

History of the Confederate States Navy.

J. Thomas Scharf, of Baltimore, formerly an officer in the Confederate States Navy, has written a history of the C. S. Navy from its organization to the surrender of its last vessel.

He tells of the difficulties and embarrassments surrounding the subject, because they are very few official records of any kind in existence, and not a complete set for any department or of the operations at any port, or of any vessel, except that preserved by Admiral Semmes of the "Alabama". Scharf relied upon his own collection, on contemporary accounts of operations, preserved in newspapers, private letters and individual papers, which, ^{he} compared with Federal authorities & such official Confederate records as escaped destruction, referring these to officers, then living, who participated in the scenes and actions described, for their supervision and correction.

The author asserts that it is no exaggeration of the services rendered in the war by the navy of the U. S. to say that without its aid the armies of the Union would not have been successful; that if the U. S. had been as destitute of a navy and of naval resources as the Southern Confederacy was, that the Union would have been dissolved; and he clinches his statements with details of naval assistance in protection of and cooperation with army forces.

If then much is due the U. S. navy, with its equipments and resources, what had occasion to make use of its superior advantages in contending with and ultimately overcoming the Confed. States navy, how much more is due the latter which was so lacking in naval essentials and without the ability to replace their equipments?

There is always a degree of romantic interest attached to the ^{story of the} sea whether in war or adventure, and this becomes enhanced by patriotic and sentimental interest in the case of the Confederate navy of which comparatively few are informed, yet it was an essential agent in coast defence, in blockade, ^{running} and obtaining foreign supplies during the progress of the war between the states.

Pretty soon after hostilities were over, Admiral Semmes wrote & published his "Memoirs of Service Afloat", while residing at the "Anchorage" near Mobile, Alabama, Dec. 1868. This aims to give his service during the war. He was commissioned to take charge of the "Sumter", the first Confederate States ship of war. In 1862 this vessel was sold, its owner changing its name to "Gibraltar", and under the English flag as a merchant ship, made one voyage to the coast of the Confederate States as a blockade runner, entering the port of Charleston. She was afterwards lost in the North Sea, and Semmes says her bones lie interred not far from those of the Alabama, to which vessel, ^{he} was assigned in June 1862. The Alabama became famous, the fame of steam. Let loose against the commerce of a great commercial people, the destruction she caused was enormous. She not only alarmed the enemy, but all the other nations of the earth which had commerce afloat, as they could not be sure that a similar scourge, at some future time, might not be let loose against themselves. Of the exploits of the Alabama in his "Service Afloat" Admiral Semmes gives full details.



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GENERAL

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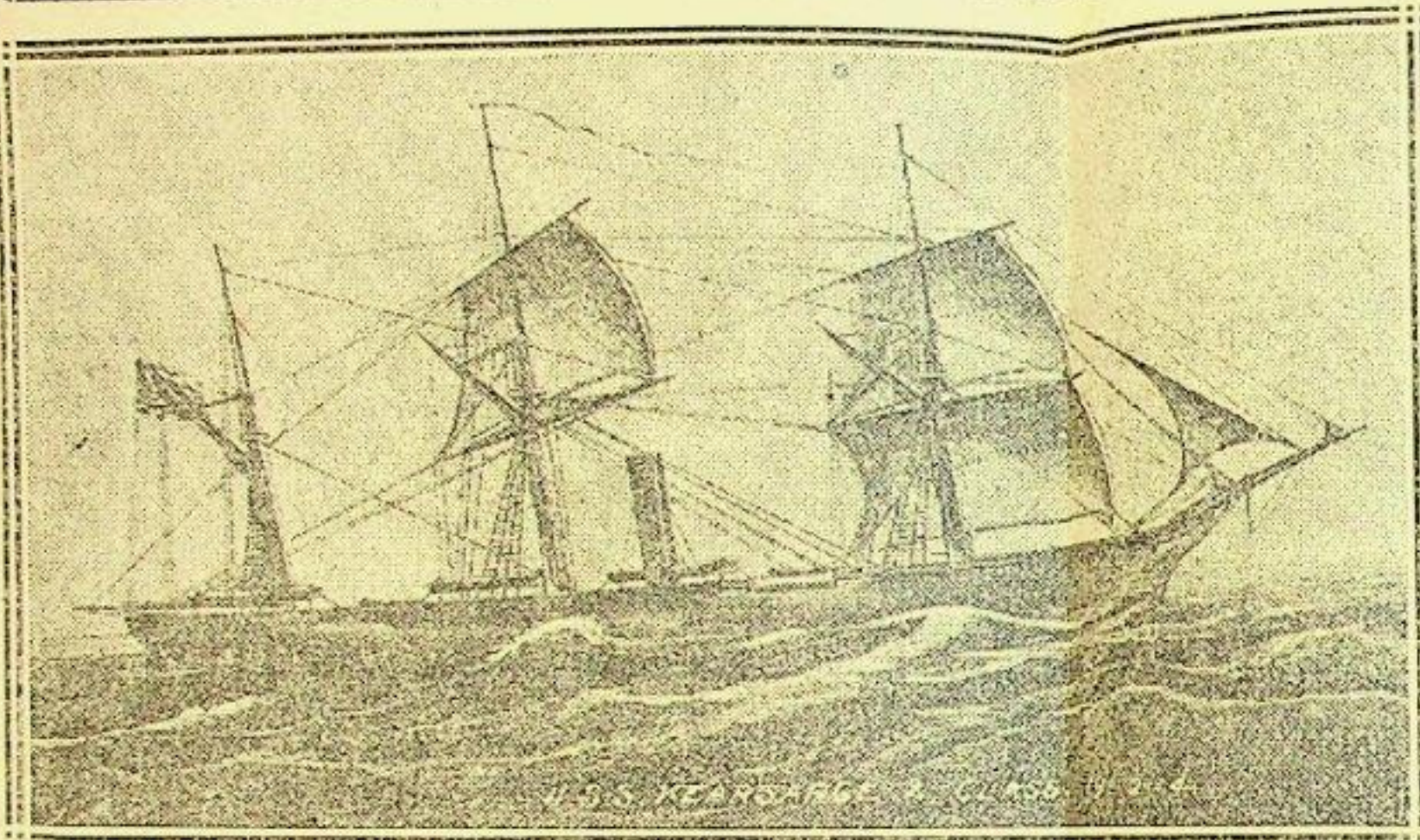
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SEMMES' NAMESAKE BURNED KEARSARGE

THE WASHINGTON POST



The Kearsarge, famous battleship, as she appeared at the time of the battle with the Alabama.

By C. Q. WRIGHT, U. S. N., Retired.

THE sudden death in Washington of a grand-nephew of Admiral Semmes, C. S. N., serves to recall the last fight of that famous searover in the U. S. S. Alabama with the U. S. S. Kearsarge off Cherbourg, France, June 19, 1864, when the Alabama was sunk after a brief and bloody conflict.

Then, after a subsequent long and distinguished career, the histories say that the gallant old Kearsarge was lost at sea—wrecked at night on a reef, and abandoned to her tragic fate by her officers and crew.

But the fact is she was burned. And to make complete the irony of her fate she was burned by the namesake of Semmes.

THE historian simply states that "the Kearsarge was wrecked on Roncador reef, in the Caribbean sea, February 2, 1894," and that is about all. In fact, this is the usually accepted epitaph of the old Kearsarge, and it is true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

Of the many who heard of her loss, some know that she was wrecked, and when and where, but few, indeed, if any, know that she was burned, and how and by whom.

This war vessel was small for her fame, and in her later years, when the navy had increased so radically the tonnage of its ships, she did not "look the part." Doubtless most of us had acquired an exaggerated notion of her dimensions from the magnitude of her fame. She was built of wood, something over 1,000 in tonnage, and fitted with the antiquated engines of the Nantasket, of but 750-horsepower.

Yet, tiny as she may seem to us of today, she was, at the time of her loss, the flagship of the North Atlantic station, carrying, besides her normal ship's company, the admiral (Stanton) and his staff.

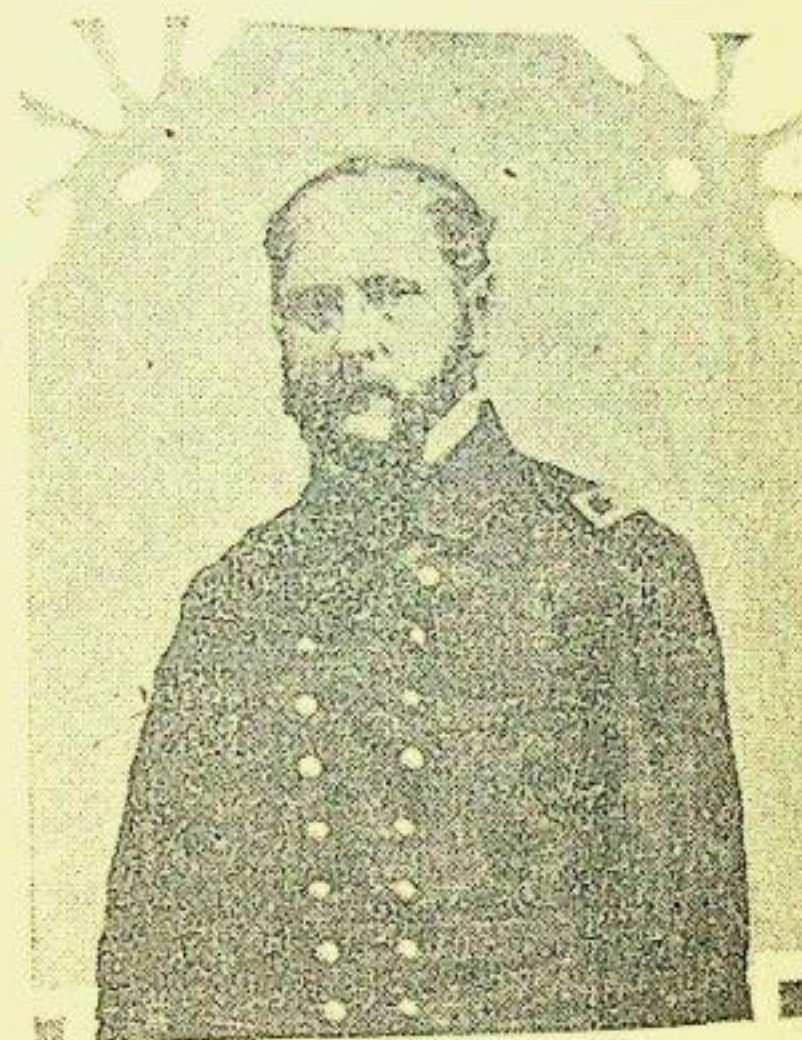
SUCH a ship was crowded at all times when at sea, and it does not seem possible for a shot to have passed through her without casualties, yet, in her great duel with the Alabama, which, by the way, was the first sea-fight under steam, she was struck some 30 times, some of the shots penetrating, without sustaining the loss of a single man—three only being wounded, one of whom afterward died.

Her story is so full and familiar that it is surprising that there should have been any essential part of it left untold, yet such is the fact, and the legend of her incineration carries a remarkable coincidence.

But before relating this story of burning the Kearsarge, which I think is true, I should remind the reader that the Caymans are a group of three coral islands, belonging to England, situated some 175 miles northwest of Jamaica, and to the northward of Roncador bank. Formerly certain of the inhabitants, who mostly follow fishing for a livelihood, were ever on the lookout for wrecks along the dangerous reef where fish abound. Thus it came about that some of these hardy fishermen became the wreckers of the Kearsarge, and one of them burned her.

THE following story of the burning of the Kearsarge was told me by the United States consul to Jamaica, in the United

Man Named for Captain of Alabama, Destroyed by Kearsarge, Used Kerosene to Obtain Metal From Hull of Famous Vessel, Inflicting a Fate on the Flagship Which Is Little Known—History Records the Famous Fighting Vessel As Wrecked and Abandoned.



CAPT. J. A. WINSLOW, Commander of the Kearsarge, who was afterward made an admiral.

States consulate at Kingston, in the summer of 1895, and jotted down for me one warm afternoon when I was calling in his office:

"Her thrilling sea fight made the Kearsarge the most famous ship of her day. She was a corvette of 1,031 tons register, named for the Kearsarge mountain, in New Hampshire, built at Portsmouth, in that State then known as the Kittery Maine navy yard), in about four month's time, and she sailed on her first cruise for Cadiz in search of the C. S. S. Sumpter on February 15, 1862 (the Sumpter was soon afterward replaced by the C. S. S. Alabama).

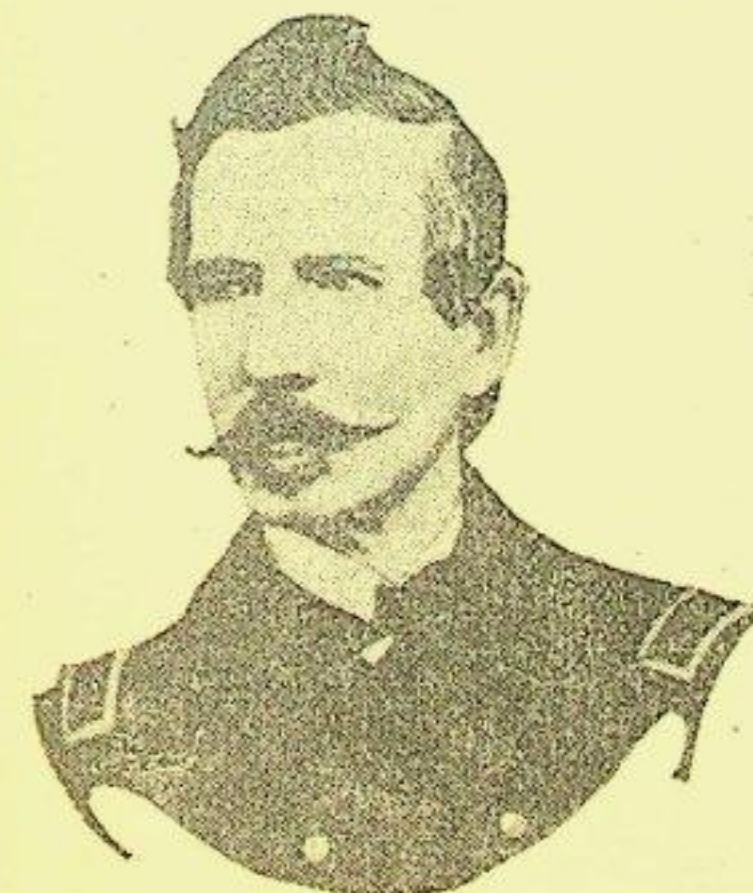
"The Alabama was a Confederate privateer of 1,040 tons register, built by the Lairds, at Liverpool, whence she escaped to sea on July 29, 1862, and, under command of Capt. (afterward Admiral) Semmes, proved a veritable terror and scourge to United States shipping on the high seas for the two succeeding years. She soon entered the Gulf of Mexico for an attempt on United States

vessels off Galveston, which port she succeeded in entering and also leaving.

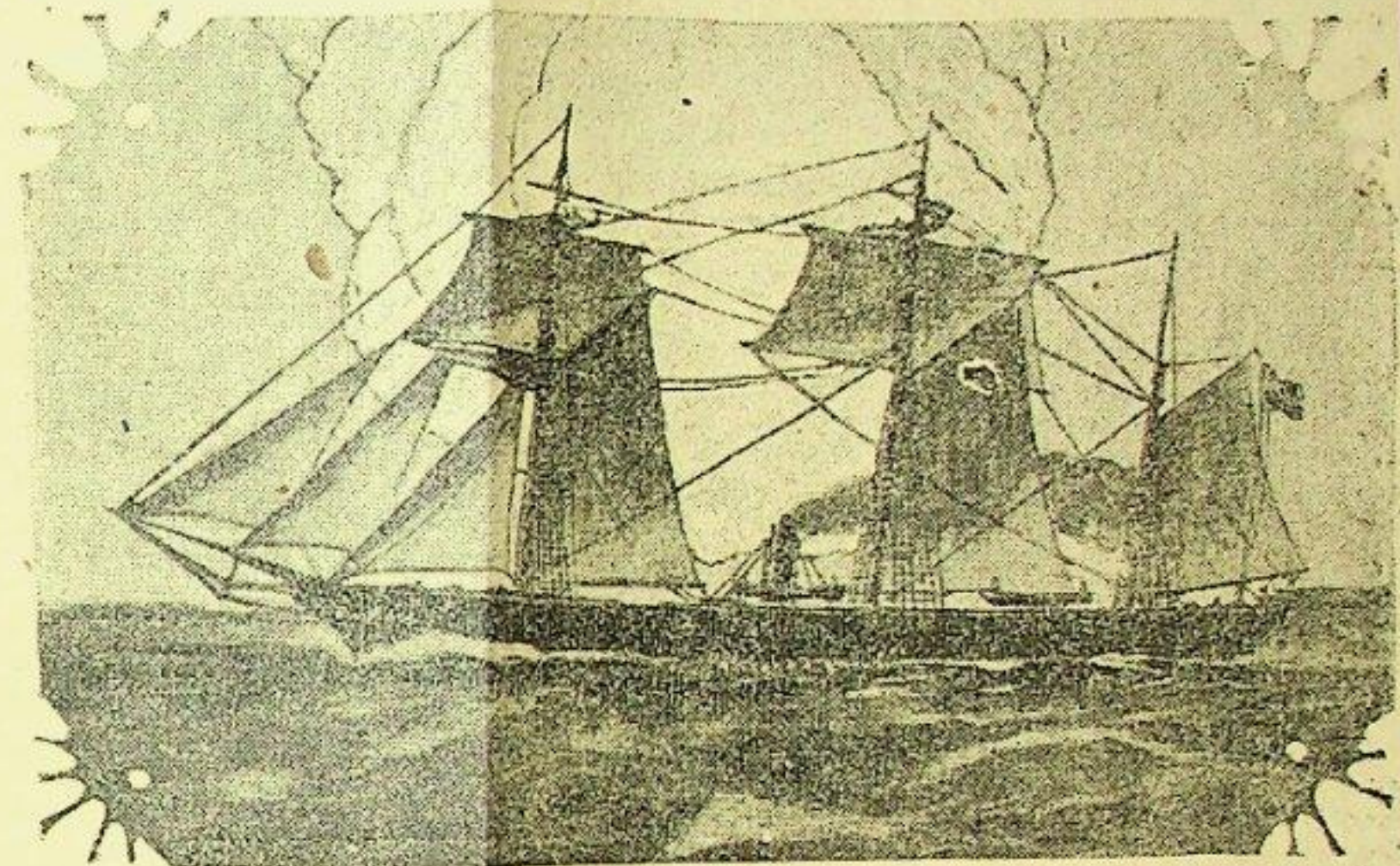
"Capt. Semmes, after making his escape from that harbor and running the gauntlet of the blockading vessels, was indiscreetly chased by the U. S. S. Hatteras, a gunboat.

"After leading his pursuer out far enough to be out of sight and hearing of her companion ships, Semmes turned upon and quickly destroyed her. With his prisoners he proceeded to Port Royal (Kingston), Jamaica, dockyard, where he arrived on January 30, for landing prisoners, refitting and replenishment of stores, &c. He became for the vicinity the hero of the hour, and what more natural than that children should be named for him? So during his stay of five days at Port Royal a certain shipwright (whom we will call Smith for convenience) having a son born named him Raphael Semmes Smith."

IN the course of time this Raphael Semmes Smith, having grown up, made several trading voyages to the Caymen islands, found



CAPT. RAPHAEL SEMMES, Commander of the Alabama, and the man whose namesake eventually burned the Kearsarge.



The Alabama, noted sea rover, as she appeared when she fought the Kearsarge.

a wife there; in due course succeeded his father-in-law in the business of fishing and wrecking in and about those waters.

Leaving Smith there in the fishing fleet in the Caymans, let us revert to the Alabama and her pursuers. After paroling the officers and crew of the Hatteras, the Alabama left Jamaica and sailed to the eastward, terrifying the seven seas, doing tremendous damage to Northern commerce and prestige, and was finally encountered and destroyed by Capt. Winslow in the U. S. S. Kearsarge, in the well-known battle of Cherbourg, June 19, 1864. Some years ago an author called attention to the appropriateness of the name Alabama—"here we rest."

Long after the close of the war the Kearsarge continued her distinguished career in the navy, and finally became flagship of the North Atlantic station and, with Admiral Stanton and staff, visited Jamaica and the West Indies. While at Port-au-Prince the admiral received orders to proceed at once to Bluefields, in Central America. On February 2, 1894, while proceeding thither, she grounded at 7 o'clock at night on Roncador reef, in the Caribbean sea, and was there abandoned after a few days.

NEWs of this disaster soon reached the adjacent coasts, and fishermen, turned wreckers, quickly flocked thither and promptly stripped her of all that could be easily detached, except her flag, which had been nailed to her foremast. They carried the good news home, and one Raphael Semmes Smith, fisherman and wrecker, heading of the dis-

ter to some big ship, set sail at once for the scene to secure his share of what might be had from her. But he was late in arriving on the scene and, finding that his predecessors had stripped the ship of everything detachable of value, he determined to secure the metal in her hulk as his share of her wreckage.

Accordingly, he drenched her decks with kerosene and then set fire to her and, standing off in his vessel a little way, watched her burn to the water's edge. Gathering up the valuable metal thus laid bare, he departed to his own place, without at all realizing the meaning of what he had done.

Thus it transpired that the namesake of Semmes of the Alabama burned the Kearsarge, which had destroyed her 30 years before. The superstitions might be inclined to call this Semmes' revenge.

As the admiral's report states that the Kearsarge was driven far up on the reef, and left high and dry and fast breaking up when finally abandoned, about a week after she grounded here, it would appear that the greater part of her hull would have been consumed by the flames before they were extinguished by the sea.

The log-book, bell and some other relics of the old ship were recovered from some of the wreckers by Mr. Lloyd Phoenix and Mr. Schuyler Crosby (N. Y. yachtsmen) and presented to the Navy Department, but the flag left flying at the mast was burned with the ship, and her historic battle-metal was torn from her carcass by the namesake of Raphael Semmes, who thus burned the Kearsarge seventeen years after Semmes died.

MEMORIAL LIBRARY LYNCHBURG
 Interesting Story of Lincoln Related By Professor Humphreys.
 Charlottesville, Va., February 11.--(Special.)—Now that the character of Abraham Lincoln is so prominent in the University
 DAHLGREEN ONCE MORE
 It is to Be Hoped
 76589

CONFEDERACY
 the few persons... in a feeble voice... her. Then in the... ended by the approach... conciliation took place... watchers heard sobs... entered to find husband... a last and forgiving... Mr. Arnold was released... died as he had lived... Mr. Arnold was released... died as he had lived... Mr. Arnold was released... died as he had lived...

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 of the University



HATS FILLING UP THE RING By Will Rogers

AS I go to press away out here in the mortgaged spaces, where every man is either in Jail or the Movies or in Escrow, I pick up my morning Paper and start to review the Political situation, as it affects the honest man. Talk about Hats in the ring! Why, yesterday it just rained Hats.

Senator Hiram Hearst Johnston, late of California, just yanked his old Sombrero off and, after brushing the second choice dust of various Campaigns from its wrinkled folds, decided that it would be able to weather another Convention defeat. The dull thud of its landing in the Political soup had hardly sounded around the World when William Jiggs McAdoo decided that he was bare-headed from now until the Democrats meet next June to pick their worst man.

So, as I go to press, I am the only Resident of glorious sunburned California that still has his Hat on.

Mind you, this was not all the day's gathering of Hats. This was only California's contribution to our National rubbish Pile. Other States have littered up the entire premises of the Garbage Ring with every known and unknown form of Headgear from Senator Underwood's old black flopped brim (nearly Beaver), with the scent of the Julep fresh on its crown, to the Radiator capped slopes of Michigan, where they are ready to contribute the one Man Top of their Favorite Son.

We spend Millions of Dollars every 10 years trying to collect the Census of this inglorious Commonwealth of America, when all we would have to do is to wait until a Presidential year, and then count the Candidates.

Mr. Cox, of Ohio, is the only name in America that has gone through this entire

year without the smirch of a Presidential insinuation.

This having been a year of Prehistoric unearthings, even the roofing of William Darwin Bryan, has been cast asunder and lit just casually on the edge of the inclosure, where it will await the verdict next June of some 5 thousand uneducated modern Chimpanzees.

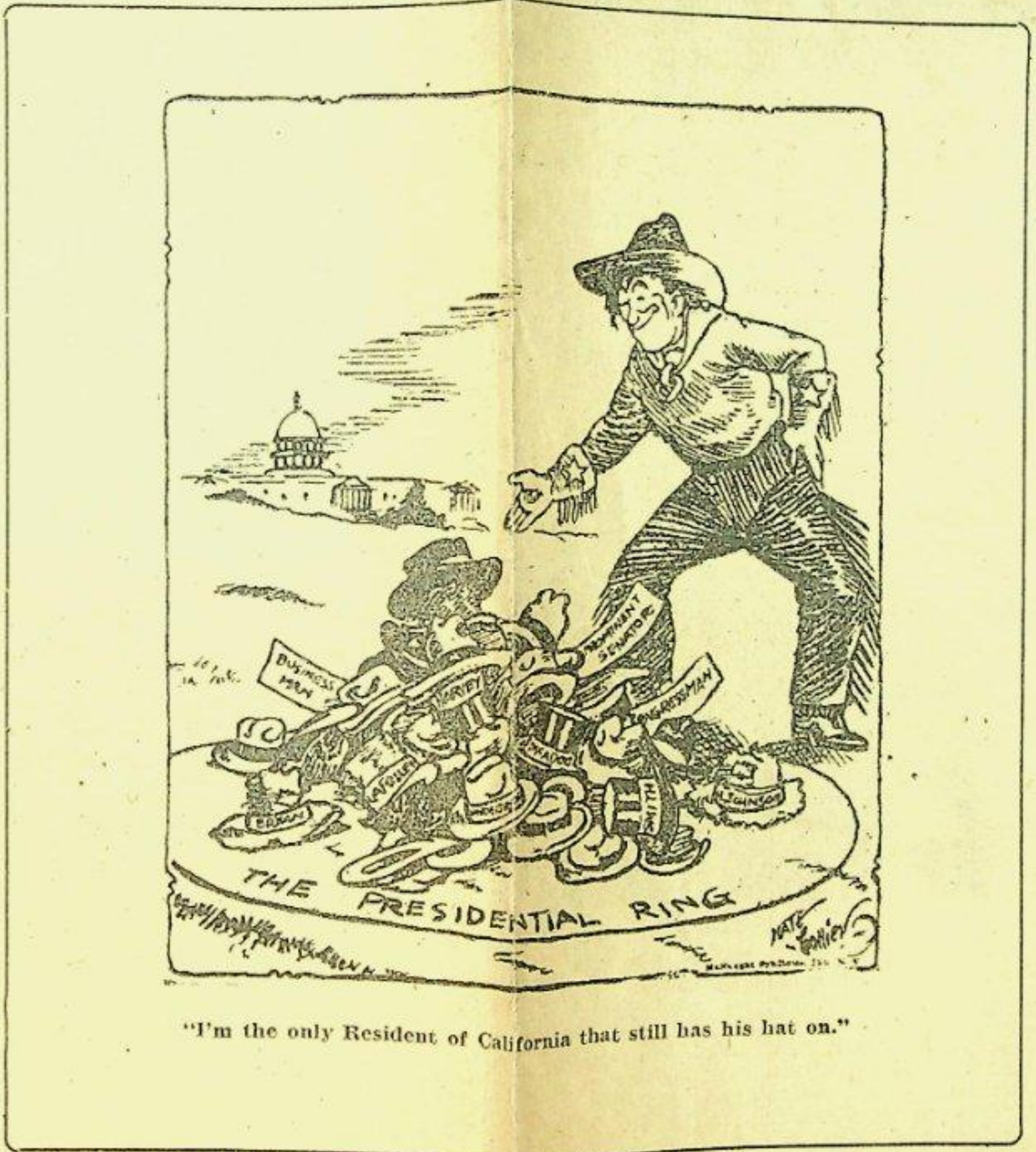
Kareful Kal Koolidge, with the usual New England thrift, throws nothing into a Ring, not even a Hat, until he is sure it will be returned with 75 thousand a Year interest. He got so used, as Vice President, to have no one pay any attention to what any of them said, that he can't realize that we might listen to him now.

I thought for a while, the way Lloyd George was complimenting us over here, that he might possibly be considering tossing that old Welsh Cap of his onto the White House Lawn. But I, along with various other slow thinking Citizens of our Land, find that he didn't come here just to put wreaths on England's Foes of former days out of any particular love for them. He knew that we are the Champion Yap Nation of the World for swallowing Propaganda.

YOU CAN TAKE A SOB STORY AND A STICK OF CANDY AND LEAD AMERICA RIGHT OF INTO THE DEAD SEA. He read the life of Lincoln, coming over on the boat, and we marveled at his knowledge and admiration of our great Commoner. Perhaps he used the same Adjectives that he had many times applied to Cromwell in England. His next jump was direct to Mount Vernon to the Tomb of Washington.

Now, you know what he thought of Washington. You know what Firpo thinks of Dempsey.

He is a Super Politician. Instead of going



through the Country, doing the old Gag of kissing the Babies of the Voters, he pulled a New One. He visited all the graves of our departed Heroes who he knew were dear to us, and he complimented them and told what they would do for Civilization if they were alive today. He knew they couldn't raise up and deny it. You didn't hear him complimenting any of our living did you?

He is a wonderful little man; a marvelous personality and the greatest Salesman that England ever sent over here. He is so good that he darn near sold us another War. England is always sending some Big Men over here claiming they come just sightseeing, and only want to see the Country. But you can't see this Country from a Speaker's Platform inside a Hall.

Now, for some unknown reason, we had Ambassador Harvey returned to us. I look for Ex-Ambassador George to tear off his powdered Wig which he used on State occasions over around the King, and cast it into the Political Mud Hole. Mr. Harvey would make us a good Social President. He could tell you at what hour Tea should be served.

I am glad Mr. McAdoo has come out in the open and declared himself. I had a very pleasant evening over at his Home here in Los Angeles just before he went East the last time. I thought I would get all the political news from him and find out if he was really going to run. He showed me all over his House. He seemed to be more interested in how cheap he had gotten it than in who was to be President. We had a lovely Dinner, and here is one for the Drys. He had nothing to even offer for Drinks. Well, that was such a novelty I feel that it is worth mentioning.

After seeing how modest he lived and the way he talked as though a Dollar was really a Dollar, I related conversations I had heard during his Term in office that he would "after holding all that authority, and con-

trolling all that money, retire the richest man in this Country." It was not Political enemies but people that really thought—here is a Man that has a chance to clean up.

He laughed and told me the real story of how he had to retire from the Cabinet because he simply had no more money to maintain his position on. Here he was, handling and paying out the most colossal sums ever dreamed of during the war, and he had to borrow money on his small insurance policy to keep his Children in School.

I said to him, "Why, if I handled all that dough I would manipulate around some way to raise my Salary privately, or casually sweep out a couple of Billion Dollar Bills." Then he said to me, almost sadly, "No, Will, there is so much red Tape you can't get a Cent—even the Secretary of the Treasury." Maybe that is the true story of why he resigned. Now he wants another office where there is not so much Red Tape.

He is back lawing for his living. That's one thing these Politicians, when they can't make Politics pay, can always fall back on—the honorable practice of law.

Whatever we can ever say about graft and the thousands of Millionaires that was made by the War, you can rest assured that the Treasurer who handled all the Money come out broke. So, if Bill is lucky enough to get back into Washington, I want to see him get a position this time where he will be able to get a hold of something.

I asked him about the Railroads. He said all he got out of that was his name on the Towels.

So from what I learned from him these Cabinet Jobs don't look so good to me. These U. S. Senators look to be about the best graft, as there is no one to watch them. Guess the people figure that the class of men they send to the Senate would get caught if they took anything, whether they had any one watching them or not.

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Psychic Declares Furniture Has Soul
 By James J. Montague

Human Nature on the Half Shell
 By Joseph Van Raalte

...when she...
 Kentucky, and all of the border counties...
 Mr. Arnold was released only to...
 died as he had lived. His scepticism...
 Mr. Arnold was a pronounced athlete...
 died as he had lived. His scepticism...
 Mr. Arnold was a pronounced athlete...
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graduate of West Point, in the class of 1840; entered the army in the Third Artillery; joined the army in Florida, but was recalled to West Point as assistant to Professor Bartlett in physics. He served in the Mexican War during the first campaign, and having married in old Grace Church, in New York city, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Major J. B. Haden, of the army, he accepted the professorship at the Virginia Military Institute, proffered by Virginia.

When the Civil War began Colonel Gillham was called to Richmond and placed in charge of the camp of instruction and organization, and was ably assisted by officers of his own selection. He changed the new recruits from the chrysalis to the butterfly, and in the shortest conceivable time organized Virginia's troops, which were carried to the points most needed.

He soon took the field in command of the Twenty-first Virginia Volunteers, and served as brigade commander, under Major-General Loring, until called back to the Virginia Military Institute by the Governor of Virginia.

In 1870 he resigned his professorship and died in the fifty-third year of his age.

Of him it may be said:

He was above envy, and jealousy was too small to enter in his noble heart.

THOMAS T. MUNFORD.

MCGREGOR'S BATTERY.

Only Two Left—A Plain Little Story of Stirring War Times.

After Grant crossed the Rapidan and had fought his way to Spotsylvania Courthouse, General W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry, was ordered to capture a brigade of negro troops at Elys and Germanna Fords. At that time his command consisted of Barringer's (N. C.) Brigade, and Chambliss's (Va.) Brigade and Pelham's old battery, commanded by Captain McGregor, one of Pelham's old officers, Barringer moved down on the Orange side of the river and Chambliss on the Culpeper side. We struck the Culpeper and Fredericksburg road, between Stephensburg and Madison roads and moved down towards Elys Ford, and halted in the road until scouts came and reported that Barringer was in position, but that the colored troops had been retired the day before and only a company or so of white troops were in their position, some of the straying colored troopers were coming in and a sharp crack of a carbine told us plainly there was one nigger less. After capturing the guards at the ford, we started for the main army at Spotsylvania. We soon came across one of Grant's hospital camps and paroled several hundred sick men. Passing on we crossed a small field of about four acres, covered with dead Yankees. There was a six-gun battery of the Fourth New York, men and horses all shot down, horses with their harness on. I never witnessed such a sight in my life as that. The battle had been about three days previous to our coming. I do not know what troops struck the Yanks so hard at this place, but they did it effectively. After passing through this field of dead, we came upon a line of breastworks in the edge of the woods, and there we saw two fresh graves of our men. We passed on to the right of our army and took up a position in a piece of small timber and camped a few days. Thomas Turner and some others used to climb tall oaks and watch the enemy as they charged our works, only to be repulsed. The very day before Grant moved his army towards the James River two of our guns were sent out a few hundred yards from our command to check any movement the enemy might make in that direction. It was a cloudy, drizzling, rainy day. One man of our battery, named King, offered \$10 for a drink of water, but did not get it. The next morning the section I belonged to was ordered to the same position occupied the previous day by the other section of the battery. We were only there a short while before we got orders to move at a gallop our two guns to Stanard's mills a few miles east of Spotsylvania, Courthouse, and the other section to replace our new camp. In a short time we got news that three of our men had been killed at the other guns. The position we held at Stanard's Mills was on a small mound or hill, and the pioneer corps had cut the pines off and used them for rifle pits, etc. By some mistake in orders we had but two cannoners and one corporal to work our gun. It was a twelve-pound Napoleon, the other a French detachment, three-inch ordnance gun. We only had time to get well in place before we espied a heavy line of skirmishers bearing down on us only about 500 yards distant. Just at that time Major Vonbrock, of General Lee's staff, rode up as McGregor gave orders to fire on the advancing column of Yankees. We cut fuses to five seconds and deliberately fired into their line. The shells burst just in their faces and cut a wide lane through them and their column fell faces to the ground. We had not fired many shots before we discovered the shingles flying off the top of the old mill just to our left. We were ordered to turn a gun on the mill and the first shell burst in the attic of the mill. We gave them more shells before they got out of range.

Now Major Vonbrock had noticed how hard Thomas Turner and myself had worked to get the gun in place when it would recoil under fire, also the execution of the gun. He rode up to us and complimented us, saying he never saw such execution in his life by two men, and told McGregor he should have put that heavy gun behind the breastwork, and the light gun outside. Thomas Turner sprang to his feet from where he was resting and pulling his bosom bare, he exclaimed: 'Major, here is all the breastworks we Culpeper men want. We were a few hours later ordered to camp, and then went out to bury the dead and, we found the bodies of our comrades, King and Donald, dead. Williams, the lead driver to the same gun, was wounded in the knee by same shell that killed the others. He was found in the woods. All three were Floyd county men. Our gunner, Bill Scarborough, was from Tennessee. Bill Wharton was from Haymarket, Fauquier county. He was our forage master. Two of us now are living in Culpeper, are all that are left of McGregor's old

Con, in order to secure the right of ingress and egress to the room which she has set apart in the Library Building for the use of Garland-Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans, begs leave to report as follows:

"We have secured from Mrs. Jones, president of the George M. Jones Library Association a deed which is herewith submitted, and which we recommend be spread upon the records of the Camp, and carefully preserved by the adjutant."

This report was adopted by the Camp by vote, and the deed placed in the hands of the adjutant for future disposal by the Camp—and, on motion, Past Commander Fleet, seconded by Past-Commander Jennings, the thanks of the Camp were voted to Dr. Fleming and his committee for their labors in the matter and they were continued until the furniture has been furnished and the Camp has taken possession of the room.

The committee on furnishing the room were instructed to proceed with the selection and purchase of the furniture. Comrade Fleet, of the committee on oyster supper reported that the committee had decided that it was inexpedient to have such supper at this time, and on motion the matter was postponed for the present.

The chaplain, Rev. Dr. Fleming, offered the following report, which was adopted:

"The committee appointed at last meeting to prepare a minute expression of the appreciation of the excellent way in which Mr. Thomas D. Davis, clerk of the Corporation Court of Lynchburg, has recorded the muster rolls of the companies, troops and batteries which entered the service of the Confederate States of America, begs leave to report as follows:

"Your committee has examined the muster rolls in the clerk's office, and they are recorded in a handsome bound volume; extreme care has been taken to prepare the record, and it is recommended that the following minute be spread upon the records of the Camp, and also with Mr. Davis' permission, be placed in the book with the rolls.

"The Garland-Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans, extends most hearty thanks to Mr. Thomas D. Davis, clerk of the Corporation Court of the city of Lynchburg for the careful manner in which he has copied the muster rolls of the companies, troops, and batteries, which entered the service of the Confederate State of America, from the city of Lynchburg and vicinity, and respectfully requests him to permit this expression of appreciation of his excellent work, to be recorded in the handsome volume in which he has recorded these rolls.

"This to be signed by the commander and adjutant of the camp."

Inspector General T. D. Jennings requested the camp, to recommend a comrade for the position of assistant inspector general from this district, whose appointment is among the duties of the adjutant general. The commander appointed a committee consisting of Commanders Halsey, Seay and Shaner to select the proper person for appointment.

Kirkwood Otey Chapter, U. D. C., having generously offered, to add to their many kind actions to the camp,

GARLAND-RODES CAMP

Considerable Business Transacted At Last Meeting.

Notwithstanding the sudden change to extremely cold weather a good crowd of old veterans was out Thursday evening at the regular monthly meeting of Garland Rodes Camp and an interesting meeting was held.

Commander John H. Kinnier presided, and Adjutant W. M. Seay, acted as secretary. Prayer was offered by Chaplain Rev. Robert H. Fleming, D. D.

General Order No. 1 from the new Grand Commander, of the Virginia Confederate Veterans, Colonel S. S. Brooke, acknowledging his appreciation of the honor conferred on him by the Grand Camp, announcing his appointment of Jos. V. Biagood of Richmond as Adjutant General and Robert R. Henry of Tazewell, R. S. Parks of Luray, Edward S. Ruggles of Fredericksburg, and J. V. Hooper, of Roanoke, as Aide de Camps. The Grand Commander in a strong manner expresses his endorsement of the Confederate choir, and the movement to place monuments in each county in the State to the memory of the dead heroes. The Grand Commander also urges that all camps observe in some appropriate manner, the birthdays of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, on the 19th of January, 1909.

A letter was read from Mr. Charles W. Scott, enclosing a check which read as follows: "Pay to John H. Kinnier, Commander of Garland Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans, Five Hundred Dollars (\$500) and ten thousand good wishes." This was received with applause, and many expressions of thanks, by the veterans, and on motion of Dr. Fleming, the sincere thanks of the camp as a body were extended to Mr. Scott for his generous gift, and as a further mark of appreciation he was unanimously elected an honorary member of the camp, the first time in the history that this distinction has been conferred on any one.

The adjutant announced that he had in his possession two volumes of Richardson's messages and papers of the Confederacy for presentation to the camp by Dr. Frank Camm, and on motion of Comrade Rev. T. M. McCorkle seconded by Comrade Rev. R. H. Fleming, the thanks of the camp were unanimously voted to Dr. Camm for the valuable donation to a future library.

The Committee on Credentials having reported favorably on the application for membership of Mr. George P. Ware, formerly of Kirkpatrick's Battery, he was after ballot declared elected a member of the camp.

The sick visiting committee reported the illness of Comrades T. M. Harwood, Col. A. Forsburg, Pendleton Emmett, R. F. Latham, and Judge J. D. Horsley, and the sympathy of the camp was voted to them with the hopes for their speedy recovery.

Dr. Fleming, of the committee to secure the right to the room, in the Library Building for the use of the Camp, made the following written re-

by furnishing uniforms to members who had never received one. Such comrades were requested to call on Commander John H. Kinnier and leave their measures for them.

Under the head of "Camp-Fire Talks" at the solicitation of Comrade Fleet, Major S. P. Halsey entertained the camp with a very interesting description of the part he took in suppressing an embryo riot and preventing the burning of the city by a mob on the corner of Ninth and Jefferson streets on the 15th of April, 1865.

The commander announced the death since last meeting of General John Holmes Smith. Several comrades spoke in eulogy of him as a gentleman and a soldier, and, on motion, a committee consisting of Comrades Jennings, Wray and Seay was appointed to draft suitable resolutions to his memory and as a further mark of respect the camp without transacting other business "broke ranks."

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JARDEN... coll street, (12)

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills
And o'er the moor that's sedgy;
With heavy thoughts my mind is filled
Since we have parted, Peggy.
Whene'er I turn to view the place
The tears doth fall and blind me,
When I think on the charming grace
Of the girl I left behind me.

The hours I remember well,
When next to seeing moved me.
The burning flames my heart doth tell,
Since first she owned she loved me.
In search of some one fair and gay,
Several doth remind me;
I know my darling loves me well,
Though I left her far behind me.

The bees shall lavish, make no store,
And the dove become a ranger;
The fallen water cease to roar,
Before I'll ever change her.
Each mutual promise faithfully made
By her whom tears doth blind me,
And bless the hour I pass away
With the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image full retains,
Whether sleeping or waking;
I hope to see my jewel again,
For her my heart is breaking.
And if ever I chance to go that way,
And she has not resigned me,
I'll reconcile my mind and stay
With the girl I left behind me.

(The above lines was the regimental
air of the 7th U. S. Infantry, and was
captured from the British at the bat-
tle of New Orleans.-

The Wife of Lee.

A few facts have been gleaned of the genealogy, marriage, and noble part Mrs R. E. Lee bore under the trials and anxieties which stared the South in the face for four long weary years.

Mary Park Custis, daughter and heiress of Gen. W^m. Park Custis and the grand dau. of Washington's stepson, - was born at Arlington, Va. Oct. 1. 1808. She spent her girlhood days at her old home, where the setting for the crowning of the young lieutenant made it interesting. The marriage took place in the old drawing room at Arlington, on June 20th 1831 and the ceremony was performed by Rev W^m Meade. A happy marriage, their domestic life was one of ideal devotion and happiness: in her social life her amiability, simplicity and courtesy were noticeable. She was the mother of seven children. Two of the sons adopted the profession of arms and rose to the rank of Major-Generals in the C. S. Army.

Lieutenant Lee was poor, but such was her pride in her husband, and her sense of his due, that upon her marriage, she determined to live on her husband's income as a lieutenant, and did so for sometime. Should we seek through the annals of time for an illustration of the best that exists in family life, we need not go further to find the perfection and refinement of elegance and purity, than that stately mansion, which from the wooded heights of Arlington looks down on Washington and has by a strange fate, become the resting place of many of those whose chief renown rests upon the fact that they fought against Lee.

Just before the Northern army crossed the Potomac in 1861 Mrs Lee left her beautiful home and came within the Southern lines. Arlington was at once seized by the U. S. Government and the grounds were appropriated for a burial place for Northern soldiers. Mrs Lee and her daughters sought at home at the "White House" on the Pamunkey river where Washington had married the widow Custis and which had been left by Mrs Custis to her son; but the refugees were soon driven from this shelter by McClellan's hosts and the house was burned to the ground. During these days of terror, the Lee family suffered very much. They then went to Richmond, where they remained until the close of the war. Their time was spent largely in knitting socks for the bare-footed Southern soldiers, and providing other comforts, nursing the sick and wounded among those in need of attention.

Mrs Lee's health failed at the latter part of the war and she never regained her strength. Gen. Lee's was a great shock to her: she survived him three years dying Nov. 5. 1873. Her remains were placed beside her husband's in the College Chapel at Lexington, Va.

(Mrs) W. H. Bowles.

DAHLGREEN ONCE MORE.

It is to Be Hoped it is the Last
of Him.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir.—Let us have the truth and the whole truth. My former communication to The Times-Dispatch, treating of the said, was brought to a sudden conclusion, as I was apprehensive that it might become too long in a crowded condition of your columns for that reason, if for no other, most likely join the procession of its predecessors in a hasty march to the waste paper basket, if you please, add a few lines to the continuation of the narrative.

Patrick has acknowledged the report that the address of Dahlgren to be read to his aid, their guidance was shown in his headquarters one hour separated to start on their march, and that it was in writing over his own name, and that the diabolical words have been often quoted, and the prisoners are liberated from the Libby prison.

VETERANS' started to burn and destroy the Libby prison and kill the traitor.

During the past year, were at that time presented to him. and read that paper and that paper Camp was called upon to be taken from the dead sad tribute to the memory of all unite in departed veterans, and could not have enrollment at 160.

The death list among the alteration of the camp, as compared with the smaller sin and murderers will be at the smaller sin.

January 2d—John
January 22d—J. D.
January 23d—Rev. the soldiers of his march which they

January 26th—M. to their own use—
February 10th—D granaries—and to
February 18th—W le and other domes.
February 29th—S the growing crops.

March 3rd—Cha Kahn and his four
March 29th—Ma at it was their ferocious
May 26th—Pe have nothing in their
September 22 women or children.

October 23d—w. We have seen with
October 29th equally atrocious practices
November own country, and in the
Smith. atury.

very much of the same in 1862, when the bragged his infamous order that his army was slain by guerillas, falsely called our men, all in the vicinity should be and the inmates driven out to hunger and exposure. No word of relief came from the authorities in Washington until General Lee published his order of retaliation, when, in change! nothing more was heard of the threatened atrocities, and the impious order and the infamous Pope soon disappeared in innocuous desuetude.

They were willing to participate in the profits of the crime, but unwilling to share the odium of its failure. The devil, when sick, the devil a saint would be; the devil, when well, the devil a saint was he."

Respectfully,

B. M. PARHAM.

Garland-Rodez

NO. 8, VIRGINIA
NO. 1521, UNION

Lynchburg, Va.,

Old Dominion Chapter,

Knights of the Confederate

City.

is respectfully requested to be present

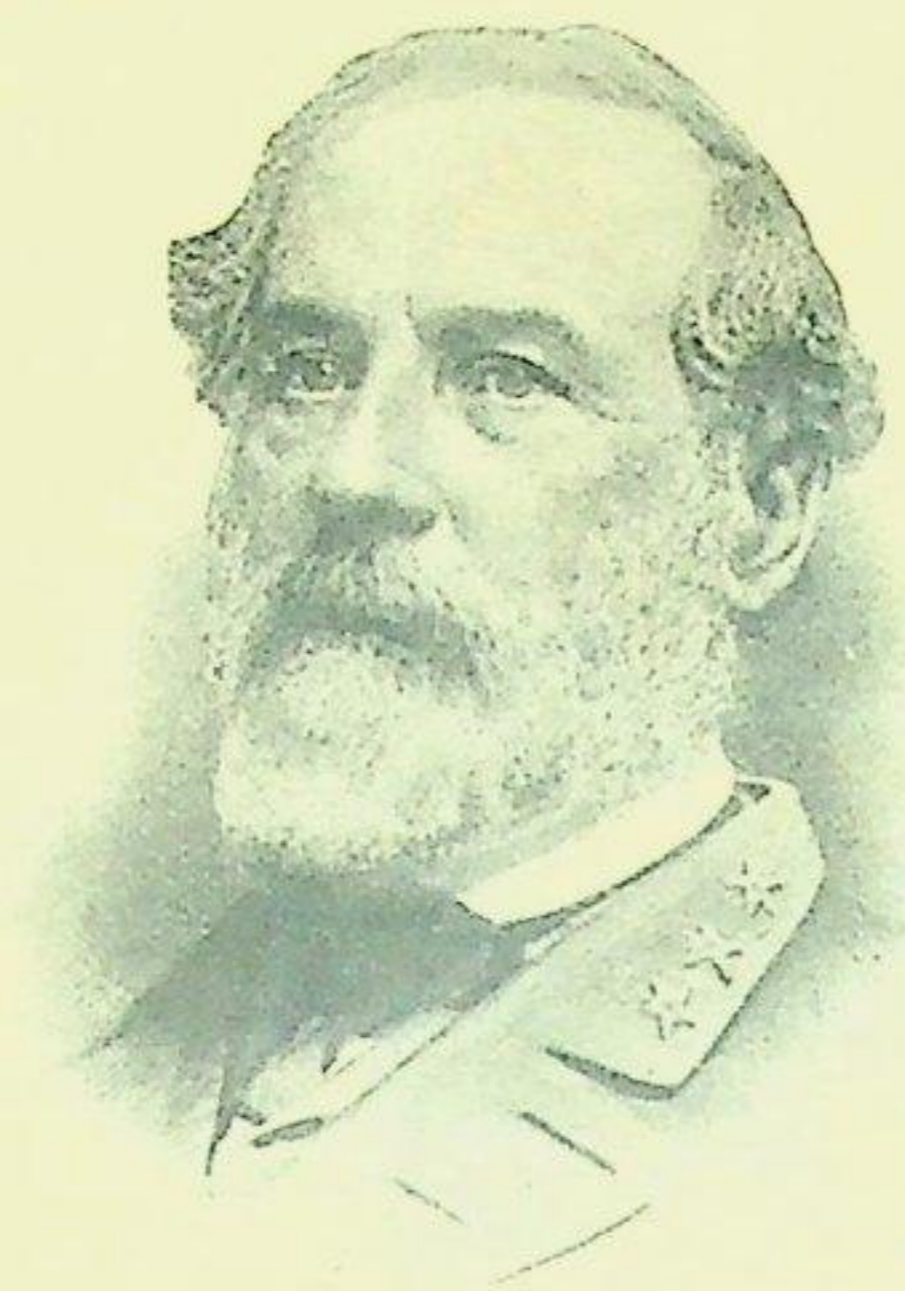
at 8 o'clock on the evening

of the meeting to be held by the O.

of n. Randolph Harrison,

is

at the Camp,



GEN. R. E. LEE
JANUARY 19TH

Old Dominion Chapter
U. D. C.
Observance of the Anniver-
sary of Lee's Birthday.
Lynchburg 1906.
At the home of
Mrs Allan Langhorne,
Washington Street.
"They honor themselves
who honor Lee."

- I. "The Memory of Lee."
Miss Maria Walker.
 - II. Poem. "Lee."
Miss Hilda Forsberg
 - III. "A Memory of Lee"
Mrs Wm Stokes
 - IV. The Portrait of Robert E. Lee.
Mrs Ernest Bowman.
 - V. Paper. "Lee"
Miss Gauthers, Historian.
 - VI. Song "Swanee River":
Miss Natalie Ward.
 - VII Lee's Farewell Address to his Army-
Mrs Mary M. Korbni.
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