A SUDDEN CHANGE.

FROM COLLEGE CAMPUS TO CAMP LIFE.

PAPER BY CAPTAIN HUDGINS.

Experiences of One of Corse's Foot Cavalry—The Signal Guns—Sharpsburg—The Danger Point—Other Confederate Matter.

The following paper, prepared by Captain J. M. Hudgins, of Caroline, was read before Pickett Camp after his death:

During the peaceful and prosperous days of 1860 I journeyed towards the classic hills of Albemarle county to register my name as a law student at the University of Virginia. Political excitement and sectional feeling ran high at that period and so engrossed the minds and hearts of the people everywhere that it aroused them to the highest pitch of interest and anxiety. Distrust and jealousy between the North and South raged with fearful fervor and fury, running almost to frenzy and fighting pitch.

The student in the lecture-room could not fail to hear and heed the ominous mutterings of the gathering storm in the political skies. The Democratic party had divided its ranks at Charleston, S. C.—one faction nominating Stephen A. Douglas, the other nominated John C. Breckinridge, for President. The Whig party placed Bell and Everett on their ticket, while the Abolition, or Republican, party rallied its forces under the banner of Abraham Lincoln. The contest for presidential victory raged earnestly and fiercely in this great and growing republic between Whigs, Democrats, and Republicans.

Vividly, do I recall the feeling of anxiety and apprehension that brooded over the southern section of our country as a November sun sank to rest behind the western hills in 1860, closing the political contest that year for presidential prestige and power.

There was cause of alarm to our people, and my youthful heart and mind were being quickened to apprehension by the eloquent utterances of our leading men made upon the hustings everywhere and echoed back by the public press throughout the length and breadth of the whole country. With the rising sun of the next morning after the election the clouds grew darker each moment as each State announced its electoral vote, until the political skies seemed charged with danger and disaster to the constitutional and vested rights of the Southern States.

Some ventured to hope, and predicted, that the outlook had been exaggerated, and that the troubles and anxieties felt and expressed were more imaginary than real or imminent; that a wise and conservative policy would eventually be adopted by the incoming administration, and that peaceful methods would finally prevail. But a majority of the southern people saw no hope, and they at once began to consult together for co-operation and protection. Military preparation was talked of, and soon troops were being organized and trained for service. Two military companies (the Sons of Liberty and the Southern Guard) were formed and drilled on the lawn at the University in anticipation of the President's inaugural address, which address soon removed all doubts as to what policy Mr. Lincoln would pursue as Chief Magistrate. State conventions quickly followed the developments of the 4th of March, 1861. Military preparation and the tramp of martial hosts were soon heard throughout the length and breadth of the country—North and South, East and West.

THE SIGNAL GIVEN.

From the calm counsels of the classroom the signal guns of Fort Sumter, in South Carolina, and the clashing arms at Big Bethel, in Virginia, were heard summoning the busy boys at books to duty in the field. They responded promptly, enthusiastically, and bravely to the call.

Over eight hundred splendid fellows, full of hope and ambition, sitting under the shadow and inspiration of Monticello Heights, left the fascinating and attractive lecture-rooms of study and bid adieu to college career—many of them forever. Sad story to tell to-day.

It would, indeed, be a pleasant digression now to turn aside and recall some of the names and incidents of that knightly roll of young patriots who met and mingled together so cordially and harmoniously on the eve of cruel war at the University of Virginia in 1860-'61. The records of their Alma Mater will, no doubt, preserve their names sacredly to show how many noble young men promptly followed the path of duty and fearlessly fell upon the field of honor far from home and kin and college ties. They all sleep in patriots graves together, and we trust bask in the sunlight of Divine favor and approval.

"Brave boys, sleep on; sleep the sleep
that knows no breaking.
Dream of battle-fields no more: days of
danger, nights of waking."

The southern soldiers were gathering at Manassas when my face was turned from college to camp life. The war vessels of the enemy were thundering at the shores of Acquia creek when I joined the army at that point, in June, 1861. I enlisted in the Thirtieth Regiment of Virginia Infantry.

After camp service and training for about a month on the Potomac, the brigade, under General Holmes, made a rapid and successful march in less than two days to Manassas, and camped there ready for duty on the evening of the 21st of July, 1861. Reporting for service immediately on our arrival at Manassas on the 21st we were informed that the enemy, under McDowell, had visited Beauregard and Johnston during that day, but had quickly returned to Washington on the same afternoon by the nearest known route to that city, but not until after they had exchanged military salutes with the Confederate forces. It is said Mr. Lincoln was not altogether pleased at the way McDowell and his army treated Beauregard and Johnston at Manassas. Mr. Lincoln thought the Federal troops should have protracted their trip to Virginia and remained longer with the Confederate commanders at Bull Run. The truth is, northern people had not then learned to properly appreciate a warm and enthusiastic reception on southern soil by southern hosts, and no visitor on Virginia soil should ever forget that high-toned hospitality in this ancient Commonwealth of ours requires that our people should always "welcome the coming and speed the parting guest." Stonewall Jackson knew the rules of Virginia etiquette, so he, too, left the Valley of Virginia and ran down to Manassas on that interesting occasion and gave a helping hand to the Beauregard-Johnston reception and entertainment. But we in turn seem to have committed social errors and oversights at that eventful period of our country's history and destiny. If we had promptly returned the visit of the Federal forces under McDowell on the 21st of July, 1861, and called upon Mr. Lincoln at Washington that night or early next morning, there is every reason to believe that all of our political and other troubles would have ended then and there most promptly and satisfactorily. This mistake on our part doubtlessly demonstrates the fact that it won't do to be too punctilious in reciprocrating social courtesies at all times, particularly in war times, under pressing circumstances and at opportune moments. Shakespeare says in such cases "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

We failed to enter the hospitable gates in 1861, the next time we called, in 1862, the open ways were not only shut against us, but securely barred and held by strong military power. The lost opportunity never returned again.

GUARDED THE POTOMAC.

We guarded the Potomac in the fall of 1861; wintered in Fredericksburg, a most kind and hospitable city, where soldiers revelled in gayety and good society, cheered by the smiles of pretty women, for which Fredericksburg is noted. In the spring of 1862 we moved to North Carolina and remained there until McClellan threatened and thundered at the gates of Richmond. Rapid transit by rail brought us from Goldsboro, N. C., to Virginia in time to help to defend the city and pursue McClellan to Malvern Hill, where a bloody battle and fearful fighting closed the campaigns around Richmond for a season, at least. Soon the Army of Northern Virginia was on the move northward towards the enemy's country.

After Cedar Mountain and Second Manassas were fought and won our forces pushed on into Maryland and bivouacked near Frederick City, and thence to Sharpsburg.

Some of our forces moved out of Maryland via Harper's Ferry. Our division was then under General John G. Walker, who succeeded General Holmes (the latter had been transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department.

The campaign from Virginia to Maryland and from Maryland to Virginia twice over by our division is brimfull of exciting events and heroic adventures. The capture of Harper's Ferry, the battle of Boosborough, and the desperate struggle at Sharpsburg in quick succession are incidents of war that read like romance and fiction, and those who occupied Loudoun and Maryland heights to besiege the enemy on Boliver Heights below will never forget the indescribable delight and exultation felt as they looked out from those commanding positions into the valley beyond—stretching far away towards the Alleghanies—and beheld with rapturous eye the beauties and blessings of Nature there spread out before them in unstinted munificence and grandeur by God's wisdom and goodness to man. To the Thirtieth Virginia and the Twenty-seventh North Carolina regiments, under Colonel John R. Cooke, fell the honor of seizing and holding Loudoun Heights against the enemy. By narrow and devious mountain paths we made our approach to the summit of the ridge and from that commanding point of advantage and superiority we looked down on the thrilling scenes beneath and beyond us with proud feelings of exultation and triumph. Jackson was ten miles away in the Valley; his camp-fires were burning brightly and his victorious army closing in for the capture of Harper's Ferry, where 12,000 Federal soldiers had been stationed to guard and hold that position as a menace to Lee's advancing army. Having entrenched themselves on Boliver Heights, in apparent strength and security, they were startled to find themselves completely at the mercy of the Confederate forces, then occupying Virginia and Maryland Heights above them, and soon Jackson moved up on the west and dictated terms of surrender. The garrison at first gave defiance to the demands of capitulation, but the fearful roar of battle and the awful destruction of men and officers at the opening fire of Jackson's guns soon settled the fate of the Federals, and they laid down their arms on the 15th of September, 1862, and became prisoners of war. Prompt action soon closed the capture of Harper's Ferry, and rapid marches brought us to Sharpsburg on the evening of the 16th of September, where both armies were concentrating their forces for fierce and desperate combat on the following day.

SHARPSBURG.

Who can correctly tell the story of that terrific battle and tell how the crimson current of war ran deep and dark and desperate on that field of awful carnage and blood?

From morn till noon, from noon till evening time, the soil of Sharpsburg was swept with fire and drenched with blood, till darkness closed the clash of arms and weary fighters sank down to rest in the midst of dead and dying comrades. From north to south and from south to north, the tide of battle ebbed and flowed alternately, as the surging billows of the deep rise and fall when lashed to fury by the storm that wildly and wantonly rides and sports upon the face of the mighty deep.

The rout of either army seemed imminent at any moment, several times during the engagement and the result showed next morning how doubtful and desperate the struggle had been at Antietam, for neither general was willing to risk battle on the awful experience of the day before. For once the scales seemed evenly balanced between Lee and McClellan—so much so, indeed, that two great armies lay in sight and gun-shot range of each other for twenty-four hours without either daring to assault or even challenge its wounded adversary to doubtful combat. The odds at Sharpsburg are set down at 35,000 Confederates and 87,000 Federals. From Maryland to Virginia the campaign was once more transferred, and after much maneuvering and marching throughout the fall of 1862, the old adversaries met in December on the banks of the Rappahannock river, in front of the ancient and historic city of Fredericksburg.

At that point the Thirtieth Virginia Regiment was transferred to Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, where it remained till the close of the war.

Burnside suffered signal defeat at Fredericksburg on the 13th of December, 1862, and the troops of the two armies were soon buried in the snows of winter as they lay on opposite banks of the Rappahannock river, jealously watching and guarding the other end. In the early spring of 1863 we marched with Longstreet to the south side of James river. From there we moved to support Lee, who was pressing Hooker in the wilderness of Spotsylvania in the month of April, 1863. Corse's Brigade guarded Richmond against raids, while Lee hurried into Maryland and fought the battle of Gettysburg.

Following the army to Winchester the brigade did splendid service on the retreat in seizing and holding the mountain passes through which Lee's army had to move when leaving the Valley of Virginia in July, 1863. In September (1863), when Longstreet was detached and sent to fight the battle of Chickamauga, Corse's Brigade, under General Robert Ransom, was transferred to East Tennessee, and wintered there, watching the movement of the enemy in and around Royersville, until in mid-winter, when we were ordered out to reinforce Longstreet, who was then moving to try to surprise and capture Knoxville. The supplies were more plentiful, perhaps, for the troops in that country than in Virginia, but the exposures, without adequate shoes and clothing, were most distressing and depressing in the Tennessee campaign. Twice our troops were required to ford the Holston river, with ice and frost upon its banks, and before the Tennessee campaign closed, blood marked the footprints of the soldiers, who were forced to substitute moccasins for shoes while marching through snow and ice over frozen roads and turnpikes. From Tennessee we were hastened to North Carolina by rail to join Hoke and Pickett in their unfortunate efforts to reduce New Berne. There the boys captured outposts with supplies, and got hats and shoes and clothing from the enemy, and while we were knocking at the gates of New Berne for admittance, the exciting news came of Butler at Petersburg and Richmond in imminent danger.

THE DANGER POINT.

It was, indeed, discouraging to leave the beleaguered city almost captured, but the advancing enemy from City Point towards Petersburg left no time for an attack upon the Federal forces. We withdrew as rapidly as possible from that locality, and hurried to protect the danger points in Virginia so vital to the Confederacy. The march from New Berne to railroad connections, near Goldsboro', was over dry, sandy roads, through piny woods filled with dense smoke from forest fires, burning furiously in every direction. The smoke and dust made the march fearfully exhausting and distressing to the soldiers, but they bravely pushed through to Kingston and Goldsboro', eager and anxious to meet the enemy known to be already in possession of Virginia soil. Despite the delays and interruptions of the enemy along the Weldon railroad, we reached Petersburg on the 12th of May, 1863, ready for duty. Orders were promptly given for the Thirtieth and Seventeenth Virginia regiments to move by rail to Mattoax bridge, on the Danville road, via Burkville, to meet and defeat a Federal raiding party of cavalry, under Kaugtz, that was threatening the destruction of an iron bridge of vital importance to the Confederate capital. The run from Petersburg to Mattoax, on the 13th of May, was one never to be forgotten by those who made it. In rough freight-cars, under a high head of steam, for the emergency was great indeed, the enemy being almost in striking distance of the bridge before we left Petersburg, we started at lightning speed, with orders to save the bridge. Yes, "save the bridge," was the parting injunction to the "flying infantry." Up to Burkeville we flew; from Burkeville to Mattoax bridge we flew again, with freight-cars reeling and rocking, creeking and crying, thumping and bumping, while men within sat silent, pale, and prayerful in supreme suspense.

SAVED THE BRIDGES.

Battle-fields and fighting armies would seem experimental and romantic adventures compared to that extraordinary expedition by rail, so far as anxiety, fear, and danger were concerned, and the men who passed through it will ever wonder to themselves how it happened and how they managed to escape unhurt in the marvellous transition.

With emotion and bated breath we alighted from the quivering cars to meet the enemy, who were almost in sight, and rapidly approaching the bridges, for there were two of them to be guarded, about two miles apart.

It was, indeed, a bad time for Federal troops to venture into conflict with Confederate soldiers, because the men who had passed through that trip from Petersburg in safety, had little fears of any other dangers in this life—they felt as though they had charmed lives, because they had been thoroughly tried and tested by steam and rail, by speed and space, for there were times long after the trip when men seriously disputed with one another as to whether or not the car-wheels touched the track at all at times, so great was the velocity with which the train moved and measured distance.

The bridges were saved, the enemy driven off with many killed and wounded, and the Seventeenth and Thirtieth regiments returned to the army at Drewry's Bluff on the morning of the 16th of May, just in time to join in the attack on Butler's forces made by General B. T. Beauregard's army.

It was a severe tax upon the two regiments that had been confronting the enemy for three days, and moving all the night before to rejoin their brigade, which was already in the trenches ready for action, and scarcely had we been double-quicked into line of battle before the order to advance was given to the whole brigade, which promptly leaped over the Confederate breastworks and charged the enemy in front, who were strongly protected by formidable earthworks thrown up by them the night before. We drove the enemy from their defences, and pursued them for some distance, when orders were given to halt and reform our line of battle.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

CANCER

Sufferers from this horrible malady nearly always inherit it—not necessarily from the parents, but may be from some remote ancestor, for Cancer often runs through several generations. This deadly poison may lay dormant in the blood for years, or until you reach middle life, then the first little sore or ulcer makes its appearance—or a swollen gland in the breast, or some other part of the body, gives the first warning.

To cure Cancer thoroughly and permanently all the poisonous virus must be eliminated from the blood—every vestage of it driven out. This S. S. S. does, and is the only medicine that can reach deep seated, obstinate blood troubles like this. When all the poison has been forced out of the system the Cancer heals, and the disease never returns.

Cancer begins often in a small way, as the following letter from Mrs. Shirer shows:

A small pimple came on my jaw about an inch below the ear on the left side of my face. It gave me no pain or inconvenience, and I should have forgotten about it had it not begun to inflame and itch; it would bleed a little, then scab over, but would not heal. This continued for some time, when my jaw began to swell, becoming very painful. The Cancer began to eat and spread, until it was as large as a half dollar, when I heard of S. S. S. and determined to give it a fair trial, and it was remarkable what a wonderful effect it had from the very beginning; the sore began to heal and after taking a few bottles disappeared entirely. This was two years ago; there are still no signs of the Cancer, and my general health continues good.—MRS. R. SHIRER, La Plata, Mo.

SSS is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable. Send for our free book on Cancer, containing valuable and interesting information about this disease, and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

An Honest Tired Feeling

There is an "honest tired feeling," caused by necessary toil and cured by natural rest.

But very different is "*that* tired feeling," from which so many complain and which may even be classed as a disease.

That tired feeling takes you to bed tired and wakes you up tired.

You have no appetite, have bilious taste, dull headache, are nervous and irritable, blue, weak and discouraged.

In such conditions Hood's Sarsaparilla does a world of good.

It begins in the right place—in the blood, purifying it and imparting vitality, then its tonic effect is felt by the stomach, kidneys and liver; appetite comes back, all waste is removed naturally, headaches cease, *that* tired feeling departs and you feel like a new person.

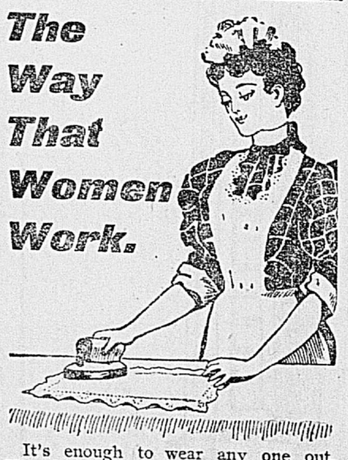
This has been the experience of thousands.

It will be yours if you take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Way That Women Work.



It's enough to wear any one out. First it's washing, in damp and draft. Then it's ironing with the hot stove and the hard work to endure. And in between whiles, meals to get, house to clean, and children to tend. It's bad enough for a well woman but for a weak woman it's slow torture. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the diseases of the delicate organs which weaken women. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, *free of charge*. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"My health is the best now that it has been for four years," writes Mrs. Phebe Morris, of Ira, Cayuga Co., N. Y., Box 52. "I have taken but two bottles of your medicine, 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' These medicines have done me more good than all that I have ever taken before. Before I took your medicines I was sick in bed nearly half the time. I couldn't do my work only about half the time, and now I can work all the time for a family of four. My advice to all who are troubled with female weakness is to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery'—the most wonderful medicines in the world."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets sweeten the breath.

TALKING ABOUT THE WAR.

Our Habit of Praising Ourselves Before Visitors.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Some years ago there was held in a southern city (Charleston, I think,) a convention of Confederate veterans, or, rather, a mixed convention.

While much the larger portion consisted of those veterans, yet many veterans of the Union armies had been invited, and were the guests of the Southerners.

I wish I could remember what were the objects and purposes of the convention, and how they were accomplished. It would furnish a valuable and useful lesson for our guidance and imitation at this time. It was mutually agreed, or more properly speaking, there was a tacit understanding, that the war and the events of the war should be ignored, and a discreet silence should be observed as to the men and measures of that tempestuous period.

In consequence of this wise precaution the proceedings of the convention were conducted with the utmost harmony and good feeling, and nothing occurred to disturb the equanimity of the meeting.

I am quite sure that there was not an orator from Virginia present on that interesting occasion.

Has there been, Mr. Editor, a meeting of reasonable magnitude held in Virginia during the last thirty years, whether political, commercial, or social, in which the war and its issues have not been discussed?

Did you ever think to remember what a blessing that momentous event has been to our writers and speakers? When all other subjects fail them, they can always rely on the occurrences of that stirring period to interest an audience, however sleepy and apathetic it may have been. Can you recall to memory what may have been the theme of their discouses in the olden time?

A few weeks ago a banquet was given in this city to celebrate an event of national importance in our history, and five speakers were engaged to respond to the toasts on the programme. Three of them were Virginians, and, of course, they followed the usual custom and dilated at great length on the glories and achievements of southern soldiers, and in a spirit of divination predicted many auspicious events, which, as seen in their prophetic vision, were to come to pass in the not distant future, but which, I fear, are as unlikely of fulfillment as was the threat and boast of General Toombs, of Georgia, that he would, before the close of the war, call the roll of his slaves at the base of the Bunker Hill monument.

The other two speakers were northern men, who had come at the invitation of their southern brethren, and, we are told, that their remarks were very brief—so brief, indeed, that there was scarcely a report of them in the newspapers.

We can well believe that after listening to the laudation and eulogy of their aforetime enemies, they were not in such a beatifice frame of mind as would lead them to respond in a becoming manner to such sentiments. If these gentlemen are anxious to expound their views in such lurid style and to fight their battles over again, they will find at Lee Camp Hall an appreciative audience, which will receive their bellicose speeches with avidity and enthusiasm, though I am bound to admit that perhaps it will not be of sufficient dimensions to engage their full powers or to be worthy of their gems of oratory.

It is curious, Mr. Editor, and not easy of explanation, but I have noticed that when northern veterans visit Lee Camp they confine their speeches almost exclusively to reminiscences of southern soldiers, and to anecdotes and humorous stories of the "Johnnies" (as they delight to call us), of which they seem to have an abundant supply.

This, to my mind, manifests good taste and good feeling and a becoming courtesy.

We might perhaps learn valuable lessons from the ancients if we would take the trouble to study them.

In the early and better days of the Roman republic, a law was passed that no statue should be erected to any citizen who had performed distinguished services in their civil wars, which they regarded as deplorable calamities, the memory of which ought not to be perpetuated, but should pass into oblivion as quickly as possible.

"We should a race of giants be,
For our descendants, you'll agree,
That spring up on this part of earth,
Are all Leviathians at birth.

Like Jones's boy, of whom 'tis said,
That Pa and Ma and Uncle Ned,
With grandma, brothers Tom and Jim,
Are one and all wrapped up in him."

Respectfully, B. M. PARHAM.

REUNION BADGES.

A Special One for President McKinley.

(Memphis Commercial-Appeal.)

At a meeting of the Badge Committee yesterday afternoon a contract was awarded for making 300,000 badges for the Confederate reunion. Fred W. Lyons, representing the Badge Manufacturing Company, went before the committee with samples of badges, and after an executive session designs were accepted and the contract signed. Mr. Lyons left last night, but before doing so presented the Confederate Historical Association with a rich silk banner, embroidered with gold and edged with gold lace. The banner is to be carried in the parade. The order for badges yesterday does not complete the work of Chairman Pepper's committee, as other badges have to be printed for the twenty-five subcommittees, all of which will be honored with special badges of suitable design and color.

The order yesterday provides for a special badge for the President of the United States. This will be one of the most expensive and at the same time elaborate creations which ever came from the above factory, and will be forwarded to President McKinley during the reunion. The other badges are also very beautiful, and range in degrees of elaborateness. There are badges for the soldiers, badges for delegates, badges for sponsors, badges for maids of honor, officers, badges for the officers of the Executive Committee, including chairman of the committee, vice-chairmen, and chairmen of all sub-committees. There were also banners for the sponsors and sashes for the marshals on the day of parade. These badges, banners, and sashes will be made of the finest quality of silk, and at a figure which the committee believes to be highly satisfactory.

MONUMENT TO FORREST.

Matter of Reunion Sponsors—School-History Question.

Adjutant-General Moorman has issued a number of circulars form the hearquarters of the United Confederate Veterans, General J. B. Gordon, commanding.

The first relates to the Forrest monument movement, and is as follows:

New Orleans, La., March 16, 1901.

To the U. C. V. Commanders, Camps and Veterans: I. In addition to his duty, named in section 6, article 2 of the constitution, to-wit:

"Article 2, Section 6: To urge and aid the erection of enduring monuments to our great leaders, and heroic soldiers, sailors and people; and to mark with suitable headstones the graves of Confederate dead wherever found," the general commanding, with heartfelt pleasure, sends out the following appeal from the "Forrest monument committee," and urges all who are able, to assist in the erection of this "equestrian monument" to the memory of Lieutenant-General Nathan Bedford Forrest one of the greatest cavalry leaders of ancient or modern times, and who won imperishable renown in our great war; and gives his full indorsement to the enterprise, and urges all who can to contribute such amounts as they are able.

II. Following is appeal referred to:

Hedqrs. Forrest Monument Committee,
Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 15, 1901.

To All Confederate Soldiers, Camps, Bivouacs and Other Individuals and Associations: The following resolution was adopted at a meeting of Camp No. 28, Confederate Historical Association, of Memphis, Tenn., held in Forrest Memorial Hall on Tuesday, February 12, 1901, concerning the equestrian monument to be erected in honor of General Nathan Bedford Forrest, in said city, viz.:

"Resolved, that it is the sense of this meeting that immediate steps be taken toward the Forrest monument in this city, so that the corner-stone may be laid during the coming May reunion."

Thereupon the undersigned were appointed a committee to assist in forwarding such movement by conferring with all associations and individuals who have this matter in view, and advising with them as to methods to be pursued from time to time until the aforesaid monument is completed and unveiled to the world.

Now, we are ready to co-operate with you when necessary, and do all in our power to bring this grand enterprise to a close.

Therefore, you will please determine as to what amount you can give or raise toward such and notify this committee, the Ladies' Memorial Association, of Memphis, Tenn., as early as practicable.

Anything will be accepted, whether money, stone, or marble.

R. J. BLACK, Chairman.
GEORGE DASHIELL,
J. M. WILLIAMS,
DR. A. L. ELCAN,
A. H. D. PERKINS,
Committee.

III. "Forrest's Cavalry Corps" will attend the Memphis reunion in a body and in order that due honor shall be paid to them, and to the memory of their great leader and as Memphis was his home, the general commanding announces that Thursday, the 30th day of May, the third day of the reunion, which will be the day of the parade also, shall be designated as "Forrest day," and on which day it is expected that the corner-stone of this great "equestrian monument" will also be laid.

IV. The general commanding hopes that liberal contributions will be made so as to insure success in this matter.

Contributions can be sent either to these headquarters, or to the committees named in the appeal. All contributions sent to these headquarters will be published in the printed proceedings of the reunion.

AS TO SPONSORS.

The second has reference to the matter of sponsors, and says:

New Orleans, March 16, 1901.

To All Commanders, Camps and Comrades: The general commanding calls attention to the fact that the same custom which has heretofore existed in regard to the appointment of sponsors and maids of honor in the past will apply to the Memphis reunion.

As the veterans are fast passing away, and soon will be too few to hold reunions, even-handed justice demands that these honors should be broadened and extended so as to reach, now while the opportunity offers, every one of these noble young women, even to the humblest, as they are all active workers for our and their beloved cause.

It is a beautiful custom, and is in keeping with the chivalrous spirit of the old soldiers of the south, is elevating and ennobling, and is right from every standpoint, that all the headquarters in the association should have a sponsor and as many maids of honor as desired; this applies to general, department, division and brigade headquarters and to all the camps.

Nearly every dollar of money which is required for help for the living, and for care of the graves and monuments for "our dead," is raised by the survivors of the glorious women of the Confederacy and their decendants, these noble young women. Nearly every act of mercy, and nearly every good deed which is done can be traced to their loving and devoted hands.

The general commanding, therefore, feels that as they are called upon to fill the post of duty, they should also be given the post of honor.

Therefore, he desires the original custom adhered to of the appointment of a sponsor by general, department, division, and brigade commanders and by every camp, with as many maids of honor as desired, there being no limit to the number, but with the distinct understanding that the reunion committee at Memphis will only entertain and provide for one sponsor and one maid of honor from general, department, and division headquarters, as the expense for the entertainment of a large number would be too great for the reunion committee to bear, neither would there be room upon platform, etc., for any larger number; but it is earnestely hoped and requested that all the rest will attend and grace the Memphis reunion with their presence.

SCHOOL HISTORY.

The third bears upon the matter of history to be taught in schools, and is with reference to the Cooper, Estill & Lemon's "Our Country," which was condemned by the historical committee of the Grand Camp Confederate Veterans, department of Virginia. A committee of Pat Clebourne Camp, No. 222, of Waco, Tex., exhaustively reviewed the book in use in the Texas schools, and suggested some changes and a new edition rather than condemnation.

The circular containing the documents concludes:

The general commanding did not intend in circular letter No. 116 to either criticise, condemn or indorse the "History of Our Country," or at any other history. This is the province of and properly belongs to the duties of the U. C. V. historical committee and on southern school history, but to carry out the provisions of sections 3 and 4, of article 2 of the constitution, which is as follows:

Article 2—Section 3. To encourage the writing by participators therein of accounts, narratives, memories, histories of battles, episodes and occurrences of the war between the states.

Section 4. To gather authentic data, statistics, documents, reports, plans, maps, and other material for an impartial history of the Confederate side; to collect and preserve mementoes of the war; to make and perpetuate a record of the services of every member, and, as far as possible, of those of our comrades who have preceded us into eternity.

His intention was solely to promote research, and to keep alive the spirit of inquiry which has already been awakened, and to cause investigation to be made into this important matter of school hitories, by inciting veterans everywhere to discussion and action upon this very important subject; and the result is very gratifying, as his object has been attained; and the report of this committee, and the resolutions of Pat Clebourne Camp No. 222, and all documents relating to them, are, therefore, respectfully referred to the U. C. V. historical committee and on school history, Lieutenant-General S. D. Lee, chairman, for report at the Memphis reunion.

The general commanding's only desire is that "an impartial history of the Confederate side" be obtained; that fairness and truth will prevail; and that the story of the part which the south took in the great war between the states be "painted as it was made;" and he is not willing that one single "scar nor wrinkle," if any there be, shall be omitted by her historians from the achievements performed by her sons.

The general commading commends the action of Pat Clebourne Camp No. 222, U. C. V.'s and of its painstaking and efficient committee, and thusts that their timely and praiseworthy action will be imitated by all the rest of the camps, and he strongly urges all those which have not done so to at once appoint a history committee and do likewise; and also to fully carry out the objects and purposed of section 3 and 4 of the constitution.

North Carolina's Loss of Generals in the Great War.

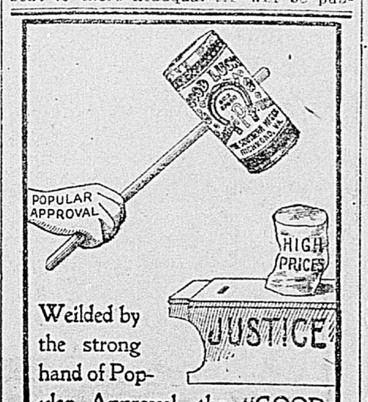
(Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger.)

In the great war among the members of President Jefferson Davis's Cabinet, there were two Attorney-Generals from North Carolina—Thomas Bragg, November 1, 1861, to March 18, 1862; George Davis, January 2, 1864, to the fall of the Confederacy. North Carolina had the following Confederate Senators: William T. Dortch, First and Second Congress; George Davis, First Congress; William A. Graham, Second Congress; Edwin G. Reade, Second Congress. North Carolina had in the two Congresses in the great war in the House of Representatives as follows: Archibald H. Arrington, First Congress; Thomas S. Ashe, Robert R. Bridgers, A. T. Davidson, Owen R. Kenan, William Lander I. D. McDowell, J. R. McLean, W. H. N. Smith, all First Congress. In the Second Congress there were B. S. Gaither (in both First and Second), John A. Gilmer, James M. Leach, George W. Logan, James G. Ramsay, Josiah Turner, Jr. War Governors of North Carolina: John W. Ellis, to July, 1861; Henry T. Clarke (acting), 1861 to September, 1862; Zebulon B. Vance, 1862-1865. North Carolina seceded 20th of May, 1861.

North Carolina has but few generals, as compared with the number of troops furnished. Virginia obtained far more, in proportion to the troops serving. Among North Carolina's generals the following were killed or mortally wounded in battle: Major-General William D. Pender, Gettysburg, 2d of July, 1863; Major-General James B. Gordon, Yellow Tavern, Va., October 27, 1864; Major-General Stephen D. Ramseur, Cedar Creek, Va., October 19, 1864. Among the brave men who fell in battle were the following brigadier-generals from North Carolina: George B. Anderson, Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862; L. O'B. Branch, Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862; Junius C. Godwin, Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864; James Johnston Pettigrew, Falling Waters, Md., July 14, 1864. Three major-generals and five brigadier-generals killed of died of wounds. Among the killed in other States of North Carolina nativity were Brigadier-General Ben McCullough, Brigadier-General Zollicoffer, Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk. One or more others may be added, but we do not recall them as we write.

North Carolina had one officer with the rank of "general"—Braxton Bragg. It had two lieutenant-generals—Polk and I. H. Holmes. It had major-generals not before mentioned: Robert Ransom, Robert F. Hoke, Bryan Grimes. It had the following brigadier-generals not named above: L. S. Baker, Rufus Barringer, T. L. Clingman, W. R. Cox, R. C. Gatlin, Robert D. Johnson, W. W. Kirkland, W. G. Lewis, William MacRae, J. G. Martin, G. J. Raines, M. W. Ransom, W. P. Roberts, A. M. Scales and R. B. Vance.

There were some brigadier- and major-generals from other states who wer North Carolina born not mentioned above. Colonel William H. Cheek was really brigadier-general before the war closed. We have not included General D. H. Hill, Brigadier-General J. H. Lane and Brigadier-General Cook, who served with distinguished gallantry and ability in command of North Carolina troops, as they were not natives. General Hill was born in South Carolina and Cooke and Lane in Virginia. North Carolina had two lieutenant-generals, eight major-generals, twenty-nine brigadier-generals.



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Gen. Gordon's "Sunrise Review."

(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

General John B. Gordon, one of the best-known ex-Confederates living has a happy custom of which the world knows little. This is his "sunrise review," relates the Saturday Evening Post. He was born in 1832, fought through the Civil war, was shot eight times, and rose from the rank of captain to that of lieutenant-general. He has been Governor of Georgia, Presidential Elector, and United States Senator. His home is still in Gorgia, and he lives at the old plantation near Atlanta. Here come men of letters, politics, and finance to visit the Gordons, when the General is not lecturing. Scattered out over the cotton field are the cabins of the negroes who work for the General, and the little Chapel where Mrs. Gordon and her daughters teach Sunday school to the colored children on the farm.

Everybody on that place adores the General. It is their highest delight and honor to live under the old conditions and to bring up their children under them, and they still call themselves "the Gordon people." The older ones teach the little ones that so long as they live with the Gordons they belong to "the quality."

Every morning at sunrise, except during the unpleasant weather of the two winter months, General Gordon has his large old horse brought to the door for his morning ride. He sits in the saddle as erect as in the old days.

Every hand in the field knows of the review, and before every cabin stands a little group of colored persons; the men clean and smiling, ready to go to work, the women "spruced" up, and every little child washed until it shines, with its woolly hair done up in a dozen little knots.

"Morning, Giniral," says all the men as they duck their heads.

"Morning, Boss," says all the women; and every little toddler ducks its head to the ground and says "Morning, Boss," as well as it can speak.

The General replies to every one by name, asks after the children, how they are growing, and what their health is.

Such is the "sunrise review" on the Gordon plantation.

Home for Confederate Women.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I see in your paper from time to time, appeals to the men of the South, to contribute money to erect a monument to Confederate women.

Now I have a suggestion to make: If this money can be obtained, I think the best use to make of it would be to endow a home for Confederate women.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have a husband and three sons, and in all human probability, I shall never need to avail myself of such an institution, but, I speak in behalf of my less fortunate sisters, many of whom, through advancing years, find the task of earning their daily bread ever becoming more and more difficult.

Endow such a home, and call it the Mary Custis Lee Home for Confederate Women, and what nobler movement could any women desire!

I wish some other southern woman would, through your columns, say whether this plan meets with their approbation.

My husband suggests that a simple statue in the grounds of the Home might satisfy those who want a marble memorial without materially interfering with the proposed endowment.

A CONFEDERATE WOMAN.

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