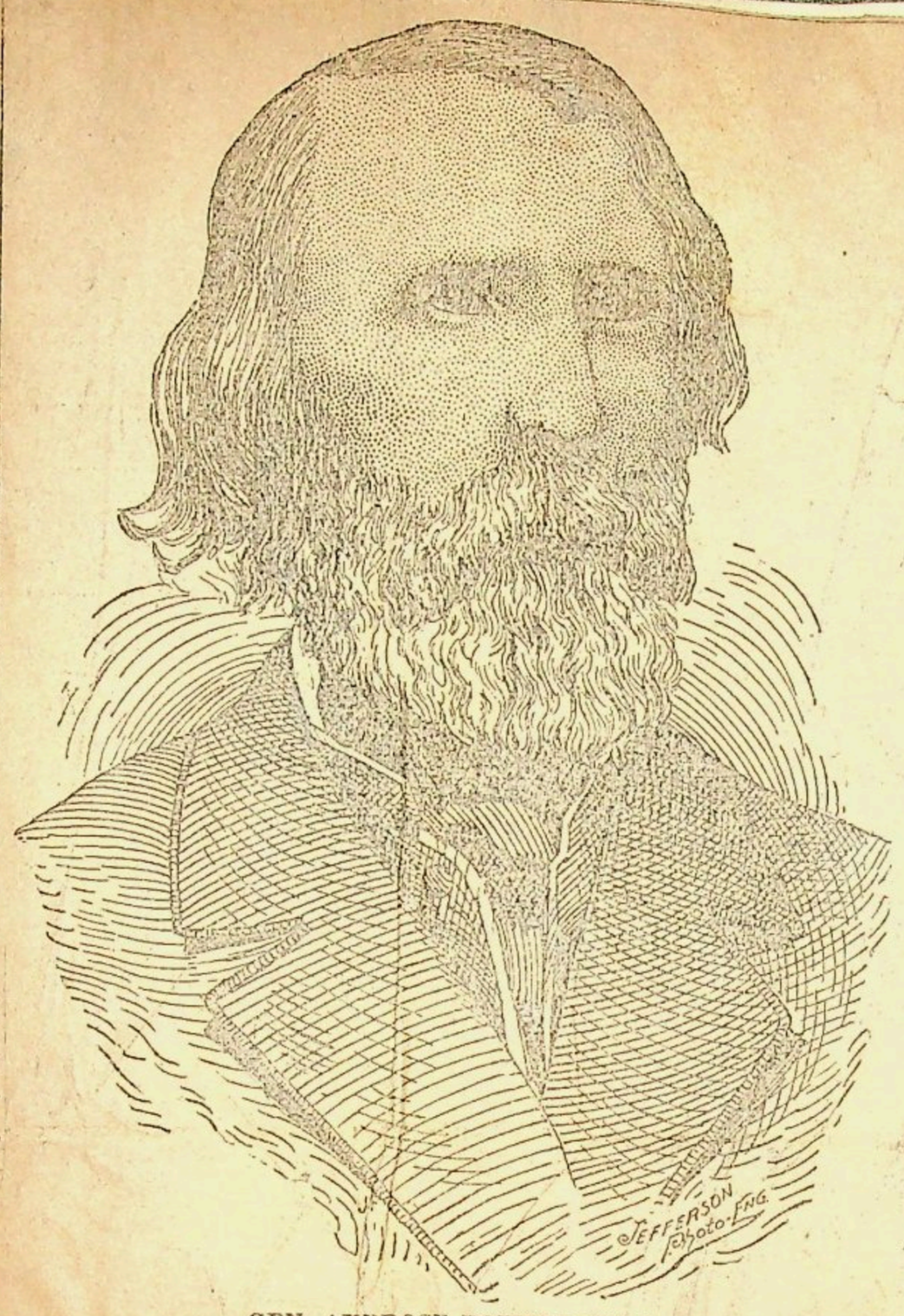


FIG. 4—U. S. MODEL 1842 musket cal. .69 rifled for the "Minnie" bullet. Lock marked *C. S. A.* in front of eagle.

Antiques



GEN. AMBROSE POWELL HILL.

HILL MONUMENT UNVEILING.

Brief Sketch of the Brilliant Soldier—Marylanders Going to Richmond.

The Baltimoreans who will go to the unveiling of the Gen. A. P. Hill monument in Richmond, on Monday next, will leave on a special train, which will depart at 5.30 A. M. from Calvert Station, at 5.40 o'clock from Union Station and at 5.45 from Pennsylvania Avenue Station on the day of the unveiling. Gen. George H. Steuart will command the Confederate veterans from this city as well as the Washington contingent. They will carry the Maryland flag, and will wear a unique badge, containing a fine portrait of Gen. A. P. Hill, with the Maryland colors, black and orange, arranged at the top. The trip was arranged by Gen. George H. Steuart, Capt. Winfield Peters and Mr. R. M. Chambers.

The Hill monument is one mile and a-half from Richmond, at the intersection of Hermitage road and Laburnum avenue. It overlooks the spot upon which General Hill assumed command of his first brigade. The memorial is a bronze figure of Hill standing upon a stone pile consisting of base, subbase, die block, shaft and capital, the whole being thirty-four feet from the base to the crown of the figure. The statue represents the soldier standing in an easy attitude, his right hand falling at the side and holding his hat, while the left, crossed easily before the belt, holds his sheathed sword nearly by the middle. The pose is said to have been characteristic of the original.

Many Marylanders served in the brigade, division and army corps successively commanded by General Hill. The Second Maryland Infantry was in McComb's brigade, Heth's division, Hill's corps, when General Hill met his death. In the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, commanded by Col. A. P. Hill, there was a company of Marylanders called Lanier Guards, who were uniformed and equipped in May, 1861, by the Lanier Brothers, proprietors of a prominent dry goods house in Baltimore.

The relations existing between General A. P. Hill and General George H. Steuart began at the West Point Military Academy. Hill graduated in time to enter the army as a lieutenant of artillery and to serve during the Mexican war. Steuart graduated from West Point just after the Mexican war. Both saw continuous service in the old United States army until the outbreak of the war between the States, when both resigned at about the same time, Hill as a captain of artillery and Steuart as a captain of cavalry.

At the beginning of the war, in the spring of 1861, in the Army of the Shenandoah, commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Col. A. P. Hill commanded the Thirteenth Virginia, and, on the promotion of Colonel Elzey, Col. George H. Steuart commanded the First Maryland. In the spring of 1862 both Hill and Steuart were promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and both served with distinguished skill and gallantry to the end. Both served immediately under Stonewall Jackson, receiving marked recognition for merit from that great soldier, and both were held in exalted esteem by General Lee. Both were essentially infantry generals of the highest type.

Hill's troops were always regarded as the light marching infantry of the army and "Hill's light division" was one of the most famous of the divisions of infantry in the Army of Northern Virginia. In the seven days' battles around Richmond A. P. Hill's division was the first to rush upon McClellan's right flank. It drove McClellan's men pell-mell behind the fortifications skilfully constructed by Fitz John Porter. Here a bloody assault on the Federal position was made and prolonged into the night. In the night Porter withdrew his troops to the fortified positions at Gaines's Mill. The next day the positions there and at Cold Harbor were carried by Jackson and the two Hills and McClellan's retreat and utter defeat were assured. A. P. Hill's division henceforward came under the command of Jackson and participated in all of Jackson's successes until that prince of infantry generals was lost to the Confederate arms.

At second Manassas Hill went to the rescue of Gregg, nearly exhausted, repulsed the enemy and prevented Jackson's line from being penetrated. In the Maryland campaign General Lee, holding the passes in the South Mountain, sent Jackson quickly to take the Federal forces at Harper's Ferry in reverse, General Lee having crowned the Maryland Heights with artillery and the Loudoun Heights with artillery and infantry. Jackson performed his part speedily and successfully, cutting off the enemy's retreat at Bolivar Heights. On the morning of September 15, 1862, the Confederate artillery having opened on General Miles's forces, occupying Harper's Ferry, A. P. Hill was ordered to attack Miles's rear, when the Federal flag of truce was hoisted. Jackson demanded and received an unconditional surrender. General Miles, with eleven thousand men, capitulated, with a large quantity of military stores. Leaving A. P. Hill to parole the prisoners and send the captured property to the rear, Jackson, with the remainder of his force, moved quickly to reinforce Lee at Sharpsburg, which he succeeded in doing on September 16. The battle of Sharpsburg (miscalled Antietam) was fought September 17, 1862. General Lee's army, starved and decimated, was on the verge of destruction. The fate of the battle depended upon the arrival of A. P. Hill. Hill completed his work at Harper's Ferry with great alacrity, and on the morning of the battle made a forced march from that place, reaching Sharpsburg early in the afternoon at a critical period of the conflict. Quickly placing his troops on Lee's right flank he repulsed the enemy with slaughter, the Union forces having crossed Antietam creek and were about to assail General Lee's exposed flank.

Sharpsburg was a drawn battle, and Lee's army recrossed the Potomac into Virginia. A. P. Hill covered the rear with [illegible] muskets (reduced from 14,000 in two and a half months) and had gotten over the river. The enemy in force followed closely, and Hill let them cross the river. The result is best described by General Hill's official report: "A simultaneous, daring charge was made and the enemy driven pell-mell into the river. Then commenced the most terrible slaughter that this war has yet witnessed. The broad surface of the Potomac was blue with the floating bodies of our foe. But few escaped to tell the tale. By their own account they lost 3,000 men killed and drowned from one brigade alone. Some two hundred prisoners were taken."

Gen. A. P. Hill was the ranking major-general in Jackson's army corps. At Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, when Jackson received his death wound, after destroying the Federal right flank, under Howard, Gen. A. P. Hill also was wounded and disabled. In this emergency Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, commanding the cavalry, was sent for, twenty miles away, and he led Jackson's corps in the desperate battle next day with success. The death of Jackson made vacant the command of an army corps in the Army of Northern Virginia, and to this position of lieutenant-general A. P. Hill was promptly promoted, which was a recognition of his pre-eminence among all the major-generals in that army. Hill's corps was composed principally of Virginians and North Carolinians.

The first day's battle at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, was fought by two divisions each of A. P. Hill's and Ewell's corps, and was a signal victory for the Confederates. Reynolds's and Howard's corps, defeated and driven through Gettysburg, took refuge on Culp's Hill and Cemetery Ridge. General Reynolds was killed and more than five thousand prisoners were taken. Hill doubtless would have pushed his success, but Ewell's entire corps, having arrived on the field, interposed and compelled Hill to move to the right of Ewell, his relative position. In all the battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia from Gettysburg to Five Forks, A. P. Hill's corps participated and maintained its well-earned reputation for bravery, valor and alertness, always inspired by the presence and skill of its splendid commander.

Especially conspicuous was their gallant defense in the Wilderness, May 5 and 6, 1864, when General Lee himself was tempted to lead a brigade to the attack; the rescue of Petersburg, June 9, and the bloody repulse at the "Crater," July 30, by Mahone's division and the successful attack on Hancock, August 25. It is safe to assert that no one of Gen. Lee's able lieutenants enjoyed his esteem and confidence more than did A. P. Hill, and it is an extraordinary coincidence that in the last moments of both Lee and Jackson, in the delirium of death, they called for A. P. Hill and his infantry.

Gen. A. P. Hill met his death at Petersburg, April 2, 1865, after parting from General Lee, and in the attempt to reach his troops after the Federal forces had carried General Lee's lines. His only attendant was his chief of couriers, Sergt. George W. Tucker, a young Baltimorean, who had joined the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry early in the war. General Hill's body was soon recovered by Confederate troops, just as he lay when he fell from his horse, dead, untouched by any one. The army was in full retreat, and it was with difficulty that his body was coffined and buried. But some of his staff and relatives succeeded in doing this. The body was interred in Goochland county, whence, some two years later, it was reinterred in a beautiful plot in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, where it rested until lately, when it was placed underneath the monument.

When General Lee was informed by Sergeant Tucker of General Hill's death his first act was to "send some one to break the sad intelligence to Mrs. Hill." Mrs. Hill, with her three young children, was in Petersburg. The blow was a terrible affliction to Mrs. Hill, who had already suffered the loss of a brother killed in battle, Gen. John H. Morgan, the famous partisan. General Hill on the day he fell was at the front against the orders of his doctor. The General had been ill and was scarcely convalescent. But two children of General Hill have survived. They are Mrs. Frances Russell Gay, a widow, and Miss Lucy Lee Hill. These ladies possess many of the ennobling traits of their father, who, like his prototype, Jackson, was as kind and gentle in his domestic relations as he was vigorous and terrible in war.

Personally A. P. Hill was a perfect type of a Southern gentleman. As courteous and considerate as he was manly and brave, he was beloved by every one. He was truly a loveable man. As a soldier he was a strict disciplinarian, but his men loved him, believed in him and followed him anywhere. General Hill has two nieces living in Baltimore, one is the wife of Dr. James G. Whitshire and the other is the wife of Mr. Stacey P. Bispham. These ladies are the daughters of Major Edward Hill, who was commissary on the staff of General Hill.

POLIGNAC AND SMITH

Interesting View of that Lost Chapter in Confederate History

[Washington Post.]

Editor Post: My attention has been called to a very interesting article in your paper on the subject of "A lost Chapter in History." I desire to express my dissent from the conclusion arrived at with reference to Mr. Jefferson Davis. I was glad to accept the theory first advanced by your paper some weeks ago, that just prior to the close of the war between the States there was a scheme to transfer the Louisiana Purchase back to France—to be added, presumably, to the then existing empire of Mexico—because that theory was less repugnant to my personal feelings and sentiments than any other on which I could account for certain unusual, and in a measure mysterious occurrences that came to my knowledge at that time, as an eye and a near witness, who, seeing and hearing could not perceive nor understand nor attribute to any satisfactory hypothetical cause.

So much for your theory, I accept it, but I think the article in question departs somewhat from a fair line of reasoning when it attempts to saddle the un-American scheme upon Mr. Davis on simple theory that he possessed a masterful of not a domineering spirit, and his leisure to play, and did play, the military martinet in the distant land of the trans-Mississippi department, then cut off from the Confederacy by a line of Federal military posts and a cordon of gunboats plying up and down the Mississippi River. So close was the cordon that the writer and a couple of companions, on an important mission in August 1864, sweltered for two mortal weeks in the cane brakes, eagerly watching for an opportunity to swim their boats across the river.

It is a well-known fact—or was at the time—that Mr. Davis did not "exercise authority even in small things," in the trans-Mississippi department, or, for that matter, even in large ones, except so far as his duty as president of the Confederacy demanded. He had great respect and admiration for Gen. E. Kirby Smith, and all confidence in his ability and patriotism, of which he gave proof on various occasions, and Gen. Smith managed the affairs of his department with a practically free hand. After the summer of 1864, there was none to say him nay. Besides Mr. Davis could not possibly have had any motive—personal, political, or Mephistophelan—that would have prompted him to so far depart from all his traditions, that was as much a part of him as his life's blood, as to be willing, much less desirous to transfer a part of his beloved country to a foreign and imperial power.

Circumstances with Gen. Smith were very different, and I may not say quite the same regarding him. It may be easily imagined that he could put a personal interest in a scheme of that kind if presented to his mind by so accomplished and influential a gentleman as Prince Polignac, of the trans-Mississippi army, particularly after—and only after—he had "lost heart and spirit, and considered the Confederate cause as already lost," as was charged by Major Elgin—not Eigin, as the name has recently been printed—of the prince's staff, in an interview with the writer after the prince had unexpectedly disappeared from Shreveport, "going along down the river," as the broken-hearted major stated.

Unusual occurrences which came under the immediate observation of the writer which can be acounter for on no other satisfactory theory—the quiet departing of Prince Polignac from his command and from the country, friend, and confidential staff officer. Major Elgin's, the excited asseverations of emotional major; certain peculiarities of the last general order issued by Gen. Smith; his unanticipated haste to get into personal communication with Emperor Maxmillian, of the prince's command—all, to my mind gave plausibility to the theory of The Post that there is yet an unwritten chapter in Confederate history.

But, if so, when it shall have been written it will be found that th[illegible] for

The Civilian Leaders of the Confederacy

By JOHN GOODE of Virginia.

Sometime Member of the Confederate Congress, o the Virginia Secession Convention, of the Congress of the United States and President of the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1901-2.

No. 16.)

JOHN LETCHER.

John Letcher was Governor of Virginia from January 1, 1860, to January 1, 1864. He was universally known as "Honest John," or the "Watch Dog of the Treasury." He was descended from the remarkable race of Scotch-Irish who so impressed themselves upon George Washington, that in the darkest hour of the Revolution, when the American Army was almost destroyed by pr.vation and hunger, he exclaimed: "Leave the but a banner to place on the mountain of West Augusta, and I will rally around me men who will lift our bleeding country from the dust and set her free!"

John Letcher's early education was obtained in the schools of the neighborhood in Rockbridge county, where he was born. He subsequently matriculated in Randolph-Macon College, and afterwards entered Washington and Lee as a student. He entered into journalism and edited for a time the Valley Star. He was subsequently admitted to the bar in 1839. He served in Congress from 1852 to 1859, during which time he was a prominent member of the Committee of Ways and Means. His political career was marked by a strict construction of the Constitution, frugality in public expenditure, honesty in the public service.

Was a Union Man.

He was born in Lexington, Va., March 28, 1813; practiced law in Lexington after his admission to the bar; was presidential elector in 1848; was a member of the State Constitutional Convention in 1850; was Democratic representative in Congress from 1852-1859, and was governor of Virginia from 1860 to 1864. He was opposed to secession, but he exerted himself in providing supplies for the army after the State had taken her position.

When the war terminated he resumed the practice of his profession until 1876 and 1877, when he was again elected to the House of Delegates of Virginia. During his services in the House of Delegates he was stricken with paralysis, from which he d ed at Lex'ngton, Va., on the 26th day of January, 1884, universally mourned and lamented by all who had known him in life. It may be truly said that he was the architect of his own fortune. He was essentially a self-made man. He achieved success by his own strong arm. Unaided and alone, he climbed the steep, whence fame's proud temple shines afar." What an inspiration, and how worthy of imitation by the aspiring youth of the land? His success in life furnishes abundant evidence of what may be accomplished by high purpose, unfailing constancy and indomitable will.

With an insat'able desire for learning, he accumulated, by h's own unaided efforts, sufficient means to enable him to attend Washington and Lee University and Randolp-Macon College.

Having studied law for three years in the law office of Hon. W. Tayl'or, he was admitted to the bar in 1839. In early life he was honored with the friendship of that gifted statesman, Governor James McDowell, whose sympathy and encouragement he prized, above all earthly price, as long as he lived. After being admitted to the bar he enjoyed, to an unlimited extent, the friendship and esteem of such eminent leaders as Briscoe G. Baldwin, Thomas J. Michie, John W. Brockenbrough, A. H. H. Stuart, and others, whose names will not be forgotten as long as eminent talent and lofty integrity are cherished among men. As I have already stated he established at Lexington the Valley Star, and edited it with such ability as to attract the attention and receive the commendation of all of his contemporaries.

His Power as a Debater.

He very soon became prominent in the political arena as a public debater of consummate power. In the celebrated contest of 1848 he was in the zenith of his fame. He traversed the entire Valley of Virginia and attracted great attention by his strong and argumentative speeches. He was eminently plain and practical in his public addresses, and never failed to carry conviction to the minds of all unprejudiced hearers.

In 1844 as editor of the Valley Star he was conspicuous for his zeal and ability in the discussion of all the great questions which were championed by his party at the South, particularly the annexation of Texas.

In 1848 he served as Democratic elector and when the convention was called in 1856 to adopt an amended Constitution for the State, he was elected to that body by a large majority, although his district was decidedly Whig.

In 1851 he was elected a member of Congress from the Valley District, without opposition, and continued to represent it in that capacity for four successive terms. Few men of his day achieved higher reputation in the national councils or was more universally respected for his high courage and lofty ability.

Elected Governor.

In 1859 he was nominated by the Democratic party of the State for the high office of Governor, his colleagues on the Democratic ticket being Robert L. Montague, of Middlesex, who was nominated for Lieutenant Governor, and John Randolph Tucker, who was nominated for Attorney-General. His competitors in the race were William L. Goggin, of Bedford, for Governor; Waitman T. Willey, for Lieutenant-Governor, and Walter Preston, of Washington county, for Attorney-General. The contest that ensued was one of the most notable ever known in the history of the State. The conditions for public favor disinclined men to indulge in mere clap-trap, but, on the contrary, they addressed themselves to the reason and the understanding of the audience. His famous campaign took place before the State was severed by the edict of arbitrary and despotic power, which stands, and will stand forever, unrelieved of its enormity by one solitary extenuating circumstance. It is a sad reflection that this great contest was the last ever known in the State when great princi[ples dividing the parties, were thor]oughly discussed by their respective champions in the broad light of day.

Governor Letcher was inaugurated on the 1st day of January, 1860, and commenced his administration under the most trying circumstances that ever beset a public man in Virginia. He advised conciliation and compromise until forbearance was no longer a virtue. He was ardently and devotedly attached to the constitutional Union of 1789, and would have freely given his life for the preservation of its honor. He exerted all his powers to prevent disunion, but when the real crisis came, he threw himself into the breach with all the energy and determination of his manly nature. When President Lincoln made requisition upon him for Virginia's quota of 75,000 troops, to coerce the seceding States of the South, he promptly replied that he would furnish no troops for any such purpose, and added: "You, sir, have chosen to inaugurate civil war."

Stood by the Old Flag.

He realized fully that the Union had already dissolved by the withdrawal of the seceding States from the South, and that there was nothing left for Virginia to do but to espouse the cause of her sister States from that section. Before the final action of the convention was taken adopting the ordinance of secession, an incident occurred which illustrated fully what manner of man he was. When some of the more hot-headed citizens threatened to haul down the American flag which floated over the State Capitol, side by side with that of Virginia, Governor Letcher sternly interposed, and refused to prevent the flag from being disturbed until the State had dissolved the bonds that bound her to the Union. When the ordinance of secession was adopted he acted with characteristic energy and decision. He had burned the bridges behind him, and had no such word as "fail" in his vocabulary. He devoted all the energies of his mind and heart to the successful prosecution of the war, and was everywhere recognized as a tower of strength to the Southern cause.

He was fruitful in resource, and ever prompt to act, according to the emergency of the occasion. During the prosecution of the war, when the celebrated "Bread Riot" occurred in the city of Richmond, and the fate of the city seemed to be involved, Virginia's war Governor came to the front, with watch in hand, and gave to the rioters three minutes in which

SUNDAY MORNING,

to disperse. Knowing very well the stern stuff of which he was made, and that he would permit no disobedience of his orders, the rioters quietly dispersed, and the danger was happily passed.

Arrested by the Federals.

After the termination of the war Governor Letcher was arrested by order of the United States authorities at Washington, his home at Lexington having been previously burned by order of General Hunter, when the Virginia Military Institute suffered a like fate in 1864. Upon the Governor's release from prison he returned to Lexington, and appl.ed himself most assiduously to the prac ice of his profession and to the rebuilding of his private fortunes. He continued to devate himself, as I have said, most energetically to the practice of his profession until 1875, when he was again elec ed to the House of Delegates of Virginia, and attending a session of the Assembly he was sudden y stricken down by an attack of paralysis, from which he died in the midst of his family on the 26th of January, 1884. The whole Southern country was filled with sorrow, and the General Assembly of Virginia adopted a joint rtsolution of unfeigned respect to his memory, from which the following is an extract:

"Throught a lifetime, covering the most eventful period in the history of Virginia, the great powers of his mind and the warm affections of his heart were devoted with constant faithfulness and energy to the service of his State and country. As a representative of Virginia in the Congress of the United States, as her Governor in the most trying epoch of her history, he won the love and admiration, of her people and a p'ace in that history where his name will live as long as unswerving honesty, in the administration of public trust and great ability, wisdom and patriotism, in the discharge of official duty, shall be honored among men."

His Lament for Jackson.

Governor Letcher was sincerely and devotedly attached to his former townsman and neighbor, General S onewall Jackson, and when the latter went down to death with the light of victory upon his brow, the Governor sent a message to the General Assembly of Virginia, from which I make the following brief extract:

"Since the commencement of this war Virginia has been called upon to mourn over the loss of many of her gallant sons; but of all her jewels, the most brilliant was the illustrious Lieutenant General Thomas J. Jackson, a graduate of West Point, highly distinguished in the Mexican War, and at the opening of the present war a quiet and unpretending professor of our State military institute. He was called from the professor's chair to the field, and his sagacity, his energy, and the unparalleled success which crowned his efforts won for him a reputation that made him the pride of his own State, endeared him to the people of the Confederacy, attracted to him the attention of the nations of the earth, and compelled the respect and admiration even of those heartless enemies who have drenched our land in blood and brought wailing and lamentation to the fireside of thousands of their own misguided people. For decision of character, for stern and unbending resolution, for pure and elevated patriotism, for sound and inflexible integrity, and for prompt and energetic action, he was surpassed by no man of his times. The record of his achievements will constitu'e some of the brightest pages in the history of the war when that history shall have been writ'en. His reputation as a military leader of the highest ability and merit has been fairly and firmly established in the judgment of the army and the country, and his name will be honored and his fame will be cherished.

"While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave."

His Valedictory.

In his last annual message to the General Assembly of Virginia, after filling the high office of governor so as to receive the plaudit of "well done, good and faithful servant" Governor Letcher concludes as follows.

"Disasters fall to the lot of individuals as well as to nations. Uniform success never attends either. There are days of adversity as well as of prosperity. There are hours of g'oom as

THE LAST FOUR YEARS

Children Glad to Have Their Coffee Like the Parents

well as of joy and hope. When we survey the field since this war began, we find much to stimulate and encourage us, and much to inspire bright hopes for the future. We have recently had disasters, but they should rather arouse and excite than depress us. They only show that we should exhibit more energy, vigilance, courage and determination than we have heretofore manifested in our glorious cause. We have the will, the spirit the endurance, and the purpose to achieve success, and we can triumph if we are united and bold, energetic and determined. Have we not a Lee a Beauregard and a Johnston, a Longstreet, a Hardee and a Ewell, with a host of others not less meritorious and deserving? With such a galaxy of officers of experience and ability, and with an army composed of material equal to any that ever went into the field, why should we not be successful? We have indeed lost a Jackson and other noble and gallant spirits, whose deaths have caused sorrow and grief throughout the land. While we mourn over the dead, let us not forget that they fell in a righteous cause, and their deaths should only stimulate us to greater exertions and nerve us to increased efforts.

"Look at the picture on all sides and it presents hopeful and encouraging features. If we are only true to ourselves, to the cause and to the country, we cannot be overthrown. Is there a man who doubts the result of the struggle? If there be such an one he is a traitor at heart, who deserves to be anathematized and cast from among us.

"No State has been more loyal, more faithful, more devoted. None has contributed more liberally in means and men—none has bared her breast more boldly and defiantly to the storm—and none has sent her reapers to the harvest of death with more self-sacrificing devotion than the Commonwealth of Virginia. She enlisted for the war after full consideration, and with a just appreciation of all the consequences that were to follow the separation, and she will be true to the end. She will never sue for peace, because she did not bring on this war.

She will never propose compromise, because she struggles only for her rights, her liberty and her independence. She will, as becomes the Mother of States, stand up boldly, and hurl scorn and defiance in the face of her foes, until they come to her terms. She will never consent to a treaty of peace which dismembers her own territory, nor will she consent to a treaty which does not recognize fully the Confederacy. She knows what is due to her own dignity, and she knows what is due to the Confederacy, and her duty will be performed with scrupulous fidelity. Kneeling around the altar of the country, her sons will ever swear allegiance to her, and fidelity to the Confederate government, and their prayers will ascend to heaven for blessings on Virginia and the Southern Confederacy.

"Thanks to the Ruler of the universe for His blessings conferred upon us with such liberality—for the success which have attended our arms—for the unity and harmony of our people—and for the spirit and courage with which He has nerved them for this contest.

"Respectfully,

"JOHN LETCHER."

THE GREAT BATTLE AT CEDAR CREEK

In Some Respects One of the Most Remarkable of the War.

EARLY'S THIN GRAY LINE

Story Told by One Who Was Desperately Wounded in the Fight.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I send you herewith a picturesque and interesting account of Godwin's Brigade, Ramseur's Division, Second, Corps, at the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864. It is a soldier's tale, relating events as he saw them. It is by Captain Clarence R. Hatton, adjutant-general of the brigade, who received a wound in the neck as his brigade was charging, which would in all likelihood have killed anybody but a hardy soldier, such as he was.

General John B. Gordon in his reminiscenes, which often erroneously refer to General Early, justly reminds his reader that General Jackson was never in any one of his great battles so much outnumbered as was General Early at Winchester and Fisher's Hill. He states that Early in neither of those battles had more than ten thousand men, including all arms of the service, while official reports show that General Sheridan brought against him over thirty thousand well equipped troops. General Gordon holds his figures somewhat when he states in a note that Early's army was scarce twelve thousand strong at Cedar Creek. But at this battle of Cedar Creek Early had a reinforcement of Kershaw's Division, which is supposed to have contained some two thousand men. Gradually truth comes to light, and it will tell a story of the heroism of '61 such as will command the respect of all and uplift the hearts of heroes in days to come.

Captain Hatton is now in New York engaged in business, but we are gratified that he has found time to contribute to the memory of his comrades in arms the attractive account he has written.

General A. C. Godwin, his chief, was a Virginian by birth. A tall, lithe, auburn-haired man, who was a born soldier. He had been in California for years, and left amongst his friends there a name well honored and remembered. The [illegible] who followed him on many fields until he was killed at Winchester, September 19th, were worthy of him and he of them.

JNO. W. DANIEL,

In an account of the battle of Cedar Creek, I would suggest that, in order to appreciate it properly, we should first consider the attendant and preceding circumstances leading up to it, and, therefore, I will go back to some days before, when Early's army was encamped up the Valley. I cannot at this date say just how many days it was, but not very many. It was the last of the few days that fall that he allowed us to rest in camp all day (wash-day, the boys called it) without a move—not on the go, as usual.

On the day before the battle, early in the morning, I, as adjutant-general of Archie C. Godwin's Brigade (Ramseur's Division), received orders to have a muster, get up reports of the regiment and make up our brigade report of the forces present for service, tabulate it, and take it to corps headquarters. This I did, and rode over to corps headquarters, which was in a large white house, with large grounds around it and a grape arbor on the right side of it. Arriving there about noon, hitching my horse and going in, I was directed to a room on the right, where I found General Jubal Early and Colonel Hy. Kyd Douglas, the corps adjutant-general.

Thinness of Early's Force.

General Early took my report, glanced at the totals, and, handing it to Colonel Douglas, ordered him to have them all consolidated into a corps report, and Colonel Douglas ordered me and another young staff officer named Russell (J. B., I think) to proceed to consolidate them into division, and then into a general corps report, and tabulate it, which we did; and I remember distinctly my great surprise to find that the agregate of Early's forces was only seven thousand, two or three hundred (7,200-7,300) infantry. The remarks were passed on what great odds we would have against us in Sheridan's 35,000 or 40,000 finely equipped, well-fed men, with repeating (or breach-loading) rifles—5 to 1 against us—to say nothing of their superior equipment or supplies, longer range cannon, etc.

I mention this to give my recollection of the number of Early's force and an idea of what we had to oppose to the Sheridan host, which consisted of three corps of infantry (Sixth, Eighth and Nineteenth) and one of cavalry, with a numerous and well-equipped artillery.

Enemy Deceived by Strategy.

Now, as to the battle. I have always thought and contended that the manoeuvres made by Early on October 18th (the day before) should be considered a part of the battle of Cedar Creek—that our movement out of our camp around against their extreme right flank, on the Back or Little North Mountain—going there by the more open roads, when their outpost could see us now and then—making the demonstration of force, and then withdrawing by the more curved roads, and through the woods back to our camp, was purely a feint or manoeuvre made solely to deceive them into the belief that we were going to turn or attack their right flank, whilst in reality Early's actual purpose was to make a surprise attack against their left and rear, as was actually made that night, and that it did actually decive them, as intended results show. And I think that when all this, and their overwhelming numbers, etc., is considered in conjunction with our subsequent movements and attack that night and next morning, it constituted one of the most brilliant strategical movements of the whole war—probably only surpassed by some of Stonewall Jackson's—as at Chancellorsville—and, in fact, this battle taken as a whole—I have never been able to find a counterpart anywhere in history.

Preparing for the Assault.

Soon after getting back to camp (from our feint) orders came to feed up and be prepared to move—then a little after dark, orders to get into light marching order—to leave canteens and everything calculated to make any noise in marching—ammunition up—or fill carridge boxes—fall in—move,

Then we knew we were in for some heavy fighting, and our boys were eager for it too—for they wanted a chance to get back at them for Berryville Pike (Sept. 19th), where they pushed us hard to hold the Pike.

There near Winchester they had killed our much beloved General Archie Godwin, and it came near being worse for us than Cedar Creek. It would, too, but for Godwin's Brigade, which held them back against vast odds on the Berryville Pike, and kept them from getting into Winchester, in the rear of our army and trains, and thereby cutting off the rest of the army, which extended away over to beyond the Martinsville Pike, where Rodes was killed. It was right in the Berryville Pike, while praising his men for having just repulsed a heavy assault, thereby saving our right flank, which we covered, from being turned and the army cut off, that our dear General Archibald C. Godwin was killed (and who, by the way, never got the credit which was justly his due).

Moving in Position for the Morrow's Battle.

It was soon after dark, on the 18th October, 1864, that we moved out of camp, up the hill, from the little valley to the left of Fisher's Hill, where our camp had been located, over the Valley Pike, and across the river and along the foothills of the mountain or side of it. At times the mountain appeared to be right over the river. Slowly, silently, and stealthily we moved, sometimes in a bridle-path, sometimes in no path at all. Through the woods the hillside was so steep or slanting I got off my horse and walked for safety. Onward, mostly in single file, we moved through the darkness of night and woods, until near daybreak the head of the column was halted and men closed up. We were then near the Bowman's lower ford, where we crossed the Shenandoah the second time.

As soon as we had our men up and formed, whilst it was yet in the gray dawn before daylight, and a mist hanging over, so we could not see fifty feet, we were ordered forward, and charged across the Shenandoah River, preceded (so far as I could see and understand at the time, and I was right at the head of the column) by only a few cavalry as an advance outpost guard. I see General John B. Gordon, in his 'Reminiscences," says his own division preceded Ramseur's Division. Godwin's Brigade was leading Ramseur's; it may be another division was ahead, but if so I did not see them, and I am sure I did not hear any firing until we struck the enemy, except a few scattering shots of cavalry picket firing, as we took it to be.

Struck Enemy's Left.

Soon, while the mist still hung over us, we struck the enemy on ther left flank, overlapping them to their rear and to the rear of their breastworks. The first two or three columns or bodies we struck did not have a chance to, or anyway they did not, form any regular line against us, but with a few shots fled to the rear, we pursuing toward the 'Pike and obilquely toward Middletown, as we were still holding the right of the advance. Every now and then we struck some fresh troops. Each succeeding body, having more time to make formation, gave us harder fighting, but none stood against our charges, but broke and fled. In fact, it was the most complete rout I ever saw. Finally, we had crossed the pike, and still advancing, we saw quite a large body rallying on the brow of an elevation in the edge of a woods, with a stone fence in their front on edge of woods between us; the land sloped down gradually from our position to a low boggy space, through which a small stream (called Marsh Run, I think) ran about forty or fifty feet from and nearly parallel to their position, and from which was a more sharp or steep rise to their position.

This position, we were ordered to charge and capture. Straightening our line as we moved forward, swinging a little to the right, so as to get out left upon an even line with our right, and about the same distance from the enemy, our men moved as on parade—I never saw them in better line. I was on the right of the brigade (in fact, on the right of the army) and in front of our lines. I could see the whole movement as I glanced down the line, viewing it with pride born of the remembrance of the glorious work already done that day (and as many a day before), and the conviction that the enemy could not stand against our charge, and another glorious victory won.

That "Rebel Yell."

Onward we charge, the shell is screaming and bursting, and the rifle balls whistling and spattering through and around us—that yell, that glorious old "Rebel Yell" ringing in my ears. With that eager, fiery, exulting feeling, which only just such a situation can produce—almost over the low-land, within about 40 feet of the enemy—our line went forward. The enemy's lines appeared to waver and success was almost in hand, when a Minie ball struck me square in front in my lower neck in that little V in the breastbone and passed back into the muscles in front of the backbone, where it has lodged to this day.

As our column came up and passed me some of our men caught me as I was falling off of my horse and straightened me out on the ground, supposedly to die. The men, charging on, gallantly drove the enemy from their position, routed, and I was afterwards told that this was the last charge made by our forces, supposing them too badly routed to make another stand.

That ball, of course, ended my personal participation in that battle, and I know nothing personally of Sheridan's rally and afternoon attack, except in the finale.

I was picked up on a stretched, taken to the field hospital, where I was laid on the ground, and a knapsack under my head, until the surgeons came to me—Dr. Sutton, Dr. Morton, and two or three more. They looked at the wound, ran their fingers into it, and, as they afterwards told me, felt the ball lodged in the muscles in front of the backbone, and seeing that the ball had abraided the main artery of the neck, from which I was bleeding like a stuck hog, they concluded it would surely kill me to cut for the ball, and believing I would die any way, just bound it up.

Back to Richmond.

The surgeons then sent me in an ambulance just starting with Colonel Davis, of our brigade. His arm had been shot off, and we were carried to the house of the Mayor of Strasburg, where he was taken in. As the drivers and helpers came out of the house some of our cavalry came dashing in, shouting: "We are flanked! Get out! Get out!" Jumping in, they drove furiously on, and when they came to a bridge over a ditch which crossed the road about midway to Fisher's Hill, in attempting to cross it at the same time as an ordnance wagon, they turned the ambulance over with me in it. In a few minutes bullets came plugging through the ambulance from the Yanks up on the hillside. Though I had been given strict injunction not to move hand or foot, for fear of breaking open the artery, I crawled out and into an ordnance wagon which a jam had temporarily stopped, although the driver threatened to brain me with his whip. So finally I reached Fisher's Hill, where I recognized the voice of our surgeons, and crawling out, was fortunate to catch one of our ambulances about to start with wounded for the rear, and so, at last, to Richmond, etc., etc., etc.

CLARENCE R. HATTON.

17 Park Row, New York, 1906.

THE SENATE IN 1861.

FAMOUS DEBATE RECALLED—TYPES OF THAT PERIOD.

Senator Wigfall of Texas, an Elegant and Grammatical Speaker, but Illogical—Altercation Between Douglas and Mason—The Latter a Beau Ideal Speaker.

In the spring of 1861 many exciting debates took place in the United States Senate. A reporter for Harper's Weekly gives the following account of some of the scenes he witnessed as he sat in the reporter's gallery on the evening of Saturday, March 2, and the night intervening between March 3 and 4. The Senate adjourned at 1 a. m. on Sunday morning, the 3d, to meet again at 7 p. m. on the same day, and sat continuously till 7 a. m. on Monday, March 4. The business before it was the following resolution, which had passed the House by a two-thirds vote:

"That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize Congress to abolish or interfere within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the law of said State."

The whole account of the debate is very interesting, but my object is specially to give the impression made upon a Northern man and an ardent Republican by two Southern Senators. They stood almost alone, outvoted on every question, with no sympathy from the dominant party, and yet by sheer force of character they commanded respect and even admiration. I quote from the reporter:

"After an eloquent speech by Douglas, Senator Wilkinson, of Minnesota, got the floor, and proceeded to flagellate the secessionists and the South generally. He was followed in the same strain by Senator Chandler, of Michigan. Both were violent, severe and rather abusive. Both were for the forcible maintenance of the Union. Both were answered by Wigfall of Texas. A French gentleman, of large public experience, who heard the debate, remarked that Wilkinson and Chandler were fair types of Northern, while Wigfall was a fair type of Southern statesmen. Without going so far as this, one must admit that there are superficial grounds for the assertion. Western men like Chandler and Wilkinson—and they are nearly all alike—are very unpleasant orators to listen to. Their language is not well chosen and their delivery most offensive. Trained to address out-of-door audiences, they never overcome the habit of bawling. When they become excited, the hearer's anxiety for the safety of their blood vessels absorbs every other feeling. To see them sit down is his only wish. Men like Jefferson Davis and William H. Seward speak in ordinary tones, yet are heard throughout the Senate Chamber. But these Western Ciceros always seem to be addressing someone who is three miles off. They appear to consider themselves oratorical Columbiads, warranted not to burst with any charge.

"Senator Wigfall of Texas, is the exact opposite of these speakers. He is a finished orator—probably the most charming in the Senate. His voice is clear, melodious and sufficiently powerful to be heard everywhere. He speaks grammatically, with elegance and without effort. His delivery is perfect and his action suitable. When to these merits I add that he is witty and smart, I have said everything that can be said in his favor. He has the misfortune of being almost illogical and incorrect. (These, of course, are the sentiments of a political opponent.) His reply to Wilkinson and Chandler was extremely witty. Chandler had abused Governor Floyd as a common thief, and a scoundrel. Wigfall twitted him with offering insults for which he would not respond in the field. "'I will make a bargain with the Senator,' he said. 'If he will write a letter to Governor Floyd, saying: "Governor Floyd, you are a scoundrel, and I am a gentleman. Hezekiah"—no—I mean "Jeremiah;" no, I beg pardon, "Zachariah Chandler," I will covenant that Governor Floyd's friends shall pay the whole amount which he is accused of stealing from the United States Treasury.'

"The Northern trains had just arrived, and the gallery was full of Northern spectators. Waving his hand gracefully to them, Wigfall continued: 'The difficulty between you and us, gentlemen, is that you will not send the right sort of people here. Why will you not send either Christians or gentlemen? Either people who will not insult us with gross words, or people who will admit their personal responsibility for their language?' Chandler had said that he wanted to see whether we had a government; that if we had none, he would leave the country, he would go to some country where they had one; he would go and live among the Comanches. Wigfall replied: 'The Senator says that under certain conditions he will go and live among the Comanches, God forbid! The Comanches have already suffered much—too much—from contact with the white man.'

"His wit and repartee overwhelmed his Northern opponents, even in the opinion of Northern hearers, though on the main questions at issue between them he was obviously wrong and they were right. So much for good delivery and well chosen language.

"After a speech by Senator Critenden Sunday night, an altercation arose between Senators Douglas and Mason. Douglas declared that he had overheard a convercation between Mason and Pugh on the subject of the defeat of the resolution by indirection. Mason sneered at people who repeated to the Senate scraps of private conversation which they overheard, and wound up in his inimitably insolent manner with the adage: 'De gustibus non disputandum.' Douglas fiercely retorted that he permitted no Senator to accuse him of unparliamentary behavior. Mason took two steps forward, and for an instant the prospect looked warlike. But, stopping midway, after a pause of some moments, the haughty Senator from Virginia condescended to utter a half apology.

"Let me take this opportunity of saying that Senator Mason is perhaps the nearest approach in the present Senate to the beau ideal of a Senator. He seldom makes long speeches. What he has to say he says in good language, with a good manner and in a parliamentary way. When he is done he does not go over the ground again, but sits down. This act of sitting down is the highest accomplishment of parliamentary science, and one which our Northern men find it very difficult to acquire. Mr. Mason never rises needlessly, and never says foolish things. He speaks always to the Senate, never to the galleries. In parliamentary tactics he is unrivaled. His defects are obvious, his manner and tone are unbearably haughty. He talks like a grand pasha. Just now he is embittered by his secession tendencies. His party is in the minority. He dies hard."

Here end the notes from a Northern reporter. Late in the night of March 3 a vote was taken on the Crittenden resolutions, and both these and the peace resolutions were rejected by the Republicans. Soon after this date Senator Wigfall of Texas, resigned, and Foster, of Connecticut, offered a resolution to expel him from the Senate. At this crisis Mr. Mason made an eloquent defense of States' rights. It was his last speech in the United States Senate. He returns to Virginia, and in a few weeks later the "Old Dominion" has joined the Southern Confederacy.—Elizabeth Mason Rowland, in the Baltimore Sun.

GEN. A. P. HILL IN BRONZE

His Memory Honored by Confederate Veterans at Richmond.

UNVEILING OF HIS MONUMENT

All Sections of Virginia Represented in the Throng Assembled for the Exercises—Oration of Gen. James A. Walker—Incidents of the Event.

RICHMOND, Va., May 30.—A monument to Gen. A. P. Hill, of Confederate fame, was unveiled here to-day with great pomp and ceremony. The section of the city through which the procession passed, which consisted of military and Confederate veterans from various parts of the State, was decorated with National, State, and Confederate colors. The long line, which was about half an hour in passing a given point, was heartily cheered through the route. While the demonstration was not as large by any means as that on the occasion of the unveiling of the Lee monument, it was sufficient to make the event a memorable one to all who participated in it or had the pleasure of witnessing it.

In the city business generally was suspended. The streets along which the procession moved were filled with people, but these generally dwindled away as the line got beyond the corporate limits of the city, but wagons, buggies, carriages, indeed vehicles of every description, crowded the road leading to the monument site. The State and local military preceded the veterans, who followed in this order:

Pegram Battalion and aides and association. Commander of Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia, and staff. R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Commander A. W. Archer, Richmond; Maury Camp, No. 2, Commander W. B. Goolrick, Fredericksburg, Va.; Pickett-Buchanan Camp, No. 3, Commander Walter F. Irvine, Norfolk, Va.; Stonewall Camp, No. 4, Commander R. C. Marshall, Portsmouth, Va.; R. E. Lee Camp, No. 2, Commander William A. Smoot, Alexandria, Va.; A. P. Hill Camp, No. 6, Commander W. Gordon McCabe, Petersburg, Va.; George E. Pickett Camp, No. 8, Commander Cattlett Conway, Richmond; John Bowie Strange Camp, No. 14, Commander J. M. Garnett, Charlottesville; E. W. Ell Camp, No. 17, Commander John S. Powell, Prince William County; J. B. E. Stuart Camp, No. 16, Commander M. A. Moncie, Reims' Station; Louisa Camp, Confederate Veterans, Commander William Overton; Old Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, Ex-Confederate Soldiers and Sailors' Association of Washington, Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States of Maryland, Richmond Light Infantry Blues' Association, Old First Virginia Regiment Association, R. E. Lee Camp, Sons of Veterans, and R. E. Chew Camp, Sons of Veterans.

The city council in carriages followed in rear of the veteran organizations, with the Hollywood Memorial Association in carriages in rear of city council.

The column, which moved at 11 o'clock, reached the monument about 1 o'clock, when Maj. Thomas A. Brander called the vast assemblage to order. Prayer was offered by Rev. John B. Newton, after which J. Williams Jones introduced the orator of the day, Gen. James A. Walker, more familiarly known as Stonewall Jim Walker, the fighting general of the Army of Northern Virginia. Gen. Walker succeeded Jackson in the command of his famous brigade.

Gen. Walker said: "We meet to pay tribute so the memory of a comrade whom we love and admire, and who is worthy the love and admiration of all true Southern hearts. We come together in no spirit of disloyalty to the present, or 'to the powers that be,' but in a spirit of loyalty to the past, and out of reverence for a great nation which perished in its infancy." He touched upon the war between the States; paid a tribute to Jefferson Davis, and referred to Senator Ingalls' speech, made in the Senate, in which he said he honored the Southern people.

At the conclusion of Gen. Walker's address, which was received with many signs of approval by the vast audience, which frequently broke into uproarious applause, Miss Virginia Preston Meems, granddaughter of Col. William P. Palmer, Hill's chief of staff, pulled the cord, and the likeness in bronze of Gen. Ambrose Powell Hill was exposed to the gaze of expectant thousands.

For a second there was a silence still as death, and then from the assembled throng there broke forth such a shout of exultation as has not been heard since the unveiling of the Lee monument just two years and one day ago.

The artillery boomed and was rapidly followed by the sharper notes of the infantry salute. The scenes of May 29, 1890, were repeated.

The monument is located at the intersection of the Hermitage road and Laburnum avenue, about a mile and a half north of the city and within a mile of Camp Lee. It consists of a base course of two members, a die, cornice, shaft, and capital, which supports a bronze statue of Hill, heroic in size. The subject is dressed in the full uniform of a lieutenant general of the Confederate States Army. His left foot is thrown forward and the weight of the body rests on the right. The right hand hangs at the side and the left hand grasps his sword, drawing it up so as to throw the hilt just above the hollow of the arm. The design is by W. L. Shepard, of this city.

The observance of Holywood memorial took place this evening; many of the military and veterans who took part in the Hill unveiling being present. Leigh Robinson, of Washington, delivered an address. Thousands of people visited the cemetery during the day.

Like the Parents

OLD MINSTREL DAYS

HISTORY IN THE DIARY OF THE LATE CHARLEY WHITE

The Virginia Minstrels the First Organized — Christy's Minstrels Came Fifth—Story of How Dan Emmett Wrote "Dixie."

[New York Sun.]

The Sun is able to present today an authoritative account of the origin of negro minstrelsy from the hitherto unpublished diary of Charley White, one of its pioneers, whose praises have been sung recently by correspondents of this paper with memories that go back to the days of the old Melodeon on the Bowery, where the black-faced comedians sang:

'Possum up th gum tree,
Cooney in the hollow.
Show me the man who stole
My half a dollar.

Fi Yi Yi! Hoop up de doodledum, &c.

White died in 1891, leaving his diary, a thick volume written in script as plan as print, with newspaper clippings, programmes and pictures inserted, to his brother-in-law, Theodore F. Giese of Whitestone, L. I. It is doubtful whether the details of the early history of negro minstrelsy have been preserved by any other man, and there was probably no one else of that day whose opportunities for gathering them, even if he had the inclination to write a history of negro minstrelsy, were equal to Charley White's. His Boswell-like attention to details gives his diary historical interest.

White's own life, as written by himself in this diary, shows the sort of stuff of which the negro minstrel of fifty years ago was made. He was born in Broad street, Newark, in 1821. "His father," to quote him, "was an extensive boot and shoe manufacturer in those early days, but through the failure of two Southern firms with whom he largely dealt, he became greatly embarrassed and soon after with his family of seven children moved to New York city.

"Charley was at this time only two years old. His parents passed through a series of hardships for a time, until the children grew up a little, and by their industry the labors of the old people began to lessen. * * * Charley while a boy followed many different pursuits without regard to prospective results. Along about the year 1837 he became infatuated with the exquisite music of the French accordion, which was then quite new and a very good instrument in those days, and with his careful earnings he soon saved money enough to buy one and satisfy his ambition. He was not long in becoming a master of the instrument. * * *

"Charley White's first performance in a professional way was for the Washington Total Abstinence Society, at 71 Division street, New York, November 23, 1842. His second appearance was soon after, at Croton Hall, corner of Bowery and Division streets, for Joe Murphy's concerts. He joined the Kentucky Minstrels, Vauxhall Garden, in 1843.

"They consisted of Billy Whitlock, T. G. Booth, Barney Williams and Charley White. Mr. White afterward became connected with the following organizations: New York Minstrels, at Paterson Music Hall, February 10, 1844; Clay Minstrels, at Columbia Hall, Grand street, New York, March 15, 1844; Virginia Minstrels, at Bunker Hill Assembly Rooms, Philadelphia, June 17, 1844; Original Serenaders, at the Chatham Theatre, New York, July, 1844; Ethiopian Minstrels, at Palmer's Opera House, Chambers street, New York." During the next year White's diary shows that he performed with these other organizations: Sable Sisters, African Serenaders, Kentucky Minstrels, Ethopian Operatic Brothers, the Buffo Troupe of Ethiopian Singers, and several lesser organizations. Evidently the make-up of these companies changed rapidly.

White's success prompted him to open Charley White's Melodeon, opposite the Old Bowery Theatre, on November 24, 1846, and here he made a more valuable reputation than he could in travelling companies. It was named after the Melodeon in Boston. White writes of it, always referring to himself in the third person:

"The prices of admission were 12½ cents to the parquet and 6¼ cents to the gallery. When the place was ready to open White played an engagement of thirteen weeks under the proprietorship of W. B. Hatch.

"In the course of the season the following performers appeared: Mons. Adriant, William Carter, Frank Gallagher, Bill Price, Luke West, Frank Stanton, Dave Reed, Malvin Turner, Bobby Williams, Pete Morris, Charles Fisher, Clem Titus, Mrs. Oldfield, Billy Coleman, John H. Murray, Signor Francesco, Jimmy Reynoldson, W. T. Peterschen and J. T. Huntley.

"On May 20, 1849, the building was destroyed by fire, and through the friendship of Mr. Bill Swift the property on which the building stood was purchased and a new five-story building was erected on the site, in which Mr. White leased a theatre for some years. * * * The prices of admission to the new place were raised to 12½ and 25 cents."

There have been very few better artists than those who made their mark in cork and otherwise in this popular resort. They consisted of the following: George White, Edwin Deaves, Phil J. Rice, H. Rainforth, I. Carroll, Pete Lane, Jim Budworth, Dave Price, Dave Wambold, Dan Bryant, Tony Pastor, Ben Yates, William Witchers, Charley Fox, T. D. Rice, Lew Donnelley and a scare of others.

"There are many gentlemen to-day" writes Mr. White, "now surrounded with their families, who will remember with pride the many pleasant hours passed in this old familiar resort of their boyhood days. * * * Shortly after, Mr. White leased the premises 17 and 19 Bowery from the Beekman brothers, on which site he built his theatre called White's Varieties, and opened the same Sept. 13, 1852, with an excellent company.

"Frank Chanfrau was manager, and among the company were Dolly Davenport, Jerry Merryfield, Miss Albertine, Mr. and Mrs. France, William R. Floyd and Mrs. Warwick. Mr. White appeared there for the last time as Anthony Snow, the mischievous nigger Saturday evening, Feb. 12, 1853. It was afterward called the St. Charles Theatre and closed in 1855."

White's diary tells of the writer's experiences in various houses of amusement on the Bowery, sometimes as his own manager and again as a member of a musical company. On Feb., 22, 1857, he started the Bryant minstrels in business in Mechanic's Hall at 472 Bowery. He wrote songs, negro sketches and joke books that were standards in minstrelsy, and many of the names running through his diary of men who blacked their faces have since become well known in the legtimate drama.

It was an active life that he led. He owned several hotels at various times, saloons, a meat market, opera houses and negro minstrels companies. From 1882 until 1890 he travelled with Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" company, and he had played one week with Edward Harrigan in "Reilly and the 400.' when he died on Jan., 4, 1891.

Mr. White devoted many pages of his diary to a history of negro minstrelsy and a catalogue of the companies and a list of names of the menfamous in it. Under the heading: "Negro Minstrelsy; Its Startling Place, Origin and Progress: Minstrel Bands as They Organized," he wrote.

'Many individuals blackened their faces professionally a long time prior to the organization of this style of amusement. Others might have called themselves minstrel companies, but the brevity of their required services did not encourage an organization, for so many would have been difficult requisite to support the same.

"However, there were four members of the cork fraternity who undertook the venture of an organization. Their names were Frank Brower, Billy Whitlock, Dick Pelham and Dan D. Emmett. They went into a thorough course of rehearsals at the boarding house of Emmett, 37 Catharine street, New York, kept by one Mrs. Brooks. They were all diligent in their labors [late January, 1843], and it did not take long to acquire the scanty versatility necessary in those days for a cork professor to delight his patrons.

"The cause of their organization was simply to make up a combination of negro stuff for one night which was expressly for the benefit of Pelham, who at that time was dancing between the pieces at the Chatham Theatre, New York. Their rehearsals were sufficiently encouraging to satisfy them but they had found a novelty and to suit the term nowadays they thought they could first try it on the dog [Pelham's benefi.]

"This was their title, 'Virginia Minstrels.' They made their debut at the Chatham Theatre Feb. 17, 1843. They were received with deafening applause. During the same week they played one night for the benefit of Mr. John Tyron, then manager of the Bowery Amphitheatre. Their performances here met with astonishing success, so much so that they were secured by Messrs. Welch and Rockwell, then managers of the Park Theatre, at which place they performed two weeks in conjunction with the great dancer, John Diamond.

'This was about the middle of February 1843, and after this they proceeded to Boston where they played six weeks with wonderful success. They then returned to New York and performed for Manager Simpson at the Park Theatre. Having now fairly introduced their novelty and expecting every day to meet with opposition here in Yankee land they determined on a trip to England where all idea of rivalry was out of the question for a time at least.

"Accordingly, with George B. Wooldridge at their head, they immediately embarked for Europe. Hence arose the various minstrel companies that are now in existence. On the arrival of the Virginia Minstrels they immediately gave two concerts in Liverpool. From there they proceeded to the Adelphi Theatre, London, at which place they performed six weeks in connection with Prof. Anderson, 'The Great Wizard of the North.'

"After this engagement, owing to some misunderstanding, Mr. Richard Pelham left the company. The balance organized in connection with Mr. Joe Sweeney, who had just arrived in the country, and in this way they travelled through Ireland and Scotland for six months with success. The company then disbanded and Whitlock returned to America. The others soon followed him with the exception of Pelham, who remained in England up to his death, Oct., 8, 1876."

It is interesting to note here that the Daniel Decatur Emmett of this original negro minstrel company was the same Emmett who in 1859 wrote the song which became to the South what the [illegible] with delight and seven encores demanded.

"Soon after the war broke out the Washington Artillery had the time arranged by Romeo Minevi as a quick-step. The saloon, the parlors, and the streets rang with the 'Dixie' air."

Some of the confusion that has arisen over the original minstrel company may be explained by the fact that the success of the Virginia Minstrels tempted others to enter this field. tempted others to enter this field. When in England another troupe called Ring and Parker's Minstrels also appeared there. They preformed in Liverpool while the Virginia minstrels were playing in London.

One of the members of the company took the character of Lucy Long, which evidently must have originated with him. White's diary says of this second company:

"They afterward performed at the Garrick Theatre, London. They arrived in Liverpool three or four weeks after

COLONEL DAHLGREN.

The Spot Where He Was Killed Can Be Easily Found.

A correspondent asks for information as to the time and place, when and where, the cavalry leader, Dahlgren, lost his life. You answer correctly—March 2, 1864, King and Queen county, Va. There are two or three matters, however, in which your answer might be made more satisfactory. King and Queen is a county sixty miles long, but the spot where the raider met death is well known. It is near the centre of the county, where the road from Stevensville meets the River Road, two miles below Stevensville, and about four miles before the River Road reaches the Courthouse. It is known in the county to-day as "Dahlgren's Corner." Other statements might (without intention on your part) mislead the reader. It is said that the raiding party consisted of picked men "engaged to raid Richmond and liberate the prisoners at Libby Prison and Belle Isle, kill President Davis, and so on." This might be taken to mean that Dahlgren and his party were authorized by authorities at Washington "to kill President Davis, and so on." But there is doubt, at least, whether that was true. The papers conveying the information that Dahlgren was engaged to do brutal acts were found on his person after death, were brought to Richmond, and put in the hands of General R. E. Lee, who had correspondence with the authorities in Washington in reference to whether any such instructions were given Dahlgren, and they denied that any such instructions were ever given him. The disclaimer seems to have satisfied General Lee. It ought to satisfy us. How, then, is the discrepancy to find solution? What was found on Dahlgren's person is to be explained as the momentary outburst of the feeling of an implacable foe. You say he was met by "Captain James Pollard's cavalry and killed." Captain Pollard's twenty-five men undoubtedly participated, but besides these men there were present Captain Fox, Captain McGruder, Captain Todd and Captain Bagby, with men under them.

It is true that he was buried where he fell, but was buried twice in Virginia afterward—at Oakwood and in a secret grave nine miles out in the country, near Laurel Station. His remains were finally carried to Philadelphia, and there interred amid splendid obsequies. (See a detailed account of the Dahlgren raid in The Times-Dispatch of February 4, 1906.)

JOHN POLLARD.

FAMOUS RETREAT FROM PHILIPPI

One of the Early Battles of the War Fought Under Serious Disadvantages.

CONFEDERATES UNPREPARED

Strange Views of General McClellan and His Uncivilized Idea of Warfare.

By John A. McNeel.

At this time and place the very first collision of arms between the Northern and Southern forces on Virginia soil occurred. Here the first blood on Virginia soil of the four years of the great civil war was spilled. The writer has never seen an accurate and full account of the first meeting of the two armies in Virginia, that were afterwards to engage in the death struggle of the next four years, and now, after the lapse of more than forty-five years, takes upon himself the duty of writing an impartial account of the occurrence of an event that was considered a great victory for the North and a greater defeat for the South.

In order to form a correct opinion of the facts related we must, first, locate the town of Philippi, describe and give the attendant circumstances of each army, as well as discuss the peculiar political conditions that existed in Virginia at that time. Under the alarming political conditions of the country, the Hon. John Letcher, as Governor of Virginia, by proclamation, convened the Legislature of Virginia in extraordinary session on the 7th day of January, 1861.

This Legislature, almost immediately on its assembling, passed an act calling for a State convention to express the sovereign will of the people of Virginia upon their Federal relations.

By this act the members to the convention were to be elected on the 4th day of February, proximo, and to meet in convention on the 13th day of the same month, in the city of Richmond. The members were elected, and the convention met at the time and place appointed, the whole number of the members being one hundred and fifty-two.

Remarkable Body.

As the list of the names of this convention will show, it was a very remarkable body of men, and in every respect worthy of the trust that the people of Virginia had confided in them.

The political sentiments of the Virginia Convention of 1861, on its assembling, were strongly Union, and this was the true reflection of the feelings of the people of Virginia at that time; but events were occurring outside of the State of Virginia, over which the Virginia people had no control, that were calculated to destroy the peace of the country.

By this last remark special reference is made to the increased manufacture of arms and munitions of war by the Northern States, and the threatening attitude of the National Government towards the seceded States.

Abraham Lincoln had been elected President of the United States in the fall of 1860, and on the 4th of March, 1861, was inducted into office. His inaugural address on this occasion greatly excited the Virginia people, and the convention appointed three eminent men to confer with Mr. Lincoln at Washington in regard to his intentions towards the seceded States.

To this commission no satisfactory reply had been made, when events that were occurring at Fort Sumter, S. C., engrossed the public attention.

On the 12th day of April, 1861, the garrison at Fort Sumter surrendered to General Beauregard, commanding the Confederate forces.

Lincoln's Proclamation.

Three days after this event—viz., on the 15th day of April—Mr. Lincoln issued his first warlike proclamation, calling upon all of the States that had not seceded to furnish 75,000 troops to coerce the seceded States.

Under this proclamation Virginia was to furnish three regiments of the 75,000 men.

The answer to this call for troops to coerce the Southern States, on the part of Virginia, through her assembled convention, was given two days afterwards, on the 17th day of April, by the passage of the "ordinance of secession."

The vote in convention stood 88 "for" and 55 "against" secession.

The convention, after the passage of the ordinance of secession, adopted a resolution agreeing to submit the ordinance to the popular vote of the State on the fourth Thursday of May following, and after conditionally adopting the Provisional Constitution of the seceded States, which condition depended upon the "ratification" or "rejection" of the secession ordinance, adjourned to meet on the 1st day of June, proximo.

Two days after the passage of this ordinance Mr. Lincoln issued his second war proclamation, the tenor of which was an open declaration of war against the seceded States, a blockade of the seaports of these States, and declaring any act on the part of these States on the high seas to be piracy.

Such was the status of political affairs in Virginia in April, 1861.

Prior to this time the conservative leaders of the State of thought and action had earnestly hoped and, nay, even fervently prayed that all national troubles might be amicably settled.

So thoroughly were people of Virginia of this opinion that practically no preparations for war had been made; and when the events that have just been narrated occurred in such rapid succession, and "the pen naturally yielded to the sword," and the whole country was precipitated into war, the State of Virginia was totally unprepared for war, and many a volunteer company, when the first call was made by the Governor, started to the border of the State without a single gun.

And while this was literally true of Virginia, it was not the case with the Northern or Western States. Ever after the John Brown raid on Harper's Ferry there had been an increased manufacture of arms and munitions of war in these States, and when the spring of 1861 dawned the Northern people were ready for the war. Their time, as the record now shows, was not taken up in discussing "peace resolutions" or "peace measures," but, with dogged persistence, had been preparing for war. In support of this last statement of facts the writer offers as evidence the correspondence between Gen. George B. McClellan, as commander-in-chief of Ohio volunteers, with his headquarters at Cincinnati, and Gen. Winfield Scott, as commander-in-chief of the Federal army, with his headquarters at Washington City. (See "War of Rebellion," Vol. LI., Series I., Part I., Supplement.)

McClellan's Plans.

On the 23d day of April, 1861, from Columbus, Ohio (see page 333 of above history), General McClellan writes General Scott a long letter, informing General Scott that he (McClellan) had been appointed by the Governor of Ohio as commander-in-chief of Ohio volunteers, and as such commanding the Ohio Valley.

This correspondence is kept up at a brisk rate until the 29th day of May, the greater part of which is from General McClellan. During these thirty-six days General McClellan discloses all of his war plans on the border States of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee.

McClellan intimates to General Scott that he wanted to control all the territory from Cumberland, Md., to Memphis, Tenn. His plans were of an immediate invasion. General Scott opposed this, thinking that the best way to coerce the States was to take the Ohio and Mississippi rivers by a system of gunboats, and blockade the seaports of all the Southern States effectually, and not invade at that time the Southern States and thereby "evade the useless effusion of blood," as he puts it. So much to the credit of General Scott.

In the correspondence referred to General McClellan manifests how anxious he was personally to invade Virginia and the means he was then using to discover the political feelings of the border Southern States.

In this correspondence General McClellan has written the story of his own life and no biographer at this day can alter or change what General McClellan has fixed. He questions the propriety of the use of some of the means he was using to ascertain the domestic relations of the Southern States, and in one of these letters (see page 384) he uses the following language in description of the political condition of the counties of Western Tennessee:

"I am told that there is much excitement among the negroes there, who, in their private talks, have gone so far as to select their white wives."

And still, General McClellan was devoting all his talent and energy (as the correspondence shows) to bring about the very state of affairs that would enable these poor, deluded negroes to accomplish their unrighteous purposes. And since General McClellan planned and executed the first formidable invasion of Virginia, it is meet to give more than a passing notice to his character.

General McClellan was born and reared in the North, and was educated at West Point Military Academy. He had seen service as a soldier in the Mexican war, and was in the United States army in 1861, at which time he was in the prime of life.

From his letters to General Scott and the War Department he shows a wonderful knowledge of the art of war. He does not hesitate at the use of any means that would subserve his purpose, and the only standard set up by him was "success." The record shows that immediately after his appointment as major-general he established the large camps just in the rear of Cincinnati, and named them Forts Harrison and Dennison, and with the help of Governors Dennison of Ohio, Yates of Illinois and Morton of Indiana, that he assembled at these two forts more than forty full regiments that were thoroughly drilled and in every way equipped to take the field by the 27th day of May, when the invasion of Virginia from the Ohio frontier began; and this vast preparation that had been made since the 23d day of April is a clear proof of the wonderful power of General McClellan as an organizer of troops.

These troops were conveyed over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, some from Wheeling, but the greater part from Parkersburg, and at the little town of Philippi, the county seat of Barbour county, twelve miles south of the Parkersburg branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, on the third day of June, 1861, is where the van of General McClellan's vast army first struck the Provisional forces of Virginia, under Colonel Porterfield.

General McClellan (from his letters) knew all about the "weak rebel force," as he called the Virginia troops, and of their lack of arms and otherwise unfortunate condition he was going to take advantage.

His Instructions.

In a letter of May 29th of general instruction, to General T. A. Morris, of the Indiana volunteers, who had command of eight full regiments of the van of General McClellan's army, General McClellan uses the following language (see page 394): "If traitors fall into your hands, deal summarily with them. In aggravated cases bring them before a court martial; in ordinary cases either keep them under guard or send them to the Columbus penitentiary, as circumstances may render expedient." Such was the animus that accompanied this vast army with which General McClellan invaded the northwestern part of Virginia, and so great and so aggressive was this army of invasion that a part of it reached the top of Cheat Mountain, between Randolph and Pocahontas counties, a distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles from Parkersburg, before the Confederates could bring a sufficient force agains it to stop it. So much for the plans and movements of the Federal army.

And now before locating the town of Phillipi and describing the Confederate forces, the writer desires to say he has before him three diaries that were kept by two enlisted soldiers and one by a Presbyterian minister, who accompanied this "Provisional Army" as a volunteer chaplain.

The minister is still living, in the person of the Rev. William T. Price, D. D., of the new town of Marlinton, of Pocahontas county, W. Va., on the Greenbrier division of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. In the spring of 1861 Dr. Price was a young preacher, supplying the congregations of McDowell and Williamsville Churches, in Highland county, Va., and when Captain Felix H. Hull, of that county, with his company of volunteers, was ordered to Grafton by Governor Letcher, Mr. Price desired to accompany the soldiers, and at his special request the two congregations voted him a leave of absence to go to Grafton.

At this time he was the only preacher to accompany any of the volunteer companies as a chaplain. Dr. Price kept a faithful diary, beginning on the 18th day of May, 1861, until about the 20th of June, recording every day each day's events. Of the two soldiers referred to who kept diaries of the "On to Grafton" campaign, one was a Mr. Osborne Wilsero, and the other a Mr. Charles Lewis Campbell. Both of these gentlemen were members of Captain Hull's company, as both were born and reared in Highland county, Va. These gentlemen were still living at the last account, one a citizen of his native county, in Virginia, and the other a citizen of the State of California. The three diaries referred to have been compiled and published in booklet form by Dr. Price, for which act alone the name of Dr. Price should be held in grateful remembrance by Virginia people.

Circumstances of Disaster.

The writer further desires to say that he has in his possession letters that were written at the time of this Phillipi disaster by intelligent Southern men, detailing all the attendant circumstances, and with all this record of facts, in connection with his individual knowledge, which peculiar environments allowed him to obtain at the time, he feels amply able to tell the story from a Southern standpoint.

Prior to the passage of the ordinance of secession by the convention, the Legislature of Virginia passed an act providing for the raising of 20,000 troops for the protection of the State against armed invasion, and after the adjournment of the convention Governor Letcher began ordering the volunteer companies to various points on the border of the State. In Northwestern Virginia the order was for all volunteer companies to rendezvous at Grafton, and hence the cry arose among the young soldiers, "On to Grafton!" The town of Grafton, then, as now, was in Taylor county, Va. (now West Virginia), on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and at the junction of what was then the Parkersburg branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The town of Grafton in 1861 was a new railroad town, and owed its existence entirely to the building of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, the main line of which, a distance of 379 miles, between the cities of Baltimore and Wheeling, had been completed in the year of 1853. The "Parkersburg branch," a distance of 101 miles from Grafton to Parkersburg, had been completed about two years later. And, in passing, the writer desires to say that when General McClellan heard that Governor Letcher had ordered the State troops to rendezvous at Grafton it greatly excited him.

At that time the people of the State of Ohio looked upon the Baltimore and Ohio railroad as their own special property, and were exceedingly jealous of the exercise of any rights over this corporation, and the subsequent events show that the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was one of the most effectual means in the hands of the Lincoln government for the subjugation of the Southern States.

Like the Parents

More than any of the old folks real-

Porterfield Given Command.

A Colonel Porterfield, from the Virginia Military Institute, was sent by Governor Letcher to take command of all State troops at Grafton. On Friday, the 31st day of May, Dr. Price makes this entry: "I met Colonel Porterfield, and was invited to take tea with him at his quarters, and I found him a very intelligent and affable gentleman." . . . "Colonel Porterfield spoke rather despondently of the unprepared condition of Virginia to meet invasion successfully. He regretted very much the lack of order, preparation and discipline among the troops now at the front, but he hoped all might come right after while." On the 30th day of May Mr. Wilson makes this entry: "Our head officer is a tall, slender young man, with red, curly hair, no whiskers, dark eyes, and good looking, especially his face. He was in company with another officer, whose uniform is a blue coat, blue pants, stick cap. His complexion fair, light hair and eyes, rather heavy beard."

Such is the personal description of Colonel Porterfield by two of the writers of the diaries at that time.

From Staunton, Va., to Grafton, over the turnpike roads, it is a distance of 143 miles. The first 112 miles is over the "Staunton and Parkersburg pike," when you reach Beverly, that was the county seat of Randolph county. There you take the Philippi pike, and you reach Philippi the county seat of Barbour county, at a distance of thirty-one miles, and from Philippi to Grafton, over the Fittermans pike, it is eighteen miles to Grafton. All of these roads were made by the State of Virginia prior to the year of 1861, under what was known as the "internal improvement system of Virginia," and were broad, well-graded turnpikes.

The State troops that were included in Governor Letcher's order to rendezvous at Grafton were known as the "Provisional Army," and this title had been acquired by the fact that Virginia, through her convention, had adopted conditionally the "Provisional Constitution" of the seceded States. The following is a list of the companies and their captains that were ordered to Grafton, and were in the Philippi route or retreat:

One company of cavalry from Greenbrier county, under Capt. Robert Moorman.

Two companies from Pocahontas county—one company of cavalry, under Capt. Andrew McNeil, and one company of infantry, under Capt. Daniel Stofer.

One company of cavalry from Bath county, under Capt. Arch Richards.

One company of cavalry from Rockbridge county, Capt. John Rice McNutt.

One company of cavalry from Augusta county, under Capt. Frank Sterrett.

One company of infantry, under Capt. Felix Hull, from Highland county.

Two companies of infantry from Pendleton county—one under Captain Anderson and the other under Captain Moorman.

Two companies from Barbour county—one under Captain Reger and the other under a Captain Strums.

One company from Upshur county, under Captain Higginbotham.

And all other volunteer forces as far west as the city of Wheeling were required to report at Grafton, but the diaries show that probably not more than half of the companies that have been enumerated did reach Grafton. The record shows that a few hundred of Colonel Porterfield's forces did reach Grafton from the 25th to the 28th days of May, when a report came from Ohio of this big army of McClellan's coming on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, when Colonel Porterfield ordered a retreat to Philippi. This retreat was made in good order.

Asleep When Attacked.

Colonel Porterfield remained at Philippi until the 3d morning of June, when, just at the break of day, the Federals opened on him and his little army with all the artillery that was available on this occasion.

The Confederates were all asleep apparently when the artillery began to fire. To oppose McClellan's vast host Colonel Porterfield had probably, all told, twelve hundred men, that were poorly armed and equipped for service.

The attacking army was fully 10,000 men, that were armed and equipped in the very best possible condition, under the command of General T. A. Morris, of the Indiana volunteers. The attack of infantry was led by Col. B. F. Kelly in person, and had it not been for the timely shooting of Colonel Kelly by John W. Sheffee, a member of Capt. Hull's company, in the streets of Philippi, as the Colonel was leading the charge on the routed Virginians, a greater part of the latter would have been captured.

Captain Hull's company was in the rear of the Virginians, and young Sheffee took dead aim at Colonel Kelly, and when the gun cracked he, with great glee, came jumping forward to his companions, and exclaimed, "Sergeant, I have done it!" "Done what?" "I flopped that big fellow from his horse that was coming after us so savage." Sheffee was a green mountain boy, but knew how to shoot, and when Colonel Kelly came wallop to the ground all effort to pursue the Virginians just then stopped, and this break in the charge gave them time to get together and defend themselves.

This Col. B. F. Kelly is the same man who became a major-general in the Federal army, and was captured the last winter of the war in Cumberland City, Md., by Jesse McNeil. Major-General George Crook was captured at the same time by McNeil.

Tells of the Attack.

From Dr. Price's diary the following explanation is given of the attack on Philippi:

Saturday was the first day of June, 1861. On the second day of June there was an open-air preaching service for the Virginia soldiers in Philippi. At the conclusion of the service two young ladies, a Miss Mollie Kerr and a Miss Mollie McLeod, rode hurriedly into Philippi on horseback, and asked at once to be shown to Col. Porterfield's headquarters. These young ladies by some means had come in possession of the plans of the Northern generals, and know when the attack was to be made on the Virginians.

The homes of these young ladies were down near Fairmount, and on Saturday by some means they had discovered the plans of the Federals, and under trying circumstance on Sunday had come to Philippi to tell Col. Porterfield that the plan was either to attack him Sunday night or Monday morning. Col. Porterfield at once gave the order to be ready to march at 5 o'clock P. M., and Dr. Price here narrates: "When the troops were promptly in marching order Sunday evening, June 2, 1861, instructions were given to eat supper and await further orders. The officers in charge of the pickets and scouts were directed to bring all in by midnight, and if it was not raining the march to Beverly would begin. The scouts reported at 12 o'clock, and the pickets were withdrawn, and so from midnight on neither videttes nor pickets were on duty.

"It was raining in torrents, and Captain Sterrett, of the Churchville Cavalry, had supposed, from the character of the instructions received by him, that it was his duty to await further orders, and so did Captain Stofer, officer in charge of the pickets.

"In the meantime the Union troops were advancing unobserved and unmolested, and prepared for the attack at dawn. The first intimation the Virginians had of the Union men's approach was the firing of artillery from an eminence beyond the bridge on the opposite side of the river from the cavalry camp.

"It appeared that the Unionist had adopted this plan of assault: Philippi was to be approached at the north end by two divisions, while a flanking detachment was to enter by the southern road simultaneously, cutting off all retreat.

Brought About Confusion.

"It seemed to have been intended that the attack should be brought on by the infantry upon the sleeping soldiers, followed up by the artillery opening on the cavalry camp at the northern limits of the town. Had this plan of battle been carried out, the Virginians would have all been slain or captured. Through a very manifest Providence interposing, as the writer views it, confusion was brought upon the designs of the Unionists by the assault opening with the artillery. This gave the sleeping Virginians time to leave town before the infantry could cut off retreat.

"The flanking party of the Unionists came into position just as the last of the Virginians were passing out of the town on the southern road.

"On the part of the Virginians not a life was reported as lost. Two or three were seriously wounded—Leroy Dangerfield, of the Bath Cavalry, and Private Hanger, of the Churchville Cavalry.

"The Unionists had their commanding officer, Col. B. F. Kelley, severely wounded near the southern extremity of the town, and as soon as that occurred all pursuit seemed to have ceased."

Such is Dr. Price's account of the Philippi disaster. It is well to note that he was not an eye-witness, but was some miles in the rear, but near enough to hear the firing of the guns, and in a little while the fleeing Virginians came rushing by. On the 3rd of June, 1861, Mr. Wilson makes the note that he was waked-up at 3 o'clock that morning, and put on guard duty, and just at daylight he saw the flash of the artillery fire directed at the cavalry camp when all was thrown into confusion and retreat ordered.

The artillery was charged with solid shot, and young Hanger's leg was cut off with a cannon ball. Mr. Hanger survived this, and is still living, and since the Civil War has been the manufacturer of wooden limbs. Leroy Dangerfield got well of his wound, and made a brilliant record as a Confederate soldier in the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, captain of a company. Captain Dangerfield died a few years ago.

Virginians' Heavy Losses.

The record shows that the Virginians lost all of their baggage and camp equipage, and fully one-half of their arms, and the little army was scattered to the four winds, but, after many privations, got together again, and presented another front on "Laurel Hill," where they were again outflanked and put to flight. Prior to the Philippi disaster the whole of Western Virginia was in a greatly excited condition, and the mental suffering was intense; but now the sufferings became real, and war, with all of its horrors, was spread over the country.

All of Northwestern Virginia, as far south as Randolph county, had to be abandoned to the Federals, and this was very disheartening to the Southern sympathizers.

The bold dash of the Federals, under General McClellan, into Northwest Virginia, led to the assembling of a mighty army under General Robert E. Lee in Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties the summer of 1861, but General Lee and General McClellan never confronted each other in Western Virginia as commanders of opposing armies. General Lee did not reach Huntersville until the 3d day of August, 1861 (see Recollections and Letters of R. E. Lee, by Robert E. Lee, Jr., page 38, and did not reach his headquarters at Valley Mountain until three days later (see same book).

General McClellan at this time was in command of the Army of the Potomac, which he assumed on the 27th day of July (see History of the War of Rebellion, referred to, page 428), when General McClellan issues his first order as commander-in-chief of that army.

The great battle of Bull Run, or First Manassas, had been fought on the 21st day of July, 1861, and the Confederates had gained a signal victory, and General McDowell's defeated and disorganized army was hurled back to Washington, and Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet had sent to Randolph county with all haste for General McClellan, and when he reached Washington he was hailed as Napoleon, and Mr. Lincoln would jocularly tell his disheartened friends to "wait and see what little Mac would do." Poor Lincoln! He never seemed to have realized what sorrow, what bloodshed, and what suffering he was causing the country by his acts, and the levity with which he was accustomed to treat all questions touching the war must ever render his character contemptible in that respect.

RAPIDLY PASSING OVER THE RIVER

As Braves Drop Out of Line Comrades Are Reminded of Their Deeds.

COL. DULANY AND CAPT. MYERS

Events Following the Retreat From Winchester—Mule Meat and Hard Tack.

The recent deaths within a few days of each other of Capt. Frank M. Myers, formerly of White's Battalion, "The Comanches," and Col. R. H. Dulany, formerly of the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, both of General Rosser's Cavalry Brigade, deserve more than a passing notice, and recalls the services of those brave men in general, and in particular in the trying campaign against Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia in 1864. It also reminds us that the Confederate soldier is fast passing away, and will soon be but a memory.

When camped at Bridgewater, near Harrisonburg, October 5, 1864, after the retreat from Winchester, I well recollect the arrival of the "Laurel Brigade," fresh from the army of Gen. Robert E. Lee before Petersburg, with Captain Myers at the head of the "Comanches," Colonel Dulany leading the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, and the other two regiments of the brigade, with General Rosser (our former colonel) coming to succeed Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who had been badly wounded.

General Kershaw's division of infantry, with which we had also served elsewhere, joined us, imparting fresh courage to our men and raising high their spirits, somewhat dejected by recent disasters.

The whole army now advanced upon the enemy, who at once retreated, burning houses, barns, mills and grain, and carrying off all stock and animals of every description they could lay their hands upon, leaving desolation, ruin and despair in their track, and so was commenced the campaign ending in the battle of Cedar Creek, which has been so much misrepresented and so little understood.

Of these things I do not now wish to write, but of the men alluded to above.

Captain Myers and Colonel Dulany were true and tried soldiers of the cavalry of the army, and were ever at the post of duty when not disabled by wounds. The cavalry service was indeed arduous and severe, the hardships of which it is difficult for one at the present day to realize. To use the language of Captain Grubb, one of the "Commanches," at Brandy Station "they fought all day before breakfast and went on picket duty all night before supper." They drew rations of blue beef in the Valley, mule meat at Gordonsville, and captured pickle pork and blockade Nassau bacon at Petersburg.

An item in Captain Myers's diary is interesting reading at this date:

"March 9, 1864—Camped at Gordonsville. Drew rations of mule meat and hard tack—first rations since the 7th. March 10th—Found a grocery store and bought it out. Cheese, $10 per pound; butter, $10; peas, $1.50 per quart; tobacco, $5 per plug; pencils, $3 each. March 12th—Marched to Chancellorsville. March 15th—Returned to Gordonsville. More mule, etc."

Nearly all of the regimental officers of the brigade once commanded by Gen. Turner Ashby, except Col. E. V. White, have followed him over the river. Their record is second to none in the Army of Northern Virginia.

They marched, through storm and shine, through heat and cold, to prison, wounds and death, until scarcely a corporal's guard was left. The fame of their deeds shall abide when memorial stones that dot our land shall crumble into dust.

"The waters murmur of their name,
The woods are peopled with their fame,
Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkles o'er the fountain,
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with their fame forever.
Despite of every yoke she bears
The land is glory's still—and theirs."

P. J. WHITE.

GEN. JACKSON S STAFF.

Stonewall's Headquarters' Guard and Why He Gave It Up.

In an article with the above heading, comrade Moses Gibson of the Lee Camp Home, writes: "I do not recollect that he ever had an infantry guard at his headquarters."

After the first battle of Manassas the Liberty Hall Volunteers, a company of the Fourth Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, was detailed to serve as guard at General Jackson's headquarters. The company served in this capacity until after the battle of Sharpsburg, serving with its regiment in action until its numbers were so much reduced by the casualties of battle that it was unable longer to perform the duties required. The Liberty Hall Volunteers was a company composed of students of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, and was organized in April, 1861. It was engaged with its regiment in the First Battle of Manassas, and of its conduct in the great battle of July 21st it is enough to say that they prominently participated in all the movements which obtained for their brigade the soubriquet of "Stonewall," and by their gallantry attracted the special notice and secured the special praise of the brigade's illustrious chief. In the decisive charge of that day, which in the language of Stonewall Jackson, "broke the moral power of the Federal army," the General rode close to this company and declared that they were "more than brave." From that day to the fatal May morning, when at Chancellorsville the great soldier and Christian gentleman "passed over the river and rested under the shade of the trees," he ever held the Liberty Hall Volunteers in special esteem. To relieve the boys to some extent from the hardships of camp life he detailed the company to act as his bodygaurd. They had charge of his headquarters, wagons and equipment, but when the detail was made he remarked to the captain of the company, "You will be expected to join your regiment whenever an engagement takes place, for I cannot spare such soldiers from the field of action." The Liberty Hall Volunteers were engaged in thirty-two battles, twenty-six of their number were killed, fifty-nine were wounded, forty-six were captured and fifteen died from disease—a list of casualties which largely outnumbered the original roll of the company.

Rev. G. B. Strickler, D. D., of the Theological Seminary at Richmond, was captain of this company, and Attorney-General Anderson was a sergeant, and received at Manassas the wound which maimed him for life, and attest his distinguished conduct upon that fearful and fateful day.

Very truly,
A LIBERTY HALL VOLUNTEER.

HISTORY OF MORGAN'S CAVALRY, BY GENERAL DUKE

John H. Morgan and the brave troopers who followed him were among the most romantic characters of the War between the States, performing most brilliant deeds and executing plans which were of great importance to the general movements of the armies in Tennessee and Kentucky.

We of the Army of Northern Virginia heard of the daring exploits of "Morgan's men," and of the ability, dash and superb courage of their leader, but we knew little of the details of his operations, or, indeed, of the Army of Tennessee, of which "Morgan's men" were so important a part.

Any fairly written "History of Morgan's Cavalry" would be, therefore, of great interest and value. But its interest is greatly enhanced when the work has been done by so competent a hand as General Basil W. Duke, of Louisville, Ky.

General Duke was the brother-in-law, intimate friend and right-hand man of Morgan during all of his operations, and after his death succeeded to the command of the brigade, which he gallantly and ably led to the close of the war. Besides this (a very important element in an entertaining biography), General Duke wields a graceful and forceful pen, and handles the details of his subject with such tact and skill as to make a most readable book, which, when one takes up, he will not put down until he reads the last page.

I cannot, of course, trespass upon your columns for a full sketch of the career of John H. Morgan, as brought out in this deeply interesting volume, but I give a mere outline. Born in Huntsville, Ala., on the 1st day of June, 1825 (his father was a Virginian), he was reared in Lexington, Ky., and was an intense Kentuckian in his feelings and associations.

At the age of 19 he enlisted in Captain Perry Beard's company, of Colonel Humphrey Marshall's regiment, was elected first lieutenant and serv gallantly in the Mexican War, especially distinguishing himself at the battle of Buena Vista.

Returning home, he engaged in business, was very successful, and when the war broke out in 1861 he possessed a very handsome property. But he did not hesitate to abandon his property interests and cast in his lot with those who were struggling for the God-given right of self-government, the great principle of constitutional freedom.

He first raised a company of young Kentuckians to serve in the Confederate Army, and his force was gradually increased from the same source until he became colonel of a regiment, and then brigadier-general of as gallant a brigade of troopers as ever "followed the feather" of any leader.

Morgan was not educated at West Point or at any military academy, and did not always follow the rules laid down in the books, but he was a born soldier and knew how to handle troops to accomplish his purpose.

He was really the originator of the "raid" which was used so successfully, and was always ready for a long march to surprise the enemy and capture his detachments and stores, a desperate fight against large odds, or a rapid and successful retreat when that became necessary.

He discerned almost by intuition the plans of the enemy, and had great talent for confusing them as to his own plans, and a wonderful facility for striking them at their weakest point.

He recruited his own force, which never reached 4,000 men, and yet he killed and wounded as many of the enemy as his own command numbered, and captured over 15,000 prisoners, besides capturing or destroying many millions of dollars' worth of military stores.

General Duke gives the story of Morgan's numerous raids and other exploits in most entertaining style, interspersing the narrative with personal reminiscences and anecdotes, many of which read like romance.

He gives most interesting details of Morgan's crossing the Ohio, and his raid through Indiana and Ohio until he was surrounded by overwhelming forces of the enemy, captured and confined in the Ohio penitentiary with every effort to degrade him.

He tells, also, of how bravely Morgan and his men bore themselves, and of the remarkable escape which he and others of his officers made by tunneling out of their cells and scaling the walls.

He sketches the subsequent career of the great raider until he was killed, and gives a most interesting account of the subsequent history of the command, gallantly led by General Duke, until the surrender.

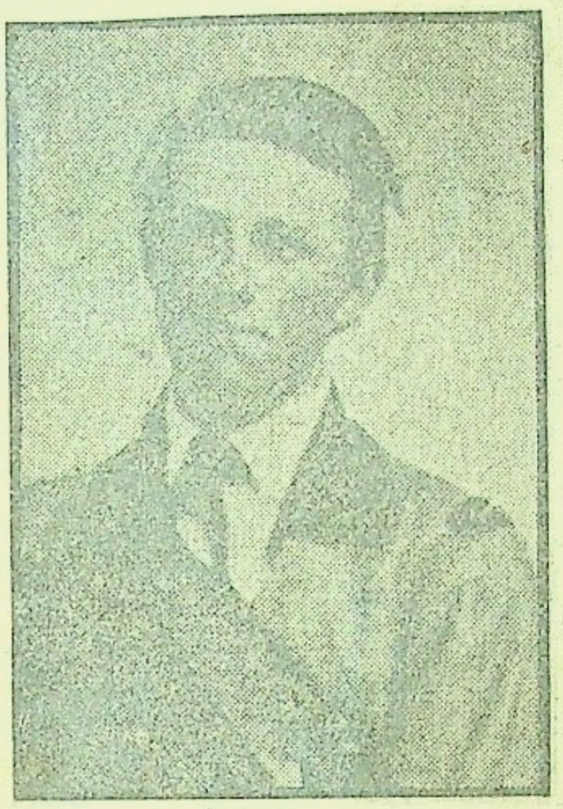
No library of Confederate books is complete without this admirable volume. It is published by The Neale Company, New York and Washington, who will mail it for the price, two dollars ($2.00), or it may be ordered through the book stores.

J. WM. JONES.
Richmond, Va., Nov. 19, 1906.

The Old Eleventh Virginia.

Editor Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have been so interested in reading about the youngest and oldest Confederate soldiers in your popular paper I have not had time until now to tell you that I was the baby of the Eleventh Virginia Regiment. I was born on March the 7th, 1845, and went to the front with the first company that left this city, on April 21, 1861, and was in active service from the battle of Bull Run, on the 18th of July, 1861, until the close of the war, and saw the first man killed at Bull Run, on the 18th of July, 1861. He was a Federal quartermaster in advance of his army, and rode right up to our advance picket post, and asked if McDowell was ahead; and we told him no, but Beauregard was, and ordered him to surrender, but instead of complying he put spurs to his horse in the face of a dozen



W. B. JONES.
The Baby of Eleventh Virginia Regiment, from Daguerreotype Taken in 1861.

rifles, and was fired on and mortally wounded. After we had propped him up and did all in our power to make him comfortable, he only lived a few moments. Before dying he gave his watch as a keepsake to Mr. T. N. Davis, who is now the tax collector of this city. I simply mention these facts because I have heard so much said about the first man killed at Manassas.

But as this has nothing to do with the cross of honor that I would like to wear by the side of the one the Daughters of the Confederacy pinned on my bosom years ago, I will tell you a little more about myself. When war was declared between the North and South I was a member of a military company in Lynchburg known as the Rifle Grays, commanded by Capt. M. S. Langhorne, and Major John W. Daniel was our first lieutenant, both of whom are now living in this city. I wore the gold medal as the best shot in the company, and after our regiment was formed my company was Company A, Eleventh Virginia Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and I was with my company in nearly all its battles in Virginia and North Carolina, until I was wounded and captured and taken to Point Lookout prison, where I was guarded by negroes for six or seven months before I was exchanged. The battle that I was wounded and captured in was at Milford Station, on the 21st of May, 1864. We had repulsed the enemy for the third time on that day, but finally our little command was overpowered by Hancock's army corps, and had to surrender to the great odds against us. I am now a member of Garland Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans, of this city, but I am not gray-headed like the other old boys, but just as active as I ever was, and believe that I could fight harder than ever, as I can't run quite as fast.

Yours very truly,
W. B. JONES.

Lynchburg, Va., November 23d.

Record to Be Proud Of.

Editor Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Some time ago I saw in your paper a request for applications for a position on our "Honor Roll," the youngest Confederate veteran to receive a medal or other token. If this list has not been closed I should like to have Mr. Joseph L. Phipps, of "Chatham Hill," Smyth county, Va., added to it. Mr. Joseph L. Phipps was born in Granville county, N. C., April 8, 1848, and entered the Confederate service April 20, 1861, aged thirteen years and twelve days. He was in Company B, Twelfth North Carolina Volunteers, General Gordon's Division, and was never absent from his company during the four years except once while in the hospital in Richmond recovering from a wound received at Cold Harbor. When dismissed from hospital he had a furlough for eighteen days. These days he spent at home. Returning to the army, he remained in service until General Lee surrendered. Isn't this a record to be proud of?

MARGARET LYNN PRESTON,
Sec'y Smyth Co. Chapter, U. D. C.
Seven Mile Ford, Va., Nov. 24th.

Carried Musket at 14.

Editor of Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I enlisted in Lynchburg; was under Captain Jones, and later under Lieutenant Fitzgerald, Company I, Spring Garden Blues; was under Colonel Carrington, in the Eighteenth Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps; was wounded once, the only time I was absent from the army. I enlisted the second year, some time in the spring. I was born on the 26th day of August, 1847. There might have been some younger than myself, but don't know whether or not they carried a musket. I surrendered at Appomattox, and was paroled by Captain McCraw.

Very respectfully,
J. H. ALMOND.
Taso P. O., Charlotte Co., Va., Nov. 19.

Helped to Save Petersburg.

Editor Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I am anxious to enter the contest for one of the crosses for youngest Confederate soldier. I was born May 6, 1848, being now fifty-eight years of age. I entered service October 3, 1863. I was in company of A, Archer's Battalion, Petersburg Reserves. I was one of the boys who helped to save Petersburg, June 9, 1864. I was afterwards detailed and assigned to Anderson's command as ambulance driver. I was at Appomattox Courthouse when Lee surrendered.

Kindly let me know if Jim Chilery is living. He was my first lieutenant.

Very truly yours,
A. R. ADAMS.

Newville, Va.

QUESTION OF SPONSORS.

Daughters Take Action Looking to Reducing Number.

With reference to the recent agitation in Confederate circles in regard to the elimination of sponsors at the reunions, much has been said and written. Complaint has been made that the reunions are no longer devoted to the pleasure and recreation of the veterans, but have become the occasions of a series of entertainments in honor of the sponsors, and the old Confederates have been forced to regard their part of the program as merely a side-issue.

At the recent general convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, a resolution was adopted by which the number of sponsors might be limited in such a way as to do away with this growing evil.

With regard to this action a Confederate veteran, Mr. Taylor McRae, of Fort Worth, Texas, in a letter to the Daily Picayune, of New Orleans, expresses his approval of the plan, and says further:

"I am proud of the Daughters of the Confederacy, who have just passed the resolutions in Gulfport, Miss., bringing this question squarely to the front, and now that they have taken the matter in charge there is sure to be a change, for

Like the Parents

More than any of the *old* folks real-