

did any veteran ever know of any failure for him when the women of the South, as represented by the Daughters of the Confederacy, took charge of the matter? I ask comrades that we uphold their hands in this instance, when they are working for our comfort and the good of all of us."

### The Confederate's Last Lay.

The poem below was written several years ago for the Richmond Dispatch. It is now republished at the request of several daughters of the South now living in a Western State.

#### "THE CONFEDERATE'S LAST LAY!"

(Air: "Annie Laurie.")

(By Pattie Dunn-Thompson-Cosby.)  
(Affectionately dedicated to the gallant heroes of "The Lost Cause" throughout our beautiful Southland.)

Come, listen to my lay, love,  
For it may be the last!  
And I would have you know, love,  
The story of the past,  
The story of the past,  
When I was young and gay!  
When I left my home and sweetheart  
To march with Lee away.

See yonder "Stars and Bars," love,  
The flag my soul loves best!  
For in "the Immortal sixties"  
It floated o'er our tents,  
It floated o'er our tents,  
And made us brave and true;  
For every Southern soldier  
Worshiped its hallowed blue.

I can see my mother now, love,  
As she buckled on my sword,  
While the tears of grief were falling,  
Tho' she uttered not a word,  
Tho' she uttered not a word,  
As she sent me forth with Lee;  
Her heart so wrung with anguish  
She could do naught but pray.

Long years have passed since then, love,  
And I am old and gray;  
Yet, still my heart beats loyal,  
As on that blessed day!  
As on that blessed day!  
When I was young and gay;  
When, with the First Virginia,  
I marched with Lee away.

Now, I have one request, love;  
Then, listen while you may!  
When I have breathed my last, love,  
Oh! shroud me in the "Gray."  
Oh! shroud me in the "Gray!"  
That my spirit may have rest;  
And wrap the "Bars" around me,  
That Lee and I loved best.

## END OF THE CONTEST FOR THE JEWELLED IRON CROSSES

The letters below are the last of those to be published in connection with the contest for the jeweled crosses to be made from the iron taken from the first ironclad warship in the world, the Confederate Virginia, or Merrimac.

As soon as the immense correspondence bearing upon this subject can be gone over the decision will be rendered as to who is the youngest and who is the oldest living Confederate soldier, and the crosses will be awarded accordingly, one to the youngest and one to the oldest.

### One of the Oldest.

Editor Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Seeing in your columns in regard to the oldest and youngest Confederate soldiers who will win iron crosses, and as I would like very much to have one as a souvenir of those memorable days, I write to say I was born the 7th of October, 1829, in the county of Northumberland. If I live to see October this year I will be seventy-seven years old. As soon as war was declared I took my horse and sulky and went to Fredericksburg and bought the gray cloth from Roth & Fullerton, at Falmouth, to make the uniforms for five companies, and the ladies met the following week in sewing societies and made up the goods for the sol-

diers' uniforms. As soon as suits were made the companies went into service.

I enlisted in the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, Company D, under Capt. Meriwether Lewis, and served faithfully from the beginning until the surrender at Appomattox. In the Seven-Days' Fight around Richmond I was detailed as courier for Gen. Charles Fields. I was always found at my post of duty.

Should I be fortunate enough to gain one of these crosses, I will prize it very highly. It would give me great pleasure to be at some of the reunions, but my health is very feeble, and I am not able to attend. I am,

Very respectfully,

GUSTAVUS A. BETTS.

Heathsville, Va.

## All of the Brave Old Boys Not Yet Heard From, and Some of the Young Ones Still Putting In Claims.

The contest for the jeweled crosses made from the iron of the good battleship Merrimac, or Virginia, offered by The Times-Dispatch to the youngest and oldest Confederate soldier now in the land of the living, is still on. It will soon close, however, and the crosses will be awarded. Below are a few interesting letters.

### Ninety-Three Years Old.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Mr. Granville Brooks, of Cook's Battery, is 93 years old—the oldest Confederate I know of. His address is Andrews P. O., Va.

Yours truly,  
JOHN F. LEWIS.

### Interesting Career.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I thought at first that I would enter the contest for a cross, but I soon saw letters from men who enlisted in the Confederate army a year younger than I did. I did service in the Home Guards before I was sixteen. I was with the Home Guards when they went out through the mountain to meet General Averill when he was expected to come in that way. We went as far as Covington, but failed to meet Averill. It was in December and terribly cold, and lots of ice in the mountains. The next spring we organized a battalion of reserves, with Colonel Kenton Harper as colonel. He was an old United States army officer, having served in the Mexican war, and was a good and brave old man and was loved by all the men in the battalion. He led the battalion in the fight at New Hope, or Piedmont, when Hunter came up the Valley. The reserves had drilled but little before the fight, and, of course, knew nothing about army order; but after firing commenced, they just shot and fought as best they could. We were overpowered, and I suppose whipped there, but our boys fought them till they took their guns from them. The Yanks got most of our boys, and told them they did not have sense enough to know when they were whipped. After the fight our battalion had only seven men, but we seven marched with the army to Lynchburg and kept Hunter out, not by fighting, but by fooling him till the army came from Richmond. After getting to Lynchburg we were marched out toward

the mountain till we got out of town, then we would go around and come out again, and kept moving till the troops got there. They soon had old Hunter on the move, and we followed him to Salem, where we were allowed to go home, just in time to help save the harvest. In August we were called out again and were sent to Richmond, and were used as guards at Libby Prison. In October we were put in the trenches, eight miles below Richmond, at Chaffin's farm, near Chaffin's Bluff. We did picket duty and made breastworks all the fall and winter. We were not in a battle after we got to the trenches, but were often under artillery fire from the Fort Harrison guns. We were at a point called Battery Fields, not over 200 yards from Fort Harrison, and there I saw the negro troops the first time. We were relieved by General Pickett's men, who said those niggers could not stay in front of them, and at daylight next morning they drove them in from the picket line, and white troops took their place. Then we were marched with several other battalions of reserves to Camp Lee, to be transferred to commands in the regular army, for most or a great many of the boys were about army age. I was not eighteen until a few days after the surrender.

Now, I would love to have one of the crosses, and I assure you that I would appreciate it as highly as any one else. I admit some of the boys did more fighting than I did, but that was not my fault. I always did the duty assigned me, and did it faithfully and willingly, and would be still doing it if the fight had lasted and I had lived. So I think you ought to give me a cross. I would like to wear it the first time our Camp—the Lee Jackson Camp, of Lexington—meets, and if you will be there you will see how proud I will be with the cross.

Most respectfully,

J. P. SMITH.

R. F. D. No. 2, Box 61, Fairfield, Va.

## THE DRAWN BATTLE SHARPSBURG AGAIN

### Major Richardson Replies to Correspondent Who Evidently Didn't Read With Care.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Kindly give me space for a card, so I may notice what that honest, gallant ex-Confederate, E. S. Bishop, of Artesia, N. M., has said about a part of my Sharpsburg contribution. I think it is only necessary to quote from his communication, and then reply by citing extracts from my article to which he refers.

Mr. E. S. Bishop says: "He (C. A. Richardson) fails to mention the fact that General Lee held the battlefield all the next day (September 18th), unmolested." I quote from my contribution as follows: "The night after the battle (night of September 17th), after taking counsel with his Generals, he (General R. E. Lee) dismissed them with the words: 'Gentlemen, if General McClellan wishes to continue this fight tomorrow we will give him battle; see that your commands are held ready. Good-night.'"

"The Federal Commander-in-Chief did not see fit to renew the battle the next day." "As I take it, upon a fair and reasonable estimate, the relative strength of the two armies the morning of September 18th, would be about 28,000 Confederates and 68,000 Federals. This would be placing the Confederate loss at from 9,000 to 10,000 men, the Federal loss at from 12,000 to 15,000, the preceding day.

"In simply stating a situation of fact, now a matter of history, I have no comment to make as to the reason entertained by a general with 68,000 men declining to engage in battle with another general (his game opponent) who did not have 28,000 available men."

The two armies were convenient to each other, they were in plain sight of one another, on the same field they had fought on the day before. There was no long, weary marching necessary to precede the deadly rattle of musketry, and the loud thunder of artillery. Why the general with an army vastly superior in numbers and warlike equipment did not renew an indecisive battle, so newly fought on ground of his own choosing, with the ready opportunity of a whole day, is a matter the writer does not propose to discuss in this random sketch."

"With the closing of this memorable and historic September day (September 17th) a kindly and timely night granted a respite to the combatants. Neither army had met defeat, and neither claimed a victory. The day following, September 18th, both armies rested on the battlefield, all unmolested."

Is there need for me to say more, when I assert that I have quoted correctly from my Sharpsburg contribution, whose accuracy is most illogically assailed? Surely my dear old friend and comrade did not read carefully how I positively stated, with some fervor, some emphasis, that he, and I, and all of us; wounded, dead, and living, "held the battlefield all the next day—September 18th—unmolested."

I have never for a moment conceded that Sharpsburg was anything less than a drawn battle; "a game fight never fought to a finish." With all the facts of memory, with all the truths of history, we cannot claim more, and prove the claim.

C. A. RICHARDSON.

Co. "B," Fifteenth Va. Infantry.

# A WOMAN'S VIEW OF GEN. A

Paper Written by a Woman to be Read to

Madama President and Daughters of the William R. Terry Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Ladies of the Memorial Association:

It is with great modesty and diffidence that I shall endeavor to present a few facts concerning one of the greatest men this world ever saw—viz., Robert E. Lee.

Some men are born to greatness and some men achieve greatness, and when we trace back the ancestry of Robert E. Lee through his long line of illustrious ancestors, we are apt to think he was born to greatness; but after mature thought, we have arrived at the conclusion that he achieved his own greatness.

It was with him, as it is with all great men, the home training that lays the foundation of character. The father of Robert E. Lee rendered conspicuous service during the Revolutionary War, and was assigned independent corps of infantry and cavalry, and was known as "Light Horse Harry" Lee. In 1811 he moved from Westmoreland county to Alexandria to educate his children, and in 1817 ill health caused him to visit the West Indies, but deriving no benefit from the change, he started home, and died at the house of a friend on Cumberland Island, off the coast of Georgia, and there he was buried.

Thus you see that Robert E. Lee, who was born January 19, 1807, and whose anniversary we commemorate to-day, was at the age of eleven years, left fatherless, and his mother a confirmed invalid. There were two sons older than himself, and one sister; one of these brothers was a Harvard student, the other one was in the navy, and the sister was delicate. At this tender age of eleven years, many household duties and domestic cares fell upon Robert. In a letter written by his father from the West Indies, he speaks of him in these words, "Robert, who was always good, will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind, by his ever watchful and affectionate mother," and there is no doubt that the lessons of this judicious and loving mother bore an important part in the formation of the character of our great hero.

She taught him in his childhood to practice self-denial, self-control, and the strictest economy in financial matters. At the age of eighteen years he entered West Point as a cadet; in the course of four years he graduated with second highest honors; during these four years he never received a demerit. Immediately after his graduation, received the appointment of second lieutenant in the United States Army June 30, 1831, he had the rare good fortune to marry his first love, Mary Curtis, the granddaughter of Mr. George Washington. They were married by Rev. Mr. Mead, who was afterwards Bishop Mead. As Mr. Mead was jogging along on horseback with his surplice in his saddle-bags, on his way to the wedding, he was caught in a sudden thunder-storm, and was drenched. It was impossible for him to perform the ceremony in his wet clothes, so he had to put on a suit of Mr. Curtis's clothes, and as Mr. Curtis was short and very stout and Mr. Mead was long and very thin, you can imagine how he looked, but the surplice saved the wedding. Lieutenant Lee's profession obliged him to be nearly always from home, and at the time of John Brown's raid, 1859, he was at home from Texas to see his family; his rank at this time was that of colonel. The Secretary of War put him in command of a battalion of marines and sent him to quell the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. On the 17th of April, 1861, Virginia seceded, and Colonel Lee cast his lot with her. As soon as it was known that Colonel Lee had retired from the United States Army, the Governor of Virginia tendered him the appointment of major-general and commander-in-chief of the forces of Virginia. At this time General Lee was in the prime of healthful, and vigorous

life, with a finely-shaped and well-knit body, and a fully developed mind; he was fifty-four years old. Bear in mind, that when General Lee accepted this appointment, he had every thing this world could give; he had health, happiness, rank and wealth, and no one can say that he accepted this responsibility on impulse; but after mature consideration, all of these blessings were not of sufficient value, to prevent him from doing what he considered was his duty, and right here, you see evidence of the early home training. "Mother's little man," as she called him, had been taught in childhood to do his duty.

Now, go with me to Appomattox, where we find him old, gray, broken in health, and poor, but still a hero! Many business propositions were made him, even offers of pecuniary assistance, and one English nobleman desired him to accept a mansion and an estate, but nothing could induce him to leave his native State; he said, "I must abide her fortunes, and share her fate."

When the trustees of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) on August 4, 1865, elected him president of that institution, it came as a complete surprise to him. Washington College had enjoyed a long career, but at this period it had no reliable income. The campus had been despoiled by military marauders, who destroyed the libraries and laboratory of the college. There were but four professors and forty students when General Lee undertook the work of restoring it to its former prosperity.

Notice, again, how General Lee regulated his conduct to what he believed to be his duty; for when he accepted the presidency he undertook work, utterly foreign to any thing he had ever done before, but he believed it was his duty to devote the remainder of his life for the good of the youths of his country, and nobly did he perform this duty.

Repeated efforts were made to allure him from the college, but with no avail. He died in Lexington, October 12, 1870. It has afforded me great pleasure to be allowed to present to you, though in an imperfect and feeble manner, what in my opinion was one of General Lee's finest traits—his strict adherence to his duty. Other pens greater than mine must portray his military genius.

MARY C. CLAYTON.

## Sharpsburg Declared to Be the Gamest Fight of the Nineteenth Century.

### ANNIVERSARY RECOLLECTIONS

## McClellan Was Afraid to Renew the Contest Against Far Smaller Force.

The Sharpsburg fight will never be forgotten while the great battles of history are read and remembered by men whose blood runs the warmer in reading over the story of the ensanguined and heroic struggle between their own countrymen, on their own soil, thus doubly consecrated to the cause of freedom, to liberty. Since we are writing from a Southern rather than a Northern view, we prefer to use the phrase battle of Sharpsburg, instead of battle of Antietam. The former is readily recognized in the South, and ever referred to with commendable pride; the latter designation of the same historic battle is well known in Northern history, and claimed as a Federal victory. This sketch is on a general and reminiscent order, and intended as a kind of memorial offering for the forty-fourth anniversary of the great battle on the Antietam, near Sharpsburg, Md., the 17th day of September, 1862.

### A SOLDIER'S TALE OF A GREAT BATTLE.

After the lapse of forty-four years, I distinctly recall the famous place and the memorable conditions surrounding the greatest of soldiers when I first had the privilege and honor to see him. I was then a fairly observant youth, in my twentieth year, a period at which we are apt to receive and retain vivid impressions of any noted event or famous personage personally seen and known. As one grows old there is a commendable tendency to indulge the reminiscent mood. As a matter of blended fact and sentiment, most of us like to look back and lovingly dwell on the pleasant and notable things of the past in which we were actors. At times I am given to such moods of tender and pathetic, sober and serious reflections.

Then over the kindly stretch of more than two-score years I would call up in proudest memory the fadeless portraiture of that manly, heroic figure, so firmly and gracefully seated on his noble, trusty steed. In recalling my first view and impression, I take it to be well within the province of this sketch to state the place, circumstances, environments, as they were all quite remarkable, now forming illustrious pages in American history.

They also help to depict to some extent the grand character of one of the greatest soldiers of the past two centuries. It was about noon of September 17, 1862, at Sharpsburg, during the terrible, sanguinary and indecisive battle of Sharpsburg.

### LEE RIDES ALONG LINES OF FIRE

Here I first saw General Robert E. Lee, riding along the firing line. He was inquiring for General Jackson. I heard him make the inquiry of several officers. I was so impressed with the noble bearing, the stately appearance of the man, and his good, substantial mount, that I was induced to ask an officer near me if he was not some general officer. I received the prompt reply that the distinguished-looking man was no less a personage than General Robert E. Lee. I had thought before I put my question that he was one of our generals, but I had no idea he was our great commander-in-chief. He wore no sign of his exalted rank. His good, gray uniform displayed no ornament of any kind indicating the high grade of his official position. Still, the personal appearance of such a well-developed, manly figure was very imposing and attractive, and he was well mounted on a large, trusty looking horse.

I was not so greatly surprised at being informed that the dignified, commanding looking soldier was General R. E. Lee, but I was surprised and felt uneasy that he should be where he was likely to be struck down any second. I so expressed myself, at the same time remarking that I did not suppose General McClellan was in a mile of the battlefield. It is not generally the rule that the commander-in-chief advances with the men under a terrific, sweeping fire of rifles and musketry and shrieking, bursting shells. His subordinates, from brigadier-generals down, are expected to do this, occasionally his majors-generals lend their assuring presence in a hot and doubtful struggle. I readily recall two gallant old brigadier-generals—Paul Semmes and M. D. Corse—that I had the honor to serve under, who always led their men in any and every general engagement with the enemy.

### GAMEST FIGHT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

So it came about that I first saw General Robert E. Lee, to know him, at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, while the great battle of Sharpsburg was "in full swing;" while some one hundred and twenty thousand men were making the gamest fight of the nineteenth century, not excepting Waterloo, which, in some respects, resembled Sharpsburg, but with very different results, Napoleon being defeated and leaving the field with a badly-routed army, Lee, with his heroic army occupying and resting on the field of battle the entire day after the battle, and then, the night of September 18th, retiring deliberately and in good order, carrying all his guns and baggage.

When I saw General Lee he looked firm and resolute, perfectly self-poised, confident, dignified. He evidently felt that his 38,000 veterans could hold the field and carry it over the 52,000 men composing the Federal host. I saw our great

Lee at his best, with the light of battle in his eye, heroism in every feature. It was during the most critical and trying part of that most desperate day, when the deadly, bloody tide of dubious conflict was fiercely, turbulently ebbing and flowing; when the red vintage of human gore flowed in cornfields and apple orchards, in open hollows and on wooded slopes; often blushing the pure waters of the modest streams, and staining the shapely leaves of the sheltering forest.

On this terrible, this ensanguined field at midday the struggle for supremacy was most eventful and uncertain. It could not be told where the bird of victory would fold its weary and triumphant wings. It was here "the red badge of courage" flaunted its crimson hues over all the fair face of peaceful nature; it was here that knightly deeds far outshone the mythical splendor of that vaunted time, "when knighthood was in flower"; it was here that "captains courageous" only emulated the superb courage of their men, each and all bravely doing amid so many heroes dead and dying; it was here we would have been so sorely pressed as was gallant Roland at fatal Roncesvalles had not our peerless Charlemagne been with us.

"WE WILL FIGHT TO-MORROW; GOOD-NIGHT."

And it was here and then the heroic manhood of Robert E. Lee was tried and tested and found equal to the emergency of holding his battle lines of offense and defense against the powerful enemy. The night after the battle, after taking counsel with his generals, he dismissed them with the words: "Gentlemen, if General McClellan wishes to continue this fight to-morrow we will give him battle; see that your commands are held ready. Good-night." The Federal commander-in-chief did not see fit to renew the battle the next day.

As I take it, upon a fair and reasonable estimate, the relative strength of the two armies the morning of September 18th would be about 28,000 Confederates and 68,000 Federals. This would be placing the Confederate loss from 9,000 to 10,000 men; the Federal loss at from 12,000 to 15,000 the preceding day. In simply stating a situation of fact, now a matter of history, I have no comment to make as to the reason entertained by a general with 68,000 men declining to engage in battle with another general who did not have 28,000 available men.

The two armies were convenient to each other; they were in plain sight of one another, on the same field they had fought on the day before. There was no long, weary marching necessary to precede the deadly rattle of musketry and the loud thunder of artillery. Why the general with an army vastly superior in numbers and warlike equipment did not renew an indecisive battle, so newly fought on ground of his own choosing, with the ready opportunity of a whole day, is a matter the writer does not propose to discuss in this random sketch. Suffice it to say this great event has gone into history, pro and con.

### THE HONORS WITH CONFEDERATES.

We think the honors of the heroic occasion unquestionably rest with our "Lost Cause" and our great commander. But, forsooth, there was no fighting at Sharpsburg or Antietam the 18th day of September, 1862. This is a well known matter of fact, well established beyond all dispute by history and survivors on both sides. History will securely preserve the name and fame of Robert E. Lee among the truest, noblest, most peerless soldiers of any age or clime. A Northern historian has been kind and honest and brave enough to write down the great battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam as "a drawn battle."

Following this statement, I think it relevant to add that now in the certain, steady light of authentic history we learn from the reports of General McClellan sent to General Halleck, the Secretary of War, during the fiercest of the Sharpsburg fighting, that he regarded the Confederate forces opposed to him as numerically superior to his own, and he had very serious doubts as to the results of the battle. I take it to be fairly inferential, the facts being sustained, that all this only adds to the assured fame, the undimmed glory, of our matchless chieftain, and the superb fighting quality of his heroic men. Unfortunately as it was for General McClellan, it was very fortunate for the Confederate army that several of the ablest Federal generals, including Fitz John Porter, were not at their best, and did not make the

Like the parents

More than any of the old folks real-  
little folks of the table like to

really game flight made by General Burnside, on the Federal right, against General Longstreet, on the Confederate left.

#### A NIGHT OF REST.

With the closing of this memorable and historic September day a kindly and timely night granted a respite to the combatants. Neither army had met defeat, and neither claimed a victory. The day following, September 18th, both armies rested on the battlefield, all unmolested.

After efforts so unyielding, so great, it is quite possible both sides were greatly exhausted.

In this brief sketch I have only written of Sharpsburg or Antietam in a general way, principally to recall the first time I saw the greatest of soldiers, the noblest of men, a name respected and honored alike by friend and foe, far and near, at home and abroad—the illustrious name of Robert E. Lee.

And for all the years that time shall turn in its noiseless flight, like lamps that burn

So silent in their starlit home,  
His fame shall live in bronze and stone.

#### SHARPSBURG COMPARED TO WATERLOO.

During a visit to Brussels we went out to the famous Waterloo battlefield of ninety years ago. We made an interesting study of the topography of the country so important in the most deadly and decisive struggle of modern times. In the two hours spent on the memorable field our thoughts often reverted to that game fight of American soldiery—Federals and Confederates—September 17, 1862, on the Antietam, in and about old Sharpsburg now past two-score and four years. French and English soldiers at Waterloo did not make the stubborn fight (they made more display of the "grand pageantry of glorious war") of the Confederate infantry at Sharpsburg; and neither was the artillery of the "Great Soldier," and the "Iron Duke" fought near so well as the Confederate artillery, when on the quiet banks of the Antietam, and over the fruitful fields of Sharpsburg it won imperishable fame for its great efficiency, its indomitable prowess. We feel, as we look to the future, that "Impartial Time" in its just reckoning of the past will see that some faithful "Old Mortality" shall lovingly preserve the names, and the fame of Confederate soldiers who fought at Sharpsburg two-score and four years ago.

There were more men engaged in the

logically makes the Sharpsburg more the Confederates a gamier and moreperate fight than Waterloo.

(The writer has no wish to use a far-fetched illustration, unless it only be for the sake of a great contrast; therefore he says: If one could omit or deny the very conspicuous color of the British uniforms, the Waterloo affair would still bear no possible resemblance to a modern "pink tea" party, with its gentle and harmless tintinnabulations.)

At times the furious shock of battle was grandly impressive, superbly charming in its terrors. Many years ago an active participant at Waterloo described to the writer in glowing words some of the grand scenes of the great battle, whose thrilling charm and alluring glamor impartial history has been fair and truthful in soberly telling.

No old soldier, no veteran at all familiar with the great Waterloo fight, ever fails to regard it as a grand battle, with most decisive results. From the first roar of its artillery, its clash of sabres, its clashing of sabres, it possessed all the features of the terribly picturesque, as well as the dazzling spectacular, all of this closing in a wild scene of disaster

to an erstwhile gallant soldiery, who dearly loved the display, the pomp and splendor of arms; who gloried in their famous historic wars. As compared with the pomp and circumstance of Waterloo, our memorable Sharpsburg, in its general appearance, was but a homespun affair of deadly earnestness, but without it was a terrible, bloody battle, fearlessly waged through the weary hours of a long, eventful day.

Scattered over our Southland to-day are several thousand gallant ex-Confederate soldiers, who cherish among many glorious memories of the past the proud and defiant recollection of that red September day at old Sharpsburg four and forty years ago; they all remember the gamiest of fights never fought to a finish.

C. A. RICHARDSON,

Co. E, Fifteenth Virginia Infantry.  
Notes.—An official statement of the casualties of Antietam shows the Federal losses to be 12,400, the Confederate losses 9,600, a total of 22,000, or nearly 25 per centum of the actual forces engaged. General McClellan is known to have had from 10,000 to 12,000 men held in reserve. We may well agree with General Longstreet that the battle of Sharpsburg was the hardest fought and the most bloody battle for any one day's fighting of the Civil War.

The writer has often read the various accounts of Waterloo by the best writers; he has visited the famous field and closely studied it; he has met English and French officers, heard their versions of it; hence, he indulges the hope that his deductions are fairly thoughtful and reasonably impartial.

C. A. R.

## BRIGADIERS IN TOGAS

With Colonels and Even Privates Representing the Southern States.

### SOLDIERS OF THE SENATE

Many Brave Champions of the Lost Cause Who Laid Aside Their Swords for the Statesman's Scroll—Daniel and Hunton Head the List—North Carolina Also Has Two Soldier Senators, as Has Also Georgia—Other States Are Well Represented.

It is nearly thirty years since Appomattox. Thirty years is a goodly sized slice to take out of a man's life, but there are many who were men of action from 1861 to 1865, and are yet good for a score of years in their country's service. As one goes into the galleries of the Senate, he instinctively glances at the Democratic side. There are some picturesque characters among the Southern contingent on that side. And here is as good place as any to observe that about all the Southern States are represented in the United States Senate by ex-generals of the Confederacy. Then so much rank was not available, a colonel would do, and two of them served

in the ranks. Take Virginia for a beginning. The Confederacy never had two better soldiers than Daniel and Hunton. Daniel, as all Virginia knows, was old Jubal Early's adjutant general. He and "Sandie" Pendleton, son of Gen. and Rev. W. N. Pendleton, chief of artillery of Gen. Lee's army, were the youngest men to have the rank they held in the army of Northern Virginia. Daniel was a wonderfully handsome, snappy officer. Every one who has been a soldier knows that the meanest place that can be found is adjutant general when one's chief is not any too amiable. While Gen. Early is a gentleman and an admirable soldier there are times when his temper, which is testy and hot to a degree, would make him "turn loose" on whoever was nearest at hand. But he never did this with Daniel. There was that thing in the handsome Greek face of his young adjutant that would make an officer think several times before he made Daniel the target for his wrath. But Early was greatly attached to Daniel, who was as cool and collected in action as he was quick and able in the office. Poor "Sandie" Pendleton, Stonewall Jackson's adjutant general and chief of staff at twenty-two! Think of such rank! On the staff of such a chief as was Jackson; was killed, or rather, mortally wounded, at Woodstock in 1861 and died a day or two thereafter. Daniel would have died but for the most careful nursing when he received the wound that almost cost him his life. He might have been a colonel had he chosen, but he would not leave Gen. Early, and the slow promotion of the staff kept him a major till the end of the war.

Hunton was an excellent colonel and a gallant and useful general officer. His regiment, the Eighth Virginia, was from the counties adjacent to the Potomac and above Washington. Loudoun probably furnished the majority of the Eighth Virginia's first enrollment. The rank and file were of unusual intelligence, sons of the gentry of the country side from Washington to Leesburg, and above to the Blue Ridge. Hunton won his first fame at Ball's Bluff, which was fought only a few miles from Leesburg. The Eighth Virginia there got its baptism of fire, and behaved very well, too. Gen. Evans, "Shanks" he was called in the "Old Army," was in command ostensibly, but the battle and victory were the young colonel's own, fairly and justly won. Hunton would have been promoted then, but for two reasons: He was not a West Pointer, and he was a Virginian.

There had been much murmuring, by officers from the South Atlantic and Gulf States over the promotion of so many Virginians. There it was. Stuart had the cavalry. Lee, his two sons and his nephew were generals; Jackson, Hill, Ewell, all Virginians, were corps commanders. Then there were Heath, Pickett, and other gallant men and true. No-

body thought or said that these promotions were undeserved. But the other States did say that they too deserved more than they got, &c. Anyway, this latter reason kept Hunton a colonel until July 3, 1863. Hunton's regiment was the first in the First Brigade of Pickett's division, Longstreet's Corps. It came out of the fight almost annihilated. Hunton was badly wounded, every field officer and the adjutant was disabled. Every brigade commander was either killed or crippled. So when gallant Armistead died, Gen. Lee determined that Hunton should have the brigade, and he got it, when he was able to ride again, which was a long time after fateful Gettysburg. There is much good for Virginia in Hunton yet, though Gettysburg is a generation behind us.

North Carolina has two soldier Senators. There were two Ramsons from the old North State. Robert was in the old Army and was killed, I think, in the campaign of 1863. "Matt," as he is called at home, was badly hurt twice, but ended a major general and with a popular good will at home that has never been excelled.

It is a great pity Vance is ill. He is always bright and an inimitable story teller. He was a colonel of a crack fighting regiment when he was chosen Governor of his State in 1863. He tells a good story of himself that may be new to some. In one of the fights with McClellan on the Chickahominy Vance's regiment was advanced as skirmishers. The firing was close and sharp. Just in front of Vance, who commanded the line, a rabbit jumped up and scurried to the rear. "Go it, rabbit!" said he; "go it, Molly Cotton-tail! If I hadn't these stars on my collar, I'd be with you."

Any one would know, at first glance, that Senator M. C. Butler was a soldier. He, too, came of South Carolina's bluest blood. "The four fighting Butlers" made records in the War of the Revolution of which any officer might well be proud. A grandson of Commodore Perry on one side and a great-grandson of one of George Washington's "four fighting Butlers" on the other, nearly related to the ducal house of Ormonde in Ireland, it would be difficult to find a man with a purer cross of blood from the settlement of the country down. When the war began Senator Butler had just entered into manhood. As brigade and division com-

mander, not even Stuart himself was a more daring light horseman. He vied even with that "flower of cavaliers" and that prince of them all, Fitzhugh Lee, on fifty stricken fields. His were the untiring troopers who bore the flags of the Carolinas, Virginia, and Georgia to the very banks of the Susquehanna itself, within sight of Pennsylvania's capital, and made them famous on a score of fields. His were the troopers that made many a daring dash around the jaded flanks of the Army of the Potomac, and rode within sight of the dome of the capital itself on that Gettysburg campaign, and this is but too feeble a description of the achievements of the crippled man who walks this sunny afternoon on the Senate floor. He went out as colonel of the Second South Carolina Cavalry Regiment, a command made up in its rank and file of the proudest blood of the Palmetto State. It was one of the crack regiments of Stuart's command, and in drill and equipment was, perhaps, the finest regiment of cavalry South Carolina sent into service of the Confederacy. As evidence of his popularity, as long as recruiting was permitted, the Second South Carolina Cavalry was always able to keep its ranks pretty nearly up to its maximum, for men would enlist in Butler's regiment who would not go into any other. In the severest and most terrible hand-to-hand cavalry fight of the war, Beverly Ford's, the Second, distinguished itself beyond any regiment in its brigade. As a general officer, Gen. Butler was famed for his cool, intrepid courage. He showed himself a true son of the "fighting Butlers." It is impossible to do him justice, unless there was time and space to go into some of his personal peculiarities, which are always the most interesting features of a man's character.

Gen. Harry T. Hays, who was a power in the Pelican State. The famous "Longstreet letter" had just been written. A number of ex-general officers held a sort of a caucus at the Varieties Club, in New Orleans. They wished, however, before they went into the campaign, to obtain the views of Gen. Lee. There was a very general impression in the South, whether just or not, it is, of course, now impossible to know—that all letters sent to Gen. R. E. Lee were opened by the government's postal service secret agents. So it was determined to transmit the resolutions and views of this meeting to the ex-Confederate general-in-chief by hand. As the writer was going North in a day or two to a place near Lexington, Va., he was made the bearer of this note. When it was delivered Gen. Lee allowed me to ask many questions about the war, only

three years away, and was most courteous in answering them. Among others was this: "General, who did you regard as the ablest of your commanders from civil life?"—meaning those with no military experience previous to 1861. The general replied at once, "Gen. Gordon, by far. He has personal courage of the very highest quality. My officers and men were all brave. I never knew of so large a body of men in whom there was so much courage. But Gen. Gordon was not only brave himself, but he inspired his men. He was the cause of courage in others." Then pausing a minute as though thinking of some particular event of the past, the great Confederate chief said: "Gordon was a knightly soldier."

Senator Colquitt was one of the best brigade commanders in the Virginia Army. He had been a paymaster in the Mexican war, and thus held the rank of major when extremely young, but twenty-two years old, being the youngest major in the Mexican war. Had his health been better Colquitt would have made a great military reputation, for he comes of a race of fighters, but he suffered severely from the effect of malaria, the result of the campaigns of 1861 in the swamps of the Chickahominy. As it was, his reputation as a daring and intrepid brigade commander was second to none. Ever since he entered the Senate he has been in ill health, which culminated in paralysis a year ago. But his State delighted to honor him, and will not allow him to resign.

The Senators from every State south of the Potomac and Ohio served in the Confederate army. Among those who have the military look and manner most distinctively is Walthall, of Mississippi. He is a born soldier. Gen. J. E. Johnston said of him what Gen. Lee said of Gen. Gordon, "Walthall is the ablest of my division commanders. He has a natural bent, in fact a genius for war." It is an interesting historic fact that when Gen. J. E. Johnston's relief from the command of the Army of the Tennessee was determined on by the government at Richmond, Gen. Walthall was very seriously considered as Gen. Johnston's successor. It was the opinion of the Confederate cabinet that the Fabian policy had been too thoroughly tried, and that if the South was to be saved at all it would have to be done by fighting. A general who would fight whenever he got a chance was the man who was wanted. Gen. Walthall had made a distinguished reputation as a fighting officer, and was the most popular division commander in the army. His nomination to its chief command would have been an admirable political stroke, as well as a most satisfactory appointment to the entire Army of the Tennessee. He was one of them. He had won his laurels in their columns. The bringing out periodically of some-

body from the Army of Northern Virginia to command that of the Tennessee was exceedingly distasteful to the line of officers, as well as to the intelligent rank and file. "Haven't we somebody among us who can command this army without going to Virginia for a general?" was the universal question around the camp-fire, of officers and men.

But two things were in the way of Walthall's promotion. The first was that he was not a West Pointer. No officer from civil life, with no previous military experience, was ever intrusted with the command of an army, except Gens. Dick Taylor and Price. The first named would not have been but that he was pitted against Gen. Banks. Then there was the question of rank. To command the Tennessee Army the officer must needs have the rank of general, provisionally, as Hood had it, at least. But Hood was then a lieutenant general. The old fogies said it would never do to take an officer from the major generals' roster, advance him over all others of that grade and the three lieutenant generals then with the Tennessee Army; and all that sort of thing. Mr. Davis' personal wish was to give Gen. Walthall the chance. But he hardly felt like overriding the entire war office. Longstreet could have had the command. But he declined it, and when he learned what was in Mr. Davis' mind heartily approved it. "I saw Walthall at Chickamauga," said "old Pete"—as his men always called Longstreet—"and his attack was masterly. It's a good idea." But it was not done. At that time a very brilliant lady from South Carolina was the guest of Mrs. Davis. She was greatly interested in Gen. Hood, and through her influential relatives, who were high in the confidence of the Confederate President, Hood got the command. Senator Walthall knew nothing of all this until long after. He never intrigued for promotion. All he got came to him without the least solicitation or use of influence. It was a case of merit alone.

Should he conclude, his health permitting, to return to the active practice at law, it is understood that Senator Walthall will be tendered a position as senior counsel and chief solicitor to one of the leading railway corporations of the South, at such a rate of compensa-

tion as not a dozen lawyers in America can command. But all this is still in futuro. The position alluded to would be a most tempting one to any member of the bar, not alone because of its commanding position, but by reasons of the good that its holder might be able to render to the citizens of the State of Mississippi. Senator Walthall will consider nothing at present, except the matter of recovering his somewhat impaired health, and will make no plans until that is accomplished.

Arkansas has two fighting Senators. Jones served in the ranks of a cavalry regiment all through the war. He might have had a commission a dozen times, in fact, only lacked one vote of being chosen colonel of a cavalry regiment. He was like La Tour d'Auvergne, who preferred to be known as the First Grenadier of France to having the honor of a regimental or brigade commander. No wonder that at home Senator Jones is invincible in the political field. He is just the sort of Senator that the South needs in these times. Berry, his colleague, was disabled early in the war, or he might have attained high rank.

To look at Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, now, one would never suspect that he had been one of the most dashing fighters in the Tennessee Army, and an unequalled disciplinarian. In drill and discipline Cockrell's brigade was an example of what a brigade should be. It would follow its daring chief wherever he led, and he led into some ugly places at times. Cockrell was twice wounded, once terribly at Missionary Ridge. Nothing but his powerful vitality pulled him through. He looks as though he might stand a pretty sharp campaign yet, and fight with his old bull-dog tenacity.

Somehow, looking at Mills, of Texas, always recalls the hottest fight of the Western Army, Chickamauga. It was the morning of the second day; Deshler's brigade of Cleburne's division had waded the river the night before. The mountain wind blew cold and keen, and they suffered with cold. They were mostly Texans, but there was one Arkansas regiment among them. As the six small regiments were drawn up for the attack, gallant Deshler rode along his line. He was a young Alabamian, a West Point graduate of the class of '54, I think. Just as he was about to give the word to advance, a ten-pound rifle shell struck him full and fair in the left breast. It must have knocked him ten feet out of his saddle. The most horribly ghastly thing in the incident was that Deshler's heart was torn out of his body, and fell six feet away from it. There it lay, in full sight of every one who wandered that way. It was the first human heart the writer had ever seen. It seemed about as large as that of a sheep or yearling calf. Mills was next in rank. He was colonel of the Tenth Texas Infantry, and the senior colonel of the brigade. He made his attack in splendid form. "By \_\_\_\_\_," said Cleburne, "just look at that Texas colonel. He is rolling over them like the waves of the sea." I am sure the recording angel blotted the cuss word. Mills deserved the compliment, if ever a valiant soldier did, on that bloody day at Chickamauga. "The war of death."  
W. H. R.

# The Civilian Leaders of the Confederacy

By JOHN GOODE of Virginia.

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

No. 2.  
WILLIAM L. YANCEY.

William L. Yancey, is celebrated throughout the South and the country at large as the Secession orator.

Few men ever lived who could so move at will the fierce democracy. His power over an audience was almost like Omnipotence itself. At times, when thoroughly aroused, his eloquence was more terrible than an army with banners. "Again 'twas music as bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair." Indeed it may be truly said that his voice was music itself. It has been stated that it was worth a trip across the continent to hear him pronounce the word Alabama.

On one occasion he had an appointment to address the people of New York in behalf of the Breckenridge and Lane ticket. There was great excitement, and the people for a long time refused to hear him because they regarded him as the great apostle of Secession. In the midst of the uproar he stood surveying the audience, getting in a word now and then, until finally the audience became completely subdued and listened to him with rapt attention until the close of his magnificent address.

They were completely subjugated, and when he concluded his remarks they gave him a great ovation. Such was his power over the multitude.

On another occasion he was employed to prosecute a man charged with murder in one of the Alabama courts. His address was so powerful that the jury were completely swept off their feet, and a verdict of conviction was rendered under the sway of his powerful oratory. A motion was made to set aside the verdict and award the prisoner a new trial upon the ground that the jury was so completely magnetized that they did not know what they were doing when they found their verdict. The motion was granted, and the records of that court will show today that the prisoner obtained a new trial because the jury were for the time being bereft of their reason.

In this practical and utilitarian age, when the spirit of commercial greed is so largely predominant, and the great object of life seems to be to put money in the purse, it is said that the living voice no longer exerts its power. The newspaper and the telegraph convey intelligence to the remotest corners of the globe, but the living voice still exerts a potential influence.

Born a Cracker.

William L. Yancey was born in Warren county, Ga., August 10, 1814. He matriculated at Williams College, in Massachusetts, read law at Sparta, and entered a law office at Greenville, S. C., where he remained two years, and in the meantime edited the Greenville Mountaineer. He married Miss Sarah Caroline Earle in early life. In the winter of 1836 he removed to Cahaba, Ala., and commenced life as a planter. While there he edited two weekly newspapers. In 1839 he removed again and resumed the practice of law. He was elected to the Alabama Legislature in 1841, and was elected to the State Senate in 1843, but resigned in 1844 and was elected

and Breckenridge tickets in 1856. In 1860 he was the Democratic elector from the State at large, and delivered an important address in Union Hall, New York, making an earnest appeal to the people of the North to maintain constitutional government in the States.

At the Charleston convention he took the leading part in opposition to squatter sovereignty as unconstitutional. He was a member of the State convention that met at Montgomery, January 7, 1861, and reported the ordinance of secession. He resigned from that body to accept appointment as the leader of the commission sent to Europe to present the cause of the South to the governments of Great Britain and France. His mission proving fruitless, he returned to Alabama, and was elected with C. C. Clay, to the Confederate States Senate, of which body he was a conspicuous member. His successor, Mr. Jamieson, in his parting address, referred to him as one whose eloquence and perseverance in the cause of Southern rights contributed more largely than the efforts of any other man to bring about our separation from the Federal Union. He died on his plantation near Montgomery, January 28, 1863.

Few Facts For Biographer.

Unfortunately, he has left but little for the enlightenment of his biographer. We have little more than a mass of entertaining facts relating to his life and times. Few men have done more to impress themselves upon the age in which they have lived, or have made greater contributions towards shaping American history in the century in which they have moved. And yet his name is now scarcely ever heard. Such is fame.

When he was sent to Congress his reputation as an orator had already preceded him. He had the high distinction of being selected by his associates to reply to a speech of General Clingman, of North Carolina, in opposition to the annexation of Texas. His speech made a great impression upon all who heard it, and was characterized by the fiercest invective. Clingman was so exasperated that he demanded an explanation of certain personal allusions, and when he answered Mr. Clingman Mr. Yancey could not refuse to usual among gentlemen. With this demanded Mr. Yancey could not refuse to comply, but the meeting was a bloodless one. Perhaps it may be interesting to know the views of Mr. Yancey on the subject, now that the practice of duelling has fallen so completely into "innocuous desuetude."

In a letter to the Alabama Baptist, a religious paper which severely criticized his course, Mr. Yancey wrote:

"The laws of my own State and the solemn obligation due the young wife, the mother of my children, to whom you so feelingly and chastely allude, were all considered, but all yielded, as they have ever done from the earliest times to the present, to those laws which public opinion has framed and which no one, however exalted his station, violates with impunity. Alexander Hamilton offered no better defence when he fought his duel with Aaron Burr, he admitted that he should not have fought that his family and

longed to the school of Alexander Hamilton.

When the bill to organize a Supreme Court of the United States was under discussion, these two gladiators differed widely in opinion.

Mr. Yancey maintained that under the constitution each State had the right to judge of the infractions of that instrument and to determine for itself, the mode and measures of redress, while Mr. Hill maintained exactly the opposite view. During one of the exciting debates held in secret session of the Senate a very serious altercation occurred between them.

An effort has sometimes been made to institute a comparison between Wendell Phillips and William L. Yancey. It is true that one was called an "abolitionist fanatic," while the other was called a "fire-eater." It is true that each was terribly in earnest and was opposed to all compromises of every kind and description. But here the similarity ends. Phillips constantly appealed to a "higher law," while Yancey insisted in season and out of season upon a strict construction of the compromises of the constitution. Yancey never failed to teach his people in the way he would have them go, while Phillips failed utterly to mark out the pathway for the future of the republic.

Yancey will live in the hearts of the Southern people as the unrivaled orator of secession, while Phillips will take his place in history as a great apostle of a "higher law" than the Constitution.

Squatter Sovereign.

Mr. Yancey made the fight of his life in opposition to squatter sovereignty. He regarded it as the most insidious of all the attacks ever made on the equality of the Southern States of the Union. He believed with all the earnestness of his nature that the opinion maintained by some that the people of a territory acquired by the common toll, suffering, blood and treasure of the people of all the States can in no other event than the framing of a State Constitution preparatory to admittance as a State of the Union, lawfully and constitutionally prevent any citizen of any State from removing or settling in such territory with any property, be it slave or other property, as a restriction as indefensible in principle as if such restriction were imposed by Congress.

To this great principle of equal rights in the common territory of the Union Mr. Yancey devoted himself with all of his great power. It was for that principle he fought in season and out of season from the moment when, under his leadership, that principle was announced in the Alabama platform, through all the mutations of party politics to the great struggle of the Charleston Convention of 1860. His faith never faltered, and knew no variability or shadow of turning. He was as true to that great principle as the needle to the pole.

When he arose to speak the people hung upon his words, and when the Southern platform was rejected by a few votes he left the hall, and the delegates of several other States followed at his heels. When Mr. Douglas finally received the nomination, his friends offered to Mr. Yancey the place of vice president, which he declined. He joined the seceders at Baltimore when Breckinridge was nominated on a Southern platform and devoted himself to a canvass of the Northern States.

Resemblance to Patrick Henry.

In studying the high qualities of Mr. Yancey as an orator, we are forcibly struck with the similarity between himself and Patrick Henry, that forest born Demosthenes, who kindled by his eloquence the flame of liberty in the hearts of the people, and incited them to revolution by the proclamation of

to the House of Representatives  
Twenty  
... had claims upon him which the eternal truth that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

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July 22nd, 1930.

Whereas, God in His wisdom has seen fit to take from us our beloved sister and fellow-worker, Mrs Alma Watts Williams, be it resolved:

First: That we have lost one of our most beloved and loyal workers, one who at all times was willing to efface self in order to promote the best interests of the Chapter.

Second: That the cheerfulness with which she promptly and willingly accepted every responsibility will ever be an example to us.

Third: That the memory of her beautiful life will linger with us as an inspiration.

Fourth: That a copy of these Resolutions be mailed to the family and a copy be filed with the minutes of the Chapter.

Old Dominion Chapter, U.D.C.  
Mrs James P. Evans, Cor. Secy.

Committee-  
Mrs Chas. H. Almond,  
Mrs R.E. Torrence.

Virginia Room  
Jones Memorial Library  
Lynchburg, Virginia

(Added later to  
book for  
permanent keeping)

of the (Confidentiality)

asked  
by  
Mighty  
Kitchen

... complete  
ed and in place so that the formal and  
official unveiling may take place dur-  
ing the Interstate Fair.

to the House of Representatives in the Twenty-eighth Congress, taking his seat December 2, 1844; and was re-elected to the Twenty-ninth Congress, and resigned in August 1846, to resume the practice of his profession. In 1846 he wrote the platform of the Democratic party and led the delegation of the Democratic party in the convention of 1848 and 1856. He was an ardent supporter of the Buchanan

## WILL UNVEIL MONUMENT

Hope to Present Statue in Memory of Virginia Cavalry During the Fair.

The committee in charge of the monument to the Second Virginia Cavalry to be erected in Miller Park on the site of the flag pole hopes to have it ready for unveiling during the Interstate Fair to be held in Lynchburg September 30, October 1, 2 and 3.

The Second Virginia Cavalry, of which R. C. W. Radford, of Bedford county, was first colonel; T. D. Munford, of this city, second colonel; Jas. W. Watts, of this city, third colonel; John D. Langhorne, of this city, first major; Maurice Guggenheimer, quartermaster, and Captain Charles M. Blackford in command, had many from Lynchburg in the regiment, and occupies a unique position in the Civil War in that it was the only Confederate regiment that was mustered into service in 1861, the beginning of the war, and mustered out on the same ground in 1865.

For this particular reason, about four years ago, General Munford conceived the idea of commemorating this feature and putting a tablet at Miller Park, stating that on that ground the Second Virginia Cavalry was mustered into service and in 1865 was mustered out. He associated with him the late Senator John W. Daniel and Tipton D. Jennings as a committee.

Senator Claude A. Swanson, at that time Governor of the State, gave from the contingent fund \$150, which was given to Mr. Jennings to pay for the tablet. The inscription on the tablet was prepared by the late Senator Daniel and approved by Governor Swanson. The tablet required some months' work, but it was at last completed and stored at the clerk's office of the Corporation Court, and Thos. D. Davis, clerk, paid out of the money contributed by the State. This tablet is being kept there now, and will be until it is placed in the park.

It was at that time the idea of the committee to erect one tablet, possibly on a pedestal at the park, but the descendants of Colonel Radford, Colonel Watts, Major Langhorne and of Mr. Guggenheimer and others all expressed a desire that tablets to these officers should also be included, and to that end General Munford and the committee, to which has been added Captain James I. Lee, have been authorized to have tablets manufactured to these gallant Confederate officers. The Guggenheimer tablet has been completed, and is also now at the clerk's office.

Through the efforts of the committee, mainly due to Captain James I. Lee, both bodies of the city fathers have appropriated the sum of \$1,000 with which to erect a granite octagon-shaped shaft, upon the eight sides of which there will be fastened these bronze tablets. The site of this will be where the flag-pole, the two pieces of cannon, and the pyramid of cannon balls now are. These cannon and balls were secured from the United States government by a committee consisting of General Munford, Mayor G. W. Smith and Tipton D. Jennings.

It is hoped to have these bronze tablets and the granite shaft completed and in place so that the formal and official unveiling may take place during the Interstate Fair.

his country had claims upon him which he had no right to ignore, but placed his defence upon the ground that such was public sentiment that he could not without disgrace decline to meet his antagonist."

### An Ovation in Ohio.

In an address to the people of Cincinnati, he said:

"My countrymen, you cannot carry on the policy of the Black Republican party, you cannot carry it out and expect the South to remain submissively bowing down to your supremacy. We are for the Union? For the Union, Gentlemen, contained between these two lids (holding up the Constitution). Can you obtain anything by destroying, even if you are able. My section would save you from the memory of a great wrong that would haunt you through eternity. But do not falsify wrong, my friends in the North. I say it before you in no spirit of servile submission to your power or of servile acknowledgment of that power. For, as God rules, I have no fear of it as much as I respect it, but do not wreath your arms around the pillars of our liberty and like a blind Samson pull down that great temple on your heads as well as ours."

"After making his speech in Ohio he had a triumphal march on his journey to his home. The time had come when the people without questioning followed wherever he led. When the great convention met at Charleston, which resulted in the disruption of the Democratic party and the dissolution of the Union, Mr. Yancey was the acknowledged leader of the States Rights party. The debate that occurred between himself and Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, was always remembered by those who heard it. Mr. Yancey himself upon the fundamental truth that the territories belong in common to all the people of all of the States, that they have been acquired by the common blood and the common treasure and that the people of the South have as much right to go to them with their slave property as the Connecticut man with his wooden nutmegs.

### Yancey and Ben Hill.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Yancey was somewhat limited. The proceedings of the Confederate State's Senate, as a general rule, were held in secret, so that the public were not admitted to the great debates. Occasionally, however, I enjoyed the great privilege of listening to Mr. Yancey and always heard him with infinite delight. He and Benjamin H. Hill were antipodes in politics. Yancey was a Jeffersonian Democrat of the strictest sect, while Mr. Hill was

the eternal truth that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

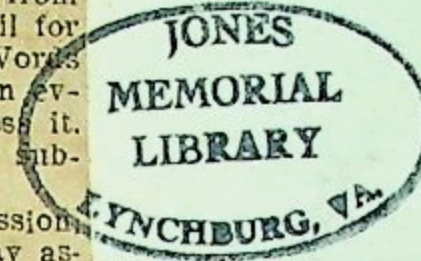
What was the secret of that bewitching power? A great orator has said, "When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from afar. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires with spontaneous, original native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech shock and disgust men when their own lives and the fate of their wives, their children and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent, then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object.

This, this is eloquence, or, rather, it is something greater and higher than eloquence; it is action, noble sublime, godlike action.

Like Patrick Henry, Mr. Yancey's chief endowment was his voice, the most perfect voice that ever over-awed a friendly audience to enthusiasm or subdued to silence the tumults of the most inimical. A youth who heard it years ago and who since then in the course of a long career in Congress and in the cabinet, has doubtless encountered all the notable orators of his time, declares it was sweeter, clearer and of more wonderful compass and flexibility than any other he had ever heard. And Chief Justice Stone, a great jurist, said: "I first heard Mr. Yancey in 1840. I thought then, and still think, he was the greatest orator I ever heard."

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Old Dominion Chapter  
U.D.C. by Miss Ruth Casey  
made into Scrap Book, by  
Mrs Lela Maher, and, Daughters  
Caroline, (one of the Children  
of the Confederacy)

